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THE KWAKIUTL - PART V

OTHER CEREMONIES

Tlu'wuláhu (a Bellabella and Wikeno word meaning "again come down") is a four-day dance occurring just before the winter ceremony. It is a *páhus* ceremony; that is, it is not limited to the secret society that controls the winter dance, but is open to all. Summer names and summer songs are, employed. The *tlu'wuláhu* was introduced among the southerly Kwakiutl tribes through marriage with the Bellabella and the Wikeno. The Qágyuhl sometimes call it *gyaíyahalaq* ("dance come down"), because many birds, creatures of the upper regions, are represented in the dance.

Wishing to give *tlu'wuláhu,* a chief calls a meeting of the principal men and announces his plan. They assent, and at once decide what shall be given to each chief of the visiting tribe; for some tribe is always invited. If the man who gives the dance has property enough to meet the requirements, the time of the dance is set without further ado; but if he has not enough, the principal men in the assembly spread a mat and call upon the others to place thereon something symbolical of a certain amount of property, the leaders naming the amount in each case and leaving nothing to the discretion of the contributor.

The son of the man giving the ceremony disappears and remains concealed in the house until the time for the dance, usually a period of a few weeks. When the invited tribe has arrived, the people assemble and the boy comes into the room and dances. He is called hélikyilahl (*hélikya,* to heal by magic), no matter what spirit is supposed to have carried him away. Thus the Nakoaktok wife of Háwi brought him as a marriage payment the masks of *Kômuqi, of* the octopus, and of the killerwhale. When the canoes of her people were seen approaching, he notified his people that they were bringing the marriage portion, and it was quickly decided that his son must disappear to be hélikyilah, his son's little daughter to dance with the octopus mask, and his daughter's little girl with the killerwhale mask. *Kômuqi* was supposed to have taken away the young man, but in another case some other spirit would play this part.

After the initiates have danced, dishes, previously arranged on

scaffolds in piles duly apportioned among the people, are distributed. The second and the third night are passed in the same manner, except that such articles as button blankets and shawls are given on the second night, and sewing-machines, tables, clocks, and household utensils on the third. On the fourth night various hired dancers exhibit successively all the masks possessed by the family giving the dance.

The four tribes of Quatsino sound, the Nawiti tribes, the Goasila, and the Nakoaktok, call this dance *núnhlim*. No hamatsa is permitted to enter the house where *núnhlim* is in progress, nor can the giver of *núnhlim* attend the ensuing winter dance during the initiation of hamatsa.

There is a tradition that long ago a rumor was spread among the tribes of Vancouver island and the opposite mainland to the effect that a new dance was coming from *"Sáhali-qántlun,"*[1] which is said to refer to the region of the upper Columbia. In anticipation of its arrival the people cleaned out their houses and kept their persons clean. The dance came first to the tribes at Victoria harbor, then to the Cowichan, the Comox, the Lekwiltok, even to Nass river and Stikeen river, and finally southward again to the northern and western coasts of Vancouver island. The same songs accompanied the dance from tribe to tribe.

This is said to have happened before the time of the father of a Nawiti man born about 1814. There were three waves of this religious fervor, the last coming in the boyhood of this Nawiti traditionist, that is, about 1820. Old men among the Clayoquot on the west coast say that the first dance reached them seven generations ago. The people in dancing stood in a row shoulder to shoulder, held the palms turned toward the sky, and looked at the sun until they fell in a trance. When any one fell, the others gathered round him in a circle, still dancing, and when he recovered his senses he rose and told what he had seen in his vision. They pretended thus to foretell events. The essential identity of this cult with the hypnotic features of the ghost dance and the sun dance of the Plains tribes is strikingly evident.

MYTHOLOGY

1 *Sáhali* is Chinook jargon for "above," or "upper." *Qántlun* has the unmistakable ring of a Salishan word.

RAVEN CREATES SALMON[2]

Nuhní'mis [the ancient people who were alternately human and animal] were hungry and without food. Ómehl, the Raven,[3] leaned against a tree and thought. Then he went to his canoe and paddled along close under a rock, and asked of the dead people, "Is there any twin child among you?" One after another the bodies of the dead answered no, but after a while he came to one who said she was a twin child. He laid the coffin on the ground, removed the bones, and arranged them in their proper relation. Then he sprinkled the living water four times over them, and they became alive. This womanRaven brought to Ôstóu [Eclipse narrows], and then sent all the people in their canoes to bring round stones, which they piled in the rapids at the narrows until the water became shallow. Then Raven said: "Now, young brothers, get split cedar sticks. We will make a salmon trap."

In one day they had the necessary sticks, and when the weir was complete they put their basket-traps in place. Deer set his in the middle, but being a fool he did not leave an opening by which the salmon could enter it. When all was ready, Raven commanded his new wife to walk into the water below the weir. As soon as the water reached her waist, the stream was filled with salmon, and the traps were quickly

2 A Nakoaktok myth.

3 The transformer bears several names in the mythology of the different Kwakiutl tribes. He is Ómehl (identified with the raven, kwáwina) in the myths of the group comprising the Quatsino Sound tribes, the Nawiti tribes, the Nakoaktok, and the Goasila.

The inhabitants of the northeastern coast of Vancouver island and the adjacent islands and mainland, including the Guauaenok, Hahuamis, Tsawatenok, Koeksotenok, Mamalelekala, Tlauitsis, Matilpe, Tenaktak, Awaitlala, Nimkish, and Qágyuhl, call the transformer Kwíwahawi ("inventor between," referring perhaps to the circumstance that some of his deeds were good and some bad, so that he was "between" good and bad). He is identified with the raven.

Quatsino Sound mythology has two other transformers: Kwíhaagyilis ("inventor over the earth"), who is identified with the wren; and Kánikila, a heaven-born person who appears not to be endowed with resemblance to any beast or bird.

The Wikeno identify their transformer, Kwíkwahawi, with the wren.

filled. These were the first salmon, and they came from the woman's body.

The woman told the people to throw all the bones and the other refuse into the water, so that new salmon would spring from them. It is for this reason that now the refuse of the first catch of salmon is returned to the water. When Raven came home from gathering fuel, the house was filled with fish. He entered the house, but some drying salmon hanging low caught in his hair, and he muttered, "Oh, why do you catch in my hair, you that are from the dead!"

The woman asked quickly, "What did you say?"

"I said, 'Why do you catch in my hair, you that are drying?'"

"No, you said, 'You that are from the dead!'" She looked up at the fish and clapped her hands, and cried, "*We!*" And all the salmon fell down and rolled into the water, where they at once became alive and began to jump and swim. The woman disappeared at the same time. Then Raven leaned back and thought. He called his fighting men together and said, "We will prepare to fight with some tribe. Get ready your weapons!"

When they were ready, he told them he was going to make war on the Salmon people, in order to recover his wife. On the beach opposite the Salmon village they hauled out their canoes, and Raven crossed secretly to that place, where he came upon the young son of the Salmon chief and abducted him. When the Salmon found that the child was missing, they sent messengers to all the fish people, from the Smelts to the Killerwhales.

Now Raven and his paddlers saw the water behind them boiling with the commotion caused by the canoes of the fish people. Soon the pursuers overhauled them, but Raven's son broke their canoes with his stone club, and the fish people, finding themselves in the water, had to assume their fish forms in order to escape drowning. Raven, standing in his canoe, was seizing this one and that, and throwing them in every direction, exclaiming, "You will be the salmon for this river! You will be the oulachon for that river!" And so he designated all the places where the salmon and the other fish were destined to be found.

THE TRANSFORMER, AND ORIGIN OF THE KOSKIMO[4]

4 A Koskimo myth.

Kánikila and his brother Núhlnuhllisumá ["foolish with property," that is, prodigal] came down from the sky at Kyaéhl [the lagoon southeast of Cape Scott, which runs almost through to Fisherman's cove]. They saw smoke rising from a house, in which lived a man Múkwa and his wife Tsátsahwitaka ["oulachon woman"]. Said Kánikila to his brother: "A man and a woman are here. Their appearance is good. Let us become their children." So they made themselves invisible and entered the woman's body, and very soon she gave birth to two children, of whom Kánikila was the elder. They grew rapidly.

Now the woman one day said to them: "Give heed! I am going to make for you blankets, before I go to the outer edge of the world to marry one of my own people." She made a number of blankets for them, and departed.

Now Mákwa married Tlatlunaíihlakus ["red-headed wood-pecker woman"], a pretty woman with hair painted red. He made a salmon-trap of sticks, and on the following morning when they went to see it there was a single salmon in it. Mákwa took it out, and as they neared their home the woman persuaded him to shout: "Run away, children! Warriors are coming to kill you!" So the children ran into the woods, and the two older people ate the fish.

Later in the day when the children were alone in the house the younger picked up a charred bone. "What is this?" he asked.

"That is a salmon bone," answered Kánikila, after examining it carefully.

On the next day another salmon was caught, and again the father unwillingly uttered his false warning. But both children hid behind boxes in the house, and saw the woman come in with a salmon. "Hurry, and cut up this salmon!" she whispered. Quickly they cooked it with hot stones and began to eat with spoons.

Then the brothers stepped out and said: "So that is the way you have been doing! We did not wish to deprive you of that food." Kánikila sent an arrow through his father, and tore him limb from limb. "Now," he said, "in the future you will be herons!" The pieces flapped away in the form of herons. He killed the woman and tore her to pieces, and said to them, "You will be woodpeckers in the future!" And the pieces flitted away in the form of woodpeckers.

Now the brothers were alone. One day they went up the river and built a basket-trap. On their return journey Kánikila rolled up one

corner of his blanket and rubbed it in the water. Soon a fish leaped into the canoe: the water was full of sockeye salmon, brought forth from this blanket of the Oulachon Woman.

Their trap caught many salmon, which they cut up, roasted, and hung above the fire to smoke. One day they found that something had stolen all the drying fish. This occurred many times, and then instead of going to their trap they concealed themselves in the house. Soon entered a very large woman with huge, hanging breasts, and as she reached up for the fish, Kánikila drew his bow and shot her in the breast. She ran out, and Kánikila said to his brother: "Take care of yourself! I am going to follow her. I must not lose my valuable arrow."

Kánikila followed the great tracks of the *tsúnukwa* to a lake, where he sat down beside a spring and watched a house which stood near the forest. Soon appeared a weeping girl. He asked, "Why do you weep?"

"My grandmother is ill. She was hurt while fishing for salmon."

"Let me go in and I will cure her," he said.

The girl went into the house and said to the *tsúnukwa,* "There is a man beside the spring who says he can heal you."

"Great is your word!" exclaimed the *tsúnukwa*. "Call him in to heal me."

When Kánikila entered he saw his arrow in the breast of the *tsúnukwa*, who did not know what was hurting her. He sat beside her and pretended to suck her skin like a healer, but he really took the arrow between his teeth and drew it out. *"He…!"* said the *tsúnukwa*. "It is as if you had pulled the sickness out of me!" Soon she was quite well, and she said: "Now, you see this house. The carving of it came from my body. You shall have it. You shall dance with the clothing I wear." She meant with her skin, for she wore no clothing. "You shall have the life-giving water. No matter how long your parents or your friends have been dead, this will bring them to life."

When Kánikila came home he found his brother lying dead. He threw some of the life-giving water on the body, and immediately Núhlnuhllisumá sat up, rubbed his eyes, and said: *"He!* I have been sleeping a long time!"

Now the brothers decided to leave that place and go round to the southern side of the island. As they approached the cape [Scott] they heard at the mouth of a creek a sound like the rattling of pebbles in the surf. Said Kánikila: "Sit down. I want to see what this náwaahw [Qágyuhl dialect, náwalaq] sound is." His brother sat down, and Káni-

kila himself went toward the stream. In the creek he saw a great *sísiutl* shaking its body quickly, and causing the rattling of the pebbles. Looking steadily at the *sísiutl,* he bit his tongue, causing blood to run, and stooping he reached a hand behind him. An alder club was put into it. He made four motions as if striking with it, and with the fourth he struck the human head of *the sísiutl* and killed it. He took the spines from its back, the skin and the eyes from the man's head: the spines for arrow-points, the eyes for missiles in his sling. The skin he preserved and made into a belt.

The two brothers arrived at Kwánee [on Deep bay]. Said Kánikila: "I must leave you here, and use what I got from the *sísiutl.* I am going to make the world as it should be. Take care of yourself and remain here, while I provide food for you." So he left his brother there and went to the small island Téqiw. He put an eyeball of the*sísiutl* into his sling, and when a whale came to the surface, he threw. The whale went down, and Kánikila sang: *"Shítsuli* ['*sísiutl* cut it up inside'], *shítsuli, shítsuli, shítsuli.* The whale rose and beached itself. Then he killed another, and he took one of them by the tail and raised it gradually on its head, growing in height as he raised it, until the whale stood upright on its head. And Kánikila, who was now taller than the whale, threw it toward the cape, and tossed the other after it. Two mounds of sand are the remains of those whales.

Kánikila did not know that a man was watching him. This was Yákalagyilis ["always making property"], who lived there in a little house at Kwánee, and founded the Gíukólqa gens of the Koskimo.

Now Kánikila returned to his brother and said: "Take care of yourself. Your name shall be Numúqis ['only one on the ground']. I am going to put the people in the world to rights." He cut out a piece of blubber and said to the whale, "Whenever a piece is cut from your body, you will grow to be the same size as before." Then he set out eastward on his way round the world [Vancouver island].

As he travelled he threw bits of his various blankets into the water at different places, and thus created salmon, oulachons, and other fish. Everywhere he changed evil things into good creatures or into inanimate and harmless objects.

When Kánikila returned to Kwánee after finishing his labors, he found his brother sitting on his heels, dead and covered with moss. The whales were uneaten. But when he sprinkled life-giving water on the bones, life came into them and then he said: "Brother, we had better

think of what our mother told us. She bade us go to the outer edge of the world and marry. We will take all the tribes which I have met, and we will take Ómehl [raven] with us in his self-paddling canoe."

So all of these embarked in the self-paddling canoe and went seaward for many days to a very large village. But none approached to meet them. Nobody even came out of the houses. The chief of this tribe was Glâlakitsíwa ["friendly-to-all at the mouth of the river"], and his daughter Aíhtsumihl ["abalone-shell of the house"] was the girl Kánikila wished to marry.

Now Kánikila was angry. He made the sea rise in a great wave and fall upon the village. But the houses were not broken, the smoke of the fires continued to ascend through the water. He turned a stone into a mountain and pushed it over on the houses, but it was broken on them and fell in fragments between them. Now he perceived that this chief had morepower than he, and he said to Ómehl: "See what you can do. Perhaps you are more mighty than I."

Ómehl opened his box, and a great wind rushed out and blew against the village, but nothing was moved. Then Kánikila decided to seek assistance from Hátasu [thunderbird], who lived at Háehl [a place in the Southeast arm of Quatsino sound]. So they came all the way back to Háehl, and Hátasu joined them. When again they lay in front of the village, Kánikila said, "Hátasu, I want you to do harm to these people."

"Early in the morning I will do what I can," promised Hátasu. Just before daylight Hátasu put on his feather coat and flew up into the air in great circles. Soon thunder was rolling and huge hailstones fell, and the houses began to crack.

In the evening he flew upward again, and lightning set fire to the houses. Then the people rushed out, turned into salmon, and leaped into the sea. Finally the chief himself appeared and said: "Chief, go home, and wait for your wife. I will bring her to you."

So Kánikila returned to Kwánee. He stood several men one upon another and transformed them into a tall wooden column, and he caused two Eagles to perch on the top of the pole and watch for the coming of his wife. Kánikila also called upon two Porpoises to lie near the shore and listen.

Now as the Porpoises lay there in the water, one of them cried out: *"He!* They are coming! Twice we have heard them and said nothing."

An Eagle looked down and said scornfully: "You are telling a lie! I

can see where the sky meets water, and they are not coming."

"I can beat you at this," retorted the Porpoise. "I can hear what you cannot see."

Kánikila had an aunt named Saíyuqa, whose husband was Pipukumlisíla ["causes a fearful face like a warrior whom the people look at with fear in their countenances]. These two he stood on the ground and transformed into posts for the house he was going to build.

Then the Eagle spoke: "I see something coming. It is true, what the Porpoise said."

Soon appeared a great number of canoes, all bound together side by side. At one end was a *kyólis* [the largest species of whale] and at the other a *qu'yím* [a small whale], both towed by the canoes. In the middle of the row of craft stood a tall pole, on the top of which were carved two eagles and lower down two porpoises. These represented the Eagles and the Porpoises which were watching for the party. The speaker stood up on the deck and shouted: "Your father-in-law gives you this *tsâhsi* [carved pole] and this mat!" The mat was *númhyelekum, a* great flat fish of the sea which the young woman used for her mat. The speaker continued: "Under the load of our canoes is the painting of the house, which also is given to you." This was another monster fish with a huge mouth.

In the canoes were all varieties of berries: for until that time no berries were found in the land. The two whales also were given as part of the marriage feast. When all these things had been given to Kánikila, the young woman came ashore, and the canoes were paddled back over the sea by the Salmon people.

Now Kánikila said: "This *númhyelekum* we will leave in the water. Let him do what mischief he can." So to this day the monster is in the sea. He brings bad weather, and when he rises to the surface he causes shallows where the tide eddies and the waves break and canoes are wrecked.

Kánikila could see into the future. One day he said to his brother, "Watch for a canoe." Very soon Numúqis announced the approach of a canoe, and Kánikila remarked, "We will see what this*númhyelekum* will do." The canoe came ashore, and as the great, flat fish lifted itself, waves began suddenly to break. The monster curled its edges upward over the canoe, and capsized it. Soon two men crept out on the beach, and Kánikila said to his men: "Our house is not yet finished. Take them and make them into posts." So his brother transformed the two men

into house-posts. One of them was Núhyustâlis and the other Kitohâlis. Only two more posts were needed, for there was to be but one central post in the front, with the door at one side of it.

Another canoe brought two men, and the great fish overwhelmed it and the men were washed ashore. Numúqis made them into posts, and Kánikila named them Tóhtowalis and Káhlkapalis.

This house of Kánikila was called Yúyipagyilis ["blowing at both ends"], because it was so long that it extended from the water at Kwánee [Deep bay] along the sandy depression to Kyaéhl [the lagoon], and hence both ends were exposed to the winds while the middle was sheltered behind the high cape. It also was called Qáqukimlilas, because it was so long that one standing in one end was unrecognizable to any one at the other. "

The wife of Kánikila bore twin boys, Ákyutsi'walís ["living at the outside of the world"] and Wétlilisila. Another boy was named Qúntoqilahw ["born to be heavy" with property]. The twins grew very rapidly and soon were men, but the other was always crying, and when asked what he wished he would only say, "I am crying for what they call *mas* ['what']!"

Kánikila said to the two elder sons: "Your brother is always crying, and we will let him cry for *mas*. But I must tell you that I am going to leave you. Now all my names you may use except that of Kánikila. For whoever uses that name will have short life."

So Kánikila took his wife and the child that cried for *mas* and went out upon the sea, and never was he seen again. Ákyutsi'walís founded the Wuhwá'mis gens and Wétlilisila founded the Tsítsee. Numúqis married the daughter of Yákelagyilis, first of the Gíukólqa gens, and founded the Gíuhsums'únahl. Tláhloulsá ["spouting out of the house"], who lived in the "house facing downstream," founded the Qáqukamal'énuh gens.

BEAVER CAUSES A FLOOD[5]

At Qakén [the Salish name of a place on the eastern side of Salmon river, Vancouver island] there were many women in camp digging clover-roots. Among the young men left on the other side of the stream in

5 A Salish myth borrowed by the Lekwiltok.

the village Hwússam [a Salish word] were some who had lovers among the women, and they proposed to one another that they go to see their sweethearts. Tlúkuq [marten] shouted a request to be taken across, and the women said, "He is a pretty young man; we will get him." So they sent a canoe for him. Next Máhaiyis [raccoon] called to them, and because they liked his striped face they took him.

Then came another call: "*Keletanaí* ['come and take me']*!*"

"*Anqasé* ['who are you']*?*" came the response.

"*Nuq Síhlim* ['I am Snake']*!*"

"Let us get him," said the women. "He is a pretty little man; he has a small face!"

"*Keletanaí!*" came a shout. And the women asked, "*Anqasé?*"

"*Nuq Humhumtaláhsis* ['I am Stone-worker-with-the-feet,'— an epithet of the land-otter]*!*"

"Go and get him," said the women. "He is a pretty little man.

Again came a call across the river, and the women answered with the usual question. The reply was short and gruff: "*Nuq Tsáwi* ['I am Beaver']*!*"

"What Beaver are you?" they asked.

"*Nuq Hélumhstasila* ['I am Tree-feller']*!*" Beaver was becoming angry.

"*Ánqas Hélumhstasila?*" they asked.

"*Nuq Ámamkyehta* ['I am Dam-builder']!"

"*Ánqas Ámamkyehta?*"

"*Nuq Háqatosla* ['I am Swimmer-down-stream-on-the-belly']*!*"

"*Ánqas Háqatosla?*"

"*Welatákyalusila* ['do you not know the sound of a tree falling on the ground]*?*" shouted Beaver.

Then one of the women called: *"Ye… !* You had better stay there, and your belly will grow broader on the ground, you great, big-bellied thing!"

Now Beaver became very angry. He walked into shallow water, sat down, and threw water into the air, calling with long-drawn words: "*Yóqus, yóqus, wámâyu* ['rain constantly, rain constantly, carry them away by water']!"

The women cried derisively, *"Ye… !* We have our mats and our blankets with which to cover ourselves!"

Still Beaver splashed the water and called for rain, and soon the sky grew black and the rain fell. The river rose rapidly and carried the

women directly across the strait to Qátsilis [Blinkinsop bay], where they became frogs.

THE DELUGE[6]

Now, there was to be a flood, and the people by some means knew it. They knew also how high the water would rise, and that whatever person it touched would become stone. Kulíli, second son of Káwatilikálla, told his women to make a rope as long and as strong as possible. There were now many people in the tribe. His women and those of the other gentes began to make rope, and the best artisans worked on plans by which the flood might be survived. For many years the preparations continued, the women gathering bark every spring and spending the remainder of the year in twisting and plaiting it. Kulíli went to see how his brother was going to save himself, and found that Tláwitsâ intended to use his wedding catamaran, on the deck of which he had built a house, and the double hold of which he had filled with food. So Kulíli returned home and made a catamaran, and every night his family slept aboard, lest the deluge come suddenly in the darkness. The rope was kept coiled on deck, with the end tied to a great tree. One day the rain began, and the families of Tláwitsâ and Kulíli went into the cabins on their catamarans, while the other people crept under mat shelters in their canoes, which were moored to the shore.

The wife of Káwatilikálla, declaring that it was useless to go aboard before the flood came, sat on the shore, shading her eyes with her hands and looking out toward the mouth of the inlet; for she thought the deluge was coming in the form of a high tide. But the water rose, and before she realized the danger she was beginning to petrify. She may still be seen at that place, gazing seaward for the flood.

Soon the rising water covered the shore, and when all the land was submerged except Káhsitsi [a high mountain on Kingcome inlet], Tláwitsâ said to his father: "Why did you not tell me the flood would rise so high? These ropes are useless without an anchor, for the trees will be uprooted." The old man answered: "That is nothing. Take my copper-box." So all the ropes were made into a single line and tied to the box full of heavy coppers, which then was thrown over, and all the canoes were made fast to the catamaran. The great danger was from

6 A Tsawatenok myth.

the huge trees, which rushed swiftly to the surface and threatened to strike the boats. The flood endured long, and the people who died on board dried up to mummies. These were not thrown overboard, for the touch of water would have turned them to stone.

As the flood subsided, they took up the slack of the rope so as to descend where the coppers were, but these they found a mass of stone. The rope, being vegetal, was not affected, nor were the water creatures. Many of the land animals had found safety on great jams of logs and uprooted trees. Descending on the surface of the sinking water, about halfway down the mountain the people saw a lake in which were some sealions[7] left by the receding flood, and Káwatilikálla thoughtlessly leaped out to kill one. But the ground was still wet, and so Káwatilikálla still stands there with a great stone hat on his head of stone.

THE ADVENTURES OF HÁNTLIQUNUTS[8]

A youth, chief of the gens Wáwikyum, travelling in the mountains with his bow and arrows, met a strange man. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the wolf hunter. Who are you?"

"I am the mountain-goat hunter."

Then the stranger proposed that they exchange bows, and so they did. "This bow," he said, "will kill anything. With it I give you the name Hántliqunuts ['shooter']."

"Mine is but a poor bow," replied the youth. "I am glad to have this, for it is what I have been desiring."

Having such a wonderful bow Hántliqunuts was envied by other men, and by sorcery he was made blind. One day with his wife and two children he was going from the village on the island [at the mouth of Owekano lake] to Tsínisi, the next stream above Núhwunts [Neechantz river] for salmon At the mouth of the stream his wife discovered a bear, and as usual he told her to point the arrow while he himself drew the bow. Thus he shot, and the bear groaned. He said: "I

7 The narrator insists that in historical times men have seen sea-lions in this lake!

8 A Wikeno myth.

have killed him! That is the way a bear groans when he is dying."

But the woman lied: "No, you missed him."

They went up the river a short distance, and the woman built a small hut of cedar-bark and placed him in it, saying, "Now I will make my house on the other side of the stream." For in those days man and wife did not sleep in the same house. So she took her children with her and made a shelter on the other side, where the bear was lying. She removed the skin and stretched it, then cut off the flesh and dried it.

The boy, the elder child, thought: "My father is starving, while we have plenty. I will take some of this meat to him." Secretly he placed a piece of meat in his robe, and later he crossed the river. "Father," he said, "here is a piece of meat. Eat it."

"Where is it from?"

"From the bear you killed. My mother is stretching the skin, cooking some of the meat, and drying the rest."

Hántliqunuts took the meat, felt of it, and gave it back. "You eat it," he said; "I am not hungry." After a pause, he asked, "Could you take me upstream to the lake out of which it flows?"

"Yes, I will do it," answered the boy.

Hántliqunuts placed an arrow on the string and held the feathered end while the boy took the point and thus led his father. Said the man: "As we go, break the ends of the branches here and there, for you will have to come back alone."

Hántliqunuts knew that the slightest mistake in what he was doing would mean his death. They went up a short, steep hill, and down on the other side to the lake. At the bottom they heard the call of a Loon, and Hántliqunuts exclaimed: "That is the thing I wished to hear! That will help me. Give me your necklace, and go."

The boy gave up his string of dentalium shells and departed.

Again the Loon called *a…!* and Hántliqunuts said, "I wish you were a man, for I want to recover my sight in this lake."

Said the Loon, "A man I am!"

"Come ashore and advise me, then."

So the Loon swam to the shore and said: "Come on my back. But first give me your necklace."

Hántliqunuts gave up the necklace, and the Loon put it on his own neck. That is why the bird has a ring of spots around its neck. Then he said: "Come on my back, and place your arms round my neck, holding your bow and arrows in your hand. I am going to dive. When you feel

your breath growing short, pinch me and I will come up."

With a long a...! the Loon dived. Now Hántliqunuts was frightened, and before his breath was becoming short he pinched the Loon, who immediately bobbed to the surface. "Hántliqunuts," he said, "bend your head." Four times he touched his mouth to the mouth of the man, each time blowing his breath into Hántliqunuts. "Now," he said, "that will give you better breath. Be ready now."

Then with his cry he dived and swam forward. Still a little timid, Hántliqunuts, long before his breath was exhausted (for he now had the breath of the Loon), pinched his friend, who at once came up. Again he dived and swam and came up, each time going farther than before, and now he asked, "Can you see?"

"I can see faintly. I can see that it is light."

A fourth time the Loon dived and swam on round the lake, and this time came up at the source of the river, where he had started. "Now I can see," said the man, but still he kept his eyes shut. The Loon put him ashore, and then transforming himself into a man, he washed the eyes of Hántliqunuts, and they opened. Then the Loon took the arrows and washed each one of them, putting power into them so that Hántliqunuts would be able to kill any kind of animal. Finally he became once more a Loon and returned to the water.

There under a tree beside the water Hántliqunuts remained four days, bathing, and rubbing with hemlock twigs morning and evening. After each washing he slept, and various animals and birds and creatures of the sea, all in the form of men, appeared to him and said, for example, "I am the bear that is going to fall before you."

After four days he went down the river, and nearing his wife's camp he saw her at work scraping the fat from the bear-skin. He drew an arrow and shot her through the heart, and sent another through the girl. But the boy he spared and took downstream in the canoe. They continued down the lake [Owekano], through Wánuq [Whannock river], and around the inlet [Rivers] to the bay at the mouth of Tsáqala [Chuck Walla river], where Pótlus was the chief. His daughter Tlálihlililaqa ["born to be spouting whale woman"] Hántliqunuts took for his wife.

One morning in the season when mountain-goats are in the best condition [October], Pótlus said to his son-in-law: "I wish you would go up this river, for there are many mountain-goats. Take your brothers-inlaw with you." Hántliqunuts made no reply, but the four

sons of Pótlus said, "We will go with him." Then he consented. Early in the morning they went, and with his arrows he killed forty goats. His brothers-in-law were the packers. They returned to the village, and the next day he killed forty more. So it was also on the third day and on the fourth. When all the goats were piled up, Pótlus said: "True is your name Hántliqunuts I did not believe it, but now I know that you have a true name." And he despatched messengers to all the people of the inlet, inviting them to his feast.

After this Pótlus gave many feasts, and all by the help of Hántliqunuts, so that some of the chiefs talked about it and said: "Through the arrows of Hántliqunuts Pótlus is giving more feasts than we can give. What shall be done to bring them apart? If he is killing all kinds of animals so easily, he can kill us also. We must bring them apart. The only way to do this is to kill the wife of Hántliqunuts by sorcery."

This they attempted, and soon the woman sickened and died. Then Hántliqunuts travelled about, and after a while came to Awíkye ["back" — a bay in the south end of Calvert island], where the chief was Manígyiliskyasu ["one on earth, good one"]. His daughter Gwíkyileuqa ["born to be whale woman"] Hántliqunuts married.

One day his four brothers-in-law were examining his arrows, and Hántliqunuts held one of them up and said: "This is the grizzly-bear killer. This will go right through a grizzly-bear's head."

The eldest of the brothers said, "If it will do that, we had better go to the island and shoot sea-lions." He referred to the island Wáwis [Virgin rocks, a few miles south of Calvert island].

So before daylight the five set out, and they reached the rocks at midday. On each side of a narrow passage which must be used lay four *áhumait,* huge, fierce sea-lions, which nobody dared attack. With one arrow Hántliqunuts killed the four on one side, and then a second brought down the other four. They passed on, and the brothers pointed out sea-lions that were fit for food, and all these he killed. When the game was brought to the village, a great feast was given.

Again the chief sent his son-in-law, and this time forty sea-lions were killed, so that four canoes had to be sent for the meat. After this feast he went again and killed forty, and a third feast was given; but when the fourth time he was asked to go for sea-lions, the four brothers began to be displeased. "We must stop this," they said; "for our father loves Hántliqunuts more than us. We will leave him on the

island."

Accordingly after the usual forty sea-lions had been killed, and the meat cut up and loaded into the canoe, they hurried aboard while Hántliqunuts was away from the shore. But the youngest cried out: "Hántliqunuts, come! They are going to leave you!" Hántliqunuts came running, but the brothers pushed off, and though he begged them to return, even promising them his bow and arrows, they would not. Then he said, "If you are going to leave me, throw my cape ashore." So the youngest brother threw the cape.

'When they arrived home, their father inquired for his son-in-law, and the eldest answered, "He slipped off a rock into the water." But the youngest whispered to his father, "My brothers left him to die on the island!"

Hántliqunuts stood on the rock, watching the canoe until it was out of sight. He cried until night fell, then he dropped off asleep, sitting on his heels under an overhanging ledge of rock, with the cape completely covering him. In the morning he awoke, and again spent the day crying, and so he passed the third day. On the morning of the fourth day he was awakened by some one pushing him, and he heard a voice saying: "Do not remain thus. I came to invite you for Amakitlísilasu ['drop dung on the roof of his house']."

Hántliqunuts looked up, but he could see no one, and he fell asleep again. Soon he was awakened in the same manner, and after the third time he decided to watch. He made a small hole in his cape and put his eye to it. Soon a little man approached, pushed him, and repeated the same words. It was Askyámikus [mouse].

"I see you!" cried Hántliqunuts.

And Mouse said, "Come, we will go into the house."

The wall of rock gave way behind the back of Hántliqunuts, and he almost fell in. This was the door leading into the house of Kômuqi, and the rock on which the sea-lions lay was the roof.

Mouse led him into the house, and there was Kômuqi in the form of a man. Hántliqunuts sat with his knees drawn up, elbows on knees, and head on hands. One of Kômuqi's servants came in to look at the visitor, and after examining him on all sides he exclaimed: *"A…!* So that is Hántliqunuts! That is the kind of man Hántliqunuts is! Why, he is full of holes!" He thought that the knees and elbows were grown together, and the hands and head together, and that the opening between legs and arms, and between arms and head, were holes in the

body of Hántliqunuts. Another said, "I wonder what we will feed our friend with."

In his mind Hántliqunuts said, "I wish I could have some of that seal!"

Tlálla [porpoise] announced, "He wants to eat one of our chief's children!"

So they killed a small seal, cut it up, placed water in a box, threw in hot stones from the pile that stood ready in the fire of Kômuqi's house, and then dropped in the meat. Hántliqunuts ate, and the people watched him.

After his meal he thought, "What shall I do to get home?"

The Porpoise spoke: "He is wondering how he will get home."

"We will let him have the canoe Tsékinaku [sea-gull]," said the speaker of the house.

Hántliqunuts thought, "That is not good, the bow dips down too much."

"We will let him have the canoe Yátin [a small waterfowl]."

"No, that is too one-sided," thought Hántliqunuts.

"We will let him have the canoe Tsétataka ['squirter on the rocks' a cormorant]."

"That is too low, the sea would wash over it."

"Then we will take one of our chief's large canoes, the bladder of Áhumait!"

Whenever Kômuqi wished a canoe, he would take the bladder out of one of these huge sea-lions, and after his journey he would put it back. The speaker continued, "Before you go, we will put more power into your arrows."

So the arrows were passed to Kômuqi, who stroked one of them, saying, "You will be the forty-sea-otter killer." To another he said, "You will be the forty-hair-seal killer." The third he made the forty-sea-lion killer, and the fourth was to kill all kinds of animals. To Hántliqunuts he said: "Your name is no longer Hántliqunuts. I change your name to Qulá, for everything shall fall before you."

Then Hántliqunuts crept into the great bladder, and they gave him a cord and turned the neck of the bladder in so that he could tie it shut. Then as they had instructed him to do, he said, "Yihís, Yihís, Yihís!" and the bladder started off toward Yihís [a place on Calvert island]. Sometimes a sea-gull would alight on it, and Hántliqunuts would snap his finger against the bird's feet and frighten it away, lest it peck a hole

through. He was carried to the shore of the island at Yihís. He untied the mouth of the bladder and came out, and leaving the bladder, which turned into a huge rock that is still there, he returned along the shore to Awíkye.

He came up behind the house of his father-in-law and sat down. Inside he could hear his wife weeping: "What can have happened to my Hántliqunuts? He said he was more than a man, and now he is dead from slipping off a rock."

Hántliqunuts arose, withdrew a short distance, and climbed into a tree. He called like an owl. One of his brothers came out and said mockingly, "You must be the *tihhyúmhl* ['owl face' — referring to a belief that the dead enter the bodies of owls] of Hántliqunuts!"

The woman continued to weep: "Oh, spirit of Hántliqunuts, come back to me!" Hántliqunuts came down from the tree, and again sat near the house. Then the woman went on: "Oh, Hántliqunuts, come back to me, either alive or in spirit, for I know you are more than a man."

Then he went to the back of the house and knocked on the small door leading into her bedroom, and whispered: "I am here! It is true I am more than a man, and that they cannot kill me, though they have tried. What did your brothers say when they came home? "

"They said you slipped off a rock," she said; "but my youngest brother declared they had left you there."

"What do you think?" he went on. "I think I had better kill your three brothers and spare the youngest." She agreed, and so he shot the three and killed them. But in time the woman became sorry for her brothers, and angry with Hántliqunuts for having killed them. And when he discovered this, he left that place and returned to Wánuq.

THE ADVENTURES OF GYÁMALAGILAQ[9]

In a cave at the top of a steep slope leading from the sea, and at the foot of a perpendicular wall of rock, lived Gyámalagilaq ["born to be leader"]. The place was Awís [in Belize inlet near the left entrance to Alison sound]. His daughter was Kaiyúhlaka ["rich in property woman"], and his sons were Kíkiakalágilaq ["born to be frightener of all"]

9 A Nakoaktok myth.

and Pátlilagilaq ["born to be flier"].

The canoe of Gyámalagilaq was called Táhltahl ["to fold up"]; for he could fold it up and thus turn it into a small canoe, and then unfold it and make a large one. Instead of keeping it in the water, he would drag it up the hill and into the cave. He had two paddles: a large one, which, dipped into the water twice in a day, caused the canoe to go flying over the sea; and an ordinary paddle used when the canoe was small. The large one was called Haílpa ["go and return in one day"], for no matter where he wished to go, he could go and return in the same day. Like the canoe it was *náwalaq.* Around the neck of Gyámalagilaq was the necklace Yáyinkyáyuhââ ["necklace that strikes in return"], from which hung a knife. When he became angry, he would shake the necklace, and it would give forth a hollow, metallic rattle.

In front of the cave was a fine beach, and the children, unable to swim, would play in the shallow water. One day their mother came to the entrance of the cave and called: "Do not so, my children. Your father is in the cave working on his canoe, and there must be no play nor noise while he is at it. Come up!" Just then the little girl was snatched into the water by some unseen thing. The woman cried: *"Kákyu* ['slave '],[10]something is taking our child! Quick, jump down!" Again the woman shouted: "Slave, you say you are afraid of nothing! You say you are *náwalaq!* Get ready quickly and we will go to find her!"

Then Gyámalagilaq pushed Táhltahl down the hill and put on Yáyinkyáyuhââ. He shoved the canoe into the water and commanded: "Open! You will go fast today!" The canoe opened, and they embarked. He dipped Haílpa into the water, and the canoe flew out into the narrows and stopped at the foot of a cliff rising from the water.

Gyámalagilaq dived to the bottom, and there on the mud lay Hwúlqis [mud-shark], a *yákyim* ["evil thing"]. With his knife he slashed it in twain across the belly, but his child was not there, and bringing the head of Hwúlqis to the surface, he reëmbarked. Another stroke of Haílpa brought the canoe to the tide-rips at the entrance of the inlet, and Gyámalagilaq dived to the bottom. There where the water was quiet he found Nánis ["grizzly-bear of the sea"]. He lay down on the

10 Whenever there is need of quick action or when some unexpected thing happens, the speaker, no matter what his relation to the one addressed, uses the epithet "slave."

back of Nánis, grasped the hair of its head, drew the head back, and severed it. Then he cut into the belly, but the child was not there, and with the head he returned to the surface.

He went next to the very entrance of the inlet, where the water was very bad, and dived down to Tsúnukwis ["*tsúnukwa* of the sea"], whose head he brought up after looking in vain into its belly. Another stroke brought them to Tséqatsi ["sea-gull home," a great precipice overhanging the water on the mainland at the entrance of Tribune channel, opposite Gilford island]. Here he dived and found Númhya-likyu ["one chief one"], which was like an enormous halibut.[11] Its back looked like a beach where the wavelets have left the sand in ripples. As he walked along its great back, he could see the edges moving slowly up and down. Coming to its head, which was sluggishly rising and falling, he drew it up and looked beneath it, but his daughter was not there. Then he cut it off and brought it to the canoe.

Now Gyámalagilaq turned back past his home to the head of the inlet, where there was an overhanging rock. He dived, and there found a Pgwis ["man of the sea "], who had a huge, man-like body and very long hair. He was squatted on the bottom with his hands on his wife's shoulders and his head bent over touching hers, and she was in the same position with her hands on his shoulders. Beneath their arms and heads crouched the little girl. Gyámalagilaq approached and shook his necklace. Their power left them, and he seized them by the hair, one with each hand, and drew their heads apart. He slashed at their necks, and the heads fell off; for the mere motion of this knife would cause a head to fall. With the heads and his daughter he rose to the surface and returned home. Because of these deeds Gyámalagilaq changed

11 This monster is said to make a deep, humming, rumbling sound, which echoing from the rocks and trees so fills the air that sea hunters, who are always on the alert for the monster in order to obtain tlúgwi, cannot tell whence the sound comes. The fish does not come quite to the surface, but skims beneath the water so that its outline can be dimly discerned. It has a round, shining spot that gleams like fire, and the hunter who sees this spot must spear it. He will then find that the object comes out on the point of the spear, hard and shining like a crystal. This is tlúgwi. A sophisticated informant says he has heard a skate produce the humming sound attributed to this mythical monster.

his name to Kíkyilakitsu, and his daughter's name to Kíkyilakitsumka ["striker under the water woman"].

The news of all these deeds came to Kwaustums [on Gilford island], where lived Tésumkit ["stone body"], or Tlátlahwus, chief of the Wíumaskum gens of the Koeksotenok; and to Haíkums [on Watson island], where lived Wínagilaq ["born to be warrior"], chief of the Kôkumakiáhtâe gens of the Guauaenok. Said Wínagilaq: "What right has Gyámalagilaq to come and paddle in my water? I will fight him and try my power." He had bow and arrows, the first of such weapons, and a *náwalaq* canoe.

But Gyámalagilaq had the power to know the mind of those who were thinking of him, and he set about his preparations. In his cave hung the skin of an old man, which he now put on. He got into his canoe, the small canoe, with the *náwanaq* paddle lying in the bottom, took up the small paddle, and started out, imitating the movements of an old man.

Soon Wínagilaq met him, and took hold of the canoe. He asked, "Is this chief Gyámalagilaq in his cave?"

"Yes, he is in his cave. He does not move about. He sends us slaves to get his food." Then suddenly Gyámalagilaq gave the canoe of Wínagilaq a shove. "Open!" he exclaimed. Táhltahl opened. He dipped Haílpa into the water, and the canoe flew away.

"*He!* That was the man, you slaves!" cried Wínagilaq to his warriors. "We have lost him!" He ordered the paddles to work, and they dipped into the water of themselves, and his canoe started in pursuit.

Gyámalagilaq reached the beach at the foot of his cave, folded the canoe and carried it up. He put on his necklace. Then when he saw the canoe of his enemy approaching the shore, and Wínagilaq standing with bow and arrow ready to shoot, he commanded his wife and all the utensils and objects in the cave to beat time, and give the war-cry, *hi…!* This they did, and Gyámalagilaq came down the hill. A great stone as large as a house lay in his way, and he kicked it aside. At this exhibition of power, Wínagilaq let his bow sink. Gyámalagilaq came down to the water, and the canoe was just ready to touch shore when he grasped the prow with his left hand and pushed it down. Again and again he forced it down, and the third time water splashed over the gunwale. But before he could sink it with a fourth push, Wínagilaq cried: "Stop! Do not so, friend! True is your power, and greater than mine! Let us be friends. Now I will give you this baton. This will give

you, of all the singers in the world, the best mourning songs for the dead."[12]

Gyámalagilaq accepted the baton, though he was not pleased; for he was proud of his strength, and did not willingly receive gifts. Then with sarcasm and disdain he said: "Wait, friend! I will give you something. Here is a clam-digging stick, which I give to you." And instead of handing it to Wínagilaq he tossed it scornfully into the canoe. "You will be clam-eaters in all time to come," he said.[13]

Wínagilaq with his warriors departed, and on the way he met the canoe of Tésumkit and his men. This canoe also was self-propelling, for it was *náwalaq*. They stopped, and Tésumkit said, "Tell me the news of our friend."

"The only news I tell you about him is, 'Do not go!' I fell before him. I am going home a shamed man. He kicked great bowlders, and they rolled before him! So I tell you not to go. I had to beg him to stop. I went there bold, but I had to become humble."

Said Tésumkit: "I would be shamed if I did not go. Everybody would say I was afraid and came back without seeing him. I must go."

"Go then, but you will return humble."

So Tésumkit proceeded to the beach of Gyámalagilaq. The chief was in his cave. His wife began to beat with a stick and to cry *hi…!* and every object in the cave joined her. Gyámalagilaq shook his necklace, and the sound filled earth and sky. He kicked the bowlder back to where it had been and went down to the beach. Tésumkit and his warriors were shouting their war-cry, when Gyámalagilaq seized the prow. He drew it in and suddenly pushed it back, and thus he jerked the canoe forward and back, time and again. Tésumkit, standing amidships, fell, and Gyámalagilaq dragged the canoe out, seized the bowman, and cut off his head.

"*Hu …! huhu …!*" he cried, as he ran up into his cave and drew a stone over the entrance; and Tésumkit withdrew, beaten because he had lost a man.

12 The Nakoaktok are reputed to have the best mourning songs.

13 The Guauaenok are known as clam-eaters.

MAGIC POWER FROM THE MOUNTAIN-GOATS[14]

Tuwíhilaq ["born for hunting mountain-goats"] was the son of Tápunt ["helper"], who before he became a man was a Stone. Early one morning Tápunt espied a goat on the mountainside, and at once awakened his son. The young man took a pole at the end of which was a rope with a running noose, and with his dog he crept up to the place; but no goat was there, and returning he reported that the animal had escaped. His father said, "I watched it while you were gone, and it did not go away, but only walked round the tree."

"It is strange," said the son, "that I could not see it and the dog could not smell it."

The next day Tápunt again saw the goat in the same place, and once more the hunter started out. This time he saw a goat above him on a ledge. So he crept to the end of the ledge and waited to see what the animal would do; for it could not escape without passing him. After a while the goat smelled or heard the dog, and instantly a part of the rocky wall slid back like a door, and the animal bounded in. But the young man was quick, and followed upon its heels before the door closed. His staff and his dog, however, were left behind. Inside it was pitch-dark, and he had to feel his way. He wondered if he was to find *náwalaq* in that place. He passed through a long tunnel and finally saw light, which became stronger. Then he heard singing: "Let him come, this Wáwigyustâlagyílitsugílaq ['born to be always trying the unclimbable mountain' — an epithet applied by the goats to the young man]!"

At the mouth of the tunnel he saw that the sound came from a great number of people in a green valley, lying about on white skins. These were the Mountain-goat people, who for the time had laid aside their skins. They were uncountable. The young man remained in concealment, while they sang and defied him, unaware that he had gained entrance. They sang again, while the goat which he had been following, the son of the chief, danced about among the others, shaking his head with arrogance, so that the long white feather fastened to his horns waved defiantly. As he came before the young man's place of concealment, the hunter reached forth and plucked the feather. Now it is very bad luck for the animals to be caught by a human with their skins off,

14 A Tsawatenok myth.

and every one in the vast crowd leaped for his skin and struggled to put it on. But before they had succeeded, the young man stood in plain sight and they were unable to move. They stood there with bowed heads, greatly ashamed, some with one leg in the skin, some with an arm. As they waited to see what he intended, so did the young man await their action. Finally a wrinkled, aged goat cried in a fierce, hoarse voice: "Let somebody say something! We do not want this monster to remain here long!"

The chief spoke: "Now you have found a treasure ['*laáms tlúg-wala*']. Whenever you use this power, do it not roughly. When you wave it over the mountains, do it not quickly nor too violently, for then something bad would happen. Now you may go. When you come to the door, wave the feather and it will open."

So the young man went back through the tunnel, opened the door by means of the feather, found his dog and snare, and went homeward. He thought: "I will hide this treasure. If it is so powerful, it might be dangerous in the house." He found a great, hollow cedar, but in placing the feather inside he moved it rather quickly, and the tree was split from top to bottom. Then more carefully he placed it under one of the fallen parts. He went home and to bed.

In the morning his father aroused him: "Do not sleep long, the mountain is white with goats. You had better rise and get some of them." So he went to the mountain with his feather, and standing at the foot of a landslide he waved it slowly in a circle toward the mountain. He laid it down, and immediately the goats came rolling down the cliff. He piled up the bodies, returned home, and despatched his mother, his sister, and his brother for the meat. Tápunt, watching the mountain, had seen the goats come tumbling down, and knew that his son had acquired some great power.

When winter came Tápunt assembled all the people, and in a great potlatch he distributed the goat-meat, suet, wool, and skins, and Tuwíhilaq and his eldest sister sang a song and danced. In each of the succeeding three winters the potlatch was repeated at the naming of one of Tápunt's daughters.

Then Tuwíhilaq went again to the mountain with his feather. But he had become so familiar with its use that he was growing careless, and he waved it too quickly over the mountain, which broke down in an enormous landslide. Stones, earth, and trees came thundering down. He saw a cave before him, and leaped into it with his dog, but he was

smothered by the dust. The dog however lived, and all night it barked.

In the village Tápunt heard the barking, and said to himself, "There must be something wrong, or that dog would not bark all night." At daylight the dog came to the village, having found a hole through which he crept out of the cave. Then the people knew something had happened to their hunter, and the younger members of the family followed the dog back to the mountain. They found the body and brought it to the village; but the feather was lost, and none save the father knew the secret of the young man's power over the goats. When Tápunt knew that his son was dead, he put white powder on his forehead and blackened the lower part of his face from the eyes downward, and commanded his children not to touch him until he was dead. Then he sat on the river bank. He prayed to the mountains and to the spirits of the weather, asking that during four years snow might not come down as low as the cave where his son was buried. For Tápunt had himself been a mountain, and therefore he painted himself in the way he was asking the mountain to paint itself with snow.[15]

THE BROTHERS WHO WERE CARRIED TO SEA[16]

Tátohmesu and his three sons Máhmagis, Wáhsimahasu, and Tléhtla, embarked in their canoe, which was made of *hlúkwa'mis* ["upperworld wood"], and came down to the earth at Tsuwúnhhas [on Deep bay, at the northwestern end of Vancouver island]. After building a house, they walked eastward to the point of land between this bay and the next [Fisherman's cove], and the eldest said: "This is where I will spear hair-seals and sea-otters. And my name shall be Hánpetligilahw ['born to have something on the end of the spearline']."

The others proceeded to the next bay, and the second brother said: "This is where I will spear. And my name shall be Ómahtalatligilahw ['born to be chief going out' to sea]." The youngest brother was only a steersman.

Now one day they pushed their canoe into the water. The eldest

15 A dramatization of this myth is performed by members of the family in which it is hereditary.

16 A Koskimo myth.

took his place in the bow, the second in the middle, and the youngest in the stern, and they went to the place which the eldest had chosen. As they approached the point they saw something large, and when they were close enough Máhmagis threw his spear. The line tautened, and the canoe was dragged seaward. The second brother *said:* "*Áte* [lord], something great is on your harpoon! You had better cut your line lest you go under."

So Máhmagis cut the line, but instead of disappearing in the water the severed end remained sticking to the gunwale, and the canoe was dragged on. "*Áte,"* said Wáhsimahasu, "you see we are nearing Yútli [Cox island], and we have not seen what is on your line. Reach over and cut it as far from the canoe as you can."

And Máhmagis did this; but the end dropped into the water and stuck fast to the forward end of the keel. Then Máhmagis turned and said: "What can we do? We can do nothing more. We have to go where this will take us."

The canoe was running to sea so rapidly that it cut a deep furrow and was hemmed in by high walls of water. Night came, and the next morning they saw ahead what appeared to be a lofty island. But the canoe was borne straight through it, for it was a floating mass of barnacles.

On the following morning they saw again something like an island. This was a body of floating sand, and the canoe cut through it. Now the youngest brother, thinking it solid land, leaped out, but he broke through and sank. "Our brother has jumped over and gone down!" exclaimed Wáhsimahasu.

"Leave him," said Máhmagis. "That is the way this thing always happens. Do not talk about it."

All night they were passing through this island of sand, and in the morning there appeared before them a floating island of drift logs. Said Máhmagis: "We had better lie down and cover our beads. We do not know what will happen." The line began to cut through the logs, dragging the canoe after it; and all night it was so. The two brothers were now reckless of what might happen.

In the morning they saw large houses on an island ahead, and the line was cleaving its way straight for the doorway of a house, on the front of which was a painted killerwhale. Canoe followed line into the house, and there the brothers saw piles of carved dishes in the form of killerwhales, and posts and beams in the same likeness. Máhmagis said

to his brother: "Do not look at this as though you wanted it. This will be my *kíso* [crest]. I will take it."

"Why should I want to take it?" asked the other. "I am only the younger brother, and you shall trust me."

Nearly all the day they were passing through the house of the killerwhales, and at evening they saw an island and a village. Presently the canoe grounded on the beach; but still they lay in the bottom, for they were drowsy and slept.

When morning came, Máhmagis awoke and saw his harpoon fast in Númhyelekum, the monster flat fish, and he said: "What can we do? We are here, a long way from home, and we had better build a house." Wáhsimahasu said nothing, but looked at the monster fish. He saw that it was shaped almost like a huge halibut, though much broader, and it had a seal's head.

Máhmagis however immediately began building the house, and after a while he called, "What is the matter that you do not come and help with this house?" But his brother made no reply: he was craftily watching Máhmagis while cutting something off the edge of the fish. He was obtaining a love charm. When the house was finished, Máhmagis went in and slept, and a man appeared and said: "Now you have *tlúgwala* from me the seal feasting-dish. Your name shall be Kékahtla, and your dance *númkahl* ['personation of *númhyelekum*']. In this dance your name shall be Nu'númkalahl."

Early in the morning Wáhsimahasu walked to the other side of the point, and there he saw something emerging from a hole in the rock. He returned to his brother and said: "A great thing have I seen in my walk. From a hole on the other side of the point there is a sea-otter coming out. Let us make a club, and tomorrow morning we will club him."

And they made clubs, and on the following morning they killed many sea-otters as they came out of the rock. They hung the skins to dry without stretching, for there were so many that they had no need to increase the size by stretching.

The next day they killed more, and Wáhsimahasu killed a very large one, the mother of all the sea-otters. After he had skinned it, he grew sleepy, and all the next day and all night he slept. The great Sea-otter came to him and said: "Wáhsimahasu, you have *tlúgwala* me. I am the mother of all the sea-otters. When you go home, make a bed for me, and put me inside, though I am nothing but skin, and you will see

young sea-otters beside me. Never sell me, for when you do that you will become poor."

A day later Máhmagis said: "We have many skins. Let us go home. I took note of the sun as we were dragged along, and by the sun I can steer for home." So they piled the skins from end to end of the canoe, leaving a little space at the bow and the stern to sit in, and roped them down. Then they steered for home toward the rising sun.

After a long voyage they reached home late in the night. On the beach Máhmagis saw a little house, and he went to see what it was. Close to the fire sat an old man, his father, and Máhmagis spoke: "Father, we have come back." The old man looked up at him angrily, and cried: "You are ghosts! Do not torment me!" And he drove his son away.

When Máhmagis rejoined his brother and related what had happened, he asked Wáhsimahasu to see if their father would perhaps recognize him. So Wáhsimahasu went to the hut and said: "*Yo!* We have come home. Máhmagis came to you and you turned him away. We are alive, and have come back!" The old man grasped the fire-tongs and struck him, but Wáhsimahasu would not go. He forced his way in and built up the fire. "Look at me," he said. "Do you not know me?" The old man then saw that it was truly his son, and he began to dance with joy.

Now the young men carried the sea-otter skins into the house and piled them up. "That is our tlúgwi," they said. "But our younger brother is dead."

"Oh," said the father, "what is the youngest son? The eldest is the only son there is. Let him go!"

Now there were many people at this place; for all those who had been living between the two capes [Scott and Commerell] had gathered to dwell here. Máhmagis made dishes like the seal and the killer-whale dishes he had seen, had a house built with killerwhale posts, and then gave away the skins in a great potlatch.

The two brothers afterward made the attempt to find the island and obtain more sea-otter skins, but they perished and never were seen again.

THE GIRL WHO MARRIED GRIZZLY-BEAR AND ACQUIRED

THE DANCE TLU'WULÁHU[17]

Tláqagiluyóqa ["born to be copper-maker woman"], the daughter of a chief of high rank, was so proud that she was unwilling to marry; she refused every suitor. Her wrists and ankles were covered with rings of copper. One day she ordered her two female slaves to accompany her to a berry-patch, and as they gathered the fruit the girl stepped on the droppings of a grizzly-bear. "Oh," she exclaimed, "that dirty creature comes to walk in this place and leaves that filth for me to step on and soil my feet!"

"Do not say so!" cautioned the women. "The spirit of the creature which dropped that is with us all the time."

But the girl did not cease to upbraid the bear. They filled their baskets, covered the berries with skunk-cabbage leaves, and laced the tops shut. Then they swung the baskets on their backs and started homeward. Soon the handle of the girl's basket, which had been perfectly sound, broke, and the berries were spilled. She called the slaves, who gathered up the fruit, repaired the handle, and placed the basket again on her back. But it broke again, and this time the slaves did not hear her call and walked right on. The girl stopped and picked up the scattered berries, and just before she was ready to raise the basket to her back, she saw two men. One of them, a very handsome youth, said, "Let me carry your berries." Without inquiring who they were, she gave him the basket and they walked along the trail toward the village. They stepped over a log, and the woman felt changed in some subtle manner. Again a step was taken over another log, and again she experienced the strange feeling. Thus they stepped over four logs, and then she saw ahead a great village, and heard the people cry out, "Here comes our chief with his wife!" Then she realized that she had been stolen by this man.

He led her into a very large house, and he seemed to change. He became rough, instead of kind and gentle, and his voice was very harsh. The two men left her there and passed outside. Apparently she was alone. But some one in the corner spoke: "Come hither. I am Tlópakyáhtulihl ['rooted to the floor'], and since I cannot move, you must come to me."

17 A Bellabella myth.

The girl went to that corner and found a very old woman, who said: "You are the woman that stepped on the Grizzly-bear's droppings, and you said some bad words against that Grizzly-bear. The man who left those droppings is the very one who brought you here, and your life is depending on what you do when you first go to the beach to defecate. The best thing is to go now and practise what you will do. Fear not. Whenever you go to the beach, dig a hole secretly, and if you wish to defecate, you may do so in that hole. But be careful to cover it well, and then take one of your copper rings and leave it there: they will think that was what you dropped. You had better go now, and you will see what they will say to you. The Grizzly-bears are all away fishing, except one who is watching constantly."

The girl decided to try it at once, and went to the beach. Immediately the watchman called, and the Grizzly-bears came hurrying back. After digging the hole she sat there for a while, then filled it with sand, and on the top laid one of her copper bracelets. As soon as she got up, the people came, and with a small stick a man lifted the bracelet and looked at it. "It is little wonder she talked so proudly!" he exclaimed. "Her excrement is copper!" And they began to play with the ring, tossing it to one another.

Tláqagiluyóqa went into the house, and the old woman asked, "Did you do it right?"

"Yes, I am here alive."

"Whenever you become homesick, tell me. Here is one thing you must know: they are going to put two little children to be with you constantly. Whenever your husband goes fishing, you will have to collect firewood. Go to the woods for it, not to the beach Every day go farther and farther from the house, and always be careful to put the fuel on the backs of the children. Make them lean up against a tree when you put the bundle on their backs. All the women go to the beach for wood, and gather the small sticks that lie on the bottom in the water."

So the young woman started out for wood with the two children, whom she loaded with fagots. She piled fuel on the fire, awaiting the return of her husband, and the Grizzly-bear women kindled their fires. But their water-soaked wood made a great deal of steam, while hers burned freely. Then her husband came in, his bear-skin all wet. He threw it off and shook it over the fire, and the blaze was extinguished. Then he beat the girl with the skin. The other Grizzly-bears, coming

into their houses, removed their wet skins and shook them over the fires, and the steaming sticks blazed.

Day by day the girl's copper rings became fewer. One day her downheartedness was plainly evident on her face and in her demeanor, and the old woman said, "You wish to go home."

"Yes," admitted the girl.

"Well, tomorrow morning get a stick from a salmonberry bush and bring it to me."

The next morning she went into the woods for fuel, and after walking a long distance, she broke off a piece of salmonberry bush and carried it while the children bore the fagots. When the old woman received the stick she measured from it the length of her forearm from elbow to knuckles. Then at equidistant points she gnawed off the bark in four places, and she said: "I think tomorrow you had better run away. Drop this stick to the ground, and it will point the way to your home." She gave the girl also a cedar stick, a stone, a tube of bladder-kelp containing oil, and a comb, and told her how to use them. "But one thing you must remember," she cautioned. "Tie those two children to trees. When you are putting the bundles on their backs, tie them to the trees so that they cannot escape.

Early in the morning Tláqagiluyóqa set out with the Grizzly-bear children. Having gathered her fagots she made the children lean back against a tree, as usual, and while tying the packs she wound the rope around the tree and bound them securely. Then she dropped the stick and ran in the direction it indicated. She heard the little Grizzly-bears scream, and she saw a great mountain right ahead. But she remembered no mountains on the road by which she had come, so she dropped the stick again. It fell straight toward the mountain. Then she remembered having stepped over four logs, and knew that in reality they had been mountains. Up the steep she ran, but behind was the growling of her pursuers. She passed the summit, and descended, but soon came to another height. By this time the Grizzly-bears were close, and she threw the comb over her shoulder. It became a tangled brake of thorny bushes, which delayed them. One after another the girl threw behind her the stone, the oil, and the cedar stick, and they became respectively a great mountain, a broad lake, and a tremendous tree that moved from side to side in the path of her pursuers.

At length she reached salt water and saw a canoe containing a young man who wore a hat. He did not look around, and she called,

"Come and take me in, and you shall have all my father's slaves for doing it!"

The man tapped the gunwale with his paddle and it rang, and the canoe moved away from her. She called then, "Come ashore, and you shall have my father's name!"

He tapped the gunwale again, and the canoe went out still farther. "Come ashore," she cried anxiously," and take me in! You shall have everything my father possesses his slaves, his dances, all!"

He struck the canoe, and off it went still farther. Now she saw the Grizzly-bears coming, and in despair she begged him: "Come ashore and take me, and I will have you for my husband!"

Then he struck the canoe, and immediately it came up beside her. She saw that his head was all copper, and so were the canoe and the paddle. She got in, he tapped the gunwale, and the craft shot out a little distance. In the bow was a spear, the two points of which kept thrusting themselves in and out, like the tongue of a serpent. Now the Grizzly-bears, clad in their shaggy skins, rushed angrily to the edge of the water, and the chief roared gruffly, "Bring my wife ashore, or we will kill you both!"

The man in the canoe simply sat there without moving or speaking, and the girl perceived that he was handsome. To all the threats of the Grizzly-bears he made no response. Finally they plunged in and swam toward the canoe. Then the man spoke: "Spear, jump overboard and kill them!"

That spear was a *sísiutl*. It leaped overboard, swam through the water, and darted through the bodies of the Grizzly-bears, one after another. Then it returned and lay down in the bow.

Now the man addressed her: "Wife, be careful! You are in danger, just as with the people I have killed. I will not harm you, but it is my wife who will try to destroy you. When she eats, do not attempt to observe her. If you are behind her, she can see you just as if you were before her. Now we will go to yonder island, and I will kill those seals for her food."

He tapped the canoe, and it darted to the island, where the *sísiutl* slipped out of the canoe and killed the seals. After piling them in the canoe he told Tláqagiluyóqa to cover her head, and she did so. Then she heard him tap the gunwale and felt the copper canoe dart downward instead of forward. All the time her love for this man was growing, for he always spoke very kindly. Before long she felt the canoe ground on

a beach, and heard the man get out in the water. He wrapped her up until she seemed to be only a roll of mats, took her under his arm, carried her into the house, and set her down in a comer. She heard people calling: "The canoe is full of seals! We will go and carry them up."

Soon she heard them throwing the seals down from the doorway, and their bodies rolling down the steps; for the floor of this house was ten steps below the bottom of the sea, and it was called Tsúyakuq ["ten steps down"]. The wife of the man was crying *hap! hap! hap!* and Tláqagiluyóqa heard her grasp the seals and devour them with a great crunching of bones. Every time a seal came rolling down, she uttered her hoarse cry and devoured it.

The next morning the man carried out the roll of mats with the girl inside, and quickly the canoe rose to the surface of the sea. There he removed the wrappings, and they began to converse. After a while she asked, "Why can I not see your other wife?"

"She has something which she would throw at you," he answered, "and it would kill you. So you must not behold her."

Then she asked, "Who are you? Who are you that are so kind to me?"

"I am Kômuqi, and my other name is Tláqagila ['copper maker']. I know that your name is Tláqagiluyóqa."

Again he got his load of seals, and on their return placed her in a corner. So things went for a long time. In the company of her husband the girl was content; but in her gloomy corner, with her ears filled by the sound of the old woman devouring seals, she was very unhappy. She determined to see what the other woman was like, and one day when the seals were tumbling down the steps and the old woman was uttering her cries, Tláqagiluyóqa pulled the mats down at the top and looked out. She saw only the back of a great fat creature holding a seal to her mouth. Instantly the seal-cater cried "O!" and threw her hand back over her shoulder; and the young woman fell dead.

Aware of all that was happening, Kômuqi hurried in and demanded to know what she had done. "You have a stranger in this house," she said. He seized a spear and thrust it repeatedly into her body, but she only laughed. He tried to club her to death, but could not hurt her. Then he pondered how he might kill her, and the next day he made love to her and caressed her.

"Where is your heart?" he asked.

She laughed, and raised her foot, and showed him where it

throbbed.

"I do not believe it," he said. "My heart is in my breast. I will not believe yours is in your foot until I cut it out and see it."

"Well," she said, "you can cut the foot open, but do not pull the heart out and cut it off."

"No, I will only look at it," he promised, "and put the flesh back." He began to cut, but she experienced no pain. He cut deeper and saw the heart, a very small thing.

"Do not touch it!" she exclaimed.

"I must pull it out a little to see it. It does not look like my heart." He pulled it out, and quickly slashed it off, and she dropped lifeless. Kômuqi unrolled the mats, in which was his young wife with blood running down from her mouth. He touched the heart to the mat beside her breast, first on one side then on the other, passing the heart four times directly over her chest. Then she sat up, rubbed her eyes, and said, "I have been sleeping long!"

"Yes," he replied, "you have been sleeping soundly. Look at my big wife. I have killed her! This is her heart. I took it out of her, because she killed you."

These two lived happily together, and the woman forgot her own people. After a period of only four months a boy was born, and Kômuqi washed him in a copper dish. He seemed to handle the infant rather roughly. He made the child stand on the floor, while he held it and stepped on its toes. He pulled it upward by the arms, and it grew visibly. "That is large enough for one day," he said, and permitted her to wrap the child in sea-otter skin.

On each of the three succeeding days he bathed and stretched the boy, and at the end of that time his son had become a young man and was given the name Tláqagila.

One day the young woman became lonesome and downhearted, and her husband, perceiving that she wished to see her parents, told her to make four eel-grass baskets small enough to fit over the end of the little finger. When these were ready he put a bit of copper in one of them, pieces of valuable skins in another, a splinter of his copper house in the third, and some of his food in the fourth.

"All these you will take in the canoe," he announced. "Our son will accompany you. I will remain, yet I will be with you always. Now I am going to show you how I look." He turned himself into the huge, angry sea-monster, *kômuqi*. The monster disappeared, and again the

man stood before her. "Do you want to carry that with you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "When there is dancing, that will belong to my son and to no one else."

"I have a slave," he said, "and I will give you some dances." He summoned a strong man and commanded, "Take your place!" The slave lay down and became a Killer-whale. "You will take this too," said Kômuqi. The Killerwhale suddenly disappeared, and the strong man stood there. Then the chief called another servant, a man with a great belly, who lay down and became Ku'má [a fish with spines on the head, a large belly, and small body]. Next was called a man with a long neck, who, the chief said, was the watchman of the place. This man showed himself as Loon.[18] Next the chief took a bit of something which his wife and son could not see, and put it into the small basket containing the copper broken from the house. He showed his son how to manage the canoe by tapping the gunwale, and warned his wife to cover herself while going up through the water. The four tiny baskets were placed in the canoe, and the woman in the bow covered herself; then her son in the stem tapped the gunwale. The canoe rose to the surface of the sea.

The woman pointed and said: "That is your grandfather's house, the one with the great post before it. There is a stream at the left of the village: land among the salmonberry bushes."

It was late evening, but not dark. The youth tapped the canoe, and at once it was among the bushes; and as soon as they stepped out, it vanished. At the same time the tiny baskets became enormous. Leaving them they went through the village and into the chief's house, the mother following her son. Everybody recognized her, for she had not changed. New mats were spread in the place of honor, and the villagers flocked in to see the woman and her son. When they were fed, the people watched to see if she would eat the food, wondering if her nature had been changed. She ate, but the young man did not; for in his mouth he constantly kept a small lump placed there by his father, so that he would never need other food.

Then the woman told her father to send boys for the baskets; but the servants, unable to lift them, returned empty-handed. The youth

18 This is the bird which in the mask of a kômuqi sits on the monster's head as his watchman.

Tláqagila therefore transformed them into very small objects and carried them to the house in the palm of one hand. Three he placed in different corners of the room, but the fourth he said he would keep until everybody slept. He ordered that all retire early, even his mother, and late in the night he placed this fourth small basket, which contained the piece of copper broken from the house of his father, between the door and the fire. In the night the house of Kômuqi came rising up out of the basket and took the place of the house in which it was set. As the roof rose, it lifted the roof of the wooden house, and the expanding walls crowded the wooden walls out. It also was "ten steps down." The small object which Kômuqi had deposited in this basket without permitting either his wife or his son to see it was the mask of *Kômuqi*. In front of the bedrooms of this copper house was a painted *máwihl,* and behind it the mask retired. From the first basket issued many coppers; from the second, robes of the skins of sea-otters and other animals of the sea; from the third, dry flesh of the whale and the hair-seal. Tláqagila laid a piece of whale-meat on the beach, and it became four great, stranded whales. Then he lay down to sleep.

Just at dawn there came from behind the *máwihl* the sound of wooden trumpets. All the people were awakened, and stood about in great astonishment. Even the chief's daughter had never heard this sound: but the spirit of Kômuqi was within her and told her always what to do. She ordered her father to invite the people, and when all were assembled they heard voices singing behind the *máwihl*.

The young man Tláqagila came out wearing a small mask. He danced four songs with it, retiring after each song. Then appeared the great mask of the *kômuqi,* which danced once and retired. The spirit of Kômuqi was dancing with it. Then the young man's mother danced four songs with the same small mask, and the spirit of Killer-whale danced four songs with the killerwhale mask. All the singing was done by the spirits behind the máwihl. Then the chief himself danced with the small mask, and Ku'má showed his own mask. The chief gave away the coppers, the robes, and the meat, and told the people to cut up the four whales on the beach. This was the origin of the first coppers and of the dance *tlu'wuláhu*.

THE MAGICIAN WHO WAS KILLED BY HIS BROTHERS[19]

Nahánagyilis said to his slave one day: "Slave, get into my canoe, for we will go to spear hair-seals." So the slave pushed off the canoe, and they left the village Hwutís. Passing an island, they saw something that seemed to be like fire ploughing its way down the mountainside, carrying trees and bowlders before it, and eating its way through the solid rock. The whole mass plunged into the water with a tremendous hissing.

Then said Nahánagyilis, "Slave, that is what I have been looking for!" He drew his knife and began to cut his tongue and spit blood on the water. To the slave he said, "Paddle, for we must catch up with it!" So the slave paddled vigorously after the thing, which was moving through the water across the channel. At the tail of the creature the water was boiling. Gradually the canoe came up behind it, and then went ahead, and Nahánagyilis landed at the place for which the *sísiutl* was headed. He spit four curving parallel lines of blood about the place where it would land, both ends of the lines touching the water's edge. The *sísiutl* swiftly rushed out upon the shore and dashed against the four barriers, but though it broke through three of them it was stopped by the fourth, and there it lay trembling on the rock.

Nahánagyilis stood and thought, "What shall I do?" He knew that he dare not turn his eyes away, for if one sees a *sísiutl* and turns away, the power of the *sísiutl* will cause him to remain fixed in that position.

When the *sísiutl* found it impossible to cross the fourth line of blood, it turned itself into a paint-bag, but could do no better. Then it became a great canoe, but still it could not pass. Nahánagyilis stood there and stared. And now the *sísiutl* assumed the real form of *sísiutl* with two snake heads at the ends and a man's face in the middle. And this man's face was that of the father of Nahánagyilis. As soon as he saw his dead father's face, it came to his mind what he should do.

"Oh," he said, "this is like the song my father used to sing!" He put his hand behind him four times, and the fourth time a club was placed in it. In the distance a voice cried: "*Wa!* Strike it once!" Four times the voice was heard, and the fourth time Nahánagyilis made a motion as if striking his father's head. Three times he did this, and then he really

19 A Koskimo myth.

struck it, and the *sísiutl* fell into a mass of *hwéla* [quartz crystal]. With his eyes still fastened on the *hwéla,* he reached for a flat stone, and with another he scraped some of the *hwéla* upon it. But immediately with a loud report the stone was blown to pieces by the power of the *sísiutl.* Then he remembered something his father had told him. Still looking intently at the crystal, he made his way backward from the bushes, and feeling about he found a salmonberry bush. He broke off four shoots and returned to the crystal, where he put them into the ground at the four corners of the pile. He tore some bark from his blanket, and tied the strips on the tips of the shoots. This counteracted the power of the *hwéla*, and he was free to look away.

He now obtained some bark from a cedar in the woods, wrapped a piece of the crystal in it, and placed it in his bosom. The rest he wrapped in another piece of bark and carried into the woods, where he tied it to the trunk of a strong spruce. But he had not gone far toward the beach when the tree came crashing down. Fearful that his treasure was lost, he went back, but found that though the tree had broken off squarely at the level where he had hung the *hwéla,* the package still hung on the stump. Then he tied it to a hemlock, but this also was broken off by the power of the *hwéla;* and a fir was no better. But when he hung it on a red cedar, the tree stood firm.

Nahánagyilis now returned to the canoe and found the dead body of his slave, fearfully contorted. For a man who sees *sísiutl* without cutting his tongue and spitting blood dies in convulsions. He drew the crystal from his bosom, held it near the slave's left side, and moved it across the chest to the right side. After he had done this four times, the man came to life. "Go home," said Nahánagyilis, "and tell my brothers what I have found. In four days bring them."

When the slave had gone, Nahánagyilis felt drowsy and fell asleep. Suddenly he awoke with a start, to find himself on the side of a steep mountain in a little niche with the rock falling away below him in a perpendicular cliff, while above him it sloped outward and projected over him. He looked about and said to himself, "Now you have made a mess of it!" For he had taken too much of the *hwéla,* and the power of it had flown away with him. Again he became sleepy, and again he awoke suddenly. He found himself carried across the channel to a similar niche on a Mountainside. "Oh," he said, "that is the way you are going to be treated by your *tlúgwi!*" Once more he fell asleep, and now he was carried nearly to the top of another mountain, where he

heard trees and rocks rolling down above him. "This is the death of me!" he exclaimed. But he took out his *hwéla* and held it above him, and the rushing mass of trees, earth, and rocks divided and went past him on each side.

Then Nahánagyilis came down the mountainside. When he was near the water he saw a canoe containing three men with black-painted foreheads. The one in the bow carried a long spear. Nahánagyilis remained very quiet, and they paddled past. Just then a great bird appeared from he knew not where. Its wing-feathers were *hwéla*, and so heavy that apparently it could not fly. Intending to catch it, he ran toward it, but it rushed over the ground and kept just ahead of him. When he was so close that he was about to grasp it, a rock wall opened and the bird dashed into it with Nahánagyilis just behind it.

Then the bird spoke: "*Yo!* Here he comes!" Nahánagyilis saw the three men who had passed in the canoe, cutting up a seal. One of them said: "Let us talk about the thing for which we invited our friend. We will give him our spear, our hair-seal spear. He will need four canoes to carry what it will kill in a single day."

Now to himself Nahánagyilis said, "But what is that compared with what I already have?"

Wutlákaahlit, one of the three, spoke: "Our friend says, 'What is that compared with what I already have?'"

Another said, "We will let him have my canoe-building tools, so that he will put four canoes into the water daily."

Again Nahánagyilis thought, "What good is that compared with what I already have?" And Wutlákaahlit read his thoughts as before.

Now the man who had been sitting in the bow of the canoe became angry and leaped to his feet. He went to his box and took something out of it, and turning to Nahánagyilis said, "Open your mouth!" Nahánagyilis obeyed, and the man rubbed his finger on the tongue of Nahánagyilis, saying: "That is the life-bringer. Although a man is long dead, your urine will now bring life to him. Go now from this place!" They were rather angry at his persistence. So Nahánagyilis went out from the rock and sat down. He found himself sleepy, and when he awoke he was in the place where he had killed the *sísiutl*. This was on the fourth day.

Now Nahánagyilis saw a canoe approaching with many people, and he was taken to the village and into a house. But he walked straight through the house and back into the woods, and when the next morn-

ing the slave followed him, Nahánagyilis said, "Go and bring my brothers, that I may tell them the news." Very soon came the brothers, and Nahánagyilis directed them where to sit, and said: "I thank you for coming to see me, my brothers. I am going to show you my *tlúgwi*. I will dance for you. I wish one of you would get a rattle and a piece of board, and a wallet basket."

When these things were provided, he blew into the wallet, while the others in silence watched him closely. He put it down, and it became a great box. But they sat there thoughtfully, looking rather morose, for they were envious. He shook the box and set it down, and it became a small basket. Then he blew on the edge of the piece of board, and it grew upward into a very long plank. He shook it, and it became a small piece. He shook the rattle, and it split into two pieces, which he continued to shake until each piece took the form of a raven. He put their beaks together and tossed them away, and they fought together on the ground. He pulled them apart and threw them into the air, and they flew over the village, returned and perched before him, and under his touch became once more a rattle.

The brothers had watched Nahánagyilis without a word, speechless with jealous anger. Now one of them spoke: "*Yo!* My brothers, what do you think of this? Do you not think it is too much for one man to carry? Should one man have the power to bring life and death? We had better kill him before he kills us!"

So they leaped upon him and killed him, and started home. But Nahánagyilis stood up and called: "Wait, brothers, do not go yet! I have not finished!" Then they returned and killed him again, cutting him limb from limb and scattering the pieces. Such was the end of Nahánagyilis.

THE FIRST WHALER[20]

Wánuqmagílahw ["born to be river owner"] was the son of Tluwúlhwmotumee ["chief's son across the face"— that is, not chief on one side of his parentage, but on both sides], chief of the Hoyalas. This chief lived at Kóhsta [a small creek in a bay across Quatsino narrows from the present Koskimo village], and he owned this stream. The vil-

20 A Hoyalas myth related by a Koskimo

lage was on the point of land at the northern side of the bay, and on the small fortified hill in the mouth of the bay was another village of Hoyalas, whose chief was Hlíluma ["taker by force"].

One day Hlíluma sent a canoe to bring Wánuqmagílahw to a feast. As soon as the canoe brought his guest to the beach, Hlíluma said, "Come ashore, and enter my house." When the young man was seated, Hlíluma caused to be laid before him three unskinned hair-seals, and said: "These are my feasting dishes. Here are three dishes for you." So the young man went home with the three seals, and there he found that his father had gone out to beg boards from a tree .

His mother however was sitting there, and to her he said: "I am ashamed. Hlíluma has given me these three seals. But I am not going to be beaten. I will invite him and give him my stream. I will call that my feasting dish."

"Great is your word!" she replied. "To give away that stream is giving away your rank. That stream is what brings in property to make a feast for you."

"Nevertheless," he answered, "I will give him that stream. He cannot beat that!" So he sent for two of his young men and told them to call Hlíluma. And they went and called Hlíluma. Very soon came the chief, and Wánuqmagílahw said, "Sit there." He poured water into a wooden feasting dish and set it before Hlíluma, saying: "This is the stream that made me a chief. I give it to you." And Hlíluma poured out the water as I sign that he accepted the gift, and went home.

In the evening Tluwúlhwmotumee returned, and his wife said, "You have been long absent."

"Yes, I have been long absent, and I am hungry."

She took down some dried salmon and roasted them, and began to feed him. As he ate she said, "It is a great thing your son has done."

"What has my son done, then?"

"Hlíluma invited him to a feast and gave him these three seals. And he was ashamed, and in order to beat Hlíluma he invited him and gave away his river."

Immediately the chief pushed his food from him and sank back on the floor. He covered his face with his blanket and lay there. He was very angry. All that night and the next day, and until the end of the fourth day Tluwúlhwmotumee lay with his blanket over his head and the food untouched before him. And his wife dared not speak to him.

At the end of the fourth day he rose and took down his bear-

skin blanket and his bow, and from the box he took his whale sinew, which had come from dead whales on the beach. Without speaking he twisted four cords of sinew, threw his bear-skin about his shoulders, and fastened it in front at four places with the four cords. Without a word he went through the back door and vanished in the woods. He walked until it was dark, and then sat under a great tree to wait for daylight. At dawn he went forward.

As he walked, he thought he saw something red on a hillside, and wondering he went closer, and perceived that it was a large, unfinished bark mat. He thought: "I wonder how came that mat here so far away? Well, I will leave it." And he went on. When night came he sat under a cedar, and early in the morning he walked again. He came to a fine grassy slope, and began to run down it; but near the bottom he slipped and slid swiftly downward. When he got up he found his back and legs covered with gum. The whole slope was gum, which near the bottom of the hill was soft enough to stick. Again he spent the night under a cedar, and in the morning walked farther.

Now he came to an open place in the woods and heard the sound of a whale spouting. "Why," he said to himself in surprise, "I thought I was going back into the woods, but now I hear a whale spouting!" He turned aside toward the sound, and soon through an opening in the trees he saw a shimmering light, and again he heard the spouting. And now he could smell the odor of the whale. He passed through the opening in the trees and found himself beside a lake, the source of the small stream which his son had given away. From the end of the lake he saw, far out on the water, a very small whale spouting and diving. It was not twice the length of a man's finger. "I wonder how a can get that!" said Tluwúlhwmotumee to himself. "It is a long distance from here." Then he saw something.

Under the bushes at the edge of the water crouched a man dressed in a bear-skin. His hair was gathered in a knot behind his head, and on each side of his head an eagle-feather pointed backward. Immediately Tluwúlhwmotumee thought of a plan. He withdrew quietly into the woods and crept around behind the man, who still crouched under the bushes in the attitude of one trying to shoot or catch the whale. When Tluwúlhwmotumee was close enough he struck the man with his club and killed him. At the same time he himself fell unconscious.

While he lay there he heard as in a dream the dead man speaking: "Now you must take care of this. My name is Alíhwals ['spears-man

of the ground' This whale that I spear is *gwíkyus*. Now you are going to have it."

Then Tluwúlhwmotumee awoke, and looking to see what had become of the man he had killed, he beheld only a great mass of froth. Quickly he threw off his robe and rubbed his body thoroughly with the froth. Thus he placed in his own body the spirit of Alíhwals, and when this was done he knew, by this spirit, just how to act. He was still moist from the froth, and now the little whale was coming close to the shore, still spouting. Tluwúlhwmotumee took a forked salmonberry stick and laid across the prongs a few twigs of salal. Then the whale was quite close, and he slowly put out the end of his forked stick, placed it carefully under the little whale, and lifted his treasure out of the water and put it on the ground. As he lifted it, the spouting and the sound grew gradually weaker, and when it touched the ground the sound died away completely. The whale was dead. He wrapped a piece of thin cedar-bark about it and hid it under a tree.

Now Tluwúlhwmotumee began to feel great drowsiness, and he fell into a sleep in which he saw the form of Alíhwals, who spoke: "Now you have *tlúgwala* this chief of the whales. Hereafter your name shall be Kwálukwu for you shall be the spearer of whales. Now there is another thing. You remember the place where you slipped and got your back covered with gum? I led you to that place so that you will know where to get the gum to fasten your harpoon-point. Also I led you to the place where you saw the mat. You will have made a mat like that, to sit on when you go for whales. You will have your slave dive at the place where the water is always boiling up from below, and break off one of the mussels that are one span and four fingers long, for that shell will be your harpoon-point. And the name of that place shall become Kúmkilas. Another thing I want them to do for you is to send some women for good cedar-bark, of which they shall make a strong line for your harpoon; and to send men for a good yew pole for your harpoon." Then the spirit told him also how he was to wash himself morning and evening.

When Tluwúlhwmotumee awoke it was morning. He took the little whale in its wrapping of bark and started down the stream. Near its mouth he saw men in a canoe, poling up the creek. They looked at him and asked, "Is that you, Tluwúlhwmotumee? We thought you were dead!"

"No, I am not dead. I have *tlúgwi*. I have *tlúgwala* the whale of

the lake. Now I want you to go back and send my slave to that place where the water is constantly boiling up, and let him dive for a mussel-shell to make the point of my whaling spear. Hereafter call me not Tluwúlhwmotumee. The spirit has changed my name, and now it is Kwálukwu. My slave's name shall be Kúmkilas'yu, and the rock to which he shall dive shall be called Kúmkilas."

So the canoe turned back to the village, and two men took the slave to the place where the large mussels grew. They tied a strong line about a heavy stone and made a loop to which the slave could hold and thus be drawn down. Then they lowered the stone, and the slave, grasping the loop, was taken to the bottom. The tide was at the ebb. Peering down into the green water, the two men could see him twisting and tearing at a great mussel. In a short time he broke it off, released his hold of the stone, and shot to the surface. They returned to the village with the mussel. But mussel-shells in cutting are easily broken, and it was thought best to have more than one. So on the following day they returned to the place and lowered the slave into the water. Again the two men watched him twisting at the mussel. Suddenly they saw him fall over on his side and lie still, and a huge *kiníhla* [sea-anemone] fastened itself upon him. For a long time they waited, but the man did not move: he was drowned.

In the meantime women were twisting and plaiting the rope, men were preparing the yew pole, and others were making the whaling canoe. Many people were saying: "Where is he going to get a whale? Whales never come into this inlet; they are in the ocean." But Kwálukwu said nothing. When all was ready he chose six men for paddlers, and also a steersman, and early one morning he bade them man the great whaling canoe. They waited until the tide began to ebb, and then he quickly took his place in the bow and his men paddled out. All the people, including those on the fortified hill, came out to observe. Kwálukwu had his hair just as he had seen the hair of Alíhwals, and he wore his bear-skin. The little whale, still in the bark wrapping, he had under his left armpit, held there by a string passing over his right shoulder.

They had gone not far when a great whale crossed their course, swimming slowly against the tide and spouting. Now he stopped, and the canoe passed round behind him and proceeded in a circle back to its original position on the left side near the whale's head. Then Kwálukwu hurled his harpoon, and the whale threw his head up. He

was killed instantly, and they towed the monster ashore near the village.

Now every morning Kwálukwu killed a whale, and the people were kept busy rolling the stones from the beach in order to make room for the carcasses. One morning he killed a *tluhó* [a whale of the largest species], which he towed to the island and gave to Hlíluma in exchange for the stream.

Now the beach was full of whale-bones. One day Wánuqmagílahw said, "My father, let me go in your place to kill a whale."

"Yes," agreed his father, "I think it is time for you to try."

Then Wánuqmagílahw was greatly pleased. In the morning he took his place in the bow of the canoe, and the men paddled out, and soon a whale rose near the bow. He ordered them to handle the canoe just as if his father were there, and when they brought the craft back to the left side of the whale's head, Wánuqmagílahw hurled the harpoon. The whale threshed his great tail, trying to strike the canoe, and then dived. Suddenly the paddlers noticed that their spearsman was gone! The whale had carried him below! When they returned to the village with the news, all the people went to hunt for the chief's son, and on the beach near the village they found him dead, with the little whale under his left arm. They carried him for burial to a small island, and his father secretly cut a slit under the young man's left arm and placed the little whale in it. For that was his only son, and he wished no one else to have this power of hunting whales.

Now the news of these events passed to other tribes, and people from the south came to steal this power. They searched in the coffin of the young man, but they could not find the little whale. A second party was no more successful. Then came a third party, and after finding nothing in the coffin, they said, "We will take the whole body with us, and then we will have the power." So they carried the corpse back home, and thus they became whalers. And so it was that the Clayoquot whalers used dead bodies in their ceremonial washing: they found the little whale and took it out, but because it was found in a corpse they carried a mummy on the back in their washing.[21]

21 Kwálukwu, says the traditionist, was the only man who ever killed whales in Quatsino sound. This appears to indicate that the myth is an invention to account for the presence of many whale-bones at the place of action.

DANCE OBTAINED FROM THE WOLVES[22]

Tlaqagílakumi ["copper-maker chief"] at Oqiówas on Hánwati ["has humpback salmon" — a small stream emptying into Knight inlet at Grave point] had four sons. One morning they still slept, and he became angry and shouted: "Get up, all of you, and go to wash yourselves! Are we going to our work or not?" Without replying, they went out into the water. One after another they rubbed tallow on their faces, turned the upper part of the paint-bag inside out, and dusted the red powder on their faces. Then the eldest said to his father, "Now let us go." They released the dogs and went upstream to the mountain Kwaés ["sitter"], and climbed upward.

Suddenly Tlaqagílakumi exclaimed, "What is that,*áate* [lords]? We have never before seen that. To me it does not look like a stone."

The brothers took the dogs by the ears and made them look up, and the animals began to growl. They threw off the leashes, and the dogs dashed forward and began to leap about the object, barking loudly. Then the hunters came up and found it to be a large goat with one horn in the middle of its forehead. It had been dead for some time. While the young men skinned it and cut off the tallow, Tlaqagílakumi urged them: "Lords, hurry! There is something up there that looks dangerous. Clouds are beginning to hang on the summit!"

Soon they took up their loads and descended the mountain as rapidly as possible, but before they passed a bench on the mountain the snow began to fall in great flakes. When they were half-way down the old man slipped off a precipice and fell down the mountain, and was killed. The four brothers continued their descent, but soon the eldest slipped and fell down the mountain, carrying his dog with him. The other three went on, and the second brother fell to his death. Just before they reached the foot, the third fell and was killed, but his dog escaped. The two dogs now broke the trail for the youngest brother, and he succeeded in reaching a house and dragging himself inside the door. The dogs sat panting on the other side of the doorway, but soon they began to dig in the fire-place, and from time to time one of them would jump into the hole as if to measure it. When his head barely

22 An Awaitlala myth.

rose above the level of the floor, he went to the young man and nosed him. "I suppose they wish me to go into that hole," said he to himself. So he sat down in it, and the dogs covered him with earth. Then he grew warmer.

When the fourth day passed without the return of the hunters, the brother of Tlaqagílakumi called the people into his house, and preparations were made to conduct a search. Wáhet and Tláhwunala made *héhulotsísula* ["knitted on the feet"] out of goat-skin thongs, and went in advance.[23] Behind them were men with four roof-boards, pushing one ahead of the others and so making a continuous road over the snow. By and by Wáhet found a trail made by the dogs in walking to and from the house, and he and his companion soon were peering in through cracks in the walls. Buried in the warm earth and ashes of the fireplace up to his neck, the young man perceived that there were people outside, and with his last breath he cried, "*Ya!*"

"*Ya, áte!*" they responded, and ran in; but he was dead. Then they returned to the main party, who, when they heard that the youth was dead, declared: "We will stop here and make a fire. You go and bring the body."

So the two dug the body out, wrapped it and placed it in a large basket, and thus carried it to the canoe. Now, when they returned to the village there was another council, and the advice of the wisest man was this: "The best thing is not to break down our chief's house [on account of the supposed death of the young man]. We will place this body in the bed, then we will leave this village and go downstream to the mouth. We will make a little house for this chief's wife, so that she may sit in it and look through the doorway at the body."

All this was done. For four days the woman kept going down to the river to bathe, some days four times and some days thrice. On the third night she heard something walking about outside her hut, and on the fourth evening just at dusk a wolf howled on the opposite riverbank. When it ceased, another answered on her side of the stream.

23 This reference to snowshoes is probably without parallel in Kwakiutl tales. Its isolation, combined with the facts that the myth is absolutely silent as to the construction of the appliances, and that it represents only two men of the party as equipped with them, indicates that snowshoes were never used by the Kwakiutl.

Then another howled below her, and a fourth above her. The wolves were inviting all the animals to sing and dance in the house where the dead man lay.

The woman felt that something good was coming. Though she kept her eyes on the body, the wolves, unknown to her, had taken it away. Still she thought she saw it in the house. It began to grow dark, and dimly she saw people, many of them, going into the house, and a voice in one of the corners of the room said, "Put the fire under!" From another comer came another voice, "Let our fire blaze up!" In the third corner another voice spoke, "Burn, fire!" a fire blazed up, and a fourth voice spoke from the other corner, "All you people of different tribes, make ready!" The first speaker resumed, "Now take hold of your batons!" From the second speaker came the words, "Let the holders of the batons stand up!" The third commanded, "Now beat time rapidly!"

Then came the sound of heavy beating, and the house seemed to shake with the dancing. The woman could see the standing baton master shake his baton and then suddenly give a sweep of the arm, and the beating ceased. After this had been done four times, all the people in the house cried out, "*Yihi…!*" Small whistles sounded, and the chief of the wolves entered, a big white animal. On his back she saw her husband, alive, clasping the wolf's neck with his arms. She seemed to see his dead body lying on the bed, yet there he was alive on the wolf's back. After four songs the wolf men began to dance.

The woman could not remain quiet. She moved toward the house, but at the same time the fire began to die, and the speaker cried: "*We, we, we, we!* Go and see! Some common man is near the house."

"Send no one but me!" cried Mouse. He went out to the woman and she whispered, "Whatever you are, I *tlúgwala* you!"

Said Mouse, "Come no closer." She gave him a bracelet to keep her secret, and he returned to the house and reported, "I have been round the world, and there is no one here."

The fire blazed up again, and the beating was resumed, and the woman crept closer again, eager to see what was being done. Again the fire sank, and again Mouse was sent, and the woman paid him with an abalone-shell ear-ring.

The sky was now beginning to change color, and in order to end the dance they beat four times without singing. At the end the first speaker said, "We have done enough!" The second repeated, "Yes,

we have done." The third spoke: "Put away our batons!" The fourth finished: "Put our dance masks in a secret place!"

The woman could not see what became of the hundred wolves: they were gone, and the house was empty and the fireplace cold. The young man, her husband, was in the bed where the body had been placed. She returned to her hut and said to herself: "Oh, I do not know what I am going to do with myself! But there is no use trying to hurry things."

When the sun rose the woman walked out of her hut and sat a short distance from the house. After a long time she moved a little closer, and next she sat outside the door of the house. Then she sat on the step inside the door. She was watching the bed, uncertain whether her husband was really dead. Now he moved slightly, just enough to show her that he was alive. She made no movement, but sat watching intently. He raised his head, and soon sat upright and spoke: "Come in a little farther." She sat on the right side of the room, and he asked, "Was it long ago that you came?" But she only looked without replying, for she wished him to speak four times and thus assure her that he was actually alive. Then he asked, "Did you come as soon as they started? Did you see all that was done?" Still she said nothing, but nodded her head. "Did you keep in your mind everything that was done?"

And now she answered, "Yes, I know it all."

"Did you note everything and keep in your mind what was said?

"Yes, all."

"Go to that first corner and try to repeat what was said there."

The woman did so, and then likewise in the other corners. "It is true that you heard everything from the very beginning," said her husband. "There are two slaves belonging to your father, and two belonging to my father. We will use them, placing one in each corner, and you will instruct them. Go to your father's house and we will show them how to imitate these things, and after they have learned it we will call all the tribes. Tell your father to burn spruce branches in the house for four days, and to clean it out so that it will smell good."

After carrying this message to her father, the woman returned and accompanied her husband up the river to the hut where he had been buried in the fireplace. There he left her and went alone up the mountain. The snow was gone, and soon he found the third brother and sprinkled on the body the living water which the wolves had given him. The young man rubbed his eyes, sat up, and said, "I have been

sleeping a long time!" Thus also the other three were saved, and all came down the mountain together.

Now the wives of these three brothers had remarried, and because this woman had remained true and had been strong-hearted to go to the mountain with her husband, they regarded her highly, and as they walked they surrounded her as if to protect her from danger. When they reached the place where the young man had been lying dead, they all went in and the woman showed them the secret things that had been done there. Then they crossed the river to the new village, and just at dusk came into the house of her father. A great pile of fuel was there, ready to be kindled.

So the ceremony was begun just as the wolves had done, and after the fourth beating of the batons came the great white wolf with the young man on his back. At the same time there were suddenly present around the fire a hundred wolves — not real animals, but wolf-skins stuffed with hemlock twigs and animated by the power of the wolves.

After the tribe had thus been instructed, it was decided to show the new dance to all the tribes. The people therefore embarked and went to Taíaquhl, while Tlaqagílakumi and his four sons went on foot to the shore opposite Taíaquhl. Beside them walked the image of the great wolf, carrying on his back all the paraphernalia of the dance: the batons, the masks, and the *sísiutl* sounding board. The people, expecting them, had arranged four catamarans of four canoes each, and now crossed to them. There did not seem to be much, yet when everything was loaded into the canoes they were filled. On the return voyage the wind rose and two catamarans were wrecked, and all the masks, the batons, and the *sísiutl* were lost. The wrecks drifted out of the inlet, and Káwatilikálla of the Tsawatenok found them and thus obtained this dance of the wolves. The brothers then made masks and batons and a wooden *sísiutl* in imitation of those that had been lost, and they gave the first performance of *wálas-áhaaq*.

ORIGIN OF THE TSÚNUKWA IMAGES[24]

Hláhwunala ["criticized disparagingly"], a lazy youth of the Gyígyilkum gens, lived with his parents at Oqiówas on Hánwati. Salmon

24 An Awaitlala myth.

becoming scarce, the family followed them up the river to Kawákyas ["true pool"]. Now it began to be noticed that some of the drying fish on the scaffold over the fire were missing, and one day the boy's mother struck him with a stick and chided him: "You lazy boy! Why do you not go and *kékula* [wash ceremonially in order to acquire supernatural power], so that you may find out what has been doing mischief to our salmon?"

The boy took the reproof hard and was so grieved at being struck by his mother that early in the morning he went to wash himself in the stream, and he continued to do so each day. One morning he remembered a small stream flowing into the river below them, and he went down to it. When he came to a place where the brook tumbled down a hillside, he saw a man standing in the water rubbing himself with hemlock twigs. This was Hlíluqekelis ["strong side of the stream"], who stands at the edge of the river, bracing himself against the current and the tide, and holds the river in its place. The boy went toward the bather, and reached for one of two used bunches of twigs, the one lying farther downstream. But the man exclaimed, "No, no, take the upstream one!" So the youth took it, and the man said, "Scrape your body with it four times."

Hláhwunala sat in the water and rubbed his body, and the man said, "Go and pull down that yew sapling and twist it into a rope." The youth began to twist it, but soon his strength failed. Then the man made him go into the water and rub his body four times with another bunch of twigs; and though Hláhwunala this time succeeded in twisting the sapling down to the middle, he was sent back to wash a third time. This gave him strength to twist the tree nearly to the bottom, and after the fourth washing he was able to twist it down to the very roots.

"Go now to the mouth of this stream," said the man, "and there you will find four large rocks. Throw them into the river. Then take four round stones just large enough to fit your hand, and you will be ready for what you wish to do. These stones you shall use on him."

All this the youth did, and with the four round stones he walked up the river, went into the house, and lay down in his bed. At evening he sat in the back door and saw a broad trail which he had never before noticed. He followed it for a while, carrying his four stones, and just before darkness fell, as he sat beside the path a*tsúnukwa* came walking along. He threw one of the stones, and it struck her in the forehead

and passed through the head. She fell lifeless, but still Hláhwunala sat there. Soon another came, and this one he killed in like manner. He waited all night, but no more came and just before dawn he went home and lay down in his bed, waiting for the day. Then he called his father and led him back into the woods to the dead creatures, and explained, "There are the things that have been stealing our food."

Farther they went to the house of the tsúnukwa, where they found a little tsúnukwa sleeping and another sitting in the corner. There were quantities of stolen salmon, with much flesh of mountain-goats and bears, dried berries, and skins of goats, bears, and lynxes. These things, together with the children of the *tsúnukwa,* they carried out to their house, andtransported in a canoe down the river and around to the village É'awigyilis. There Hláhwunala built a great house and invited the different tribes to a dance. He took the dancing name of Tsúnukwa.

Four days the people were assembling, and he fed them with the food taken from the house of the tsúnukwa. On the fifth day they danced. The two young *tsúnukwa* were kept concealed in the house, and when in the dance Hláhwunala exhibited them, everybody became as if intoxicated. While they were helpless, the young man murdered many of them, and among the others he distributed the skins before they departed.

Having killed the tsúnukwa and captured their children, Hláhwunala celebrated his deed by placing four carved images of *tsúnu*kwa before his house.[25]

THE CHILDREN WHO KILLED A TSÚNUKWA[26]

Twelve children were playing on the beach and eating mussels, and Tsúmkyihsta, a harelipped girl whom all the others despised and hated, came to join them. They exclaimed: "Do not come with us! We do not want you!"

Then she began to sing: *"Tsaísintoquhl, tsaísintoquhl, tséhtsekyalakyilslah ántlotanalásaskyatus* ['oh, I see something, I see something

25 The house of which this was the legendary prototype stands in the village on Harbledown island.

26 A Nakoaktok myth.

showing its head behind that rock lying on the ground']*!*"

"*Ye… !*" cried the children. "You try only to frighten us so that you may come with us. We do not want you!"

"*Âlamuntóquhl, âlamuntóquhl; âwulihaantóquhl, tséhtsekyalakyilslah antlotanalásaskyatus* [true is what I saw, true is what I saw; mischief-making I saw, showing its head behind that rock lying on the ground']*!*"

"*Ye… !*" they shouted in derision. "You wish only to join us. We do not want you!"

But while they sat eating their mussels came Áwuli [a child's name for the ogress-like *tsúnukwa*] with a great basket on her back and muttering in a low voice, "*U… !U… !*" Perceiving that she would be the first one taken, Tsúmkyihsta stooped and picked up a mussel-shell. Then the *tsúnukwa* seized her and dropped her into the basket, and took the others one by one. Without delay the harelipped girl began with her mussel-shell to cut a hole in the basket, and soon she dropped to the ground. Five others of the smallest followed her. Hearing something fall, Áwuli muttered to herself: "Hemlock leaves are falling, hemlock leaves are failing, hemlock leaves are falling."

She carried her captives into her house, kindled a fire, and built a crib of huge logs for heating stones. While she was outside getting a mat with which to cover the children in steaming them, they heard a voice calling to them, and now they saw a very pretty woman in one corner of the room. She was Tlópakyastulihl ["roots from the buttocks in all directions"], for she was rooted to the ground. "When those stones are red-hot," she said, "then you will sit down and begin to sing this song."And she gave them a song which mentioned the name of Áwuli. "This will make her sleepy, and you can push her into the fire." Just then the *tsúnukwa* returned, and the children gathered in one place and began to sing. She seemed to like the song, for she danced round the fire. Then she sat down, her head drooped, and she slept. Softly the children crept to her, and pushed her into the fire! Then quickly they threw the pail of water on the stones and covered them with the mat, and the woman in the corner said: "Go to yonder corner and hide behind the boxes, and when the children ofÁwuli come home, I will tell them to remove the mat and eat what their mother has cooked for them."

So the children concealed themselves, and soon the four children of the Tsúnukwa came home and saw the steaming mat. The woman

said, "Your mother told me to tell you to uncover what she has cooked for you, and eat it." As they ate, one of the boys behind the boxes called: '*U... !* You are eating what was your mother!" Another one added: " *U... !* You are eating the nipple of your mother's breast!" One after another theyrepeated such things, and the four children of Áwuli left the house and disappeared. The boys then dug out the roots that held Tlópakyastulihl to the ground and took her to their home.

THE FIRST TSÚNUKWA DANCE[27]

A hunter and his wife one evening went down Hánwati to fish, and landed at the mouth of the stream, where they had a small hut. The next morning the man caught some salmon, and his wife cleaned them and laid them on a scaffold under the smoke-hole. Late in the night she heard something on the roof. Her husband was snoring. She watched the smoke-hole, and seeing a dim shape moving on the roof, she nudged her husband and whispered, "There is a man over the smoke-hole!" He looked up and caught sight of a person moving the boards aside to get at the drying salmon. The hunter's bow lay at his side. He cautiously strung it, put an arrow on the string, and shot with the full strength of the bow. The person fell back and rolled down the roof; there was a crash in the brush, and the noise of something creeping away.

Early in the morning the hunter went to see what he had shot, and after following the trail a short distance he found the body of a strange creature with great, hanging breasts and a round, protruding mouth. It was a male *tsúnukwa*. He covered the body and returned to the hut, and said, "I killed that thing. It was a *tsúnukwa*. We will go home." They paddled up the river to the village, from which they could see their camping place.

On the morning after their return a party of men going down the river saw on the top of a rock in the stream a huge female *tsúnukwa*, crying. They at once turned and hurried homeward to report what they had seen, and the hunter whispered to his wife, "This*tsúnukwa* is crying for the one I killed!" Some reckless young men said they would go to see it, but they were warned: "Do not do it! Its eyes are

27 A Tenaktak tale.

enormous, and there seems to be fire inside them. Its head is as big as a storage box."

"Oh," said the young men, "we will go. We are not afraid of it." So they brought their canoe close to the rock and asked the *tsúnukwa* why she was crying. She said, "I have lost my son!" Then they hurried back to the village, for they thought she had come to kill some one out of sorrow for her son.

An ugly young man, a very quiet youth who seldom spoke, got up without a word. In some way he knew that the hunter had killed the *tsúnukwa,* and where the body was lying. He took his paddle and poles, and in a small canoe paddled downstream. He let his canoe drift quite close to the rock before he spoke: "What are you crying about, good one?"

"I have lost my son, and whoever will show me which way he has gone, I will make him a rich man."

He had now backed the canoe right up to the rock, and she took hold of it. "Whoever will show me where my son is, I will take that man to my house," she said.

"Go ashore," answered the young man. She made one step to the shore, and he landed and conducted her to the house of the hunter. He entered and looked at the smoke-hole, then came out and followed the trail to the body. The *tsúnukwa* took it up and said, "Come, we will go to my house." She no longer wept. Before long she led him into a great house. "Now," said she, "all these things are yours." She pointed to dressed skins and dried mountain-goat flesh, and a mask which was just like her face. "With this," she said, "you will be*tsúnukwa* dancer. Come, see what I will do with my son.

In the corner of the room was a circular hole containing water, some of which she now sprinkled on her son, and he became alive. This was the living water, and she told the young man he should have it. She threw some of it on him, and he became very handsome.

Then he said: "My father and my mother have long been dead. That is why I am unhappy."

"You can bring them to life if you know where they are," she answered. "I am going to leave this house. I will go now to a safe place where no one can harm my son." So the two *tsúnukwa* departed. The young man loaded his canoe with skins and meat, and then went home to get his people to help him with larger canoes.

Then he gave the first winter dance. While they were singing to

bring back the disappeared ones, chief of whom was his cousin, he himself brought in the bodies of his father and mother, sprinkled on them the living water, and saw them sit upright, rub their eyes, and say, "We have slept long!" The next day the disappeared ones were brought in and the *tsúnukwa* dance was performed. The skins and the meat found in the house of the *tsúnukwa* were sufficient for the feasting and the presents.

Now the hunter disputed with the young man: "I killed the *tsúnukwa,* and this dance should be mine. I got it by blood, but you did not."

But the young man retorted: " *Tsúnukwa* gave me this dance. She did not say, 'Take this dance and give it to the one who killed my son.' She gave it to me." And to this day jealousy and enmity exist between the descendants of those two men.

ACQUISITION OF THE OCTOPUS MASK[28]

At a Bellabella village many people who at different times went in canoes to a certain island failed to return, and Likíuh, a hunter, proposed to his steersman that they ascertain the cause of this. They paddled out to the island, and there under a ledge of rock they saw the house of *túkwa* ["cleaves to a rock"], a monster octopus, and all about were human bones. a man's feet were protruding from beneath the rock.

When they hastened home and told what they had found, an old man said he knew the best way to fight such a man-eating octopus, and the hunter asked what it was. He explained: "It is simple. Our chief's daughter is in her secret room. Get her cedar-bark with the blood on it. Take *nítsayu* [a straight hemlock stick, barked and pointed, and used in taking small octopi], rub the bloody bark on it, and let it dry. Then go and feel for the monster's body, and push the point into him. If he does not come out, push the bloody bark under the ledge."

So the hunter and his steersman followed these directions. They pushed the point of the stick into the monster's body four times, and it came out and died. As soon as its life was gone, a man stood beside the dead body and said: "Now that you have conquered me, you will

28 A Bellabella myth.

use me in *tlu'wuláhu*." He disappeared. Thus it was that *tuqúmhl* ["octopus on the face"] began to be used in the *tlu'wuláhu* ceremony with two other masks worn by persons who represent the hunter and the steersman and portray the killing of the man-eating octopus.

"The Kwakiutl - Part V"
From
The North American Indian: Volume 10
by Edwards S. Curtis
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