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TOLOWA AND TUTUTNI

THE Tolowa were a group of Athapascan villages in the northwestern corner of California, from the Oregon boundary southward to Wilson creek, a distance of about twenty-five miles. While all the settlements were either on the coast or on Smith river not far inland, the territory controlled by them extended to the divide between Smith and Klamath rivers, where the Karok country began. On the south were the Yurok, and on the north the Athapascan Tututni, whose villages were situated on lower Rogue river and on about thirty miles of coast-line southward to the interstate boundary. Other Athapascans lay north of the Tututni on the coast and east of them on Rogue river.

Lacking a tribal organization, neither of these groups has a collective name for itself. Tolowa is the term applied to the California group by the Yurok and Hupa, and Tututni is the self-name of the inhabitants of a former populous village on Rogue river at the head of tidewater.

From the first the American trappers, miners, and settlers had trouble with the Indians of southwestern Oregon. As early as 1834 a party of Smith, Sublette, and Jackson's trappers and traders were nearly exterminated by the Athapascans on upper Umpqua river, and similar occurrences, with suitable retaliation, continued both there and on upper Rogue river, where not only Athapascans but Shasta as well were concerned.

With the Tolowa at Smith river there was trouble almost from the very beginning. In 1853 Hawúnkwut was burned and about seventy people were killed. The survivors rebuilt their houses on the island in the mouth of the river. In 1854 some Indians from Crescent City, accompanying as guides a party of three miners, capsized the canoe in crossing Smith river and killed the miners. Suspicions were aroused in the settlement when no word was received from the three men, and became a certainty when Indians were seen with the guns and pistols of the missing miners. The settlers attacked the Tátatténi at Crescent City, burned their houses, and killed many of them.

At the same time events in Oregon were approaching a crisis, and in 1855 the Rogue River war broke out. According to the Indians of

today the spark that ignited the conflagration was struck by the Kammatwa Shasta in California, whose chief, Tyee Joe, was on bad terms with Tyee John, chief of the Shasta on Rogue river, and therefore imputed his own people's crime to the Oregon Shasta.

A white man was killed in a quarrel with drunken Indians who had ordered him off their land, and one of whom he had shot without killing. Then the Kammatwa went into a miners' camp, pretending to be friendly and on their way to a hunt. They the camp, distributing themselves among the miners. At a signal in the night they shot the white men and killed twenty-four. Only one escaped by leaping into the water, and he took the news to Yreka. The Kammatwa went on and came to a settler's house. Their chief, Tyee Joe, said: "I know him. Everybody stay back." He went on slowly, pretending to be digging roots.

The white man said, "Hello, Joe!" Joe pretended to be surprised. "What are you doing here, Joe?"

"Well, there is much trouble. Twenty-four white men have been killed. I want to go away and keep out of trouble."

"Where are your people?"

"Oh, they have scattered all around."

"Do you know who killed the men?"

"Yes." He named the three sons of Tyee John, who lived on Rogue river at Table Rock. The white man wrote the names in a book, and some time later men came from Yreka to the reservation at Table Rock. They read the names and said, "Which men are these?" When the three sons of Tyee John were pointed out, they said: "Well, John, we want to take your boys to Yreka and make chiefs of them." So they were taken away. When the news came that they had been hanged, John would not believe it. When he learned that the Kammatwa were the cause of this, he went to war with the Kammatwa and then with the whites, and made all the other Rogue River tribes join him. His brother's wife was a Shasta from Applegate creek, and these people joined him quickly. The Rogue River Athapascans and all the Shasta bands joined, and the Tututni came in unwillingly at the end.

In 1856, while the war was in progress, four men came down from Natltané, a Tututni village north of Chetco river, and urged the Tolowa to rise against the whites before their land was taken. The latter refused, and the emissaries threatened to remain in the

country and kill white men wherever they found them. So they began to lie in wait in the woods and kill solitary travellers, hoping thus to involve the Tolowa. The whites informed their Indian neighbors that if they did not kill these murderers, they would be held responsible. Threatened with arrest and imprisonment in San Quentin, Kailíus, chief at Hawúnkwut, took five men, two women, and a boy[1] to carry food, and went into the camp of the four hostiles as if for a friendly visit, for his mother was a native of Natltané. The six men had long knives in their sleeves, and at a favorable moment they murdered the four Natltanétunne. They found a large amount of gold money in the camp, and the leader's scalp, which they delivered to the settlers as evidence of duty well performed, was sent to San Francisco.[2]

The war was brought to a close in 1856, and a large number of the hostiles, including the Tututni, were removed to Grand Ronde, and subsequently to Siletz, reservation in Oregon.

Not for its historical value, which is not great, but for its intimate view of the inexorable hardships of native life in wartime and of the difficulties attending "reconstruction" of the individual, the following spontaneous narrative of a Rogue River Shasta is given. John Adams paced thoughtfully about the green terrace at Siletz reservation, and without solicitation began to speak his thoughts.

This used to be soldiers' house. Some holes there, where posts used to be. I was prisoner once. Soldier give me wedge and ax, split spruce blocks. Wedge to in, block won't crack. Too green. Soldier say, "Go ahead, split more block."

I say, "Got no wedge."

He say: "Twice I tell you go ahead, split more block. You no split more — I fix you!"

Well, what I going do? No wedge for split more block, soldier he

1 Joe Hostler, the informant.

2 A man residing at Smith River in 1915 confirmed these statements of the native informant, excepting the one about the scalp. As he was one of the settlers concerned in the turbulent events he was obviously disinclined to harrow his memory by recalling details. He admitted that a reward was offered for the scalps of the Tututni.

going fix me. Don't I want get shot. Ball so heavy I can't drag him, have to pack him on my shoulder. Well, I carry that ball, go up to soldier. I lift my ax, say, "Go ahead, fix me!" He try back away, I follow him, keep close so can't use his gun. Then somebody run between us. Another soldier say, "What's a matter you fellows, what's a matter?"

"Well, I got no wedge for split more block. This man say, 'You no split more, I fix you.' Don't I want get shot. He fix me, I fix him first plenty." That's what I say.

Pretty rough times! Awful hard time when I'm baby. Rogue River Injun war that time. Well, soldier come, everybody scatter, run for hills. One family this way, one family other way. Some fighting. My father killed, my mother killed. Well, my uncle he come, my grandmother. Old woman, face like white woman, so old. "Well, my poor mother, you old, not run. Soldiers coming close, we have to run fast. I not help it. I sorry. Must leave you here. Maybe soldiers not find you, we come back. Now this little baby, this my brother's baby. Two children I got myself. I sorry, I not help it. We leave this poor baby, too." That's what my uncle say.

Course, I small, maybe two years, maybe nearly three years. I not know what he say. Somebody tell me afterwards. Well, old grandmother cry, say "I old, I not afraid die. Go ahead, get away from soldiers."

Well, just like dream, I 'member old grandmother pack me round in basket on her back. All time she cry and holler. I say, "Grandmother, what you do?

"I crying, my child."

"What is it, crying, grandmother?"

"I sorry for you, my child. Why I cry. I not sorry myself, I old. You young, maybe somebody find you all right, you live."

Then like I sleep long time. When I wake up, winter gone, spring time come. I 'member plenty flowers, everything smell good. Old grandmother sitting down, can't walk no more. Maybe rheumatism. She point long stick, say, " Pick that one, grandson."

I weak, can't walk. S'pose no eat long time. I crawl on ground where she point. "This one, grandmother?"

"No, that other one."

"This one?"

"No, no! That one no good. That other one."

Bimeby I get right one, she say, "Pull up, bring him here."

I crawl back, she eat part, give me part. Don't like it, me. Too sour. Well, she show me everything to eat, I crawl round, get roots. Pretty soon can walk. Old grandmother never walk. Just sit same place all time. One day she point big tree. "You go see. If hole in bottom, inside you find nice, sweet ball hanging up. That's good."

Well, I find hole, crawl inside. White stuff there, sweet, good. I like that. Every day I go to that tree.

Grandmother say: "S'pose you hear something say 'Pow! Pow!' That's man. You holler, he come help us." But I can't holler, too small, just make squeak. She make new basket, tell me: "Put upside down out there, maybe somebody find it."

One day hear something: "Pow! Pow!" She's too old for holler, me, I'm too small. Maybe I'm scared too. Well, I crawl inside tree and eat sugar. Pretty soon hear somebody talk. Then I'm 'fraid, hide in tree. Somebody coming! I lay down on ground, hide close. "Where are you? Where are you?" Well, there's my uncle. He pick me up one hand. I 'member hanging over his arm while he back my Grandmother.

"Well," that man say "soldiers not stay long that time. Pretty soon come back, can't find you. Think some grizzly-bear eat you. Look for bones, can't find bones. All winter I cry. Then I say my wife: 'Maybe better go other side today. Maybe find something other side.' That's how I come find that new basket. Then I look close. Little grass been moved. Pretty near can't see it. Some kind little foot been there! That's how I find my old mother."

Pretty soon soldiers come again. That's the time they leave my old grandmother cause she can't walk. Maybe she die right there, maybe soldiers kill her. She cry plenty when my uncle take me away. Well, all time doing round in the woods. After while my uncle get killed. Then I'm alone. Klamath Injun find me, bring me to new reservation.

Two my relations, they're married to Rogue River man. They take me, but pretty soon both dead. One Rogue River man he say: "Well, you're small. You can't do nothing. I keep you. Long as you like to stay, you stay with me." I can't talk his language, my mother's Shasta Injun. So we talk jargon. Few years after that, then he die. Then some woman hear about me, say she's my sister. Well, I don't know. I look at her. Don't know her. She take me in steamboat from Port Orford

for Portland. It's like the ground falling under me, one side, other side. Can't eat, sick all time. Well, we get Portland, I'm glad. Eat lots. Then we stay Dayton good many years, come Siletz. I'm young fellow now.

All this Coast Injun say: "That fellow bad blood. His people make that Rogue River war. They start it. He's bad fellow." They keep talking that way, looking at me. Sometimes throw rocks. One day they start again, maybe twenty. I tired all that talking, get mad. When they throw rocks, I throw too. That's the time lose these front teeth. Got no teeth since then. Rock knock 'em out. When that rock hit me, I get crazy. I start for my house for get gun. They head me off. Can't run fast, feels like my head coming off. All time throwing rocks. One fellow's Rot knife. Says, "We get him!" I grab fence rail, hit him on the neck. He drop, squirm like fish in canoe. Next one come, hit him on the head. He drop too. Don't squirm. That rail too heavy, throw him away and run again. Can't net to my house, they head me off. What I going do? Well, I get in fence corner. What I going fight with?

Some white man on other side say, "Here Johnny, some rocks." Push some rocks under fence. I say, "Well, you come over help me."

"No, I 'fraid. Here's more rocks."

I pick up rocks. Four men get close now. He's got knife, too. Thump! Hit him in ribs. Stagger like drunk. Next man, thump! Hit him in ribs. He go back. Others all stop. Then I jump fence, run home, get my gun. They go back. That's rough times!

Official report gives the Tututni a population of 1311 in 1854. The Tolowa were much less numerous, and an epidemic of dysentery in the early sixties greatly reduced them. According to the Census of 1910 there were in that year 383 Tututni and 121 Tolowa.

The primitive warfare of these Coast Athapascans, whether among themselves or with other tribes, was in the nature of feuds growing out of refusal to pay a satisfactory indemnity for damage to person, property, or reputation. When enough blood had been shed, peace was made by payment on each side for those killed.

About the year 1850 the Tolowa on Smith river experienced a shortage of food, and heard that an old woman at Rekwoi was boasting that her prayers had caused stormy weather, with the result that the people could not gather mussels, and that she had prevented whales from stranding on the beach. A party of men from the villages between Smith river and Crescent City proceeded to Rekwoi and de-

manded satisfaction of the Yurok. The old woman admitted that she had been working against them, but urged them to go home, promising to see that food should be supplied them. They returned home. Shortly thereafter a Tolowa man visiting at Rekwoi was killed, and the Tolowa sent a party down to collect indemnity. This was refused, and a battle ensued, in which a number of Yurok were killed.

During the epidemic at Smith river in the early sixties, a Tolowa at Yúntakut boasted that he had sent the sickness. The present informant had just returned from a visit at Orleans, and sat in the house of the chief Kailús. The chief himself was sick, and his wife and daughter lay there dead with nobody to bury them. He said, "You had better go and kill that man." So the informant went to Yúntakut, and the guilty man said he would pay Kailús for the damage. But others also came for indemnity, and of course he could not pay them all. Then Kailús said they had better kill him. He was brought to the island and there before the eyes of the people he was led out and killed by striking him on the back of the neck with a native ax made of ship's iron found on the beach.

The clothing of Coast Athapascan women was like the Klamath River costume, a deerskin kilt with the opening at the front protected by a fringed apron. In many cases, especially among the Tututni, the apron was shredded bark. The feet and legs were bare except when travelling through the woods, and the upper part of the body, ordinarily naked, was protected in cold weather by a fur robe. Basketry caps were used. Men wore a breech-cloth, and when travel or weather made them necessary, moccasins, leggings, and a shirt made by sewing together the edges of two deerskins.

The nasal septum of rich men and women was pierced, and two long dentalia joined at the base were worn in the perforation at dances. The ears also were pierced for shell pendants. Women had perpendicular lines tattooed on the chin, and rows of dots on the forearms; and men had similar marks on the forearms, some of them for measuring strings of dentalia. The hair of women hung in two strands in front of the shoulders, and that of men was tied in a bunch at the back of the head.

Tolowa houses were like those of the Klamath River tribes, except that the roof was never in three planes, but always in two meeting at the peak. The sweat-house too was the same as the Klamath type, but

the menstrual hut was not used.

The material culture in general strongly resembles that of Klamath river, but various modifications tending toward the north coast type appear. Thus, rod-armor gives place to the long elk-hide shirt exclusively; the dip-net disappears, elk-horn spoons are more numerous; rope is made of bark instead of iris-fibre; the rattle is a bunch of deer dew-claws dangling at the end of a wooden handle; nose-ornaments and shirts are worn.

Redwood canoes of the Yurok type were made by the Tolowa. In these craft they visited the off-shore rocks for shellfish and seals, but so small were they that if a school of porpoises sported about them the navigators were in great fear of capsizing. Stephen Powers recorded that he saw a craft on Smith river forty-two feet long and eight feet four inches wide, with a capacity of twenty-four men and five tons of freight. It probably came from the north.

All basketry was twined, and the materials were hazel shoots for the warp, spruce-root for the weft, Xerophyllum (*tutéhl*)[3] for white overlay and fibres of a sharp-edged mountain-grass (*tamús*) dyed in crushed alder-bark for reddish brown. All burden-baskets, whether for carrying wood or acorns and other food, were tight-meshed, and of the familiar conical form. Baskets for cooking mush and fish, for serving moist and dry foods, for parching seeds, sifting meal, and storing acorns and seeds, were like those previously described in this volume.

Mats of tules strung together on cords were used as mattresses, robes, and rain-capes, and, spread on the ground at meal-time, they served for the family table.

Meal was produced by means of a stone pestle and a flat stone base with basketry hopper. The blades of adzes and axes in early times were made of iron picked up on the beach. The bow was yew reinforced with sinew, and arrows were pointed with flint. Tobacco pipes were long stems of ash, and flutes were stalks of elder. The drum, a square wooden frame covered with deerskin, was probably made, like the similar instrument on Klamath river, in imitation of the drums seen in military camps.

Deer and elk were usually taken in pitfalls with crossed stakes

3 Native words in this chapter are Tolowa.

at the bottom, which prevented the captive from leaping out. Rope snares were used, and in both cases dogs were employed in the drive. Rarely the hunter used arrows at dusk. Bears were killed in dead-falls, and seals and sea-lions were harpooned on the rocks.

Whales were sometimes found on the beach, and the people from near and far flocked to the scene. Fortunate was the man who discovered the carcass, for it belonged to him; and he gained honor and credit by giving portions of the meat and blubber to his friends, and wealth by selling to others.

Salmon were speared in the riffles at night by the light of pitch-wood torches, and were caught in gill-nets stretched across the river. The fish-weir was employed in winter for catching steelhead trout returning to the sea. Funnel-shaped openings led into compartments, escape from which was rendered difficult by the narrowness of the entrance and the swiftness of the current. In the morning the fishermen removed the catch with gaffs made by lashing a pointed piece of elk-horn to a shaft. Hooks were used in salt-water fishing for whatever came — cod, perch, flounders, an occasional halibut, — and the surf-net, suspended on two divergent sticks strengthened by a cross-piece near the apex, was employed in smelt-fishing.

The sea and the rivers supplied the Tolowa with an abundance of food, although a protracted storm meant serious privation because it prevented them from visiting tidal rocks for mussels or seals, and from digging clams and gathering seaweed on the beach. No great store of fish food was provided against such contingencies, and acorns and small seeds were here of rather minor importance. Mussels, clams, crabs, and every kind of fish obtainable, were eaten. As on the north coast, the octopus was highly regarded. Porpoises and sharks were eaten when found on the beach, and lampreys were staple.

Besides whales and porpoises, the earless seal and the sea-lion, and on land the elk, deer, and black bear, furnished a not very abundant supply of flesh. The smaller land mammals, such as skunks, raccoons, the rabbits, and gophers, the last a favorite food, were killed whenever possible. The flesh of wildcats, as of grouse, was held to be poisonous, and many still refuse to eat grouse. All waterfowl were relished.

The bracken fern, abundant in the forests, supplied a favorite food with its roots, which, like the less plentiful camas bulbs, were steamed in pits with hot stones. Young eel-grass, the white subterranean stalks

of the tule, wild rhubarb, and new salmon-berry shoots, were eaten raw. Seaweed of the genus Porphyra was boiled. Fresh fruit was furnished by the abundant salal, huckleberry, elder, madroña, and various species of Rubus. Acorns, hazelnuts, sugar-pine nuts, and sunflower seeds, were to be had in limited quantities.

The favorite form of gambling was *chatltí,* a winter-time, intervillage game for large stakes, in which they used a double handful of small rods, one of them being distinguished by a black stripe. The method of play was to divide the rods into two bunches, where-upon the opponent attempted to select the bunch containing the marked one. Joe Hostler, the informant, was three times host and sponsor for this game. Once he lost a hundred dollars, and again a smaller sum. His silence as to the amount of his winnings on the other occasion may be inferred by the reader who knows something of the non-communicativeness of the player who loses heavily and wins lightly.

The dice game of women, *cháhut,* was played with two large and two small shell discs in the same manner as by their southern neighbors.

Nastútlta, a shinny game, was played by six men in equal parties, with a wooden ball five inches in diameter. Of similar principle was *nastútl-téihl,* in which the women players, three on each side, tossed toward their opponents' goal by means of a throwing-stick a missile made by joining two bits of wood with a thong.

Arrows were shot at a stake in the ground for large wagers.

The village chief was invested with considerably more authority than was commonly the case in northern California. He had power to demand the services of as many men as he needed in order to enforce payment of indemnity for injury, or to inflict the death penalty if payment were not made. A poor man unable to pay would offer his life service to the chief or to some other rich man who would pay the indemnity, and he then either became the slave of his creditor or sold a sister or other female relative into servitude. As the richest man in the village was chief, the office rarely remained in the family when an incumbent died, because his property was distributed among all his immediate relatives, with the result that some other man could justly claim the distinction of possessing the greatest wealth.

The same marriage customs prevailed here as on Klamath river. The wife was purchased, and the two families exchanged presents.

There were no clans, the village and the family being the only divisions of society. Conversation between a man and his mother-in-law was not restricted. A man was not permitted to be in a house where there was a young married woman with whom he was known to have had improper relations before her marriage. Descent was in the male line, and polygyny was practised by rich men.

The puberty ceremony for girls, Chá"hltai-wúnsteyún ("adolescentgirl sing"), took place only in winter, and in honor of girls of wealthy families. If the first menstruation occurred in summer, the ceremony was not held until winter, and then at a time when the girl was experiencing another menstruation. It was thought that rigid observance would result in her being purchased in marriage at a great price, which was the highest ambition of northern California women; but a prime object of the ceremony was to fend off epidemic sickness. During the ten days required for the rites she was supposed to eat only three times, and then very sparingly of acorn mush and dry fish. She drank no water. A bone head-scratcher hung on a string at her neck.

At one side of the family dwelling the girl sat in concealment under a tule mat stretched like a penthouse from the wall to the floor. She wore a kilt *(cheshi)* of bark strands and a head-dress consisting of four rows of bluejay tail-feathers placed like an eyeshade. Men and unmarried girls danced in a straight line with the back to the fire, occasionally turning sideways and then back to the first position, all the time flexing the knees. At dawn a little girl led the virgin to the river, where she bathed while the dancing continued. A small boy kept watch, and when, seeing the virgin returning, he announced, "She is coming," the dancing ceased. She came into the house, and they resumed the dance, moving slowly around the fire while she watched them.

All these acts were repeated nightly, and on the tenth night the virgin removed her bark kilt and donned a deerskin dancing dress with profuse shell ornaments on the fringe of skirt and apron, and strings of shells about her neck. Near the end of the night's performance she was brought out before the people and was wrapped up in a deerskin like a corpse. This was done to satisfy Sickness by making it think it had accomplished its purpose and secured a body. She stood before them

a short time, and then the skin was removed and she resumed her seat. At daylight all the people ran to the river and bathed, and when they came out and stood on the bank, they clapped their hands and shouted: "*He . . . !* Sickness go away!"

A girl who during her first or second menstruation ate outside the house, instead of remaining inside in seclusion and eating little food, was thought to be in danger of having her teeth and nose eaten away by worms. Apparently this is an attempt to account for the ravages of syphilis.

The dead were wrapped in deerskins and laid on the back with the head to the north in graves lined with boards. Shell money, broken so as to be useless to the living, was put into the grave, but neither food, clothing, nor baskets were provided, nor was a fence built around the spot. Rites of purification for those who had touched the dead were similar to those practised on Klamath river, and the hair of a mourning widow or widower was cut short, while others merely clipped off the ends.

The spirits of the dead go to *trî*^{n}*ne-tâ*^{n}*hun* ("dead join-in"),[4] far in the west beyond the ocean, being lifeless five days after passing away and then resuming a living existence in the other world.

In much the same way that plains and mountain Indians sought good luck, Tolowa men would go into the mountains and spend there four to seven nights, fasting and wakeful, wishing for good luck in gambling. Usually the individual was alone, but sometimes two fasted together. They were especially careful not to be seen by others, for such an accident would have destroyed their luck; and they were wakeful because "money does not like you if you sleep much." Such men sometimes saw a spirit in a vague, cloud-like form, but it never spoke to them.

Very few shamans were men.

A young woman who dreamed that she was to become a shaman related the experience to her parents, and if she wished to follow the course indicated by the dream and become a shaman, they arranged with an old member of the profession to preside at a dance for their

4 *Trî*^{n}*ne* is cognate to Navaho *tsíndi* and Hupa *chintin*.

daughter. This ceremony occurred in the winter and lasted ten nights. Men sat on the floor and sang, striking the ground with the right foot, while the novice stood between two old medicine-women and danced with them. As the evening wore on, the old women sat down, but the novice had to continue all night, sitting down to rest only in the intervals between songs. Sometimes she would fall in a faint, dripping with perspiration, and the old women would throw water on her chest. After several nights the novice might become, as it were, intoxicated, dancing like a, staggering inebriate and uttering short, panting exclamations. Such a one was bound to become an especially good shaman.

In practising her profession, the medicine-woman danced, while men sang and the patient lay on the floor. She sucked the place where the pain seemed to be, and spit out what she declared was the sickness.

Besides the ceremonies for the puberty of girls and the making of shamans, the only Tolowa dance was *né-stás,* which was performed for amusement in the winter. It lasted five nights, and dancing continued until daylight, after which food was served and the people slept. The dancers formed a circle about the fire and stood in their places, striking the ground with the right foot and singing. Unmarried girls danced with the men, and like them wore only a deerskin sash. The song-leader, who stood outside the circle, used neither drum nor rattle. On the earth shelf around the excavation of the dwelling sat the spectators, some of whom from time to time shouted approval.

"The Tolowa and Tututni"
From
The North American Indian: Volume 13
by Edwards S. Curtis
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