ANTHROPOLOGY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA
MEMOIRS Nos. 2 and 3 - - 1955

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WAYNE SUTTLES

The Faith of a Coast Salish Indian

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DIAMOND JENNESS

WILSON DUFF, *Editor*

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL MUSEUM
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION - - VICTORIA, B.C.

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CONTENTS

MAPS

TABLES

Katzie Ethnographic Notes

INTRODUCTION

Dr. Diamond Jenness's *The Faith of a Coast Salish Indian* has existed in manuscript form for a number of years, and several students of Coast Salish culture have been grateful to him for his generosity in lending it to them. Each of them must surely have wished, as I did, that the work were published and thus made available to all those who have an interest in Northwest Coast ethnography or in the religious life of peoples outside the Western tradition. Thus when Dr. Jenness lectured at the University of British Columbia in the autumn of 1951, Dr. Hawthorn, Mr. Duff, and I obtained his permission to publish the work in the Anthropology in British Columbia Memoir series then being planned. The only change we thought desirable in the work as it stood was in the form of phonetic transcription used for native terms. This transcription failed to make clear several distinctions necessary to identify all terms in the native language; the deficiency, Dr. Jenness indicated, was to some extent the fault of the system used in the field, but mainly due to an unfortunate policy he had been persuaded to follow of attempting to accommodate native terms to the conventional spelling of English. So it was agreed that I should try to check some of the terms in the field to establish a transcription more useful to other workers in the Coast Salish area. Accordingly the following summer I looked up Mr. Simon Pierre on the Katzie Reserve near Port Hammond.

Simon Pierre is the son of Dr. Jenness's informant, the Old Pierre of the accompanying work, and Simon functioned as interpreter for his father during the time that Dr. Jenness worked with him. Simon told me that his father had died in 1946; he himself was now in his seventies. But I found that he remembered Dr. Jenness's work vividly and was keenly interested in what I was about. Almost the first thing he said to me at our first meeting was that after Dr. Jenness had left he had learned the English name of the small sea-bird that was the guardian spirit of the Lummi man ča'wicut; it was a murrelet and would I make a note of that. Evidently he had had the opportunity to look over bird specimens at the Provincial Museum and had learned the English name there. As I worked with Simon, going over place-names, getting the names of the natural and supernatural inhabitants of Katzie territory, getting a genealogy, it became clear that I could get from him material not in the Jenness work that might be a useful addition to it. I therefore collected the data that are presented here. I worked with Simon for several weeks in the summer of 1952, and I have worked with him for shorter periods at odd times since. Unfortunately other work prevented me from writing up much of the material or following out the original plan of revising the transcription until the summer of this year (1955), and thus it appears only now.

I have found in Simon Pierre a man of good humour, intelligence, and considerable knowledge. His knowledge of the native culture of his own tribe is deeper than I shall ever have the time to probe. He is aware of and interested in cultural differences existing among the several other native tribes with whom he has been in contact, from the Thompson to the Makah. Moreover, his command of English and acquaintance with white culture is unusually good. But he is a man whose potentialities have never been realized in either native or white culture. He is widely quoted among neighbouring native communities as an authority on genealogies, but he has never attained anything of the fame his father had as a possessor of supernatural powers, though his interest in the supernatural is intense. In his youth, as one of the few literate men of his generation, he showed great promise. He visited London as secretary to a delegation of native chiefs petitioning the Throne. And he believes he might have had a career in the white man's

world if his white spiritual advisers had not discouraged such worldly ambitions. This belief occasionally manifests itself in rather heated condemnation of the Christian church, though at the same time he continues to participate in its services. But he is rarely bitter. Instead, I must admit, he occasionally indulges in fantasies about himself, which make working with him both frustrating and delightful. Yet I believe that when he escapes his role of unrecognized genius by plunging into a discussion of native culture, he speaks with honesty and reasonable objectivity.

One of the ethnographic problems that I have been conscious of in working with Simon is the origin of the monotheism that runs through the material that Dr. Jenness got from Simon's father. For reasons too involved to present here, I believe that the concept of a supreme deity was introduced among the Coast Salish by a form of the Plateau Prophet Dance. But I am convinced that Simon is sincere in presenting it as part of native culture. The concept is an integral part of his belief system, as it was of his father's, even though it may have been assimilated by the Katzie only a generation or two earlier.

The question of monotheism aside, the Jenness material corroborates and richly documents the hitherto brief accounts of the religious thought and ceremonial life of the Coast Salish north of Puget Sound. Moreover, it comes from a region within the Coast Salish area that has been rather neglected. Boas's brief paper of 1894 and Hill-Tout's of 1902 and 1904 are all that we have until very recently on the native tribes of the Lower Fraser Valley. Barnett's paper of 1938 and unpublished material touch the Musqueam at the mouth of the Fraser but ascend it no farther. Duff's *Upper Stalo Indians* (1952) gives a detailed account of the culture of the three groups farthest up-stream and a good deal of comparative material from the other Stalo (Lower Fraser) tribes. But Duff's Upper Stalo informants knew nothing of just that integration of myth, social organization, and religious practice revealed in the Jenness work.

Indeed, the integration of the myths themselves into a coherent cycle is rare, if not unique, among the Coast Salish. The plots and incidents exist in other bodies of myths but remain separate elements. And the coherent explanation of social and ceremonial practice in the light of this cycle of myths is so unusual that Jenness asks whether it is the normal expression of Katzie culture or the expression of the genius of a single man, Old Pierre. Regardless of the answer, the expression itself has intrinsic value. It reveals at least one possible interpretation of Katzie myth and Katzie life.

The details of practice told by Old Pierre are equally of value. They demonstrate more clearly than ever that Coast Salish religion cannot be understood merely through such terms as "guardian spirit," "shamanism," or "power." In Katzie usage the term "power" (swiɑ́'m') is not synonymous with "guardian spirit" or with the supernatural in general. It is evidently sometimes conceived as an entity, but more often the term seems to mean simply "strength" or "ability" in a physical as well as spiritual sense and possibly derived from several sources. Thus we must distinguish among the several possible sources of "power": the sʔɑ́'lyə ("guardian spirit" in the usual usage; literally the term seems to mean "vision"), the syəw'i'n' ("prayer" in Jenness's usage), and the çəxʷtɛ́'n (here "community ritual," literally "cleansing"). Likewise, we must distinguish the siɑ́'wən (spirit song) from the sʔɑ́'lyə, which is its source. And we must distinguish the šxʷnɛ́'ɛm (shaman), whose power is derived from a special type of spirit vision, and the sɬθi'ʔθə, or syəw'i'n'mət, whose power is derived from his knowledge of syəw'i'n'. Jenness refers to this last practitioner as the "priest"; I would prefer Barnett's term "ritualist," but the distinction is the important thing. Also I prefer to use "spell" rather than "power" as the English for syəw'i'n' as the concept is found among other Coast Salish, yet Old Pierre's and Simon's integration of the concept with that of the Supreme Being does indeed imply the imploring attitude of worship rather than the compelling one of magic.

It seems strange that the Lower Fraser has been neglected ethnologically. Its archæological importance has been recognized as the possible hearth of Northwest Coast culture and as a possible migration route from the Interior. Since the last group supposedly to come to the Coast from the Interior are the Coast Salish, it would be well to look at the Lower Fraser in relation to the rest of the Coast Salish area. If we approach the Lower Fraser from the better-known Puget Sound region, we are likely to see the individually acquired guardian spirit and shamanistic side of Katzie culture as " original Salish " and all else—first-man myths, inherited rights, community ritual, new dancer initiation—as " northern influence " and " probably recent." But the Lower Fraser is not the northern periphery of the Coast Salish area. It is more nearly its centre. The Bella Coola are as remote in the north as the Tillamook in the south. It is nearly as far to the northern end of Georgia Strait as to the southern end of Puget Sound. The Stalo tribes of the Lower Fraser were, as Simon Pierre's own family relationships show, in much closer contact with the Puget Sound tribes to the south and even with the tribes of the Interior than they were with Salish tribes to the north, much less the Kwakiutl. Perhaps the integration of supposedly northern elements in the Salish culture in this region as revealed in the Jenness study should make us re-evaluate these elements themselves and re-examine Coast Salish culture elsewhere for comparable features.

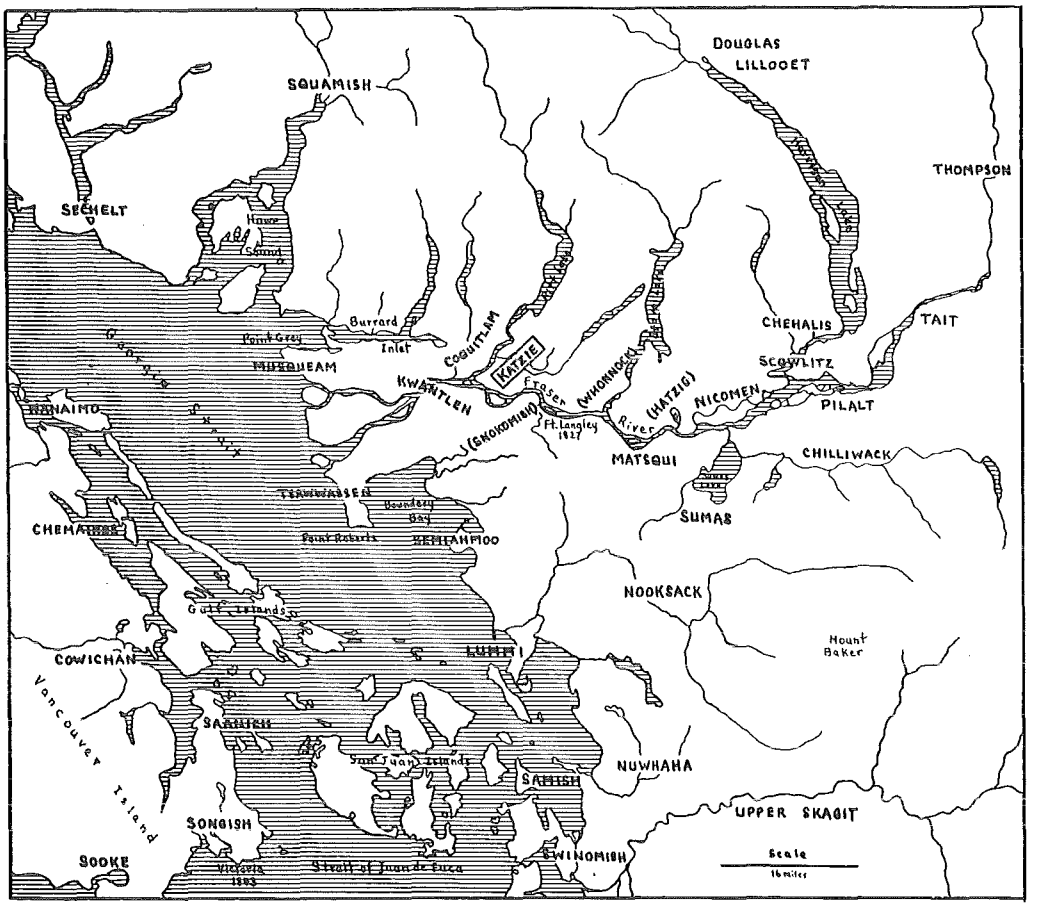
1. IDENTITY

The Katzie are one of the fifteen or twenty Coast Salish groups who occupied the Lower Fraser Valley from the delta to the site of Yale in pre-white times. These groups spoke dialects of a Coast Salish language called hən'k'^{w}əmi'nəm or həl'k'^{w}əmi'ləm; other dialects of the same language were spoken from Malahat to Nanoose on Vancouver Island. In ethnological writings all the groups speaking this language have been called "Cowichan," after the largest of the island groups, or "Halkomelem," after the native name of the language. The mainland groups, to which the Katzie belong, have been called "Mainland Halkomelem," "Lower Fraser," or "Stalo." This last is simply the native word "sta'ʔləw" (river), and is the term by which the natives distinguish themselves from those of other larger natural regions. Recently Duff has established the term in his ethnography of the Upper Stalo (Duff, 1952, pp. 11–13). As he points out, there are sub-regional differences within the Lower Fraser region; the necessity of speaking of "upper," "middle," or "lower" divisions makes the short "Stalo" the most convenient designation.

The name Katzie comes from q'ə'yc'əy, the name of the village that stood on the north bank of the Fraser just below Port Hammond, on the site of the present settlement. This was the principal winter village of the group in the latter half of the last century. At that time their territory included the area drained by the Pitt River together with a segment of the Fraser from somewhere near the mouth of the Pitt to the site of Haney. The Katzie band was given four reserves within this territory: one on the site just mentioned, a second at the mouth of Yorkson Creek on the south bank of the Fraser, a third on the south shore of Barnston Island in the Fraser, and a fourth at the outlet of Pitt Lake. A fifth is a small cemetery on the hillside to the north-east of the present settlement.

It is not clear whether or not Katzie territory extended to the Fraser before the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Langley in 1827. Duff suggests that it did not, pointing out that the Fort Langley Journal of 1828 refers to "the Kutches, a weak tribe up Pits River," and elsewhere mentions a Kwantlen village on the lower course of the Pitt River, which it calls the "Quoitle"; that is, Kwantlen River (Duff, 1952, p. 24). Also Boas in 1894 listed only two Katzie villages, both on Pitt Lake. However, an examination of the Pitt drainage system shows that the Katzie could have been on the Fraser without passing the mouth of the Pitt River. Moreover, Boas's data may be confused. Boas gives for the Katzie: "SElts'a's, at the head of Pitt Lk. summer village" and "Cuwā'lEçEt, at the lower end of Pitt Lk. winter village." The first of these is clearly c'əlc'a'ʔs, which I recorded as simply the name for the head of the lake or a camp-site on it, though without any indication that it was the site of permanent houses. The second name, in currently used symbols šuwa'ləθət, does not match any of the place-names I collected but looks suspiciously like an up-river pronunciation of swa'nəsət; thus what may have been meant was "the village of Swaneset." Boas also gives as the Katzie mythological ancestor "TsatĀ'sEltEn"; I cannot identify this name at all (Boas, 1894, p. 454).

Evidence that the Katzie were on the Fraser by 1860 is provided by charts of about that date. A British Admiralty chart included with papers presenting the British case in the San Juan Boundary Dispute (chart published 1859, corrections to 1865, in *Northwest American Water Boundary,* London, 1873) shows a "Kaitze Indian Village" about at the mouth of Yorkson Creek. A chart included in the American counterpart (*The Northwest Boundary . . .* Washington, 1868) bears the same legend at the mouth of Yorkson Creek and shows rows of houses both there and on the north bank about at the present reserve. Thus, if the Katzie did come down from Pitt Lake and establish themselves on the Fraser after the founding of Fort Langley, it must have been within the first two or three decades. Present tradition, however, gives the Katzie at least a foothold on the Fraser from remote antiquity.



Map I. Katzie in relation to surrounding tribes.

According to the tradition recorded by Jenness, the winter village on the Fraser was established by the hero Swaneset (swa'nəsət) after he returned from the sky with his sky wife and her box. His wife directed him to gather the people together at this site and to build a foundation for a village on the marsh by piling up a moss called q'ə'yc'əy, which gave its name to the site. Here his wife opened the box and released the first of the eulachon, which have returned to the place every year since then. To the Fraser and to this village, Swaneset also brought the sockeye salmon by marrying the daughter of their chief. Thus the site became the seasonal gathering-place for the several formerly separate groups, though each returned for part of the year to its own original territory.

Such was the situation Simon Pierre remembered from the 1880's. At that time the village consisted of three rows of houses, two rows at right angles to the bank of the river and the third row behind them and parallel to it, so that the three formed a rectangle open at the river side. The houses were mainly of native-made planks and (with two or three exceptions) had shed roofs sloping away to the rear. There were eighteen houses in all, separated only by narrow passages, so that if anything large had to be carried through from the river, house planks had to be removed from two of the walls. The upper row of houses was called x^{w}əw'q'^{w}a's (facing down-stream), the lower row x^{w}ti'$^{?}$tas (facing up-stream), and the middle row x^{w}cəw'a's (facing the water). Children from the upper and lower rows fought mock wars and, with the help of parents and grandparents, staged mock potlatches against each other.

The Katzie lived in these houses during the winter dance season and stayed on for the eulachon run in the spring. From the middle of May until early in June they could

expect the village to be flooded from the spring rise in the level of the Fraser. At this time they were away at their various sturgeon-fishing grounds—Alouette River, Sturgeon Slough, Pitt River, and Pitt Lake. In August they returned to the Fraser for sockeye, but in September they went back to pick cranberries on the bogs, to catch the later runs of salmon in the smaller streams or along the lake-shore, and to dig wapato (*Sagittaria latifolia*) in the sloughs, from time to time returning to Katzie with stores of preserved food. They returned for the winter dance season in November. The village on the Fraser was thus their headquarters and their home for about half the year.

The tradition recorded by Jenness mentions only three original groups whom Swaneset brought together at Katzie—the Pitt Lake, Sturgeon Slough, and Port Hammond people. However, when Simon was asked to enumerate the " tribes " or " families " that settled together at Katzie, he named ten:—

(1) sq'ʷaʔa'caʔɬ: At the northern end of the flats, on the east shore of the outlet of Pitt Lake. The first people of the " Pitt Lake tribe " were created here. They later came also to live at ɤəlɤəsɛ'lə, the point on Indian Reserve No. 4 on the opposite shore. This was Simon's father's father's tribe.
(2) c'a'yəm: Munro Creek.
(3) sɛʔɛ'stəxʷ: Sturgeon Slough.
(4) spi'ltxʷ: On the North Alouette a short distance above its junction with the main stream.
(5) sa'nəsaʔɬ: On the Alouette at the mouth of the North Alouette.
(6) ʔəxʷi'n' sa'nəsaʔɬ: On the Alouette (main stream) a half-mile above the mouth of the North Alouette.
(7) spɛ'pɬχənɛ'mix: On the hillside north-east of Katzie.
(8) t'ɬi'nəctən: On the hillside north of Katzie.
(9) cxʷi't: On the site of Port Hammond.
(10) ca'χcəχəm: At the mouth of Yorkson Creek on the south bank of the Fraser.

But further questions on the sites themselves and on the owners of the houses at Katzie in the 1880's and their relationship to these sites revealed two things. First, of the eighteen houses at Katzie, the heads of two were men from other tribes who had married Katzie women, while the heads of all the others were identified with the first six places listed above because they had plank houses at one or another of these sites in which they lived during the early summer and fall. These men were the owners (šxʷsiɛ'm) of these sites and their neighbouring streams, berry bogs, etc. One man, named Swaneset, was the hi'wəqʷ siɛ'm (head chief), the " master of the whole country."

Second, information on the sites on or near the Fraser suggests a legendary past. Both (7) and (8) were prairie-like hillsides a half-mile or more from the Fraser but on either side of Katzie Slough a shorter distance above it. The people of these villages, it was said, were Katzie, but they did not actually join the others at the Fraser. They were very tall and strong, nearly giants, and so they were asked to help erect house-posts. They came willingly, but they would not accept any food. They were proud and suspicious of others. When Fort Langley was established, the last of them went to work there. Posts and beams were still standing when the first settlers established farms and were used for the first barns. The original village at Port Hammond, it is said, consisted of two sections, one on the hillside extending both east and north-west from the present corner of Second and Maple Streets, and another down on the lower land parallel to the river extending from the present mill-site to the Katzie Reserve. The people of the lower section joined Swaneset's people at Katzie, it is said, but the people of the upper section were too proud to leave the place where they had been created. They contributed deer to Swaneset's feasts, but they did not eat sockeye or sturgeon. In fact, they lived entirely on berry sprouts. When they saw a sturgeon jump in the river, they went out and got the foam left at the spot and potlatched that.

One man living in the 1880's was said to have been a descendant of both the Port Hammond people and the people of Yorkson Creek across the Fraser, and this man was the only one identified with these groups. He was not originally a house-owner at Katzie but had been living at New Westminster and was persuaded to come to Katzie by an Alouette River man. His descendants are at present living on the Yorkson Creek reserve.

Thus the importance of the site of the Katzie village on the Fraser in Katzie tradition and in Katzie economic and social life suggests that it may have been theirs from pre-contact times. However, the quality of the available information, slight though it is, about the other sites on or near the Fraser suggests that they were not Katzie. One or both of the Port Hammond sites were archæological sites. It may be that the very existence of the sprout-eating tribe there was merely inferred from the presence of archæological evidence of past occupation. But I tentatively conclude that the Katzie probably occupied their site on the Fraser at least during eulachon and sockeye seasons. One more fact should be brought out: the Katzie travelled between their winter village on the Fraser and their summer homes via Katzie Slough, not via the Fraser and Pitt Rivers. Katzie Slough, now choked with weeds so that it must be dredged now and again for drainage, was, before the Pitt Meadows were dyked, a clear stream flowing not southward into the Fraser, but northward to divide so that one arm joined the Alouette while another turned west to join the Pitt. It was navigable by canoe nearly to its head, a few hundred feet from the village; the rest of the way was portage. Thus the village on the Fraser was almost within the drainage area of the Pitt. (At least this was the situation in the latter half of the last century; at an earlier time the flow of water may have been different.) The Kwantlen or the Coquitlam then could have occupied the mouth of the Pitt without barring the Katzie from the Fraser.

To refer briefly to archæological work, Port Hammond was the site of one of the two great middens that Harlan I. Smith excavated in 1897, the other being at Eburne (now Marpole). To judge from Smith's description, what Simon identified as the lower part of the village was the midden itself and the upper part, where the people lived on berry-sprouts, was the site of a burial mound. Another burial mound was excavated at a point about a mile back from the river, possibly at the site identified by Simon as spɛ'płx̣ənɛ'mix. One of the striking features of the midden excavated by Smith was its great quantity of clam and mussel shells. Smith pointed out that the site is some 20 miles from the sea by way of the Fraser and about 10 miles overland, that the shells would probably have been brought by canoe the longer way, and that this is such a great distance perhaps the deposit dates back to a time when the Fraser delta had not yet pushed so far into the sea. (Smith, 1904, p. 134; Smith and Fowke, 1901, p. 60). One other possibility should be considered: that the shells were transported from Mud Bay via the Serpentine or Nicomekl Rivers and a portage to the Fraser; this route was frequently used as a short cut to Fort Langley, though it still seems a long way to carry clams.

Recently Walter Kenyon has made an archæological survey of the area and found a distinct difference between the older deposit Smith excavated and the site occupied at present by the Katzie. The latter site contains no shell but a high concentration of fire-cracked rocks and chipping detritus though to a depth of only 18 inches (Kenyon, 1953, pp. 37, 41). Kenyon draws no conclusion, perhaps because he was told that the Katzie came from Pitt Lake recently, but I should think his material would suggest at least a pre-contact settlement though no great antiquity.*

*An earlier description of the Port Hammond site by Mrs. Ellen Webber (1897) is mainly an account of the life of the inhabitants of the midden-site inferred from artifacts found and from recent practices. She states that according to tradition the inhabitants were Kwantlen and were wiped out some 600 years ago by attack from Northern Indians followed by smallpox. She describes the inhabitants as living in pit-houses, called "skabils," in the winter, but unfortunately gives no indication of the source of the description. The form of the word, however, suggests an Upper Stalo informant. She says that the Katzie are new-comers but gives no further information about them.

2. NEIGHBOURS

The problem of Katzie identity and territory cannot be separated from the problems of tribal distribution on the Lower Fraser. According to information given by Simon Pierre (*see also* Duff, 1952, p. 27), at the time the first whites arrived, the Musqueam (xʷməʼskʷəyəm) occupied the mouth of the North Arm of the Fraser and Burrard Inlet and the Tsawwassen (sc̓ʼəwʼaʼθən) occupied the south shore of the main mouth and the west shore of Point Roberts. On Lulu Island, on the north shore of the main mouth, were camps occupied by several Vancouver Island tribes during salmon season. Above the Musqueam and Tsawwassen, at the head of the delta where the river divides, were the Kwantlen (qʼʷaʼʔənʼχəlʼ). Simon named three villages at New Westminster on the north bank: staʼʔtələw, at a creek just down-stream from the penitentiary-site; sc̓ɬiʼqənʼ, at the penitentiary-site; and skʷəkʷtɛʼxʷqən, at the mouth of the Brunette River. New Westminster was also called sx̣ʷaʼaymał, from the name of a warrior turned to stone by the Transformer. Across the river on the south bank was a Kwantlen fishing camp called qəx̣qaʼyət.

Above the Kwantlen were the Coquitlam (kʷiʼkʷəx̌əm), who were serfs (stʼɛʼxəm) of the Kwantlen. Their main village was on the Coquitlam River, and Simon gave their territory as the Coquitlam drainage only. Kenyon, however, recorded from a Coquitlam informant two names of Coquitlam sites east of the mouth of the Pitt and identifies them with two archæological sites in that area (Kenyon, 1953, pp. 43–44). It is perhaps significant that Simon give a Katzie name only for the point at the mouth of the Pitt and left the rest of the map here a blank. One of Kenyon's sites may have been the Kwantlen village of the Fort Langley Journal.

Above the Katzie were several villages that, according to Simon, were wiped out, or nearly so, by smallpox before Fort Langley was founded. These were snaʼkʷaya at Derby (the original site of Fort Langley, just down-stream from the mouth of the Salmon River), skʷɛʼɛlic on Bedford Channel north of the mouth of the Salmon River, xʷəʼwənaqʷ at the mouth of the Whonock River, sx̣ayəʼqs at Ruskin at the mouth of the Stave River, and x̣ɛʼcəqʼ at Hatzic. On the south bank between the last two were the Matsqui (mɛʼθxʷəy), who survived the epidemic.

Simon referred to the " Derby people " or snaʼkʷəmix as a " separate tribe " who owned the Salmon River (scʼəlʔxʷiʼʔiəm) on the south side of the river and possibly Kanaka Creek (scʼəlxʷəʼyʼəm) on the north side. He referred to the Nicomekl River, from which the Indians and early traders portaged to the Salmon River, as the səmyamaʼał staʼʔləw, the " river of the Semiahmoo." However, a Semiahmoo informant at Lummi said that original inhabitants of Mud Bay, where the Nicomekl has its mouth, were a tribe called snəʼkʷəməš and that their river was called snəkʷəmaʼłəł, now become "Nicomekl." The snəʼkʷəməš were wiped out by smallpox before the whites came, whereupon the Semiahmoo, who had intermarried with them, extended their territory northward to include that of the former snəʼkʷəməš around Mud Bay. In view of these two accounts it seems likely that the Derby people, who we might call " Snokomish," occupied both a segment of the Fraser and a bit of salt-water shore-line at Mud Bay, together with the two streams that make canoe navigation from one place to the other possible with only one short portage. After the Snokomish were wiped out, the Semiahmoo took over the salt-water section of their territory so that what the Semiahmoo considered the " Snokomish " river came to be the " Semiahmoo " river for the people of the Fraser.

According to Simon, after the Hudson's Bay Company established Fort Langley, the Kwantlen moved up-stream to be near the fort and established themselves on McMillan Island. For this reason they came to be called the " Langley Tribe." Other tribes joined them there for a time, but only the Kwantlen stayed, " because they were intermarried with the Hudson's Bay people." After this move they took over the territory of the other villages wiped out by smallpox mentioned above.

This account makes the post-contact territory of the Kwantlen as great as that which Hill-Tout assigns them. He writes:—

> Their territories extended from the mouth of the south arm of the Fraser up to the present settlement of Hatzic, which is about sixty miles from salt water. They consequently occupied or controlled more than half the Halkomelem lands of the mainland. They touched the *Qmuskī'Em* (Musqueam) on the north arm, and the *SEwā'çEn* (Tsawwassen) on the sound on their west; the *Kē'tsī* on Pitt River, a tributary of the Fraser, which enters the river a little above New Westminster; the *Snonkwe'amEtl*, of the Indian village of Snā'kwamEtl, a tribe now wholly extinct and well-nigh forgotten; the *Mac'quī*, whom they drove back from their river front, in their centre; and the NEkā'mEn on their east. (Hill-Tout, 1902, p. 406.)

Duff concludes that this relatively large territory was occupied by an aggregation of several groups lumped under the one term " Kwantlen " by the fur-traders (Duff, 1952, p. 24); however, this does not seem to be what Hill-Tout meant nor what Simon's account implies. The people of Whonock, Hatzic, etc., were not separate groups lumped with the Kwantlen, but rather villages settled by the Kwantlen on sites formerly occupied by separate groups.

The only other tribe that the Fort Langley Journal mentions in relation to Pitt River is the " Squaals, who inhabit the upper Country about Pits River." This was probably the Douglas band of Lillooet, called skʷa'ɬ by the Stalo people. People from this group evidently occasionally came over the mountains to the head of Pitt Lake. Simon gave the following:—

> A plant called ɣə'ləq'ʷ grows only at the head of Pitt Lake. Its root is white and like fresh butter . . . (probably Fritillaria). This belongs to the Katzie people. But the Douglas people used to walk through the mountains to get this plant at the head of Pitt Lake. Finally the Katzie people saw a strange canoe coming from the head of the lake. It was the Douglas people who had built a canoe up there in order to come to New Westminster. They gave the Katzie some of this root, saying, " We've been stealing your food."

For the Douglas people a trip through the mountains to the Lower Fraser might have been preferable to the longer water trip by way of the Harrison River for the very reason that food could be easily collected on the way. Pitt Lake would also have been preferable to the nearer Stave Lake because it lies at sea-level, while Stave Lake is high and its outlet flows over a falls. Bad relations between the Douglas and some of the Upper Stalo groups may also have determined the choice of route. At any rate, the fact that the Journal identifies the " Squaals " with Pitt River suggests that this was their usual route at that time.

At a later time, perhaps as late as 1890, a group of Lillooet camped on the Alouette River and fished and hunted on Alouette Lake; it is not clear, however, whether this group arrived by way of the mountains or had come down the Fraser.

As Duff points out, the Fort Langley Journal indicates a great deal of travelling went on up and down the Fraser during the salmon season. Informants' accounts make it clear that the Nanaimo and Chemainus of Vancouver Island came seasonally to the Lulu Island camps and the Saanich came to Point Roberts. But this knowledge hardly prepares one for the picture of seething activity presented by the Journal: Squamish, Nanaimo, Chemainus, Cowichan, and Saanich in great numbers passing the fort on their way to and from the fishing-ground above—all of these as well as Sechelt, Songish, Klallam, Skagit, and Nooksack coming to the fort to trade. Discounting the attraction of the fort, the picture still suggests much more extensive seasonal movements for salmon than were known by living informants. Were these movements always as extensive? Perhaps so, but there are other possibilities. The decline in population through widespread epidemics beginning about 1780 (Mooney, 1928, p. 27) presumably made it possible for the Kwantlen and the Semiahmoo to expand their territories; it may also have permitted greater expansion of seasonal movements.

At any rate, in the early part of the last century the Lower Fraser saw shifts in its permanent population and great seasonal movements of outsiders. The Katzie were a rather insignificant group, probably important to the others mainly as the proprietors of

the most famous source of Indian potatoes. Whether they had at that time any claims to the banks of the Fraser or not, the heart of their territory must have been up the Pitt River on the flat country to the east and around the lower end of Pitt Lake. For this is surely the centre of interest in the myth cycle that Old Pierre gave to Dr. Jenness, and this is the area most intimately known to Simon as revealed by the data he gave me on land use.

Indeed, one of the most striking contrasts in Coast Salish culture is the contrast between the breadth of social and ceremonial relationships that one small community may have with other communities, and the narrowness and intensity of its spiritual and economic relationship to its own small territory. Both elements in this contrast are well documented by Jenness's material, but I point to them again here in the data on subsistence and in the data on Simon's own family's ties with other communities.

3. HABITAT

The country of the Katzie can be divided topographically into three regions: the low land south-east of the Pitt River between the Fraser and Pitt Lake, the gently rising hills to the east toward Alouette Lake, and the steep mountain-slopes to the west of Pitt River and along both shores of Pitt Lake. Before the present dykes were built, the low land east of the Pitt was a series of bogs and marshes flooded every spring by the rising Pitt and Fraser Rivers. The Alouette River and several smaller streams flowing from the hills to the east intersected it, and these were interconnected by several sloughs so that it was possible to go by canoe from the lake nearly to Port Hammond without entering either the Pitt or the Fraser. This low land was broken in a few places by low hills; the highest of these is Sheridan Hill, which stands between the mouths of Sturgeon Slough and the Alouette River. Except for these hills the area was not wooded but covered with grasses, rushes, and low aquatic shrubs, hence the name " Pitt Meadows." It was a highly productive area for the Katzie. The bogs produced blueberries and cranberries; the marshes and shallower sloughs, wapato and other edible roots. Fishes of several kinds could be caught in the streams, and waterfowl came in great numbers.

The hills to the east of this low country seem to have been less useful. The Alouette River is said to have been navigable by canoe to the lake, and the Katzie occasionally went up there for fishing, but deer-hunting was probably the only activity that took them into the hills.

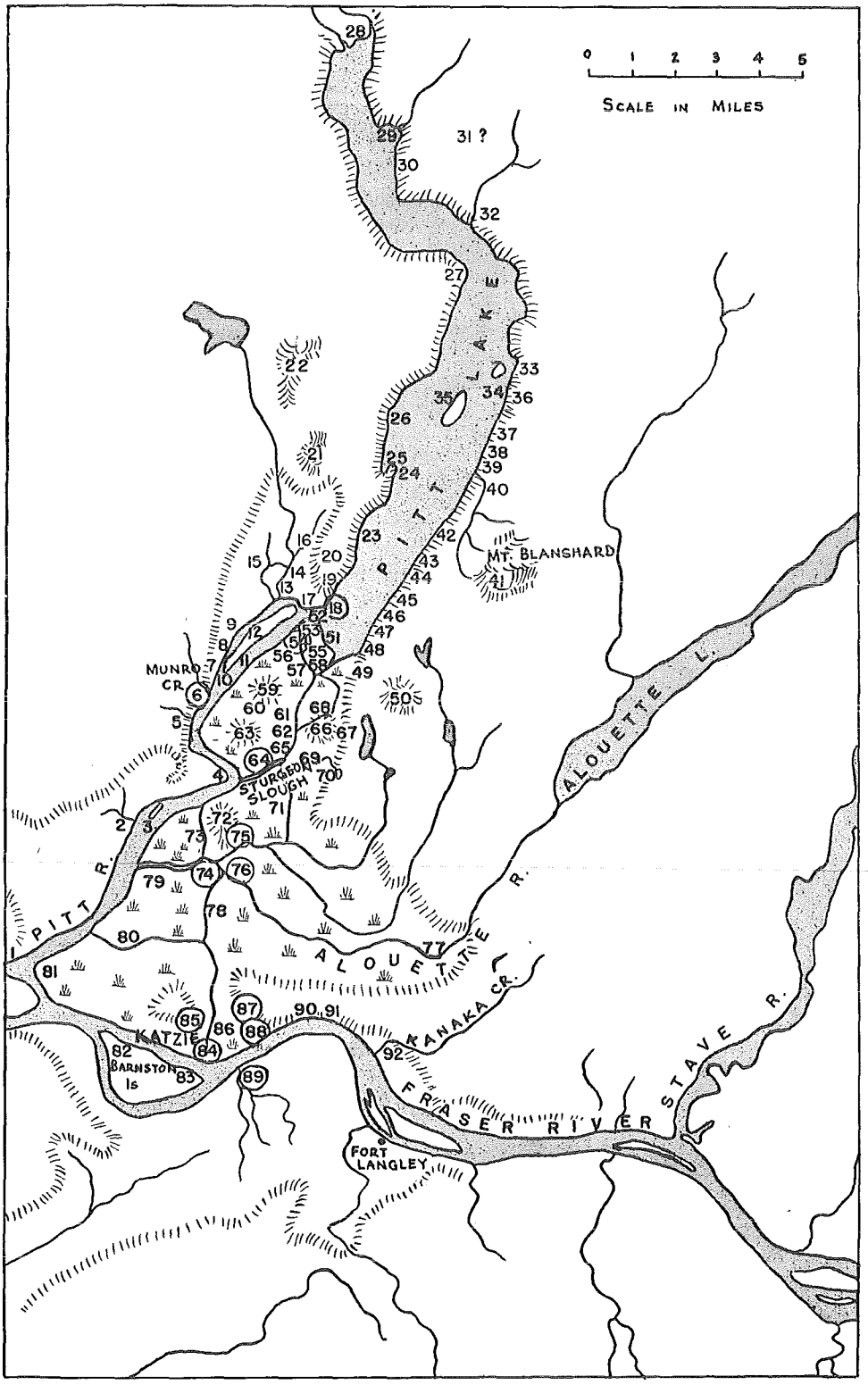
Pitt Lake is a body of water some 15 miles long and 2½ miles wide at its widest. Although its outlet is about 25 miles from the sea, it lies at sea-level and the tides of Georgia Strait are felt on the lake as the waters of the Pitt and the Fraser are held up somewhat by the incoming sea. The shores of the lake are steep, rising in places almost directly to snow-covered mountains. The summit of Mount Blanshard (" Golden Ears ") at 5,598 feet is less than 3 miles from the south-western shore. The Katzie fished in the lake for sturgeon and other fishes and hunted in it for seals; they hunted on the mountain-sides for deer and mountain-goats.

Pitt Lake empties into the Fraser through Pitt River, a broad, slow-moving stream that flows along the western margin of the flat portion of Katzie territory. Above Point Addington its west bank rises steeply toward Coquitlam Mountain, but it falls away again just below the outlet of the lake, where the mouth of Widgeon (formerly Silver) Creek forms a marshy flat that is a sort of extension of the greater one across the river.

As already indicated, the Katzie spent part of the year together at their village on the Fraser and the rest of the year, especially the spring and fall, dispersed at their various camp-sites. Although they may have camped occasionally in their mat shelters on every bit of level short or stream-bank, their principal sites were those places where they had permanent plank houses. These were the sites identified with the several " families " or " tribes " of Katzie. They were all between the lower end of Pitt Lake and the Alouette River. This was evidently the area most intensively used during the time the Katzie were not on the Fraser. This also was the area in which some of the major events related in Katzie traditions occurred.

On the accompanying map the sites where houses are believed to have stood are marked with circled numbers. The other numbers indicate only named places. The place-names are identified in the table. Of the total ninety-two, about twenty are mentioned in the myth cycle recorded by Jenness, mainly as geographical features created by Swaneset or by the Transformer.

Unfortunately my present knowledge of the language does not permit me to analyse the meanings of more than a fraction of the names. Some, such as xʷtiʔtas (facing up-stream) (from tiʔt (up-stream), -as (-face)) or tɛqəʔəm (salalberry-place) (from tɛqəʔ (salal-berry)), are fairly transparent, but many are not. Some of the translations that Simon gave Jenness may express an equivalent feeling, but this is more than the literal meaning; for example, the slough called sqəɬqəɬɛlə he identified as " the place



Map II. Places in Katzie territory.

where people shall work in the mud like muskrats as they drag their canoes across," but it is literally "muskrat (sqə'ɬqəɬ) -receptacle (-ɛ'lə)." An analysis of the total geographical nomenclature of the region may ultimately provide data for historical reconstruction. For example, the tradition has it that the rock called pɛ'lɛxən at Davis Pool on the Alouette was a one-legged man changed to stone by the Transformer; the name seems to be pɛ'lɛ (one) plus -xən (-leg), but pɛ'lɛ is not the usual word for "one" in Halkomelem but is in Sechelt and in Lillooet. A single example of this sort is of little use, but multiplied a few times it would be undeniable evidence for linguistic change in the area.

It will be seen from the list of place-names that they nearly all refer primarily to points on the map rather than to whole streams or stretches of land. Names for larger geographical features are produced by extension or derivation. Thus sa'nəsaʔɬ means primarily the occupied site on the Alouette River at the mouth of the North Alouette. By extension it means the whole river, though other sites on it may bear names. And the only name I recorded for Alouette Lake was sa'nəsaʔɬ χa'cɛʔ (from χa'cɛʔ (lake)). Pitt Lake, if it needs to be distinguished at all, is called sq'ey'cəyaʔɬ χa'cɛʔ (Lake of the Katzie). Pitt River is sq'əyc'əyaʔɬ sta'ʔləw (River of the Katzie), and the Fraser, sq'waʔən'χi'ləɬ sta'ʔləw (River of the Kwantlen). Some mountains have separate names given for traditions or distinguishing features, but others are named by derivation; the mountain behind c'a'yəm, Munro Creek, or more properly the site at the mouth of Munro Creek, is called sc'a'yəməʔl; the mountain behind tə'cnəc is stə'cnəcaʔɬ. It would be tempting to conclude from this type of nomenclature that the concept of ownership or identification with territories is one of indefinite extension from a definite camp or village site, rather than one of territory enclosed within definite boundaries. However, a consideration of the history of our own place-names would probably reveal something of the same process; it may be due merely to the limitations in inventiveness of the human mind. At any rate the important features that had to be designated in Katzie territory were the sites of camps, of berry bogs and wapato marshes, the sloughs used in crossing the flats, and the landmarks used in fishing on the lake and hunting in the mountains.

TABLE I.—PLACE-NAMES IN KATZIE TERRITORY

1. xʷti'ʔtas: A rock on the west shore of the mouth of Pitt River, a warrior turned to stone by the Transformer.
2. χəm'χəm'i'kʷəs: De Boville Slough.
3. sχɛ'mənəs: A bar in Chatham Reach.
4. xʷi'ʔləm'nəc: Addington Point.
5. tə'cnəc: McIntyre Creek. The mountain above here is stə'cnəcaʔɬ.
6. c' a'yəm: Munro Creek, house-site at the mouth. The mountain above here is sc'a'yəməʔɬ.
7. t'əmt'əmk'ʷɛ'lə: A stream opposite the south end of Siwash Island.
8. χə'pχəp: A stream north of the last.
9. k'ʷək'ʷəwɛ'c'ay: A stream north of the last, opposite Siwash Island, its head near Munro Lake.
10. ɬil'tɛ'lic: Widgeon Slough, or more properly an eddy at the southern end of the slough where canoes entered to escape the wind that blows down the main channel.
11. titəma'θən: A bar or islet off Siwash Island in the main channel, a rock thrown by Swaneset at Sheridan Hill.
12. xi'l': The largest slough on Siwash Island, a wapato-patch belonging to the Pitt Lake people.
13. θɛ'θqəɬ: Widgeon Creek, the main mouth.

14. χʷəla′lcəptən: A stump that stands near the mouth of Widgeon Creek; it was the master of all the fish that went up the creek until the Transformer overpowered him.
15. xʷsa′aq′ʷəm: The branch of Widgeon Creek that flows from the west and the mountain behind it.
16. sa′səlic′: The branch of Widgeon Creek that enters it from the east.
17. sqʷa′m′qʷam′əxʷ: A rock on the southern shore of Indian Reserve No. 4, called Siwash Rock by the whites.
18. ǰəlǰəlsɛ′lə: The south-eastern point of Indian Reserve No. 4. This was a house-site belonging to the Pitt Lake people.
19. xʷ kʷi′ʔwən: The creek on the eastern shore of Indian Reserve No. 4.
20. sʔi′mixtən: The lowest mountain behind Indian Reserve No. 4.
21. qʷə′yqʷəy: The higher, round peak behind the last.
22. ci′cəł smɛ′nt: The highest peak behind the last (4667?).
23. c′əya′ya: An islet off the shore north of Indian Reserve No. 4.
24. ǰə′qtəqs: The point north of the last.
25. ə′sənəc: The bay inside this point.
26. wəlxʷə′lstən: A bay north of the last.
27. šxʷtəl′to′ol′: The easternmost point on the west shore of Pitt Lake.
28. c′əlc′a′ʔs: The head of Pitt Lake. (This is the " summer village " listed by Boas; however, my information does not suggest that it was anything more than an occasional camp-site.)
29. hiʔa′m: The bay at the mouth of Scott (Vickers) Creek. The source of a bad wind called tələ′sənəc; it comes as a little bird like a grouse; if you shoot it, the wind blows.
30. xʷəxʷaasɛ′wtxʷ: A cave, the home of the thunderbird that became the guardian spirit of the Pitt Lake warrior šya′ykʷɬ.
31. ǰɛ′wqəməl′s: The snowy mountain behind " De Beck Flats " (location?).
32. słə′məxʷ: Gurney Creek? A nickname given because of the Katzie man of the same name?
33. pǰɛ′ɛn: The isthmus between the mainland and the small island inside of Little Goose Island?
34. łɛ′lt ǰcɛ′s: Little Goose Island.
35. c′ə′wc′əw ǰcɛ′s: Goose Island.
36. səmənɛ′ɬ: A group of rocks that were children changed to stone by the Transformer.
37. xilxk′ʷa′m′.
38. q′ɛ′ləməy: Place where girls were changed by the Transformer.
39. sʔəwsi′nəs: Grassy site at mouth of Raven Creek, good place for waterfowl.
40. sma′yəθ: Raven Creek.
41. χɛ′ɛc′ɛnxʷ: Mount Blanshard. People used to be able to predict the salmon runs and the weather from the colour of the mountain-top.
42. t′i′pitən: A good place for gathering cedar bark.
43. sə′wəltən: A creek-mouth.
44. šxʷqa′ʔpaləm: " Golden Ears Camp."
45. t′ɛ′qəʔəm: A good place for salal-berries.
46. k′ʷɛ′łxən.
47. k′ʷi′k′ʷmətχʷsən: A bay where water-lilies and scouring rushes grow.
48. šxʷp′ɛ′p′əlqən′.
49. mən′mən′ta′: The slough that follows the mountain-side southward from the south-eastern corner of the lake. A wapato site here belonging to the Pitt Lake people was called mən′mən′ta′ʔis.
50. x′ʷcəyu′um: The lowest mountain to the east.
51. xʷwi′l′: The shore between the slough and the point.

52. xʷ kʼʷəʼlɛ: The point opposite Indian Reserve No. 4.
53. titqəlsɛʼlə: A crab-apple tree near the point; the old people always pointed it out, warning that if one ate the fruit of it he would break wind until he died.
54. sqʼʷaʔaʼcaʔɬ: The slough just below the point opposite Indian Reserve No. 4, the place where the Pitt Lake people were created and one of their house-sites.
55. šyaʼyʼləxʷə: A seeress (šyəʼwə) who was transformed into a stump that formerly stood at the mouth of the slough (54). She could control the weather; during a cold winter when people wanted rain, they talked to her and gave her dried salmon, and when it rained too much and they wanted sunshine, they did the same. When she knew that the whites were going to dyke the place and establish a gun club, she moved across the river to the reserve where she was last seen between 17 and 18.
56. xɛʼʔməc: A wapato-patch of the Pitt Lake people, about a half-mile south of 54.
57. scʼəcʼəʔicʼən': A wapato-patch of the Pitt Lake people, about a half-mile east of 56, also a famous place for swans and geese, but dangerous because of pot-holes.
58. qʼʷaʼqʼʷləʔxʷ: Pitt Lake wapato-patch north-east of 57.
59. pʼənaʼs: A hill in the flats, one of the pieces Swaneset knocked off Sheridan Hill.
60. sx̣ələ̓x̣ɛʼq: Pitt Lake wapato-patch between 59 and 63.
61. ɬʔəswɛʼn: Same, east of last?
62. sɛʔɛʼstəxʷəm: Same, near Sturgeon Slough?
63. x̣ʷəmʼaʼmən: A hill north of Sturgeon Slough, another of the pieces Swaneset knocked off Sheridan Hill.
64. sɛʔɛʼstəx̣ʷ: Sturgeon Slough, and the site of the summer dwellings of one division of the Katzie somewhere near the mouth.
65. piʼtxənəm: A tiny slough that enters Sturgeon Slough from the north; the water is poisonous to drink.
66. yiʼyə: The hill in the flats nearest the mountain-side, another piece of Sheridan Hill; formerly the marsh between this hill and the mountain was inhabited by a siʼiɬqəy, a serpant-like monster.
67. yiʼyəʔəɬp: The mountain behind 66.
68. stəlcəʼnəm: A large wapato marsh between 66 and 49, open to everyone.
69. x̣aʔx̣caʔəɬ: A wapato slough south of 66 belonging to the Pitt Lake people.
70. scʼəʼlqəs: A hill or rock near the head of Sturgeon Slough, from where Swaneset destroyed the top of Sheridan Hill with a sling.
71. sqəɬqəɬɛʼlə: The slough linking Sturgeon Slough with the North Alouette River.
72. səmʼɛʼʔɛnt: Sheridan Hill.
73. xʷtaʼqʼʷəsət: The slough connecting Pitt River and the Alouette running just west of Sheridan Hill, used as a short cut, but dangerous because of a sx̌ɛʼləqəm near its north mouth; a hole here leads to an underground passage that comes out at Point Roberts.
74. saʼanəsaʔɬ: Alouette River, more particularly the site of the summer dwellings of the Alouette division of the Katzie; the site was somewhere near the mouth of the North Alouette.
75. spiʼltxʷ: The North Alouette River, particularly the dwelling-site on the north bank near Sheridan Hill.
76. əxʷiʼn' saʼanəsaʔɬ: A dwelling-site on the Alouette River about a half-mile above the mouth of the North Alouette.
77. pɛʼlɛxən: A rock at Davis' Pool on the Alouette River, a one-legged man changed to stone by the Transformer, become the master of the fish that ascend the stream.
78. xcʼɛʼwəltən: The slough connecting Alouette River and Katzie Slough.
79. xʷx̌aʼʔax̣as: A large bog south of the mouth of the Alouette River; cranberries and blueberries grew here; it was open to everyone.

80. qəl'qi'ɬp: The slough connecting Katzie Slough with Pitt River.
81. sq'ɛ'w'nəc: The eastern shore of the mouth of Pitt River.
82. səqɛ'm: Robert Point, Barnston Island.
83. qələsi'ɬp: Mann Point, Barnston Island; this was a man who was too proud to let the Transformer camp there so he cursed the place and now even driftwood will not accumulate there. This has now also become the name for Indian Reserve No. 3.
84. q'ə'yc'əy: Katzie, the site of the former winter village and the present Indian Reserve No. 1.
85. t'ɬi'nəctən: The south-eastern point on the hillside north of 84, said to be a former village-site.
86. sq'ə'yc'əya?ɬ sta'tləw: Katzie Slough, which formerly flowed northward to become 78 and 80.
87. spɛ'płx̣ənɛ'mix: The hillside east of Katzie Slough, beginning about where the Lougheed Highway ascends it and extending from there to the north-west; it was formerly a little prairie and said to have been a village-site.
88. cxʷi't: Port Hammond, said to be an old village-site.
89. c'a'x̣c'əx̣əm: The mouth of Yorkson Creek, on Indian Reserve No. 2. Formerly houses stood along both sides of the mouth facing the river.
90. šxʷləqʷə'n'ə: The bank of the Fraser just below Haney, about at the present site of Clappiston Packers, said to have been once the village of a tribe of unusually small people.
91. ckʷnɛ'ɛmən: The mouth of the stream at the mill at Haney.
92. ciɬxʷe'?yən: Kanaka Creek. The Katzie fished here recently, but at one time, it is believed, there may have been a village here, possibly of the Derby people.

4. SUBSISTENCE

Fishing

The fishes found in Katzie waters fall into two main categories—the anadromous fishes, which spend part of their lives in the sea and return to lakes and streams to spawn, and the strictly fresh-water fishes, which live in lakes all year round. The anadromous fishes included the great sturgeon, the five species of Pacific salmon and the large trout called steelhead, and the tiny eulachon. The strictly fresh-water fishes included the smaller trouts, the sucker, the chub, and one or two others. The anadromous fishes could be taken only seasonally; some, like the eulachon, came in great numbers but for only a short period during the year. So, like all Northwest Coast peoples, the Katzie worked hard during the run of each fish, taking and preserving them for the coming year. Like most other Northwest Coast peoples they had the (anadromous) salmons as their mainstay; however, unlike most, they also had in their lake and their slow-moving sloughs a year-round source of food in the strictly fresh-water fishes.

The white sturgeon, the largest fish found in Katzie waters, reaches a length of 20 feet and a weight of over half a ton (Carl and Clemens, 1948, p. 26). Large sturgeon formerly came in great numbers to Pitt River and Lake and to some of the smaller streams that flow through Pitt Meadows. It is said that Sturgeon Slough in particular was a famous spawning-ground for sturgeon. In late spring and early summer the Katzie camped around the lower end of Pitt Lake and caught sturgeon with harpoons, set-nets, and trawl-nets. The sturgeon was thought to stand in close relationship with the people of Pitt Lake because, according to the myth, the first sturgeon was the daughter of the first man created at Pitt Lake. Outsiders coming to fish for sturgeon in Pitt Lake were expected to call at the village at the outlet of the lake and ask permission first.

The trawl-net used for sturgeon was the tiʔɛ́ʼn, the largest of the three sizes of nets pulled between canoes. The net itself was a rectangular piece of webbing of məʼsəɬ (probably *Apocynum*) cord. It was weighted along one edge with five wrapped stone sinkers and held up on the opposite edge by six conical cedar floats tied by their tips. The net was held by two ropes that were tied to the outer weights at the bottom edge and passed through rings along the sides to the ends of the upper edge. The net was dropped between two canoes having a paddler in each bow and a man holding one of the lines in each stern. As the canoes moved down-stream, a bit faster than the current, the net billowed out to form a pocket. When a fish entered the net, the men holding the lines pulled them so as to bring the two edges together. The net could then be pulled in as the sterns of the two canoes were brought together. This net thus corresponds to the second type of "bag-net" described by Duff for the Upper Stalo (Duff, 1952, p. 69). The owner of the net generally held one of the lines and supervised the activity. When a large sturgeon was taken, he divided it with the other three men immediately. He cut the fish at the anus and gave the tail portion, called təʼqʼʷəm, to the owner of the other canoe, who held the other line. Then he cut the "face" (cəmχaʼisən) in two and gave half to each of the paddlers. The rest he kept himself, but he was expected to give a small feast with it when he got home.

The set-net or gill-net, called χʷaʼaqʼʷtən, consisted of a webbing of the same material several yards wide and up to 200 feet long, a line of floats along one edge and one of sinkers along the other. The floats were of scorched cedar, either round or spindle-shaped. The spindle-shaped type was tied at one end so that it stood upright in the water. The sinkers were unworked stones of a size that could be held in the two hands, wrapped with cedar limbs so that they could be fastened to the net without slipping free. The owner set the net either in the day-time or at night and examined it at intervals from his canoe. Simon's grandfather occasionally got sturgeon so big that he had to tip his canoe to roll the fish in and then bail the canoe out. If he had to call another canoe to help him in this, the fish was divided according to formula as with the trawl-net. The owner of the helping canoe received the tail portion, his companion (even if he were only a boy

and had actually done nothing) received the "face" and a part of the head called xʷqʼʷaʼwəstən, and the man's own helper received parts from the remaining portion and half the roe if there were any. This seems to be a larger share to the assisting canoe than to the more active participants in the previous case of the trawl-net; however, in this instance the owner of the assisting canoe may have incurred a greater responsibility to share in feasting his fellow-villagers.

The harpoon used for sturgeon was the same type, called tɛʼʔɛɬ, as that used for salmon or seal, except that for sturgeon a float was attached to the line. This float, called kʷəʼməls, was made of cedar, spherical, about 2 feet through; it was charred to make it more water-resistant and had many holes drilled into it so that it would make a trail of bubbles when pulled under by one of the big fish. The gaff (łəʼkʼʷtən) was also used for sturgeon.

While the harpoon and gaff were probably available to most men for taking sturgeon, the trawl-net and particularly the set-net were too valuable for every man to own, being made of quantities of material that was obtained through trade with the Interior. Simon said that the set-net might be 200 feet long, but if a man were "not siɛʼm enough" it might be shorter. Besides this material restriction, there were also ritual restrictions. Some ritual practices, such as referring to the sturgeon as "sister" (ɛʼlix) instead of "sturgeon" while fishing, were necessarily known to all, but the owner and supervisor of the trawl-net, according to Simon, had to be a yəwʼiʼnʼmət, a master of syəwʼiʼnʼ. He also had to know where to find a certain plant to cleanse his hands with before going out. Both the ritual words and the plant and the place where it grew were kept secret. (Similar ritual practices were reported by Boas (*op. cit.*, p. 8).) All of these restrictions must have served to limit the number who fished with these devices.

Salmon of one or another sort run in Katzie waters for more than half the year. The springs begin to run in the Fraser early in the year but spawn at the head of Pitt Lake in September. The sockeye begin to run in the Fraser early in July and spawn through September along the shores of Pitt Lake and in some of the streams that flow into it. The pink and cohoe arrive a little later than the sockeye and spawn about the same time in nearly all the smaller streams. The chum arrive in September but become most numerous in the smaller streams in November. The steelhead run in January.

The first salmon the Katzie caught were the sockeye, but they did not begin to catch them until August because they believed that the earlier sockeye were sx̌ɛʼləqəm, supernaturally strong and therefore dangerous. So they remained on Pitt Lake or the smaller streams until August and then returned to their village on the Fraser. There they caught sockeye with dip-nets and trawl-nets, celebrated the first salmon rite for them, and dried them in the sun on large communally erected racks. In September they went again to the smaller streams and the lake for cranberries, and there later in the fall they caught the several species of salmon with trawl-nets, dip-nets, weirs, harpoons, gaffs, and spears.

The Katzie used three types of trawl-nets, the largest being the tiʔɛʼn, already described, which was used for sturgeon in the Fraser River and in Pitt Lake. For salmon and steelhead they used a medium-sized net called xəʼmən, which could be manipulated in the deeper parts of the Alouette River as well as in the Pitt and Fraser. The smallest type, called lɛʼʔməwəɬ, was used in the shallower sloughs for trout and other fresh-water fishes. According to Simon, the three differed in gross size and in the size of the mesh, but all three were operated in the same way, by floats, sinkers, and lines, no poles being used as they are among some other Coast Salish.

No information was obtained on the dip-net (x̌ɛʼpəlyən), other than that it was used from canoes in the Fraser or from the bank beside the deeper holes in the smaller streams. Unlike the other nets, it was a one-man device and did not require the co-operation of others. The spots on the smaller streams used for dip-netting seem not to have been private property as among the Upper Stalo, but rather the streams themselves were the property of the several Katzie "families," and an outsider could not fish anywhere on them without first receiving permission.

The head men of the several Katzie "families" also built weirs on their streams. Simon remembered seeing weirs on Silver (Widgeon) Creek, Sturgeon Slough, and the Alouette River. The weir called šxʷχɛ́ʔǰ or sciɛ́q consisted of a row of posts driven into the bottom of the stream, against which sections of woven cedar-limbs were tied. This extended across the stream, except for an opening that led into a trap from which the salmon could not escape. The trap was said to have been made in the same way as the main barrier. The sections were woven finely enough so that trout as well as salmon were caught. When the family that erected the weir had caught enough, they removed some of the sections to allow the fish to pass freely up-stream to spawn. But if other people came and asked permission to catch fish there, the owners tied the sections back on for them. Weirs were also built along the shores of Alouette Lake, but perhaps by the Douglas Lillooet people who camped there rather than by the Katzie.

At shallow bars on the shores of Pitt Lake and at shallow places in the smaller streams, the Katzie harpooned salmon. The harpoon (tɛ́ʔɛɬ) had either one or two foreshafts and heads. The head was the usual three-piece toggle type made of two antler spurs (valves) holding a bone or stone point, held together with pitch and cherry-bark binding. A foreshaft of oceanspray (*Holodiscus discolor*) was inserted into the socket formed by the spurs. The head was attached to the shaft by a short line of məʔsəɬ. The shaft was of cedar or fir. Simon denied the use of any separate finger-grip at the butt such as the salt-water tribes use in throwing the harpoon; he said that the Katzie both thrust and threw their harpoons with both hands around the shaft. They thrust at salmon at close range or threw the harpoon when at a distance. Since the only line held the head to the shaft, if the shaft was released the harpooner had to go after it.

The gaff (ɬəʔkʷtən) that was used for sturgeon was also used for salmon. It consisted of a simple barbless hook of bent yew-wood inserted into a two-piece wooden socket that was in turn lashed to the end of a long shaft. The hook slipped out of the socket when thrust into a fish but was held to the shaft by a short line. The gaff was used like the harpoon from canoes in deeper water or from the banks of smaller streams.

Salmon could be taken in the smaller streams with even simpler gear. If a man wanted fish for immediate use while passing a small creek during the salmon run, he might merely sharpen a vine-maple or hazel stick to make a spear that he could discard after using.

The only hook-and-line fishing the Katzie did was with a small barbless hook called kʼuʼyəkʷ, said to have been made by bending a certain type of bone. This was used for trout.

Eulachon run in the Fraser for a period of two or three weeks between late April and the end of May. At this time the Katzie were gathered at their winter village on the Fraser. This was the village which, according to tradition, was established by Swaneset after he returned from the sky and where his sky-born wife opened the box, releasing the first eulachons into the river. The eulachon returned every spring to a great eddy in front of the village, where the Katzie caught them with rakes, as instructed by the wife of Swaneset. The rake (ɬəʔtəmən) was made either by inserting bone or saskatoon (*Amelanchier alnifolia*) wood teeth into a cedar shaft or by tying several twigs of black haw (*Cratægus douglasii*) to a shaft in such a way that the long sharp thorns were lined up to serve as teeth. The Katzie did not use nets for eulachon as the Upper Stalo did, but only the rake, which is, of course, the instrument that the salt-water tribes use for herring. However, in discussing eulachon, Simon mentioned something that was omitted from his father's account of the origin of things, that Swaneset's sky-born wife was Spider, and that she also caught eulachon with a fine net of spider-web, which the later people were unable to reproduce.

Hunting

Hunting land-animals was of relatively greater importance in Katzie economy than among Coast Salish groups situated on the salt water. Like other groups, they hunted

deer, elk, and black bear, and some of the smaller fur-bearing animals, but their territory also contained two animals of limited distribution in the Coast Salish area—the mountain-goat and the grizzly. The Katzie regarded these last two as standing in a special relationship to themselves.

The principal weapon used by hunters was, of course, the bow. The bow (tə′χʷəc) used by the Katzie was a simple flat stave with a constricted grip. The material was yew or vine maple, yew being regarded as a stronger man's material. Simon's grandfather's yew bow was about 4 feet long and about an inch thick. He soaked it in water two or three days before using it to make it limber. The string was mə′səł (probably *Apocynum*). Arrows (səkʷəlɛ′x) were of five types: (1) xpa′y'aʔθ, a dried hazel-twig, sharpened but with no attached head; (2) ç'əmɛ′ɛn, a shaft with a single point of deer or swan bone, dried well, sharpened, and barbed on both sides; (3) xʷšɛlʔa′yəqʷ, a shaft with two bone points like the last, used for larger birds and animals; (4) xi′ləsəptən, a shaft with a detachable " flint " head (probably on a detachable foreshaft), used for large game (and war?); (5) ç'i′waq'ʷeqʷ, a shaft with a round wooden knob, used to kill a wounded animal or bird by shooting on the head. The heads were lashed on with wild-cherry bark. Simon asserts that feathers were only used on toy arrows, not on hunting-arrows, but this is not in accord with practice elsewhere (*see,* for example, Duff, 1952, p. 59). Arrows were carried in a quiver (šɛtɛ′lə) of deer or seal hide. The bow was held horizontally, with the arrow passing over it between the index and middle finger. The nock of the arrow was held between the thumb and crook of the index finger, thumb up.

Deer were hunted by individual hunters, trapped by individual hunters, and taken by co-operative drives. The individual hunter hunted with bow and arrow in pre-contact times, using the arrow with a detachable stone point mentioned above. One or two hunters are known to have used a deer-head disguise while hunting. The snare (xʷəxʷq'ʷa′stən) was a noose set in a trail up a steep bank in such a way that the animal thrusting its head through it would in struggling to get loose drop over the bank and be strangled. The pitfall (li′šəc or li′pa) was a pit dug into a trail, with sharpened stakes set in the bottom and covered over with twigs and leaves.

The deer drive (xʷa′ʔaθ) consisted of organizing a line of persons who shouted and chased the deer toward a spot where one or more experienced hunters lay in wait. There were several places in Katzie territory where this was done. One was in a ravine on the shore of Pitt Lake. There the hunter who organized the drive went up a narrow trail to the proper spot and hoisted a white flag to show the others, who were waiting in a canoe on the lake, that he was ready. They then landed and pushed up the ravine, driving any deer that happened to be down by the water up the narrow trail. When the deer reached the spot where the hunter waited, he clubbed them. Afterward he divided up the game, usually giving equal shares to each participant. Another place where the Katzie drove deer was near the winter village where a trail ran through a dense thicket. Here, in recent times, hunters waited with guns; formerly they may have used bows and arrows. Dogs were used by individual hunters, but Simon denied that they were used in deer drives. He also denied the use of a net for the deer drive; however, I have recorded the use of deer-nets by several salt-water tribes and, as Duff points out, they were observed by Simon Fraser in Upper Stalo territory (Duff, 1952, p. 72; Masson, 1899, p. 192). On Alouette Lake the Douglas people who camped there organized a quite different type of deer drive; the women went up the mountain-side and drove the deer down into the lake, where the men clubbed them from canoes.

Hunters also lured deer and other game at night with flares (ləχe′ʔwa) of pitchwood raised on poles. The hunters darkened their faces with ochre or charcoal so as to be less visible and waited for the animals to approach near enough to be shot or clubbed.

Two methods were used for carrying a deer. One was to skin the forelegs back a bit, break them off, pierce the hind legs, and thread the skin of the forelegs through the holes; the carcass could then be carried on the shoulders with the hands on the loop

made by its legs. The other method was to raise the deer's head over one's own head, grasping its forelegs with the hands and leaving its hind legs trailing behind.

Elk were hunted with bow and arrow and taken in pitfalls.

Black bear are said to be good eating while in their winter dens, but bad tasting after they began eating skunk cabbage in the spring. In the summer those that stay in the mountains eating berries are good, but those that come down and eat salmon are not. Katzie hunters hunted bears in the summer with bow and arrow and took them in pitfalls, and in the winter looked for their dens and drove them out. After the weather turns cold, a den can be located by the frost around the hole caused by the bear's breath. After the bear has been wakened up by prodding, he may have to be annoyed further before he will come out. One method is to tie a bit of moss to the end of a stick, urinate on it, and thrust it in under his nose.

Hunters referred to the black bear as si'ʔlə (grandparent) while hunting it, but Simon knew of no other ritual elements associated with bears or ritual use of skulls, bones, etc.

The Katzie did not eat the flesh of the grizzly bear; the reason given was that the grizzly was one of the Transformer's helpers. But if a hunter encountered one, he might kill it for the hide. Grizzlies were numerous at the head of Pitt Lake. It was said that the grizzlies disliked being called k'ʷə'yəcən (grizzly), so when the Katzie went up there they substituted the word χəy'ɬɛ'ls (meaning ?), and when the grizzlies heard this word they went away quietly. Farther up-stream on the Upper Pitt River there were sta'mix χəy'ɬɛ'ls (warrior grizzlies), who killed and ate strangers but would not harm the Pitt Lake people. In recent times a party of Thompson hunters are said to have been killed by these grizzlies; later more Thompsons came " to make war on the grizzlies," but they were all killed but one man. This would not have happened to the Katzie, Simon asserted.

The mountain-goat is said to have been a member of the Pitt Lake tribe transformed by the Transformer, so it stands in a special relationship to the Katzie. Mountain-goats were numerous on the mountains above the shores of Pitt Lake. They generally stay at high altitudes where there are grassy pastures, but during a dry period in the summer they may come down to the lake's edge. Their pastures are often several miles apart, and a herd of goats, once it has exhausted one pasture, proceeds directly to another; in this respect they are unlike deer, who browse as they move. Katzie hunters went singly or in small groups for mountain-goat, hunting with bow and arrow or setting snares in the trails. A hunter carried a goat carcass in the same manner that he carried a deer, but if the wool became wet, it became very heavy. The Katzie ate goat-flesh; it is said to be best in the summer. The wool was, of course, especially important as the principal material for blankets. It was pulled off the hide by the handful after the hide had been hung for a time. It was measured by the double handful and traded for such items as canoes, paddles, dried clams, and dried herrings. Simon asserts that in post-mission times the priests discouraged the sale of mountain-goat wool, presumably because of its use in native ceremonial life, though goats were still hunted for meat.

A deadfall (t'i'ʔcən) was used for marten, mink, and racoon, but I have no information on its structure. Simon said that when he was a boy his father would not explain the construction of the deadfall to him because it was too dangerous for a child to play with, and then when he had grown up, steel traps had replaced the deadfall.

Beaver were not trapped, but hunted. One method was to wait at night and shoot them with bow and arrow as they worked on trees. A second was used in winter when there was enough ice on their ponds. The hunters made a hole in the ice and then thrust poles into the lodge; when the beavers came out, they came to the surface at the hole, where the hunters clubbed them or speared them. While hunting beaver, hunters referred to them as məti'ʔwəyə (sleepy or lazy); this made them easier to catch.

Although the territory of the Katzie does not touch the sea, one sea-mammal enters Katzie waters. The hair-seal ascends the Fraser as far as Hope and enters Harrison and

Pitt Lakes. Seals may go up the Fraser above Katzie country, mainly in pursuit of salmon, but Simon asserts that they breed or formerly bred on Pitt Lake. Seals were very numerous in Pitt Lake, and pups could be seen in June at a spot north of Indian Reserve No. 4 on a great floating log where seals hauled up. According to tradition, many generations ago a man engaged in a spirit quest had a vision in which his spirit told him to tie this log with cedar-limb rope so that seals might come there. For this reason the log has never drifted away. The man, it is said, was given the power to kill the seals merely by holding up a little stick.

The Katzie harpooned seals from canoes at night, paddling with a " silent " type of paddle to where they heard the sounds of seals sleeping. Some men also clubbed seals on the shore. During severe winters when ice formed on the Fraser, seals have been caught in holes in the ice, but this was evidently not a usual practice (*see* Suttles, 1952, pp. 10–11).

Waterfowl were very plentiful on the shores of Pitt River and Lake, and especially on the marshy flats east of Pitt River and around Silver (Widgeon) Creek. They were taken mainly with nets and with bow and arrow. The Katzie used two kinds of duck-nets—the suspended net and the hand-net. The suspended net (tə'qəm) was a large net made of the same materials used for fish-nets, hung up between two poles. The poles were permanently erected at locations where ducks frequently flew past. The net was suspended by lines passing through rings at the tops of the poles so that it could be dropped when a flight of ducks struck. The Pitt Lake people had family-owned locations for these nets on the west bank of Pitt River opposite Widgeon Island and at the mouth of the creek at the south-eastern end of the lake. The nets were used east of this creek for smaller ducks and west of it for larger kinds, it was said. The hand-net (lɛ'səc) was a round (?) net at the end of a pole. It was used at night by a man standing in a canoe with a fire behind him and in the day-time by a man waiting in tall grass or reeds for ducks to pass over. The Katzie did not use the submerged duck-net used by some of the salt-water tribes.

Simon stressed several times the richness in waterfowl of Katzie country. Waterfowl were so plentiful that they could easily be shot with bow and arrow. Simon's grandfather shot swans with a type of arrow about 3 feet long and armed with two bone points, but these birds were so large that one could fly off with such an arrow; a single bird was almost all a man could carry. After firearms were introduced, a hunter could, it is said, count out as many shot as he wanted birds, load up, fire into a flock, and bring down one for each shot. Coots were so numerous they could be killed with a stick; in fact, it is said that they learned to fly only after being shot at with firearms. While such statements as these perhaps ought to be regarded as somewhat coloured, they do indicate something of the loss in natural resources that the Katzie feel.

Gathering

Like other Northwest Coast tribes, the Katzie depended far less on vegetal foods than on fish or even game. However, the unusual extent of low, seasonally flooded lands in Katzie territory gave them an unusual abundance of several bog and marsh plants. The two most important of these were the cranberry and the wapato (*Sagittaria latifolia,* commonly called " Indian potato "). Katzie territory was famous for these, and in the fall outsiders came from a number of other tribes to gather them.

Cranberries ripened in September. They grow on bogs, the most important of which were a large area just below the mouth of the Alouette, several smaller ones between Sturgeon Slough and the lower end of the lake, and one or two on Widgeon Creek. According to Simon, the bog south of the Alouette belonged to the whole Katzie tribe, but those north of Sturgeon Slough and on Widgeon Creek belonged to the Pitt Lake people; that is, Simon's father's family. When outsiders came, they had to get permission from the owners before they could gather the berries. When Simon's father was a young man, it was his responsibility to go watch the cranberry bogs to see that no

one picked the berries before they had fully ripened. This was particularly important, because at that time the Indians were selling cranberries to whites at New Westminster, and if the first pickers brought berries in too green, it caused the price to drop for all subsequent pickers, or so it was believed. From Simon's remarks it appeared that the " owners " of the bogs did not refuse anyone permission to pick when the berries had properly ripened, nor did they exact any tribute from the outsiders. I infer that ownership of (or perhaps one should say identification with) a rich cranberry bog was its own reward in that it permitted the owners to play the role of hosts. A host at one time and place is potentially a guest at another. What the owners of the bog probably enjoyed was not payment in berries or cash at the time but in hospitality later.

Wapato was harvested in October and November. It is an aquatic plant, growing in shallow sloughs and ponds. The root was as large as a white potato and was probably the most important starchy food available in pre-contact times. It was called xʷaq'ʷo'lʔs by the Katzie but sqɛ'wθ by the other tribes who came to Katzie country to gather it. This last term has come to mean the white potato. Like the cranberry bogs, some wapato-patches belonged to the Katzie tribe, while others belonged to families. Simon described and gave native place-names for nine patches that belonged to his father's father's family. All were on the flats north of Sturgeon Slough and around Siwash Island on the west bank of Pitt River. A larger area that belonged to all was near the head of Sturgeon Slough. Here, Simon said, families might establish claims for the season by clearing tracts, several hundred feet long, of other growth so that the roots could be gathered more easily, and by the following year they would have grown up again and become common property. A family who cleared such a tract might camp there in a mat house for a month or longer harvesting the roots. The roots were gathered either by pulling from a canoe or, more often, by wading and treading on the plants, " dancing " until they came floating up. The roots were taken home raw and unwashed, and in this condition would keep several months. They were cooked as needed by baking in hot ashes.

Other berries gathered by the Katzie included bog blueberries, strawberries, salmonberries, blackberries, blackcaps, thimbleberries, red and blue huckleberries, saskatoons (service-berries), and salal-berries, and the fruit of the crab-apple, oso plum (Indian plum), and black haw. Several of these, including blackberries, blueberries, salal-berries, saskatoons, and crab-apples, were preserved for winter use. Other roots included water plantain, bracken, and a lily, probably *Fritillaria*. Camas, so important to the Interior Salish and to some of the salt-water tribes, was evidently rare in Katzie territory; Simon regarded it as the special property of the Saanich. Hazel-nuts were eaten. Greens included the fresh sprouts of salmonberries and thimbleberries, and the stems of the water parsnip (*Sium suave*).*

Shell-fish were probably not gathered by the Katzie. Salt-water people brought salt-water clams and mussels as a treat for their Katzie relatives, but the Katzie did not have access to marine beaches themselves. And though one of Duff's Upper Stalo informants named Pitt Lake as a source of fresh-water mussels that his people ate, Simon believed that if there were fresh-water shell-fish there, they must be poisonous.

* Simon gave native names for and information on some sixty plant specimens which he helped collect in the field. These were later identified by Dr. Vladimir Krajina, of the Botany Department, University of British Columbia. Plants identified here were among them, except for *Sagittaria* sp.; no specimen could be obtained of this plant, but the description given seems sufficient.

5. KINSHIP TIES

Something of the wide range of relationships that a Coast Salish community might have may be seen in Simon Pierre's own family ties. I have diagrammed his genealogy in the accompanying table, omitting most collaterals and their descendants but adding to the names of persons their tribal identity and the origin of their native names. In most cases when giving genealogies, a subject in which he is an expert, Simon volunteered this information. Most Coast Salish marriages were patrilocal, so that most persons grew up with and were identified as members of their fathers' and fathers' fathers' groups. But descent was bilateral, and so names were transmitted both through sons and through daughters. A man gave his inherited names to his sons' sons as a matter of course, but he also gave them to his daughters as part of their dowries to be used by their sons to show their mothers' origin.

Thus Simon's father's father's father nəxnɛ́'xələq, a Pitt Lake man bearing a name identified with Pitt Lake since creation, married a Kwantlen woman who brought with her three Kwantlen names which she gave to their three sons. One of these sons, Simon's grandfather, married a Samish woman, probably renewing an older alliance, since his own mother, through Kwantlen, bore a Samish name. Through this marriage Simon traces his relationship with several Samish on the Swinomish Reservation, including Tommy Bobb, who is famous as the most active possessor of skʷədi'lič in the Coast Salish area to-day. But this Samish grandmother had two brothers with names identified as Skykomish, and her mother was said to be the daughter of wi'nipa. Simon believes that wi'nipa was swa'dabš, which he identifies as Colville. Actually swa'dabš is the Puget Sound term for all the Interior Salish, but wi'nipa was more likely the Snohomish wi'nipa, whose Indian name was a corruption of the nickname given by the whites, " Bonaparte." Through his mother, Simon traces his relationship with people at the Saanich communities at Patricia Bay and Brentwood Bay and with people at Tsawwassen. Through the marriages of Simon's father's siblings, links have been established with the Scowlitz of Harrison River, with the Lillooet, and with the descendants of white settlers.

Simon's comments on his father's siblings are also worth reporting for what they reveal of the struggle between native and white systems of behaviour and belief. His father's oldest brother, Simon said, died young as a result of being whipped with spruce-boughs by uncles who were training him to become a shaman. His second sister committed suicide. It was at Pitt Lake, where her grandmother was training her in good manners so that she would make a good marriage. The girl was working with mountain-goat wool and turned to eat some dried sturgeon. Because girls were supposed to eat sparingly, when her grandmother saw this, she struck her across the back with a stick. The girl then ran from the village to a pool that was known to be the home of a sx̌ɛ́'ləqəm, and before her sister and her father's slaves could stop her, she drank some of the water and as a result she died. Later one of the slaves, a girl named x̱əmu'c'əyə, said, " My sister has died so I shall die, too," and also drank from the pool. But before she died she hid herself in a hollow tree, so it was several months before her body was found.

Simon's father's oldest sister, he said, married a Hudson's Bay Company employee, Basil Brassou(?), who settled as a farmer at Langley Prairie. Later two of their daughters married whites, Victor Twist and George Moody. Simon's father spent part of his boyhood on his brother-in-law's farm.

After the conversion of the Katzie to Roman Catholicism, the priests took the three surviving older brothers away. The oldest was sent to Lillooet country to help preach to the Indians and came to be known as " Father " Francis Smith. He has descendants there now. The second, Billy, became chief of police on the reserve at New Westminster. His family all died of tuberculosis. The third, Charley Phillip, was sent to serve as policeman at Harrison Mills. He left no descendants because, Simon says, he was forced by the priests to marry an old woman. Both Billy and Charley were killed by bad Indian doctors because they had put people in jail.

Simon believes that the Katzie were converted to Christianity much later than most of their neighbours, perhaps as late as the 1880's, and that for this reason his father had such a thorough knowledge of his people's traditions. However, conversion in this context may mean merely final capitulation to the whites' way of life—single-family houses with floors, children in school, etc. But contact with missionaries may have begun as early as 1841, when the first priests preached at Fort Langley, allowing plenty of time for the assimilation of Christian religious concepts. One such concept may have been the idea of the deity so prominent in Old Pierre's and in Simon's thinking.

My work with Simon does not permit me to answer the question raised by Jenness whether the clear integration of beliefs and practices was part of the native culture or the work of one native philosopher. My feeling is that the integration is latent, but that the expression probably was the work of one man. I have raised the further question whether the integration of the traditions with the facts of residence and land use is old or recent. If the Katzie actually did move down from Pitt Lake to the Fraser in recent times, then the identification of the Katzie village-site with the spot where Swaneset's wives brought eulachon and sockeye must represent a recent reworking of Katzie traditions. Such a reworking probably could have occurred in a generation or two without conscious deception. In a non-literate society, as in some literate societies, the function of tradition is to explain the present. If the present facts do not agree with the tradition, then the tradition must be wrong. Perhaps Old Pierre himself, or an equally competent traditionalist of the generation before him, not only created a coherent body of tradition that fitted abstract concepts, but one that fitted the facts of residence and territorial claims as well.

TABLE II.—GENEALOGY OF SIMON PIERRE

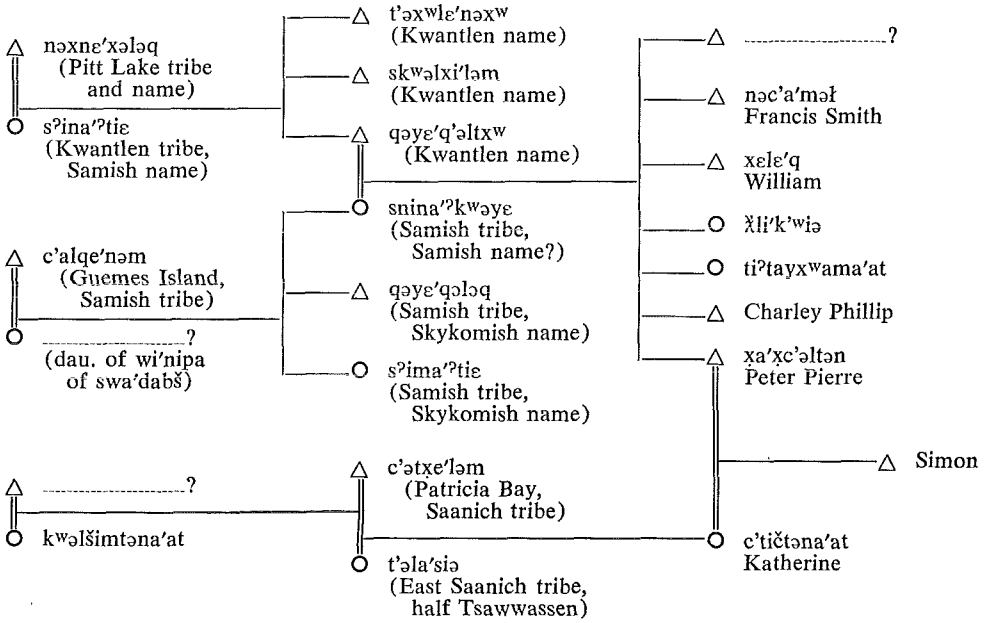


TABLE III.—PHONETIC SYMBOLS USED

Vowels

Symbol English Approximation

i—between the *ee* of "meet" and the *i* of "mitt."

ɛ—between the *e* of "met" and the *a* of "mat."

ʌ—the *u* of "but."

a—the *a* of "father."

ə—the *a* of "comma."

e—the *a* of "fare."

o—the *o* of "more."

u—the *oo* of "boot."

ɔ—the *aw* of "law."

Consonants

p, t, m, n, l, y, w, s, h—as in English.

θ—*th* in "thin."

ç—*t* plus *th*, as in the mispronunciation of "heighth."

c—*ts* in "gets."

č—*ch* in "church."

š—*sh* in "she."

ɬ—voiceless *l*, the *ll* of Welsh.

λ̓—*t* plus voiceless *l*.

x—*ch* of German "ich."

x^w—same with the lips rounded, occasionally heard for English *wh*.

k^w—*qu* in "quick."

q—a sound resembling *k* but made farther back in the throat.

q^w—the same with the lips rounded.

χ̣—the *ch* of German "ach," made back in the throat like the q.

$χ̣^w$—same with rounding of the lips.

ʔ—the glottal stop, a catch in the throat as in "Hawaii."

ˈ—accent mark, after stressed syllable.

All consonants except the voiceless continuants (*θ*, s, š, x, x^w, χ̣, $χ̣^w$, h) may be glottalized; that is, pronounced with more force and with the glottis closed; this is indicated by the mark (ˈ), as pˈ for glottalized *p*, etc.

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The Faith of a Coast Salish Indian

by

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CONTENTS

PLATE

Old Pierre of Katzie (about 1895).

The Faith of a Coast Salish Indian *

INTRODUCTION

Katzie is a small Indian reserve on the Fraser River, some 25 miles from Vancouver. Its inhabitants, who number about fifty, belong to the Coast Salish tribe. The village itself is a row of frame cottages a few yards apart along the steep bank of the river; in the middle is a small church, and a short distance behind is a school-house.

The writer visited Katzie in February, 1936, after spending several weeks among other Coast Salish communities on Vancouver Island. Nowhere did he find the religious beliefs of the Indians so well integrated, or their rites so clearly interpreted, as by Old Pierre, a Katzie man about 75 years of age who enjoyed a wide and honourable reputation as medicine man both on Vancouver Island and on the Mainland. Either he alone had preserved the true esoteric faith of his forefathers, or else (which is not improbable) the traditions and beliefs of the Vancouver Island natives have always been slightly different from those of their kinsmen on the Lower Fraser River. This report embodies the faith of Old Pierre, prefaced by a brief résumé of the social organization and daily life of the Katzie Indians, out of which that faith blossomed.

* We wish to express our thanks to Dr. F. J. Alcock, Director of the National Museum of Canada, for permission to publish this manuscript.—*Ed.*

CHAPTER I

THE KATZIE INDIANS

The Katzie Indians are an amalgamation of at least two and perhaps several communities that claim separate eponyms.* Only one community inhabited the vicinity in early times, and its village was not at Katzie itself, but at Port Hammond, a mile away. The other community that is still remembered occupied the district around Pitt Lake, 10 miles to the north, and did not move permanently to Port Hammond until the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Neither community held strictly to the threefold division into nobles, commoners, and slaves that prevailed along parts of the British Columbia coast. It would be truer to say that there was only one class in the population, apart from a few slaves (sk'^{w}a'yəθ) and a few descendants of slave women. The leading men alone possessed slaves, and they only two or three, obtained, as a rule, by purchase from Coast Salish Indians between the Saanich Peninsula and Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, where they already had the status of slaves. Every Comox or Kwakiutl native who was captured automatically became a slave, but the Katzie Indians seldom indulged in raids themselves and seem generally to have fled at the sight of raiders.

Old Pierre's grandfather owned three slaves, all women, whom he had bought on Vancouver Island. He called them his daughters, and brought up his children to call them sisters. Had they been men, they would have been addressed as sons or brothers. They performed many of the menial tasks, such as cooking and drawing water, but they were so well treated that they appeared quite content with their lot. This seems to have been the experience of slaves generally; they were really family servants who could not change their masters.

Very rarely did any of the leading Indians marry a slave woman. The Katzie remember one instance, when one of their principal men became enamoured of a Klallam woman he had purchased on Vancouver Island. He " washed away " the stain of her position by giving a great feast and then married her, but her status remained equivocal, and her children, however many feasts they gave, could not escape secret slurs upon their origin. Descendants of slaves and villagers were called sk'^{w}a'yəθ; they were as free as other members of the community, but could never attain the dignity of siɛ'm, heads of ancestral households, as long as anyone remembered the bar sinister in their escutcheons. Among the Katzie Indians, however, these " freedmen," to use the old Roman term, seem to have been no more numerous than the slaves. The great majority of the population claimed unsullied descent from the eponymous ancestors of the communities that have given rise to the present Katzie band.

The principal enemies of the Katzie Indians were the Kwakiutl of northern Vancouver Island and their Coast Salish neighbours and allies, the Indians around Comox, who occasionally raided up the Fraser River during the summer months. They seldom attacked a village, but cut off stray canoes of fishermen or of women who had gone out to gather berries and roots. The Pitt Lake community was more secure than the Katzie; both were much less exposed to attack than their kinsmen on the coast. With their neighbours up the Fraser River, they maintained almost unbroken peace.

Their homes were the " long houses," known from the descriptions of Simon Fraser and other early explorers in Coast Salish territory. Each was a long barn-like structure with a roof that sloped gently from front to back. The frame was formed by two lines of square or rectangular posts, often carved, that were joined by cross-beams, and these cross-beams overlain in turn by rafters. The walls were overlapping boards set horizontally between upright poles planted in the ground just outside the line of posts, so that they were really quite separate from the frame. Heavy planks overlapped each other on the rafters, giving a fairly rain-proof roof, even though every board was displaceable

* Cf. Suttles, accompanying memoir, p. 8f.—*Ed.*

at need to let out the smoke. In the long side of the house facing the water were one or two doors; there was a door also at each end; and here and there a gap between the horizontal wall-boards served as a window, which could be closed at will with a rush mat.

Every dwelling sheltered several families, most commonly those of several brothers and their married sons, together with any slaves that they owned. The oldest men were the nominal rulers of the group and enjoyed the title siɛ'm. Each family occupied, as a rule, the space between two of the upright posts and, in most Coast Salish villages, partitioned off its portion of the house with boards or rush mats to form a separate room. In some houses these partitions were permanent; in others they were removed at feasts. The Katzie Indians assert that their houses lacked partitions altogether, and that the interior was wide open, but perhaps they did not exclude occasional partitions of rush mats. Every house had a low platform on both sides, on and beneath which was stored most of the furniture. The inmates slept on this platform, lying on rush mats or on dog-hair blankets, feet to feet and head to head. There was no prescribed arrangement of sleeping-places; each family determined this for itself, except that slaves always slept nearest to the door. Some of the Katzie houses at Port Hammond were quite large, but it was not possible to discover whether any of them attained the dimensions of one seen by Simon Fraser higher up the Fraser River, which was 640 feet long, 60 feet broad, and 18 feet high along the front.

In their clothing the Katzie Indians mingled the fashions of the Interior and of the Coast natives. In summer most men rubbed their bodies with grease and ochre and discarded all garments except a loin-cloth of tanned deer-skin or cedar-bark, held up by a belt of braided thongs. Most men also wore moccasins of tanned deer or elk skin, sewn up the middle over the toes and also up the back of the heel. When the weather grew cooler, they added a sleeved deer-skin shirt that reached to the thighs and leggings of various skins, and over their shoulders they threw a goat's wool blanket,* a fur robe, or a rain-cape of cedar-bark. Hats woven, it is said, from cedar-bark and goat's wool provided additional protection against rain; the local type was pointed or knobbed on top and had a wide brim behind to cover the shoulders, but no brim in front. The women wore much the same costume as the men, but their shirt or dress had shorter sleeves and extended to the knees, while over a cedar-bark or dog's hair diaper they wore a short cedar-bark petticoat that laced down each hip to the knees and was held up with a belt.†

The daily life of the Katzie Indians naturally varied with the seasons of the year, which they divided roughly into twelve months to coincide with their activities. They actually counted ten months only, but prefaced them with two supernumerary ones, the first of which, t'a'ʔna (apart, separate), came in early summer and coincided approximately with our June. At this period Port Hammond (and also the old village at Pitt Lake) was often half deserted; some families had gone away to hunt deer, elk, goats, and other game, while others were fishing for sturgeon, trout, and spring salmon. Two or three families generally travelled and camped together, using shelters of sticks supporting rush mats. While the men hunted and fished, the women dressed the deer-hides (but not the thicker elk-hides, which were dressed by their husbands), collected and dried rushes to weave into mats at the close of summer, and gathered salmonberries and other wild fruits. In this month or in the succeeding one, July (q'ʷəlɛ'ɛntən, " first cooking over a pit in the ground "), they gathered also considerable quantities of cedar-bark to beat into towels or to weave into hats and rain-capes.

Before the second supernumerary month ended, all the Indians gathered at Port Hammond to prepare for the sockeye-salmon fishing, the critical event of the year, because a successful harvest meant abundant food for the months of winter. They did

* Old Pierre said that the goat's wool blanket was usually flung over both shoulders and pinned at the neck, but that when travelling in a canoe the owner wore it over one shoulder, generally the left, and under the other. The Katzie Indians mixed neither feathers nor cedar-bark with their goat's wool, as was done in some communities where wool was less plentiful.

† This was the Katzie costume in the first half of the nineteenth century. Whether they wore deer-skin shirts, loin-cloths, and moccasins in still earlier times is uncertain.

not interfere with the first shoals that appeared in the river, but quietly watched them pass by and restrained their children from playing near the banks. Their traditions affirmed that the sockeye were really human beings whose home lay in some land far out in the ocean, and that in summer these beings transformed themselves into fish and travelled up the rivers. Because sockeye women did not make rush mats in their far-away home, the Katzie women had to postpone their own mat-making until the salmon season ended, from fear that these mysterious, powerful beings (sx̌ɛ́ləqəm) might take offence and afflict them with sickness. For a similar reason, Katzie boys laid aside their bows and arrows, and girls their favourite game of battledore and shuttlecock, since the sockeye boys and girls also laid aside these games when they flung themselves into the water and changed to fish. So while they waited for the salmon season to open, the women busied themselves with berrying, weaving woollen blankets, and making rush baskets in which to store the fish they would dry, while the men prepared their nets and stagings, speared sturgeon, or hunted deer and elk in the vicinity, all occupations that were permissible at every season of the year.

Throughout the third or, in their count, the first month (cəɬstɛ́nəmən[?], the month when "they gather and dry many sockeye"), roughly August, the men industriously netted the salmon, which the women dried on stagings in the sun and stored away in large square cedar-bark baskets (slə́wəyəs) or in similar baskets made of rushes (x̌pɛ́t), fitted with both handles and lids. In leisure moments the women also gathered large quantities of salal-berries, huckleberries, and other fruits.

The sockeye season ended about the beginning of September. After marking its close with a feast, the Katzie Indians deserted their village on the Fraser River and paddled away to Sturgeon Slough, Alouette River, and Pitt Lake. There they laid in a store of the dog salmon that follow the sockeye in September (səwə́n'tən, the "later comers" month), using spears, not nets, to capture these fish, and drying them over a fire inside their houses, not outside in the sun as was their custom with the sockeye. As fast as the fish dried, they tied them in bundles with cedar ropes and stored them away in baskets.

A little later the men resumed their hunting for deer and other game in order to accumulate a store of dried meat. The women picked cranberries and crab-apples, and gathered the root called x̱ʷəq'ʷó'l's or Indian potato [*Sagittaria latifolia*]. This period, which coincided fairly closely with October, they called sxʷtɑ́'s[?] (the "testing" month), when the women tested the ripeness of the fruits.

Warned at last by the cooler weather of autumn, the Indians returned with their stores of food to their permanent home at Port Hammond and Pitt Lake. In this "fourth" month (sqəθi'nəs[?]=November) and in the succeeding month (xc'ə'l'wəstən, "they put their paddles away on the roof"=December), the men continued to hunt and to harpoon sturgeon in the vicinity of the village, while the women made garments, rush mats, cedar-bark towels, and other requisites of their households. The men also gathered ample supplies of firewood, which they piled around the outsides of the houses and under the benches inside, and in certain localities they caught great numbers of ducks with the aid of long nets. This period of nearly two months, however, when the houses overflowed with the food accumulated during the summer and autumn, was the favourite time for potlatches throughout all the Coast Salish area, and the leading men of Port Hammond and Pitt Lake rivalled those of other villages in the splendour of their entertainments and the numbers of their guests.

About Christmas began the winter religious dances, which continued almost nightly until the end of February. The people stayed close to the village during the cold months of January (mi'm'n'əɬqɛ́'l'c', "child moon") and February (pənʔɛ́'q, "cedar-bark torches," which were kept lighted all night to avoid the necessity of kindling new fires with drills). Although the women made mats and blankets indoors, and the men hunted and fished in the neighbourhood, everyone was careful to be on hand for the evening dances.

Spring came early in March, and thousands of sandhill cranes began to feed and nest on the flat meadows near Pitt Lake, whence the month was called the sandhill-crane month (li·'məs). The winter dances ceased, and the families, in groups of two or three, journeyed away to fish and hunt. Sturgeon were more numerous in this month than in any other; the Indians both speared them and caught them in bag-nets. Other common fish were the steelhead, salmon, and trout. No effort was made to store away any food; the families shared their catches, holding common feasts, at which the priests (sɬθi'ʔθə) of the communities, if present, delivered orations in praise of their ancestral customs.

April (tənwi'w'ətən, "appearance of the first eulachon") brought the eulachon or candle-fish, which the Indians captured in large numbers and dried on sticks. The shoals lasted two or three weeks only, then vanished as suddenly as they had appeared.

In May (sapa'nəs, the "tenth" month) the Indians continued to fish and hunt in small bands. The spring salmon was added to other fish, and there were innumerable ducks and grouse. Thus the yearly cycle of activities ended in much the same way as it had begun.

Life evidently flowed smoothly and peacefully, on the whole, demanding no undue hardships, and only a reasonable amount of activity. The climate was mild and pleasant throughout the long summer, and not very severe during the short winter. Fish, game, and wild fruits abounded, so that the Indians incurred no danger of famine as long as they exercised a little forethought and gathered in the harvest while it lasted. Consequently they had ample leisure, especially during the autumn and winter months, for the amenities and higher things of life, for games and entertainments, and for religious rites and dances. Their religion, indeed, was so deep-seated that they hallowed with a ceremony and prayers every major event in the year, from the naming of a child to the capture of the first sockeye salmon. Their final authority for these prayers and ceremonies was the myth which is given in the next chapter, just as it was related by their medicine man Old Pierre.

CHAPTER II

THE KATZIE BOOK OF GENESIS

" In earlier times this Fraser River resembled an enormous dish that stored up food for all mankind; for the Indians flocked here from every quarter to catch the fish that abounded in its water. What I shall now relate to you about this land is not a mere fairy-tale, but the true history of my people, as it was taught me in my childhood by three old men whom my mother hired to instruct me.

" The priest of the Roman Catholic Church that I attended, in my early manhood, would tell us of Adam and Eve, the first white man and woman whom ci'cəɬ siɛ'm, the Lord Who Dwells Above, created in your country far away. Here at the mouth of the Fraser River the Lord Above worked on a different plan: for He created not one couple only, but groups of people in various places; and to each of these groups He assigned a special leader. One group He settled at Musqueam, now a part of the city of Vancouver; and He gave it a leader, c'simlɛ'nəx^{w}, whose name means ' He who grows and multiplies.' At Point Roberts, a few miles to the south, He created a second group under a leader named sma'k'^{w}əc, a name that I cannot translate; and at Port Hammond, a mile above Katzie here, a third group under x^{w}θɛ'pəctən, whose name also carries no meaning to us to-day. A fourth, under Swaneset (swa'nəsət), the ' Supernatural Benefactor,' He planted on Sheridan Hill, that mountain you can see from the back of my house; formerly it was the highest mountain in the whole country, but Swaneset shattered it, as I shall tell you presently. We Katzie people are for the most part descended from θɛ'ɬəctən (clothed with power), who ruled a fifth group that was created at Pitt Lake. That is why my own name is θɛ'ɬəctən; for we Indians inherit our names, as you know, in much the same way as you whites.

" When the Lord Above created these first human beings, the land was strangely different from what it is now. There were no leafy trees to cast deep shadows. The dark-green firs stood as they stand to-day, but they were grim and silent; no winds rocked their summits, no birds nested in their branches, no animals roamed by day or night past their motionless trunks. In the waters of the sea and the rivers there were clams and mussels, but no salmon, eulachon, or sturgeon, no seals, and no sea-lions. The sun shone overhead by day, and the moon by night; for when the Lord Above created Swaneset He promised:—

" ' I shall create in the sky one who shall watch over you and keep you warm. He shall rise and set each day so that you may sleep in darkness and be strong; and you shall pray to him and bless him for his warmth.

" ' I shall create also another being who shall light up the earth for you by night. It shall commence small and wax big, then when it is full it shall wane and disappear. So shall it enable you to count the passing days.'

"And to θɛ'ɬəctən He said: ' I have created the sun to warm you by day, and the moon to give you light by night. The weather shall not be changeless, but I will give you a sign. When you see a rainbow in the sky you shall know there will be fine weather in the morning and your hearts shall be glad.'

" Such was our land when the Lord Above created man. In the course of time sma'k'^{w}əc, the ruler at Point Roberts, took a wife, who bore him a son. Many years passed uneventfully. Then on a certain morning the woman went out to gather edible roots, and returned at evening weary and empty-handed. She went out on the second day, and also on the third, and still she failed to carry home any roots. On the fourth her son followed and discovered her with a stranger. Silently he returned to his house and wept all through the night, pondering what he should do. When morning broke he made a sling, and cast from it four large white stones. The first stone slipped and fell into the ocean near Victoria, where it remains to this day, a great crag standing out of the water, known to both Indians and Europeans as ' White Rock ' (p'q'a'ls). The

second stone also slipped and struck the sea near Sechelt, where there is another ' White Rock.' The third fell a little north of Semiahmoo; but the fourth passed far out of sight, whither no man knows.* Sure now of his power, the youth seized his mother's lover and cast him from the sling far into the interior of the land, where he too changed to a white rock. Turning then to his father, he said: ' Do not be angry with me. I am sorely grieved, for I did not expect such conduct from my mother. See what I have done to her lover.'

"And sma'k'^{w}əc answered: 'Great is your power, my son. No longer are you like us. Do what you wish.'

" The woman began to weep; but her son made her sit in the sling, and cast her far to the southward, exclaiming, ' For ever shall you weep as you weep now.'

" Immediately she became the south wind, and her tears changed to the raindrops that the south wind brings to our land.

" The son now turned back to his father.

" ' When the Lord Above created you,' he said, ' He gave you power over all the underground channels that lead from Point Roberts to Sechelt, Pitt Lake, and other places.† Your name was held in honour everywhere. But now your wife has brought shame upon you. Therefore I shall cast you out, cast you to the north where you shall become the north wind. A great warrior shall you be, and you shall help those who are born hereafter to become great warriors also. Seat yourself in the sling.'

" sma'k'^{w}əc seated himself in the sling, and his son flung him far to the north, where he changed to the north wind. But his vitality went into the deep water off Point Roberts, where it gave rise to the innumerable monsters that haunt the place. Right down to the middle of the nineteenth century the Indians used to bathe and purify themselves there in order to obtain supernatural power.

"After he had cast out his mother and his father, the son leaped far away to the west, saying: ' I shall become the west wind. I shall blow and bring fine weather for those who come hereafter. I shall dry the tears of my mother when she weeps too long.'

" Thus did the winds make their appearance. They are sma'k'^{w}əc and his family transformed.

"At Musqueam c'simlɛ'nəx^{w} and his people lived contentedly on the clams, mussels, flounders, and other sea-foods they found there in abundance. One gift, and one only, did they bequeath to mankind, the sx̱^{w}a'yx̱^{w}əy or wooden mask used on momentous occasions in a ritual of prayer and thanksgiving. The Lord Above presented c'simlɛ'nəx^{w} with this mask, and also with a rattle, saying to him: ' Wear this mask when grief and sorrow overtake you, and it shall bring you joy again. Whenever a child is born in your family put on the mask, shake the rattle and chant the prayer that I will teach you, so that the child may grow and prosper. Whenever again one of your daughters reaches womanhood wear it and pray four days in succession, so that her new blood may strengthen her and enable her later to bring forth healthy children. Wear it and pray whenever one of your daughters marries and sits for the first time beside her husband. Finally, when I take someone from you—for you shall not live for ever—pray again, beseeching me to care for the soul that has left you, to grant it a happy resting-place, and

* No " White Rock " seems to be known near Victoria, but those near Sechelt and Semiahmoo appear on the charts.

† Some of the Indians still believe in the existence of subterranean channels extending from Point Roberts to places far distant, and they relate the following anecdotes in partial substantiation.

Two dogs belonging to a Nooksack Indian chased a deer on Orcas Island and did not return. A few days later their owner found the bodies of the three animals on the beach at Point Roberts, where they had been carried, apparently, through an underground channel.

A youth who had performed for the first time at the winter dances went to bathe at a deep pool in Pitt Lake, hoping by that means to augment his supernatural powers. His companions tied a long rope round his waist and advised him to dive to the bottom and to ascend with the first object he grasped with his hands. The youth dived into the water and disappeared from sight. Suddenly an irresistible force pulled the rope through the hands of the watchers above. Anxiously they waited for a short time, and when the youth failed to emerge, returned home and reported that he had drowned. Soon afterwards the Tsawwassen Indians sent word that the corpse was lying on the beach at Point Roberts, carried there, evidently, through an underground channel from Pitt Lake.

Certain other deep pools were supposed to communicate subterraneously with Point Roberts. The Indians carefully refrained from bathing in them lest they be drawn under and drowned.

to spare for a short time longer those who remain behind. This mask that I now give you is the thunder. In the years to come I shall send three powerful beings to help it—the raven, the two-headed snake, and the sawbill-duck; and you shall make other masks to represent those three beings. Now listen.'

"There followed a peal of thunder, and a costume dropped at c'simlɛ'nəxʷ's feet, the costume that he should wear when he put on the mask. Then the words of a chant floated down from the sky, a special chant (sç'ɛ'ʔnəm) that he should sing only when he taught his eldest son the rites that accompanied the mask. No one to-day remembers it; we remember only the chant (st'ələma'yəɬ) that the mask-wearer intones at the various rites: It runs, 'My father lacks for nothing except haliotis shells,' but what these words really mean I do not know.

"xʷθɛ'pəctən and his group at Port Hammond were too foolish to contribute anything for the benefit of mankind after them, but my forefather θɛ'ɬəctən accomplished wonderful deeds at Pitt Lake. The Lord Above gave him a wife, by whom he had two offspring, a son and a daughter. These children never ate any food, but, in spite of their father's admonitions, passed all their days in the water and slept at night on the shore. At last, grieved by their conduct, he called together his people and proclaimed: 'My friends, you know that my daughter spends all her days in the water. I have decided that she shall remain there for ever, for the benefit of the generations to come.'

"He then led her to the water's edge and said: 'My daughter, you are enamoured of the water. For the benefit of the generations to come I shall now change you into a sturgeon.'

"Thus the sturgeon was created in Pitt Lake, the first fish that ever ruffled its waters. Because it is θɛ'ɬəctən's daughter transformed, it never dies, even when it spawns, unless man kills it. Subsequently it spread to other places, but nowhere does it possess so fine a flavour as in its original home, Pitt Lake.

"θɛ'ɬəctən's son mourned so inconsolably for his sister that at last his father summoned the people again and said: 'My friends, you know how my son weeps continually for his sister. I shall now change him, even as I changed his sister before him.'

"He plucked the finest and silkiest hair from a mountain-goat, laid it on the boy's head and limbs, and transformed him into a bird. 'Fly away,' he said. 'Hereafter the man who wishes to capture your sister, the sturgeon, shall seek power from you.'

"The boy flew away to the mountains, where he still dwells, a white owl-like bird* visible only to θɛ'ɬəctən's descendants. Both my daughter Margaret and I have seen it, and obtained power from it.

"Of the people who surrounded θɛ'ɬəctən, some were so stupid that he made them serfs (st'ɛ'xəm') and divided them into three groups. The first group he settled at a place called Hweik[?], on Fox Creek, where there is now a stone quarry; the second at χʷəla'lcəptən, now called Silver (Widgeon) Creek; and the third at Kiloelle[?], on the west side of Pitt Lake, at its mouth.

"Swaneset, whom the Lord Above created at Sheridan Hill, accomplished even greater miracles than the other leaders of his generation.

"As he stood on Sheridan Hill, his gaze wandered over what is now called Pitt Meadow, and he thought of all the berries and roots that might grow there if only the land were drained. He remembered what He Who Dwells Above had said to him: 'I did not finish my work here. You finish it and make sloughs.' Straightaway, therefore, he dressed himself in his proper costume and drew the course of different sloughs on his face with red ochre. Then he raised his eyes in prayer to the Lord Above and lifted his hand. First arose Sturgeon Slough, the 'short cut' that runs from Pitt Lake to Pitt Meadow, exactly as he had drawn it on his face. From Sturgeon Slough he made a number of branching sloughs, to each of which he gave a name. Next he created Alouette River and named it sa'nəsaʔɬ (the place where people go to fish), and from this river to Sturgeon Slough he created two other sloughs, sxʷtɑ'qʷsət (the short cut) and sqɑ'ɬqəɬɛ'lə (the place

* Probably a mythical bird.

where people shall work in the mud like muskrats as they drag their canoes across). Finally he made a slough from Alouette River to Katzie, but left the last 300 yards unfinished lest it should drain into the Fraser River. He named it sq'ʷa?ən'ɤi'ləɬ sta'?ləw, the river of the q'ʷa'?ən'ɤəl' (Kwantlen) people, the people who later moved away from Katzie and occupied the site now covered by the Penitentiary at New Westminster. Satisfied with his work, he returned to his people on Sheridan Hill and announced that he had reshaped the land so that it would provide them with an abundance of Indian potatoes, cranberries, and other foods.

"The people scattered to gather these foods, while Swaneset spent his days watching them. As he wandered along one day, he observed two very pretty girls, the sandhill crane (sli'm) sisters, who at that time had the forms of human beings.

"'Will you not be my wives?' he asked.

"The girls laughed, and the younger said: 'Are we not your sisters, for we were created at the same time as you?'

"'No, you are different,' he answered. 'I was created to be your leader. You saw the miracles that I performed; you could not have performed them. I am different from you; therefore, it is right that we should marry.'

"The girls consented and returned with him to his home. That evening they roasted some Indian potatoes in the ashes of the fire, and, after bringing him water to wash his hands, offered him the potatoes to eat. He thought that they were stones and tasted one very cautiously; but when he found that it was quite soft, he ate a few and pushed the rest away, saying that he was tired. The following day he remained in bed and rested while the girls went out to gather more potatoes. On this second evening he relished them and ate all that they cooked for him.

"'I am weary of staying in the house alone,' he said after he had eaten. 'To-morrow I will go with you and watch you gather the potatoes.'

"'You are truly gracious,' they answered. 'The ground, however, is very muddy, and it does not befit a great noble like you to soil himself with it.'

"'Nevertheless, I will go with you.'

"'Very well,' replied the elder girl. 'We will find a grassy spot where you can sit and watch us.'

"In the morning he accompanied them to the potato-fields, and, sitting on a grassy mound some distance away, watched them gather their food. They had no sticks, but dug with their hands and, like sandhill cranes to-day, threw the mud behind them, after which they broke it up and collected their potatoes. Swaneset, however, felt ashamed at eating food that came out of such mud; he left them at their digging and never returned.

"Next day he climbed to the top of Sheridan Hill and, looking upward, observed an opening in the sky. Hurriedly he descended, gathered all his followers in Pitt Meadow, and bade them join him on the summit the next morning, bringing their bows and arrows with them.

"At daybreak the people mustered on the summit. Then Swaneset, pointing upwards to the opening in the sky, said: 'Shoot an arrow into the edge of that hole, then another arrow into the butt of the first, and a third into the butt of the second. Continue to shoot until your arrows form a chain extending from the sky to this mountain on which we stand. I will help you.'

"Grizzly shot first, because he was the most powerful; but his arrow reached only half-way to the sky and fell back.

"Black Bear shot; his arrow went no farther than Grizzly's.

"One after another the others shot, but not one of them could reach the mark.

"A tiny person, covered with ochre from head to foot, stood over to one side and watched. It was t'ɛt'ɛ'?miyɛ (wren), he who later became a tiny bird smaller than a humming-bird.

"'You come over here and try,' Swaneset called to him.

" 'Yes, I'll try, though I am so small that I may fail. You help me, Swaneset, as you promised.'

" t'ɛt'ɛ'ʔmiyɛ danced round and round, chanting, 'I am going to shoot the sky up there.' Suddenly he stopped and launched his arrow, which flew up and up until it struck the edge of the opening. He chanted again and launched a second arrow, which stuck in the butt of the first. He shot a third, a fourth, until he had used up all the arrows in his quiver. Then he called for the arrows of his companions. Slowly the chain lengthened until at last it touched the top of the mountain.

" Swaneset now raised his right hand to the Lord Above and beseeched Him to strengthen the chain.

" 'I am going to climb up,' he announced to his people. 'I may be absent for a long time, but do not be alarmed.'

" Hand over hand he climbed to the opening and drew himself through. Beautiful meadows stretched away before him on every side, with nowhere any sign of a path or habitation, but after wandering about blindly for some time, he sighted smoke in the distance and directed his steps toward it. Finally he came to a house and heard voices; not seeing the speakers, he circled cautiously round and stole quietly through the door. Inside, two blind women, seated on opposite sides of a fire, were cooking wild onions (spɛ'nəx^{w}) [*Camassia quamash*]. One would stretch out her hand and say, 'Let me give you some of my onions'; and the other would answer, as she accepted them, 'Let me give you some of mine.'

" So they sat there, exchanging their food, unconscious of the stranger who had stolen into their house.

" Swaneset crept nearer and intercepted one of the exchanges.

" His blind victim said to her companion: 'Did you receive the onions?'

" 'No,' answered the other.

" 'Oh, but I felt your hand.'

" 'I held out my hand, but nothing touched it. Never mind, take some of my onions.'

"Again Swaneset intercepted the exchange. Sensing that something was wrong one of the women said: 'Is it possible that our grandson Swaneset has succeeded in reaching here from down below?'

"And he answered: 'Yes, grandmother. It is I, Swaneset.'

" Both women stretched out their hands to him passionately.

" 'Oh my dear grandson,' they cried. 'We have been blind ever since the Lord Above created us. Can you help us?'

" 'Yes, my grandmothers. I will help you.'

" He went outside, gathered his medicine and bathed their eyes with it. Sight came into them, and gratefully the women rose to their feet and fanned him with their hands.

" Now they asked him: 'Did you climb to the sky because you knew your uncle above had two beautiful daughters?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'You must be very careful, then; your uncle's house is dangerous. We will help you, because you have given us our sight. You must climb a small tree that overhangs a pool in which your cousins bathe each morning. But before you go we will prepare you for the dangers you must face.'

" On the palms of his hands, on the soles of his feet, under his forearms, and on his back they fastened flat stones, and they told him their purpose. Then they made him swallow a long tube of cedar-bark, which they tested by dropping three hot stones into his mouth, one after the other; the stones passed through, leaving him unharmed. After they had cautioned him once more about the dangers that lay ahead, Swanset lay down and slept.

" Before daylight he reached the pool and hid in the tree. His cousins appeared soon afterwards, removed their blankets and waist-cloths, and prepared to wash below him,

but as the elder girl waded into the water she saw his reflection and cried in dismay, 'Someone is smiling at us from the bottom of the water.'

"Her sister ran forward to look, and while they both stood in the water, gazing downward, Swaneset descended and seized their clothes. Furtively they watched him, overwhelmed with embarrassment and shame, but at last they asked: 'Are you our cousin Swaneset?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then please give us back our clothes. Your uncle is a very dangerous man, but we will try to help you.'

"Swaneset restored their clothes, and walked between them toward their home, where their father's watchman was already shouting a warning. As they drew near, the girls said to Swaneset: 'This door opens freely to every stranger, but as he passes through it closes suddenly from each side and crushes him. Stand between us, and, when it opens, let us all jump together.'

"'No,' he answered. 'You two leap first, and I will leap after you.'

"The door opened, and the girls leaped through in safety. It remained open, waiting for Swaneset to pass. Slowly he walked forward, his fists closed on his chest and his elbows spread outward. The wings of the door crashed inward, shivered, and broke to splinters against the hard stones that the old women had fastened under his forearms. As he entered the house unharmed, the girls' father sighed deeply from his bed, 'Ah, you have beaten me'; then he added, addressing his wife, 'Bring that bear-skin for our guest to sit on.'

"She stretched a large bear-skin on the floor, but Swaneset, remembering the old women's warning, stamped it beneath his stone-shod feet, and, lying down, crushed it with the stones on his back. So he broke all the sharp bone spikes that lurked under its fur and remained unhurt.

"The man said again to his wife: 'Cook him some food.'

"The woman set three stones on the fire, and heated them till they glowed.

"'Are they cooked?' asked her husband; and she answered, 'Yes.'

"He rose to his feet and lifted up the first stone with two sticks.

"'Open your mouth,' he said to Swaneset.

"Swaneset obeyed. The hot stone dropped inside him, passed down the long cedar-bark tube and fell on to the bear-skin, which began to smoke. The second and third stones also passed through with no effect, though they reduced the bear-skin to charcoal.

"'You have beaten me again,' his adversary cried. 'My daughters, feed your cousin.'

"The two girls set food before him. After he had eaten, their father asked Swaneset: 'Did you come here to marry your cousins?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, you may marry them.'

"So Swaneset took both girls as his wives.

"Yet one more ordeal confronted him. In the morning his father-in-law said to him: 'Do you know how to hew out a canoe?'

"'I have never made one yet.'

"'Well, my canoe lies over yonder, unfinished. Go and finish it for me. The tools are inside it.'

"Swaneset went outside, and the two girls followed him.

"'Don't get into the canoe,' they warned. 'It will close on you.'

"But he answered quietly: 'Stand back and don't be afraid.'

"He stepped inside the canoe and, kneeling down till only his head rose above the gunwale, proceeded to adze out the sides. Suddenly he heard a loud crack and saw the gunwales closing in on his neck. Dropping his adze, he braced his fists on his chest and spread out his elbows. The canoe crushed against his stones and split. Merrily he leaped out and returned to the house.

"So he broke his father-in-law's power. He stayed there for many months, often hearing strange noises as though living things were moving about the house, but satisfied when his wives explained they were merely his father-in-law's food. At last he began to long for his old home, and decided to return to earth, leaving his elder wife behind to take care of her father. Reluctantly the girl consented, and the father gave his approval.

"At daybreak, as he was departing with his younger wife, her father handed her a box and said: 'For your dowry I am not giving you the customary blankets, but food. Do you know what to do with it when you reach the earth?'

"'Yes,' she answered, and Swaneset added, as he thanked his father-in-law, 'I shall pray to you continually after I return to earth.'

"'I also shall keep you in rememberance all the time, you and my daughter. Care for her as you would for your sister.'

"'I will take care of her,' replied Swaneset. 'What you have given her will be a blessing unto my people below.'

"So Swaneset and his wife departed, directing their way first to the home of the two old women in order that he might thank them for their aid. Then they journeyed on till they reached the opening in the sky from which the chain of arrows stretched downward, right to Sheridan Hill. After carefully testing the chain to make sure that it was still firm, Swaneset descended first, while his wife gripped the arrows tightly in both hands and lowered herself after him. Safely they landed on the mountain-top, and all his people gathered around him.

"'This is my cousin,' he announced to them. 'I have brought her down to earth to be my wife. She brings with her a blessing that she will bestow upon you.'

"Then he dispersed the people, and went to a place called s'cə́lq'əs (sling) at the head of Sturgeon Slough, where he gathered some large round boulders, for he had determined to shatter Sheridan Hill that no one else might ascend to the sky from its summit. With the first boulder that he cast from his sling he knocked off the top of the mountain, hurling it into Pitt River, where it became a small island still known as titəmaʹθən (the chip).* His second stone struck the side of the mountain, knocking off a fragment that became a hill, to-day called yiʹyə (the wrong side), because he had not intended to hurl it thither. The third stone missed the mountain altogether and fell near Siwash Island; it is the hill, 200 feet high, that we call st'əmt'əmkʷɛ́lə (the level place that offers a good camping-ground). The fourth stone also missed and became the hill called tiʹcnəc (bay), just below Gillies' Quarry. The fifth stone struck Sheridan Hill half-way up its face and knocked the upper portion north of Addington Point, where it became the hill known as x̱ʷəmʔaʹmən (the mark for generations to come). The sixth stone knocked away still another portion of the mountain, giving rise to a hill, north-east of the last one, known as p'əna's (derived from the middle). One stone he omitted to use; it still lies where he left it—a hill between Alouette River and Sturgeon Slough. So he accomplished the task he had set out to do; he had shattered Sheridan Hill, the highest mountain in the district; and thenceforward no one could ascend to the sky from its summit.

"Swaneset now ordered his people to accompany him to Katzie (q'əʹyc'əy) on the Fraser River, and to make homes for themselves in that place. After they were settled he walked up to Port Hammond, then occupied by xʷθɛʹpəctən's people, and announced: 'My wife has brought a box from the sky which she will shortly open for the good of our people. I will send you word when to come.'

"Returning to Katzie, he gathered, at his wife's command, a number of saskatoon-branches, and a sturdy cedar-limb which he split into a thin board about 3 feet in length. She shaped his saskatoon-twigs into pegs, as her father had done above, hardened them in the fire, and drove them into the board to make a fish-rake. When it was finished, she said to her husband: 'Order your people to make rakes like mine, and to attach them to long handles. When everyone is ready, I shall open my box at the river.'

* It is a tiny island with a few trees on it, near Gillies' Quarry.

"The people gathered at the river to witness the opening of the box, which was divided by a partition into two parts. Swaneset's wife opened one part first. Instantly a cloud of feathers flew up into the air and changed to sea-gulls, which soared up and down the Fraser River just as they do to-day. The woman then turned homeward, saying to her husband, 'I will open the other half to-morrow.'

"At daybreak she opened the other half of the box and emptied its contents into the river. Forthwith immense shoals of eulachon crowded the water from bank to bank. She waited until the sun rose, then ordered the people to rake the fish into their canoes.

"'For one month only each year will these fish appear,' she said. 'Gather them diligently. None of them must die and rot. I will show you how to hang them up to dry, suspended from light racks of split cedar.'

"The people obeyed her commands and caught and dried an immense quantity. Quickly the news of what was happening spread up and down the river, and other Indians gathered at Katzie to reap the new harvest of fish. Swaneset then travelled around the country inviting the more distant people to come and share their good fortune. Some did come, but many were senseless and would not believe him.

"Time went on, and there came a day when Swaneset said to his wife: 'To-morrow I shall leave you. Do you watch over my people even as I have watched over them.'

"In the morning he mustered all his men, loaded a large canoe with dried eulachon, and paddled away to the southward, where he knew that other people had been created by Him Who Dwells Above.

"After paddling for some days, he came to a large tribe that gathered on the beach to welcome him. He approached the landing-place and called: 'Do any of you know how to play the game of lehal?' They answered him, 'Yes.' So he disembarked and gambled with them, winning a huge pile of blankets made of wild goat's wool. After his hosts had feasted him, he ordered one of his followers, he who afterwards became the animal Mink, to heap the blankets into a single pile. Over this pile he raised his hand. The blankets shrank almost to nothing, so that his men could stow them away in the canoe without difficulty. Swaneset then proceeded to the next village, where he won a second pile of blankets by his gambling. Since evening was now drawing on, and he did not wish to spend the night among strangers, he ordered his men to paddle to a beach some distance ahead, and there he made his camp.

"Early the next morning he resumed his journey. Before him lay a promontory. As he rounded it, there came into view a large village whose inhabitants were disporting themselves in the water, for these were the people who later became loons and other waterfowl.

"Swaneset called to them: 'Do any of you play lehal?'

"'No,' they answered, 'but we will challenge any stranger to a diving contest.'

"'Alas,' cried Swaneset, nonplussed. 'None of my people know how to dive.'

"Mink, standing behind him, laughed aloud. 'I will challenge you,' he cried, and when Swaneset directed the canoe landward, he whispered: 'Steady the boat with your pole a short distance out from the beach, not too far out lest our adversaries become suspicious. Then sit ready to pull the plug out of the knot-hole in the middle of the boat. Tell our adversaries to dive first.'

"The contest began. The first diver was Loon. Far out he swam beneath the water, and the people set up a mark where he emerged.

"Shag dived next, then Saw-billed Duck, then Hell Diver, last of all another waterfowl. Not one of them could reach Loon's mark.

"When they had finished, Mink whispered to Swaneset: 'Ask them if they have any more competitors.'

"'Have you any more competitors?' called Swaneset.

"'No, our side has finished.'

"'Well, then, my people will try to beat you.'

" Mink now waded into the water, blocked his nose and ears, and slowly dived. Out toward the open sea he swam. For a short distance the watchers on shore could follow his progress by the bubbles that rose to the surface. The bubbles vanished, slowly the sun rose higher and higher, and still Mink failed to reappear. Anxiously the villagers said to Swaneset: ' He has been under the water a strangely long time. Do all your people dive like he? '

"And Swaneset answered them: ' Yes, all my people dive like Mink.'

" Mink, however, had circled under the water and hidden beneath the canoe, where he was breathing through the knot-hole. Swaneset whispered to him at last: ' You had better return, for the villagers are growing impatient.' He replaced the plug, while Mink, slipping away under the water, circled far out and headed toward the shore. Bubbles of air now rose to the surface again. To the villagers they signalled his return from the open sea, and they shouted excitedly to one another: ' Look, he is coming back.' Mink reached the beach, drew himself slowly out of the water, and sank to the ground in seeming exhaustion.

" Thus Swaneset's party won the contest. Without delay he gathered the stakes into his canoe and continued toward the south.

" The next village he approached was the home of the Dog Salmon, who at that time possessed the shapes of human beings, as did all other fish and animals and birds, except the eulachon that he had brought back from the sky. He remarked the houses of the Dog Salmon, painted with red stripes. He saw, too, that some of the villagers wore red-striped blankets, others black-striped; whence the dog salmon that enter the Fraser River to-day bear similar stripes on their bodies. He did not linger, however, but travelled on to another large village inhabited by a different people, the Humpbacked Salmon, who told him that they did not travel by canoe every day, but only every second day, which explains why it is that now the humpbacked salmon do not enter the Fraser River every summer, but only every second summer, one day in the land of the supernatural being a year of human time.

" The women in this second village were very handsome, but all the men were hunchbacks. Here, too, Swaneset did not linger, but continued on to a beautiful coast wrapped in a warm haze. This was the land for which he was seeking, and here he found the inhabitants, the Sockeye Salmon people, spending their time in games. The youths shot their arrows at rolling hoops or at marks erected at a distance, and the girls played battledore and shuttlecock.

" Swaneset paid no attention to the players. His eyes were fixed on the houses, for in the middle of the village, he knew, was the house of the chief, whose marriageable daughter lay secluded in a chamber high up above the floor. Opposite this house he beached his canoe, and, landing alone, entered through the doorway.

" ' I have come to ask for your daughter,' he said to the chief.

" ' Well, I do not know. No one heretofore has asked to marry her. Surely you come from afar off.'

" ' Yes,' answered Swaneset. ' From afar off have I come, and many villages have I passed on my journey. But when I saw your house, I liked its appearance and landed here.'

" The chief said: ' I cannot promise you my daughter, but I will ask her mother to bid her rise and look at you. If you find favour in her eyes, I will not refuse my consent.'

" The girl rose at her mother's bidding and peered round her curtain at Swaneset. He was the most handsome being she had ever seen, and she felt drawn to him immediately. Her mother consented to the match and her father gave his approval. Swaneset therefore returned to the beach and bade his people carry up the two piles of blankets that he had won by his gambling, for these were to be his marriage gifts to his bride's people. When he broke their lashings in the middle of the house, they swelled up to their full size and filled the whole dwelling. He told his bride's father to distribute one

pile among his kinsfolk, but to reserve the other for his own use. They then held the wedding ceremony, and Swaneset's men joined the villagers in the marriage feast.

"After the feast had ended, Swaneset said to his father-in-law: 'My people will now return home and report that I have married your daughter and am staying with you for a time.'

" 'That is well,' said his father-in-law. 'When the time comes that you yourself wish to return to your home, we will go with you.'

" So Swaneset sent his men home, and remained with his bride's people. At evening he climbed with her to her chamber and slept there. Instead of the usual firewood, he noticed, the Sockeye Salmon people burned the stalks of the Indian consumption plant (*Lomatium nudicaule*). Hence to-day, when the Fraser River Indians roast their first catch of sockeye, they sprinkle the seeds of this plant over the fish.

" Swaneset noticed another remarkable custom among his hosts. Every morning, when his wife's brothers and sisters went down to the river to bathe, her mother would come up from the beach carrying a fish in her arms just as though it were a child. Placing it on a layer of the Indian consumption plant, she roasted it at the fire and, when it was cooked, summoned Swaneset and his wife to descend and eat. The young woman scrupulously washed her hands before she sat down, and Swaneset did likewise. His parents-in-law always warned him not to break the bones, but to lay them carefully on one side; then, after the two had eaten and washed their hands again, his mother-in-law gathered up all the bones and carried them down to the beach, while Swaneset and his wife retired to their chamber. When the woman returned from the beach a few minutes later, a young boy entered also, skipping gaily round her. This happened day after day, morning and evening.

" Swaneset pondered in silence over this strange procedure and made up his mind to experiment. One morning, when his mother-in-law called him down to breakfast, he took from the wooden dish the front part of the fish and concealed a tiny bone from the top of its head in one corner of his mouth. The woman carried the bones down to the sea as usual and threw them into the water, where they changed, as before, into a boy; but this time, instead of emerging from the water, the lad moved round in circles and was unable to rise to his feet. Much distressed, the mother rushed back to the house and told her husband, who turned to Swaneset and said: 'Did you hide one of the bones?'

" 'No,' lied Swaneset.

" 'It must be hidden in your mouth,' the chief cried as he threw his son-in-law to the ground. 'Open it.'

" Swaneset opened his mouth, and his father-in-law, feeling around with his fingers, extracted the little bone.

" 'I was just curious about the matter and wanted to find out what I was eating,' confessed Swaneset.

" The chief did not answer him. Instead, he hurried down to the beach and threw the bone toward the struggling boy. It entered his head immediately, so that he was able to rise and walk ashore. Father and son then re-entered the house, and the chief said to his daughter: 'To-night you must explain to your husband who we are and how we were created.'

" That night, when the household retired to rest, Swaneset's wife explained to him: 'I and my people are different from all other beings on this earth. We are Sockeye Salmon. During the greater part of the year we are human beings and make our home in this country, but at a certain season we change into salmon and travel in the sea.'

" Swaneset remained with them for several months, but at last he became lonely for his old home. He said to his wife: 'Tell your father that I would like to return home and to take you with me.'

" In the morning, when they descended for breakfast, she said to the chief: 'Father, my husband wishes to return to his home and to take me with him.'

" 'Very well,' he replied. 'You may go when summer comes to his country.'

" When the proper season arrived, Swaneset and his wife embarked in a canoe that her father provided for them. Some of her people went with them to paddle the canoe; a few others changed themselves into salmon and swam alongside the boat. When the inhabitants of the Humpbacked Salmon and Dog Salmon villages saw their masters pass, they decided to follow. The Dog Salmon followed immediately, but the Humpbacked spent a day in making their canoe and so did not appear in the Fraser River until a year later.

" On reaching Boundary Bay, Swaneset's salmon companions said to him: 'From here you can paddle to your home alone. We will return to our village, but next year, and every year thereafter, we will come to visit you.'

"And his wife's father added: 'Next year, my daughter, all your brothers and friends will come to see you. They will follow a short route to Katzie, travelling from Boundary Bay via the Serpentine and Nicomekl Rivers.'

" So Swaneset and his second wife paddled to his home, where they found his first wife awaiting them with her infant son. There they remained quietly for several months.

" When spring came around, Swaneset summoned all the young women in the village and said to them: 'There is something my salmon wife wishes to gather. Go with her and she will show you what it is.'

" The salmon wife led the women to a meadow, where she bade them gather the long stalks of the nettle. Removing the outer integuments from the stalks, she separated the fibres into two strands, softened them by drawing them through a split stick, and spun them into twine on her thigh, while the women watched her. Then, at her request, Swaneset ordered them to gather as much nettle as they could find and to spin more twine. When this was ready, his wife taught the people how to make dip-nets that would open to the full stretch of one arm. With these nets, she said, they should catch her relatives and friends when they came to visit her.

" Since there were now too many people at Katzie, Swaneset moved his home to Hammond Mill, a mile farther up the river. Soon afterwards his salmon wife bore him a son. Almost immediately the Fraser swarmed with sockeye salmon, although it was the first time they had appeared in the river. The Indians caught immense numbers in their nets.

" Swaneset's wife, through her husband, now taught them how to cook the fish, First, they dug in the ground a long trench within which they kindled a fire. Then each man carried up a salmon in his arms as if it were a baby and deposited it on a rush mat beside one of the women, who laid it on a rack above the fire. There she sprinkled it with ochre and with the seeds of the Indian consumption plant. As soon as the fish were cooked, the women laid them on mats and the people ate. Afterwards they carefully gathered up all the bones and returned them to the water.

" The Katzie people now became so prosperous through their eulachon and their salmon that Indians from all around sought to share their good fortune by marrying Katzie girls. Swaneset's salmon wife then taught one individual in each tribe the prayer-chant, the rituals and the taboos that her salmon kindred demanded, and ordained this man as a priest.* These priests handed on their knowledge to their successors, whence the Indians have remembered and obeyed the regulations to this day.

" When the salmon swarmed up the Fraser River that first year, Swaneset said to them: 'There is another river (Pitt River) up yonder. Be very careful when you ascend it. If the people inhabiting its banks ask you for anything, be sure to give it to them. Otherwise you shall die.' Many of the salmon then turned out of the Fraser and ascended the Pitt River to Pitt Lake. The people living on Siwash Rock, near its outlet, called to them: 'Give us some of your fat.' The sockeye yielded up some of their fat and proceeded on to Goose Island, half-way up the lake. There again the people called to them: 'Give us some of your fat.'

* Or ritualist. Cf. Suttles, *op. cit.*, p. 6.—*Ed.*

" Those sockeye that refused died immediately. The rest yielded up more of their fat and continued their journey to the head of the lake. But ever afterwards there were always dead sockeye in Pitt Lake right down to the time that Europeans began to erect canneries at the mouth of the Fraser. Since that time, too, the sockeye that spawn at the head of Pitt Lake have always been dry and flavourless, because they surrendered their fat to the people of Siwash Rock and Goose Island.

" Thus Swaneset accomplished two great deeds for the benefit of mankind: he brought the eulachon down from the sky, and he brought the sockeye salmon from a far-away country.

. . . . .

"A rumour now reached the Indians on the Lower Fraser that three brothers, accompanied by twelve servants, were coming from the west to finish Swaneset's work. Anxiously the Indians waited.

" The mysterious strangers appeared suddenly at cɬtɑ'nəm, a little nook on the west side of Boundary Bay. In front marched the eldest of the three brothers, a being of marvellous power named Khaals (x̣ɛ'ɛls) who could transport them wherever he wished by his mere thought. Khaals approached an Indian and his wife who were sitting on the beach and swept his right hand upward, restoring their souls to the Lord Above and changing their bodies to stone. To the woman he said: ' You shall help the people who come hereafter. If they speak fair words to you, you shall grant them fine weather.' What he said to the man, who sank into the ground deeper than the woman, we no longer remember.

"(Not long ago the wife of Chief Harry accidentally stumbled on this stone man and ran away to tell a friend, but when he retraced her steps, the stone had vanished into the ground again. The stone woman, however, emerges fairly frequently. If the Indian who then comes upon her rubs her with red ochre, lifts her up in his hands and prays for the weather he desires, she will grant him his wish.)

" From Boundary Bay, Khaals and his party proceeded to Tsawwassen, which was then an island fastened to the mainland by a stout rope of twisted cedar. Among the Indians on this island was a greedy woman named sqəma'θiə who was never willing to share her clams with her fellow-villagers. When Khaals suddenly appeared and asked her what she was doing, she answered sharply: ' I am cooking clams for myself.'

" ' Then you shall dwell among the clam-beds for ever,' he decreed, and, raising his right hand, he transformed her to stone.

"(Many Indians since that day have seen her in some shell-heap—a stone image about 1½ feet high. Invariably they ran home for a goat's wool blanket in which to wrap her, for she is sacred, but she had always vanished when they returned. Not many years ago, however, an Indian whom a white farmer had employed to dig in a shell-heap at Tsawwassen unearthed a stone image which could only have been sqəma'θiə. He carried it home and sold it to a white man for $25, but within a few months he and all his family died.)

" Feeling thirsty, Khaals now turned to the other Indians at Tsawwassen and asked: ' Have you any fresh water? '

" ' Yes,' they answered. ' In that pool yonder. You must stoop down to drink.'

" Khaals stooped down, but the guardian of the pond, a giant octopus, caught his head and almost pulled him into the water. His two brothers dragged him to his feet with the monster still clinging to him. Khaals carried it down to the sea, where he and his brothers cut it to pieces and threw the severed parts in various directions. The head they threw into the sea near Samish, and one large piece near Mayne Island; hence in both those places giant octopuses abound to-day. Toward Sechelt, however, they threw just the tip of one leg, whence the Sechelt octopuses are very tiny.

"An Indian who was watching them said to Khaals: ' Why do you bestow octopuses on all those other places and leave none for us at Tsawwassen? '

" Khaals was annoyed at the question and, raising his hand, changed the man into some animal; but just what animal it was, I do not remember. He then anchored the island of Tsawwassen to the bottom of the sea and said: ' In the years to come this island shall grow in size and join the mainland.'

" What he said came true. Long afterwards, when the great flood that covered the land subsided, Tsawwassen became joined to the mainland.

" Khaals and his party then proceeded to Musqueam, at the entrance to the North Arm of the Fraser River; but what he did there, I have forgotten. Ascending the river, they approached New Westminster, where a warrior named χʷaʼiməɬ (the Killer), stood waiting to kill Khaals, as he had killed other strangers before him. Khaals knew his intentions, however, and, raising his right hand, changed the man into a rock, which the white engineers buried not long ago when they constructed the approach to New Westminster bridge.

"After overcoming this enemy, Khaals drew near the Indians who lived at New Westminster and, pointing to a certain man, said to the chief: ' What does that man do? '

" ' He wanders in the woods all the time,' the chief replied. ' No one knows what he does.'

" ' Has he a wife and family? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' Then he is doing wrong,' Khaals said, and addressing all the Indians around about, he continued: ' Listen to me, for it was the Lord Above who created us all.' Most of the Indians were wise and listened attentively, but the man about whom he had inquired drew nearer with his family, his face twisted into a mocking smile. Khaals raised his hand over him and said: ' Henceforth you shall roam the woods and no one shall see you. You shall become wolves, and you shall endow with power men who will be born hereafter so that they may acquire their food easily. Depart now to the woods.'

" Instantly the man and his family were changed to wolves and retreated out of sight into the forest. But ever since, just as Khaals ordained, they have helped certain Indians to obtain game by driving the animals toward them. This was the origin of wolves.

"Another family was standing near, listening to Khaals in secret mockery, a family that never worked for its livelihood, but always begged from other Indians. Khaals knew their thoughts, and, addressing them, he said: 'After I have spoken you shall fly away. Wherever people go, you shall watch them. Wherever people make their camps, you shall visit them and beg your food, just as you beg it now. You shall become ravens. Now fly away.' He raised his right hand over them, and they changed to ravens, which rose into the air and flew away. Turning then to the rest of the New Westminster Indians he said: ' You have more wisdom than they had; therefore, I shall not change you, but will proceed on my way.'

" Just above the mouth of the Coquitlam River, Khaals encountered another warrior on the look-out for some enemy. ' Why are you standing here? ' he asked. ' You seem to be watching for someone.'

" For some time the man did not reply, being very deaf. At last he said: ' I am waiting for Khaals. When he comes, I shall kill him.'

" ' It would be a great deed if you killed him,' Khaals answered, and, raising his hand to the man's forehead, he added: ' You shall stand here as long as the earth endures.' Instantly the man was transformed into a rock that is still visible at the water's edge. The Indians call it ƛaʼkʷənɛ (Deaf).

" Khaals next visited the mouth of the Coquitlam River, a fine stream with abundant fish, but frequented by many foolish people. His younger brothers stood one on each side of him, and behind him their twelve retainers. A foolish man named qʼɛʼyəχ circled round them mockingly, peering at them first from one side, then from the other. ' I wonder where these people come from,' he remarked. 'And what a funny person this is,' he added, pointing at Khaals.

" 'Go into the water,' Khaals ordered. 'Henceforward men shall call you Mink. Whenever you see a human being, you shall run away, then run back and peer at him again, just as you have peered at me.' The man became a mink, and the mink to-day acts exactly as its ancestor acted toward Khaals.

"Another foolish man witnessed this miracle and said to Khaals: 'Could you bring me fish from the river yonder?'

" Khaals smiled. 'Do you eat every kind of fish from the river?'

" 'No, only the small fish.'

" 'Very well. Fly away. You shall sit on the branches of the trees and watch for the little fish. You shall become a kingfisher.'

"After thus creating the kingfisher, Khaals turned to another man whose mind revolved about nothing except the fish in the water. 'Do you catch those fish? Khaals asked.

" 'Yes, I catch them at night, quite easily, when they draw in to the shallows.'

" 'Only at night?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Very well. Go now to the woods, and at night you shall return to the river and catch your fish.' Khaals raised his hand. The man's soul returned to the Lord Above, but his body changed to a black bear which shuffled away into the woods.

"A fourth man stood near, his face blackened with charcoal. Khaals asked him: 'Do you catch those fish as your friends do?'

" 'I have not the skill to catch live fish,' the man answered. 'I walk along the beach at night and gather the dead ones.'

" 'You are not very fortunate, but your work is good. Go to the woods. At night you shall return and eat the rotten fish on the shore.' He raised his hand, and the man changed into a racoon.

"Still another man stood smiling by. Khaals turned to him and asked: 'Do you also try to catch the small fish in that river?'

" 'Yes, at evening.'

" 'Do you prefer the small fish?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Go to the water's edge and show me how you catch them.' The man went down to the water. 'Show me how you creep up on the fish.' Cautiously the man waded out. 'Have you any weapon?'

" 'Yes, I stab the fish with a two-pronged spear.'

" 'Go and bring it.' The man brought his spear and showed it to Khaals. 'Good! Now wade out again and let me see you spear a fish.' The man obeyed. Just as he raised the fish out of the water Khaals announced: 'You shall become a crane.' His body changed to the body of a crane, and his two-pronged spear became a long beak.

"A woman now approached, carrying a little child in her arms. Khaals said to her: 'Does that little child of yours cry much during the night?'

" 'Yes, it cries all night.'

" 'Do you love it?'

" 'No, I am tired of it. I cannot sleep at night because of its crying.'

" 'Very well. Carry it down to the water and bathe it.' The woman obeyed. But as she was bathing the child, it slipped from her hands and vanished in a deep whirlpool. 'I have performed a great miracle,' said Khaals. 'That child shall have power, even as I have power; it shall rise up from the bottom of the water and confer on the good man or the good woman whom it favours power to read men's thoughts even as I can read them. It shall grant him power to see into the future. It shall make him a seer.'

"(The last person to see this baby was mi'xcən, who was an old man when I was a boy. He had marvellous skill in catching sturgeon, and always knew before he went fishing how many sturgeon he would catch and how large they would be.)

"xʷəltɑ́'məyə, leader of the Coquitlam Indians, now planted himself in front of Khaals and announced haughtily: 'I am the leader of these people. The Lord Above created me, and there is no other equal to me.'

"But Khaals answered: 'No longer shall you be the leader of these people. You shall rule over this river. Go to its mouth and bathe; I shall stand here and watch you. Whosoever sees you hereafter shall become crazy, for your words are foolish.'

"xʷəltɑ́'məyə had no power but to obey. As he stood at the mouth of the river, bathing, Khaals raised his right hand. 'You shall sink to the bottom of the river.' xʷəltɑ́'məyə disappeared.

"His sister cried wrathfully to his people, amid her tears: 'Why don't you kill this man? Will you all stand idly by and let him change you?'

"Khaals said to her: 'You mourn the fate of your brother. Do you think that you also rule these people?'

"'Yes, I do.'

"'Very well. Go to the lake at the headwaters of this river and remain there for ever.' He raised his hand, and the woman vanished. Then he added 'Occasionally, but not often, you shall descend the river to visit your brother, and sometimes he shall visit you.' So now this woman dwells at the bottom of Coquitlam Lake.

"(About eighty years ago an old Indian woman lit a pitch-wood torch and went down to the Coquitlam River to draw water. She saw a wave coming up the stream, and, behind it, walking on the bottom, a woman with long trailing hair. It was χʷəltɑ́'məyə's sister, returning from a visit with him. The old woman hurried home, related what she had seen, and fell dead.)

"From Coquitlam River, Khaals proceeded to the mouth of Pitt River. There also a warrior was waiting to intercept him. Khaals appeared suddenly in front of him and said: 'Why are you standing here?'

"And the man answered: 'I have heard that Khaals is coming to change all the people, and I am waiting to kill him.'

"'You will do well to kill Khaals. Are you alone?'

"'No, I have many friends back there, but I don't want Khaals to reach them.'

"Khaals raised his hand, and the man became a rock which is still standing to-day at the mouth of the river. 'Your name shall be xʷtiʔ'tas,' said Khaals, 'for you shall always "look up the river toward the mountains."' Someone saw what had happened to the warrior and hurriedly reported it to his people.

"'Khaals is here,' he said. 'He has changed our leader into a rock. Receive him reverently with upraised hands. Call him Khaals the Chief, and beg him to pity us.' Men, women, and children went forward with hands upraised in reverence.

"'Pity us,' they cried. 'Watch over us and guard us from all harm, now and hereafter.'

"And Khaals answered them: 'I will do what you ask.'

"He passed them by without changing any of them, and continued on his way up Pitt River, then up its tributary the Alouette, until he heard a glad shout. An old man, pɛ'lɛxən, was hopping on his one and only leg at the water's edge, shouting with glee over a fish that he had speared. Khaals turned to one of his younger brothers and said: 'I am going to place you inside the bark of a birch-tree and change you into a steelhead salmon. When pɛ'lɛxən stabs you, break the bone point of his spear.'

"The fictitious steelhead swam toward the old man, who raised his spear with a shout and stabbed it, but the bone point broke, and the fish swam away with it. Sadly pɛ'lɛxən turned back to his house, where he lived all alone, leaned his spear against the wall and lay down with his back to the fire. Meanwhile the steelhead resumed its human form and delivered the bone point to Khaals.

"Khaals now entered pɛ'lɛxən's house and said to him: 'Why are you lying down? Are you ill?'

" The old man raised his head wonderingly, for he had never seen a human being before. After a pause he said: ' No, chief, I am not ill.'

" ' Then why are you lying down? '

" ' I have just lost the weapon with which I obtain my food, and I am sad.'

" ' What kind of weapon was it? '

" ' It was a spear-point with which I stab the fish.'

" ' Rise and come outside.'

" pɛ'lɛxən hopped outside on his one leg, and Khaals said, holding out the point: ' Was your weapon anything like this? '

" pɛ'lɛxən examined it. ' Yes, this is the very point. Where did you find it? '

" ' Oh, we found a fish just below here and extracted the spearhead from its body. Bring your shaft.' pɛ'lɛxən brought out his shaft and handed it to Khaals, showing him how the point fitted to its end. Khaals merely rubbed his hand over it, and the two parts sealed together again without any trace of a joint. Then he returned the weapon to its owner, saying, ' Go down to the river and show us how you watch for the fish.' pɛ'lɛxən went down to the water's edge and raised his spear. ' Is that how you spear the fish? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' Good! Henceforward you shall be lord of all the fish that ascend this river. To strangers you shall grant none, but you shall know the Katzie Indians who occupy this territory and grant them fish in abundance.' As he thus spoke Khaals raised his right hand over the man's head and changed him to a great rock. White men know the place as Davis Pool, but the Indians still call it pɛ'lɛxən, and when they are travelling up the river, they carefully avoid scraping the sides of their canoes with their poles, lest pɛ'lɛxən hide all the steelhead salmon under his rock.

"(On one occasion six of us ascended this river, taking care, as always, not to scrape the sides of the canoe with our poles. We saw dozens of steelheads in the pond while we were setting our net. No sooner had we finished, however, than a Musqueam man who was with us shouted to the rock pɛ'lɛxən: ' You one-legged old rascal, if you hide the fish under your rock, I will fire my gun at you.'

"(Instantly all the steelhead disappeared, and the only fish we caught was one Dolly Varden trout.

"(Not long afterwards my son Simon and one of his cousins went to net steelhead in the same pool. As soon as they caught sight of pɛ'lɛxən his cousin prayed: ' O pɛ'lɛxən, we are poor and need steelhead. Give us what we need.'

"(They set their net and lay down to sleep. By morning it was so full of fish that they could hardly drag it to shore. Simon proposed that they should keep only the largest fish and throw the rest into the water again; but when his cousin said that they ought to take them all, lest pɛ'lɛxən be offended with them, they started back down the river with their full catch. The cousin was so elated that he shouted and laughed for joy until at last Simon reminded him that pɛ'lɛxən objected to any noise or disurbance on his river. Then he stopped shouting, but he remained standing up in the boat. Suddenly it seemed to strike something, and he was thrown overboard into the current. With great difficulty he clambered into the canoe again, half-drowned. It was pɛ'lɛxən who threw him into the water, because he had laughed and shouted on the river.)

" Since there were no people on the headwaters of Alouette River, Khaals turned back to the meadows near Sheridan Hill, where he found the remnants of Swaneset's people, the foolish ones who had refused to follow their leader to Katzie. Some of them were grubbing in the mud of the slough at the place called spi'ltx^{w}. Khaals said to them: ' Is that what you eat all the time? '

" Scornfully one of them answered: ' Why do you ask? '

" ' Oh, I have been watching you grubbing around at the water's edge.'

" ' Yes,' they laughed. ' That is what we eat.'

" ' Very well, you shall remain here for ever. You shall suck the mud of this water, and the people who come hereafter shall feed on you as long as this world exists. You shall become the fish called sucker (q'a'χən). He raised his right hand over them, and they changed to suckers. There he left them, and followed the course of the slough upward.

" He came now to a band of brothers and sisters who did nothing but scramble for the feathers in each other's hair. As Khaals approached them, the eldest, a very powerful man wearing a long curled feather, tried to snatch a short wide feather from the head of a younger brother. Khaals said to him: ' That is an excellent game that you are playing. Do you really want to snatch your brother's feather from him? '

" ' Yes, I have been trying for a long time to get possession of it.'

" ' Is that your own feather you are wearing? And does your brother try to snatch it away from you? '

" ' Yes, that is the game we play.'

" Khaals turned to the younger brother. ' Give me your feather.' The man handed it over. Khaals then turned to his antagonist. ' Give me yours.' Holding a feather in each hand he proclaimed: ' This feather that you have been trying to win from your brother I give you now to keep for ever, and your brother shall have your feather. Then you need fight with each other no more.' He clapped his hands toward the slough. Instantly both men leaped into the water and floated on its surface, awaiting his further command. ' The generations to come shall feed on you. You, the elder, shall not wear your feather on your head, but on your tail. You shall be a beaver. Your brother, too, shall wear his feather on his tail. He shall be a muskrat. When those who shall come hereafter frighten you, you shall splash the water with your tails and disappear. Now splash.'

" The two men changed into animals, and splashed the water with their tails. Their families also changed into beavers and muskrats, and splashed the water likewise. Khaals watched them, and finally decreed: ' Because you wandered about the land, homeless, you shall not hereafter make your homes on the land, but beneath the soil on the edges of rivers and lakes. There those who shall come hereafter shall seek you out and feed on you.'

" Close to Sheridan Hill, Khaals came upon the two sandhill-crane sisters, Swaneset's first wives, still digging up Indian potatoes. He asked them: ' Do you eat these potatoes that you dig up? '

" ' Yes, we have nothing else to eat.'

" ' Very well. You shall become birds.' They laughed at him mockingly, but he added: ' You laugh, but now you shall fly, you shall become sandhill cranes. Henceforth you shall roam over the meadows as you do now.' He raised his hand and transformed them into cranes. So now cranes laugh and dance after they root up the ground, just as the two sisters laughed and danced when they dug up their potatoes.

"A little farther on he found a group of people whose faces were streaked with charcoal. They too had refused to follow Swaneset to Katzie, but roamed the fields, homeless, and passed the days in play. After their play ther retreated to the ponds and sucked the roots of the grass that grew around the edge. Khaals said to them: ' Is that how you spend your days? '

" ' Yes, ' they answered laughing.

" ' Very well. Now you shall fly.' They laughed again; but when he raised his right hand and prayed to the Lord Above, they changed to birds and flew up into the air. ' You shall be geese,' Khaals called, ' and those who shall come hereafter shall feed on you.'

" Wolf, fisher, grizzly, black bear, cougar, and all the others who had helped Swaneset to reach the sky were congregated at the foot of Sheridan Hill, listening to the prophet Bluejay, who had tied his hair in a knot and was announcing Khaal's approach. One man stood apart from the rest, an old man who was sharpening some weapons, for what

purpose his fellows did not know. Khaals drew near and said to t'ɛt'ɛ́ʔmiyɛ: ' You are the leader of these people, because you shot your arrow into the edge of the sky. But it is not right for you to live like this.'

" Then he turned to wolf and said: ' You shall walk all over this mountain.'

" To black bear: ' You shall wander over this mountain and find your food on it.'

" To grizzly: ' You shall do the same as black bear.'

"And to two other men: ' You two shall become eagles, and shall capture for your food all whom I have changed into animals and fish.'

" So he decreed their new forms and raised his hand, sending their souls back to the Lord Above. Some were changed to birds and flew into the air; the rest became animals and wandered away to different places. One after another they disappeared except the old man, who continued to sharpen his weapons while he watched what was happening. Now Khaals approached him also: ' You are working? '

" ' Yes, chief, I am working.'

" 'Are you going to spear something with these weapons? '

" ' Yes, I am waiting for Khaals.'

" ' What are you going to do to him when he comes? '

" ' I am going to gore him with these points.'

" ' Is that point sharp yet? '

" ' Yes, but not sharp enough.'

" ' Give it to me. I want to examine it.' The man handed over his point. ' Give me the other one also.' He surrendered the other point. ' Now stand up, for you must be ready when Khaals comes. Look at me. You shall not hold these points in your hands when Khaals comes. They shall be on your head, thus. Now shake your head and see if they are firm. Then perhaps you can give them to Khaals when he comes.' The man shook his head vigorously.

" ' They are firm,' he said.

" ' Open your mouth,' Khaals ordered. 'Are you going to bite Khaals when he comes? '

" ' No.'

" Khaals inserted his hand into the old man's mouth and extracted all his teeth except the incisors. ' The people who come hereafter shall eat you. You shall have numerous progeny. Now leap.' The man leaped, and straightway changed to a deer. ' You saw me change the people into birds and animals. They shall be your enemies. Now walk away.'

" The deer bounded away, and as he fled Khaals picked up the shavings the old man had made and hurled them against its rump. So now Long-ears the deer has a white rump.

" Khaals now travelled a short distance north to cici?i'cən', where he found a group of white Indians, good people, but without homes. Some were sitting idly on the ground, others were standing in the ponds looking for food. Khaals approached those who were sitting down and asked them: ' Is this how you people live? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' What do you eat? '

" ' We eat Indian potatoes and anything we can find under the water of those ponds.'

" ' It is not well that you should be homeless. You shall become birds.' And when they did not reply, he added: ' You shall always be happy. Now fly away. Those who come hereafter shall make you their food.' They changed to swans and flew away.

" Khaals came next to sq'ʷaʔa'cał, the place at the mouth of Pitt Lake where θɛ'ɬəctən still ruled over his people. There an elderly prophetess named sya'y'lɛxʷɛ was describing to the Indians all the miracles that Khaals had performed, and she was counselling them to receive him very courteously. Yet she herself did not recognize him when he suddenly appeared in front of her, and she greeted him very rudely.

" ' What are you doing? ' he asked her.

" ' I am trying to find out where Khaals is.'

" ' You are doing right. You see that little slough? '

" ' Of course, I see it.'

" ' Go down to its mouth and see if Khaals is coming.' The woman went down. ' Sit down,' Khaals said again. ' You will grow tired if you remain standing.'

"As the woman sat down, Khaals raised his hand. ' You shall sit there as long as this world lasts. You shall reign over this meadow and shall help the people who come hereafter. When the rain continues too long, they shall pray to you and you shall grant them fine weather; and when the sun shines constantly and scorches the land, they shall pray again and you shall send them rain.'

" She changed to a stump at the water's edge. Thereafter any Indians in this vicinity who wanted the rain to cease prayed to this stump and sya'y'ɬəxʷɛ gave them fine weather. If they wanted rain, they splashed the stump with their paddles.

" Khaals now approached the houses of the Indians and said to their leader θɛ'ɬəctən: ' I have travelled all through this country creating animals and fish for your use. Will you learn if I teach you how to capture them? '

"And θɛ'ɬəctən answered: ' If you will make before our eyes some weapon that will enable us to capture them, we will then be able to make weapons for ourselves.'

" Khaals split the end of a stick, making two points which he barbed, and between the two points he lashed a sharpened stick of bone. He then attached the weapon to a long pole so that it might reach the fish that lay at the bottom of the river. ' This shall be your weapon for spearing fish,' he said, as he showed them this fish-spear. ' In sa'nəsaʔɬ and spi·'ltxʷ creeks I have created all kinds of fish for your use. Other people shall learn from you how to make fish-spears for themselves.

" ' I have created for your food also ducks and geese and swans. Bring me now some sticks, and I will show you how to make snares for capturing them.' After he had set some snares, and shown them also how to make and use a duck-net (tə'qəm), he said: ' Sensible Indians shall learn from you how to make similar snares and nets. The Lord Above shall watch over you and them, and with His help you shall devise other methods for obtaining your food.'

" Khaals now left θɛ'ɬəctən and his people and continued on to sqʷa'm'qʷəm'əxʷ, the present-day Indian reserve at the entrance to Pitt Lake. Here the people were very foolish, for they did nothing all the time but swim, even women with little babies on their backs. Khaals accosted the only man who was on shore, saying, ' Do your companions spend all their time swimming in the water? '

" ' That is all they do.'

" ' What do you eat? '

" ' Sometimes nothing, sometimes a little food that we obtain from the river. At night we sleep on the rocks.'

" ' Have you no homes? '

" ' No.'

" The people in the water were paying no attention to Khaals and his party. He raised his right hand in prayer to the Lord Above and said: ' Those who come hereafter shall eat you.' As he spoke these words the people changed to seals. You will notice to-day how the mother seal still carries its baby on its back.

" Khaals now followed the west shore of Pitt Lake as far as a place opposite Goose Island, where he discovered another large tribe of foolish people. ' Where are your homes? ' he asked.

" ' We have no homes.'

" ' What do you eat? '

" ' We eat anything that grows on the mountain, and anything that is washed ashore by the waves.'

" ' That is not right,' he answered, and as he raised his right hand he added: ' You shall live under the water of this lake; and because you believe yourselves superior to

all other people, you shall have power to kill men if they drink of the water you pollute. Only the Indians at the mouth of this lake you may not kill. Moreover, your customs shall be painted on this bluff as a warning to those who come hereafter.'

" They disappeared under the water of the lake and polluted it, so that any person except an Indian from the mouth of the lake who drinks the water in this place dies within an hour or two. You may still see the paintings that portray their customs, high up on the face of the bluff.

"(After Europeans settled in British Columbia, some Nanaimo Indians visited the mouth of the Fraser River to fish, and a number of their women ascended to Pitt Lake to gather salal-berries. Toward evening it rained heavily, and they took shelter under an overhanging cliff at the water's edge. One woman was uneasy, and said to her companions: ' This lake is dangerous to strangers. I am afraid to sleep here, but will climb up the side of the mountain.' With her baby on her back she climbed up the mountain-side, found a sheltered spot, and slept. In the morning she called down to her companion, who seemed strangely silent: ' Get up. The rain is over.' She received no answer; and when she descended to their shelter, she found them lying dead on the ground, with pools of blood near their mouths. One by one she lifted their bodies into the canoe, and paddled down Pitt River to the camp of her people at the mouth of the Fraser.)

"At the bend in the lake, Khaals encountered other Indians sitting round some stones they were heating in a fire to cook a dish of sturgeon eggs. Beyond them stood a warrior with blackened face to guard them against Khaals, for they had heard that he was coming, although they did not know what form he would take, and did not recognize him when he did appear. One of their number suggested that they should feed the strangers as soon as their eggs were cooked, but the others objected, saying: ' No. They may eat them too fast and leave none for us. It is not often that we have sturgeon eggs.'

" Khaals asked them: ' Why is that warrior standing over yonder? '

"And they answered: ' He is waiting to kill Khaals, who people say is coming this way.'

" ' Really! Well, I do not like your words. The man who gathered these eggs offered to share them with us, but you refused. Therefore, you yourselves shall not eat of them. The dish shall become a rock and the eggs sand.' He raised his hand, and the dish changed to a hollow in a rock filled with grains of black sand that looked like sturgeon eggs. You can see it to this day.

" Without paying any further attention to the Indians, Khaals passed on and approached the watchman. ' Do you stand here all the time? Or do you go elsewhere to sleep when night falls? '

" ' I stay in this place day and night.'

" ' What are you going to do to Khaals when he comes? '

" ' I am going to kill him, for we know what he has done to the people below here.'

" ' Surely you will perform a great deed if you kill him. Here you shall stand and wait as long as the earth endures.' He raised his hand, and the man become a rock that is still standing on the side of the mountain. We call it χɛ'wq'əmə?s (Shining Face).

" Finding no inhabitants on the river that flows into the northern end of Pitt Lake, Khaals turned back down its eastern side, and close to Scott Creek came upon two women who sat on a rock overlooking the water. ' Do you live here all the time? ' he asked them.

" ' Yes.'

" ' Where is your home? '

" ' We have no home.'

" ' What do you eat? '

" When we are hungry we climb the mountain-side and dig up the roots of shrubs and ferns.'

" ' But why do you sit here always? '

" ' The people who dwell on the other side of the lake told us that Khaals is coming, and we are waiting for him. When he rounds that point yonder, we will send a strong wind against him and the waves will swallow him up.'

" ' It will be a good thing if you destroy him, for he has changed many people down below and done much evil. But show me how you raise a wind.'

" The elder woman faced toward the headland and blew. Immediately a great gust of wind swept over the water and stirred it into foam. ' That is enough,' said Khaals. ' You will surely drown Khaals when he rounds the headland. Can your daughter also raise the wind? ' The younger woman laughed, and, half-turning toward Khaals, sent forth another mighty gust which nearly blew him into the lake. Recovering his balance he said to the mother: ' You shall live under the water, and when you blow it shall rain.' Turning to the daughter he said: ' You shall remain upon this rock, and when you also blow it shall rain. But when θɛ'ɬəctən's people pray to you, then you shall hear their prayers and calm down. You shall live here as long as the earth endures.'

"As he raised his hand, the mother disappeared into the water and the daughter changed to a rock on the shore. He named the mother təli'snəc (bay) and the daughter hi?a'm (the meaning of this latter word we do not know). To-day the traveller who rounds the headland below often encounters a strong wind issuing from this bay, which we still call təli'snəc.

" South of təli'snəc, Khaals came upon a sentinel wearing a tall cedar-bark hat surmounted with feathers. ' Why are you standing here? ' he asked.

" ' I have posted myself on this side of the lake, and another warrior has posted himself on the opposite shore, to intercept Khaals.'

" ' You shall stand here forever,' said Khaals, as, raising his hand, he changed the man into a hill.

" He met no more people until he reached pχɛ'ɛn isthmus, between Little Goose Island and the mainland. The inhabitants of this place were sensible and greeted him as a great man. Khaals thanked them for their welcome, and said, as he departed: ' You shall retain your human forms, and you shall eat the things that I have created for you to the southward.'

" Farther on he came upon another group of people who possessed a number of fine houses facing a beautiful beach. Their children, however, spent all their days in the water or sunning themselves on a rock. The villagers failed to recognize him and asked: ' Where have you come from? '

" ' I have come from the head of the lake,' he answered. ' Tell me, do your children spend all their time swimming in the lake? '

" ' Yes,' a villager answered, and another interjected: ' Why do these strangers ask such questions? Why do they want to know everything? '

" ' Never mind,' Khaals answered. ' I shall leave you now.' As he turned away he raised his right hand over the children sunning themselves on the rock. ' You children shall remain here as long as the earth exists. You shall bear witness to my deeds, to those who come hereafter.' The children changed to stones which stand there to this day, resembling children sunning themselves on a rock. We call them səmənɛ'ɬ (children of high birth).

" He came next to another sentinel, gazing with head turned sideways toward the entrance to Pitt Lake. The man started in amazement when Khaals suddenly addressed him from behind. 'Are you looking for someone? '

" ' Yes, I am looking for Khaals, who is travelling about changing people. Men say that he is coming this way.'

" ' What will you do to him? '

" ' I shall kill him.'

" ' Good,' said Khaals, raising his right hand. ' You shall stand here always, gazing toward the entrance to the lake. The people who come hereafter shall gaze upon you.'

The man became a white bluff facing the entrance to the lake. We call it Nihowas[?] (watching with the head turned sideways).

" The tribe of the sentinel lived farther south at a place called smə'yəθ (the deer-hunting place). They had been expecting Khaals and, recognizing him from the two brothers and twelve servants who accompanied him, greeted him with great respect.

" ' What do you eat? ' he asked them.

" ' Occasionally we catch sturgeon, the fish created by the great leader θɛ'ɬəctən when he transformed his own daughter.'

" ' That is well. Henceforward I shall be your guardian and your helper. Pray to me, and I shall assist you when you try to invent new methods of obtaining food from the waters and from the mountains.'

" Khaals came upon no more people until he approached the entrance to Pitt Lake, where he encountered one of θɛ'ɬəctən's subjects paddling a canoe. The man had speared a seal too large to drag inside his vessel, and was towing it ashore at xʷk'ʷɛ'ɬχən (Emptying Place), so named because a little stream empties there into the lake. He, too, recognized Khaals, but did not thank him for creating seals, because he was afraid that Khaals would take his prize away from him. Khaals passed him by in silence, then with a gesture changed the seal into a stone . You can see it to-day at low tide, just under the surface of the water—a reminder that we should never forget to thank Khaals for the many things that he created for our use.

" He now reached θɛ'ɬəctən's home again, having made a complete circuit of Pitt Lake. When θɛ'ɬəctən and his people went forward to welcome him, he said: ' θɛ'ɬəctən, the Lord Above created you and all your friends. Rule wisely. You are the master of this lake, in which I have created abundant food for you. Remember that no unclean person must go there, no widower or newly bereaved orphan, no parents of a new-born child. They are as poison to the lake; and if they visit it, they will catch nothing. Listen now to the prayers that I shall teach you—one prayer to enable you to capture fish and seals in the lake, and a second to prevent your enemies from catching them.'

"(The prayer for capturing fish and seals is called χa'χç'əltən (taking off the lid and opening up the lake). It is one of my own names, given to me because I am descended from θɛ'ɬəctən.)

"After teaching θɛ'ɬəctən these two prayers, Khaals said: ' Now I have finished my work in your country and will go elsewhere. Do not fail to remember me, do not fail to pray to me. Especially when you go to Pitt Lake, to catch the fish and seals that I have created there, pray to me, for if you do not pray you will catch nothing. All the tribes of men through which I have passed shall increase in numbers. Be obedient. Hold me in reverence. So shall you live long in the land.'

" From the Pitt Lake district, Khaals crossed to Katzie, where he found Swaneset and his people flourishing and content. A misanthrope living at the east end of Barnston Island tried to drive him away, as he drove away all other Indians, but Khaals forced him under the sand-bar, saying: ' You shall remain here alone for ever. No fish will ever dwell near this point, no trees will ever grow on it, no drift-logs will ever linger on its beach.'

"(The sandy point has remained barren to this day. Not long ago a European fisherman set up his tent there; but when a monstrous being armed with a big club attacked him during the night, he took refuge on his boat and fled at daylight.)

" Khaals now disappeared up the Fraser River, but whither he went no man knows. He had finished the task that the Lord Above sent him to perform; he had sorted out the good from the bad and made the world a better home for man.

. . . . . .

"After Khaals had left them, the Indians at smə'yəθ, on Pitt Lake, pondered over his promise that he would help them to invent new methods of capturing fish and game, and the eldest man in a certain family conceived the plan of encircling the deer on the moun-

tain-slopes and driving them toward a deep gulch. His brothers agreed to join him, and to take their sister with them. They were very successful in their drive, and killed a great number of deer.

" The eldest man now said: ' Let us cut up the deer, and if we cannot carry home all the meat, let us invite our fellow-villagers to come and help themselves.'

" Their sister drew near to watch them butcher the animals, and while they were working she tasted the heart of a deer. Her brothers laughed at her until she felt ashamed; only the oldest man did not laugh, but told the others not to make fun of her because she was their only sister. Shortly afterwards she walked away weeping, and when the men, engrossed in their work, paid no attention to her, she called back: ' Not again shall you kill deer as easily as you have killed them to-day. I am appointing myself the owner and mistress of all the deer in this country. Those who remember me in the years to come, those who pray to me, to them I shall grant one or two deer, but even they shall never slaughter them in such numbers as you have to-day.'

" Thus speaking she changed to a deer and disappeared in the mountains. She dwells there to-day, and although she is nameless, she still prevents the hunter from killing any deer unless he prays to her. If a man should inadvertently follow her trail, she deposits some of her long hair on a stump or leaves some other sign to warn him from pursuing her any farther. If he still persists in pursuing her, he falls ill and is obliged to return.

"(My eldest son once saw this queen deer when he was hunting around Pitt Lake. His dogs gave tongue to a deer and barked furiously, but seemed afraid to close in when the animal stood motionless and gazed at them. My son drew near enough to see that although it possessed the body of a deer, its head was the head of a human being, so he called off his dogs and returned to camp. The dogs died as soon as he reached his tent, but he himself received a special gift for hunting. Thereafter he caught with ease whatever game he hunted, and was equally successful in his fishing.

"(After my eldest son died, a younger son sighted this queen deer in the distance and, not recognizing it, fired off his gun. The animal turned and looked at him. He fell unconscious, and lay on the ground from early morning until evening. Afterwards he too was a very successful hunter.)*

" Sturgeon became very numerous in Pitt Lake after Khaals had passed, and θɛ'ɬəctən's three brothers, nixnɛ'xələq, syəlti·'m, and sya'ykʷəɬ, spent most of their time fishing.

" One day sya'ykʷəɬ looked up at the mountains and saw there many goats, created by Khaals before he disappeared. He said to his brothers: ' It shall be my task to capture them.'

" ' Will you shoot them with your arrows? ' they asked.

"And he answered: ' Yes, whenever I can approach near enough. But I will also snare them.'

"(I found one of sya'ykʷəɬ's cedar-bark snares on a mountain and pointed it out to my companions; but when we tried to pick it up, it fell to dust.)

" So sya'ykʷəɬ hunted the goats and provided his people with much wool, which they wove into blankets. Then one day when he was on top of the mountain, a gale of wind sprang up, accompanied by driving rain. He pulled down branch after branch of the fir-trees and rubbed his face with them, praying for help to the Lord Above as they swished upward again. Suddenly thunder crashed, and he fell to the ground unconscious. Then thunder spoke to him saying: ' Poor man. The Lord Above had decreed that we should help poor people such as you. I shall bestow on your eyes the same power as I have; they shall flash lightning. Do not return home immediately. And be very cautious, for now you have great power.'

* An old woman on the Saanich Peninsula said that each species of animal, fish, and tree has its mother, which differs from the ordinary animal only in being larger. Indians going far out from land, she added, have occasionally reached some island and seen the mother salmon or the mother cod. Probably the same notion prevailed generally among the Coast Salish.

" When sya'ykʷəɬ came down the mountain, and was hunting again at the head of Pitt Lake, he came upon a large band of Douglas Indians from Harrison Lake who had crossed the mountains to build canoes for themselves. sya'ykʷəɬ closed his eyes, prayed to Thunder, and opened them again, whereupon a flash of lightning swept past the Douglas Indians. In their terror they petitioned him for peace and offered to give him one of their daughters in marriage. He accepted, and from his marriage to the girl many of the Douglas people to-day claim Katzie descent.

" On another occasion sya'ykʷəɬ said to his people: 'I am going to make war on the people of tɛ'ɛtqə (Valdes Island). Many of his friends volunteered to accompany him, and, following the usual custom, warned the Valdes Indians to prepare for an attack on a certain day. The islanders and their allies gathered on the beach and chanted their war songs, hoping to frighten their enemies; but when sya'ykʷəɬ's canoe came within bow-shot, he told his followers to cease paddling and he, too, began to chant. Immediately clouds gathered in the sky, the thunder pealed, and the lightning that flashed from sya'ykʷəɬ's eyes scorched all the islanders who had not already fled. The survivors sued for peace by giving him one of their girls in marriage.

. . . . . .

" Generations went by, and the Indians increased in numbers. Families settled on the mountains, on the plains, and on the sea-shore, wherever they could find food, for the land was overcrowded. At the eulachon season in spring, and again in summer during the sockeye-salmon run, when they all gathered at the Fraser River to fish, the smoke from their morning fires covered the country with a pall of smoke.

" The Lord Above looked down and saw how they crowded upon the land, and one summer, after the Indians had dried their salmon, He sent the rain. It rained and rained without ceasing until the rivers overflowed their banks, the plains were flooded, and the people fled for shelter to the mountains, where they anchored their canoes to the summits with long ropes of twisted cedar-boughs. Still it rained until every mountain-top was covered except Mount Golden-Ears, on which the Indians from the Lower Fraser had taken refuge, and even on this mountain many Indians drowned when their canoes crashed into one another and upset. Higher up the Fraser River, Mount Cheam also rose above the flood and sheltered many Indians on its summit, while on Vancouver Island Mount Tzuhalem, near Cowichan, floated upward on the rising waters.

" The Lower Fraser Indians riding the flood on Mount Golden-Ears lived on their stores of dried salmon until the water subsided. Several canoes, however, broke away and were carried by the swiftly flowing current far to the southward. The Kwikwitlam Indians* in the State of Washington are descendants of Coquitlam Indians who drifted away from Mount Golden-Ears, the Nooksack are descendants of Squamish Indians, and the Cowlitz of some Cowichan natives who were swept away from Mount Cowichan. Other survivors of the flood returned to their old homes when the water subsided and built new homes of cedar by splitting the tree-trunks with elk-horn wedges and stone hammers.

"(My son once uncovered a fragment of an old anchor rope, which was about 2½ feet thick, when he slipped on some moss near the top of Mount Golden-Ears. The rope looked quite fresh and strong before he touched it, but it crumbled to dust in his hands.

"(On the same mountain my cousin has seen the sticks of cedar that our ancestors used during the great flood to hold apart the two halves of their dried fish, for after the water subsided, they gathered these sticks into a pile and left them also on the mountain. My cousin said that they crumbled to dust at his touch.)

. . . . . .

" Slowly the Indians multiplied again after the great flood, and the Lord Above who was watching them saw that once more they were too numerous in the land. Even

* Probably the kʷikʷiχa'bš of the Pilchuck River.—*W. S.*

the Indians themselves became fearful, remembering the great flood, and they stored away carefully all the food that they could gather. Then in the third month (October) of a certain year snow began to fall, and it continued falling for an untold number of days until it buried every house. The inmates propped up the roofs with heavy poles, melted the snow for drinking-water, and sustained themselves on the stores of food they had accumulated; but three months passed by before they could dig their way out, nine months before the snow melted completely from the house-tops. In the meantime half the Indians died of starvation. The famished survivors devoured dead birds and dead animals that they found on the ground until the eulachon reappeared in the Fraser River and gave them fresh food in abundance.

. . . . . .

"After many generations, the people again multiplied until for the third time the smoke of their fires floated over the valley like a dense fog. Then news reached them from the east that a great sickness was travelling over the land, a sickness that no medicine could cure, and no person escape. Terrified, they held council with one another and decided to send their wives, with half the children, to their parents' homes, so that every adult might die in the place where he or she was raised. Then the wind carried the smallpox sickness among them. Some crawled away into the woods to die; many died in their homes. Altogether about three-quarters of the Indians perished.

" My great-grandfather happened to be roaming in the mountains at this period, for his wife had recently given birth to twins, and, according to custom, both parents and children had to remain in isolation for several months. The children were just beginning to walk when he returned to his village at the entrance to Pitt Lake, knowing nothing of the calamity that had overtaken its inhabitants. All his kinsmen and relatives lay dead inside their homes; only in one house did there survive a baby boy, who was vainly sucking at its dead mother's breast. They rescued the child, burned all the houses, together with the corpses that lay inside them, and built a new home for themselves several miles away.

" If you dig to-day on the site of any of the old villages you will uncover countless bones, the remains of the Indians who perished during this epidemic of smallpox. Not many years later Europeans appeared on the Fraser, and their coming ushered in a new era."

CHAPTER III

NATURE AND MAN

There was no doubt in the minds of Old Pierre and other Katzie Indians that the belief in a Supreme Deity (ci'cəɬ siɛ'm) was an ancient heritage of their people, not a comparatively new doctrine implanted by Europeans.* In conversation and in prayers they called him the " creator of all things," but on closer questioning they qualified this expression and affirmed that the world must have existed before he began his work of creation, although its appearance was very different before and after. His work was good; there was no evil in anything that he did or ordained; but when some of the human beings he had created strayed from the path of righteousness, he sent Khaals (χɛ'ɛls) to punish them and to reintroduce right order into the world. It was Khaals, therefore, acting as the messenger of Him Who Dwells Above, who finally reshaped the world to its present form.

He Who Dwells Above presumably resembles a human being, but no one has seen him face to face, or at least has been able to describe him. In the first days his voice floated down from the sky to a few men like Swaneset; later men have never heard it, except one or two who have died in post-Christian times and come to life again. Yet he is not a god who keeps himself aloof from the affairs of men; on the contrary, he is always watching them from his home in the sky, ready to cut short the life of a man who develops evil habits and to take the soul back to himself.† Always he lends an attentive ear to the prayers that the Indians offer up to him, and in his own way often answers those prayers, either directly or through an intermediary. " Pray," the Katzie Indians say, " first to Him Who Dwells Above, then to the sun, to Khaals, to the moon, and to your guardian spirit." Whenever he crosses the threshold of his house to hunt or to visit his traps, Old Pierre's son still prays first to Him Who Dwells Above, then to Khaals, and finally to the shadow of his forefathers and deceased brothers and sisters. His prayer is spontaneous and therefore varies with each occasion, but it generally runs somewhat as follows:—

" O You Who Dwell Above, Holy One, you have made me, you have made the trees and the animals. You see that I am poor. You know that I have obeyed the rules ordained for Swaneset and for θɛ'ɬəctən and for those who should come after them. Give me power to capture the deer. Help me to get food for my family.

" O Khaals, you arranged the earth as it is to-day. I have done what you told us to do. Now help me . . . ."

He Who Dwells Above created man with a soul (šxwəli'), vitality, life, or thought (smɔsti'ɔx^{w}), a certain special talent or power (swiɑ'm'), and a shadow or reflection (qəy'χənɛ'ʔtən). At death the special talent or power perishes with the body, the soul returns to Him Who Dwells Above, and the vitality and the shadow merge to produce the shade or ghost (spəlq^{w}i'ç'ə) that roams invisible in the neighourhood of its old home, dreaded by all the surviving relatives. The Indians admit that theoretically a mother's ghost should retain her love for her children, but actually they live in constant fear of all ghosts, those of their nearest relatives included, believing that even a father's may paralyse or perhaps kill his son for a word or deed that offends it.‡

No other living creature except the sockeye salmon possesses a soul, not even the birds and animals created by Khaals from human beings, for whom he transformed them, he sent back their souls to their Maker. The sockeye possesses a soul, because in its home far out in the ocean it is really a human being. That is the reason why Swaneset's father-in-law said to him as he was leaving: " My son-in-law, you are taking my daughter away with you. At a certain time of the year all her relatives shall visit you. You may eat them, but of the first ones you catch you must throw back into the water the bones, the skin, and the intestines. Then their souls will return hither and take on new bodies."

* *See* Appendix III [cf. also Suttles, *op. cit.*, p. 29].
† "Good and bad alike go back, though now the missionaries teach us otherwise."—*Old Pierre.*
‡ *See* Appendix IV.

Just as the souls of the sockeye find reincarnation within new bodies, so men's soul may be reincarnated also. He Who Dwells Above may pity someone who mourns a dead relative unceasingly, and He may return the soul into some new-born baby. The reincarnated child will then possess the same features as its predecessor and show the same external markings, even the scars from the ear-pendants; but this never happens to-day, the Indians say, because the missionaries forbid inordinate weeping for the dead. The shadow or reflection (qəy'χənɛ'ʔtən) may also be reincarnated; but unless the soul accompanies it, the child will bear only a general resemblance to its predecessor.

The Katzie Indians occasionally employed the term "brain" (smɑ'cqən) to mean the seat of the intelligence, and even the intelligence itself, which would make it conflict with their understanding of man's second attribute, vitality, or thought (səsti'əxʷ). I suspect, however, that this use of the world "brain" is due to European speech, since they stated quite positively that both the brain and the breath (sɬɛ'qʷəm, which is but an emanation from the body like steam) perish with the body at death.

Animals and plants possess shadows, vitality or thought, and special talents or powers, but not souls. Their vitality or thought—for the two seem inseparable to the Katzie and are therefore included in the one term "səsti'əxʷ"—pervades their bodies as it does man's, but it abandons the limbs and trunks of the trees during the winter and retires into their roots, for it comes largely from the sun, and the sun is then far away. That is why the leaves fade and drop in the autumn, because there is no vitality in them. It is from the sun, or from fire, that man himself gains warmth, which is also inseparable from vitality; his body stores it up during the day, uses up its store in the early hours of the morning, and loses in those hours a little of its vitality. The seed that blows in the wind has vitality, since otherwise it could not sprout; but when you fell or burn a tree, its vitality perishes, for it cannot leave its body and become a ghost as man's does. So was it ordained by Him Who Dwells Above when he created Swaneset and θɛ'ɬəctən and the others, for he said to them: "I have created those evergreen trees* for your use. They shall grow as you grow. By rubbing yourselves with their branches after you bathe you shall gain help from them, since they too have vitality."

Man's vitality or thought pervades his whole body, so that if he loses an arm or a leg, he loses some of his vitality and his character may change. Unlike the soul or the shadow, whose departure brings instant death, it can leave his body for a short period and return, as when a person dreams or faints or goes into a trance. It is the vitality or thought of the animal that watches the hunter or the trapper and warns it of his presence; that observes improper treatment of game, such as the rude hurling of a hide to the ground; and that detects a man's sexual impurity and keeps the game away from him. The beaver will then cover his trap with mud or set it off with a stick.

The vitality or thought is responsible for memory. Thus Old Pierre announced one morning that his vitality or thought had visited a certain rock during the night, and that he was now able to tell me the legend about it which he had forgotten the day before. It is partly responsible, again, for another attribute. If a man keep himself absolutely pure by continence and frequent bathing, then at some time or other his thought may leave his body and, travelling to some holy place invisible to normal eyes, gain an excess of talent or power (swiɑ'm') which it will impart to its owner when it returns; but if it fails to return, the man will become crazy and die.

The Katzie Indians cannot make a clear distinction between the vitality or thought and this special talent or power (swiɑ'm') which they attribute to all, or nearly all, things around them. The medicine-man, they say, has a special power or talent for healing sickness, the wolf for capturing deer. Every Indian who thinks often of Him Who Dwells Above obtains a measure of power, which he can increase by purification and prayer. He may lose this power through various causes. Thus whenever the vitality leaves the body, the power leaves it also. Both may then be restored by a skilful medicine-man using his own guardian spirit, for both are miniature likenesses of their owner, so that the

* The deciduous trees were created later by Khaals.

medicine-man can distinguish to whom they belong even when several vitalities or powers are wandering about together. Both the vitality and the power, however, weaken with age; and since the loss of vitality necessarily carries with it the loss of the power, the Indians sometimes use the two words synonymously. Thus the cutting-off of a man's hair, they affirmed, destroyed a little of his vitality or powers; and when he was explaining the origin of the sacred dances held during the winter months, Old Pierre said: "In summer when the sun is strong man feels vigorous; he has plenty of power. But when winter brings cold weather, his power declines. He Who Dwells Above therefore ordained the winter dances to increase his power, to strengthen his vitality."

The solid rocks possess power, perhaps also vitality. The water and the winds certainly possess both, because they are capable of motion. So likewise do the sun, the moon, and the stars. The sun, indeed, ranks next to Him Who Dwells Above, for the vitalities of man and animals and plants depend upon its warmth. Every living creature in man's neighbourhood emanates its power, which travels about and frequently attaches itself to the vitality of a human being. The power of an individual wolf, for example, may enter a man, making him a good deer-hunter; the man gains, and the wolf itself loses nothing. Each creature has its special power that it can bestow, and some tiny, outwardly insignificant creature may bestow stronger power than the bear or the whale. None bestowed by any creature near at hand, however, possesses remarkable strength. It may help a man in his hunting; it may make a woman industrious; but to a considerable extent it lies dormant except in winter, when man's vitality ebbs with the cold weather and he needs assistance from an external source to keep him in health. Then the power he has received from his "guardian" bird or animal (sʔɑ́'lyə) wells up inside him, causing him to sing and dance and thereby regain his health and vigour. Night after night for about two months these dances continue, as the power wells up now in one individual, now in another, for it was He Who Dwells Above who ordained them, even as He ordained that man should receive power from the creatures around him.*

He Who Dwells Above, however, also ordained that many creatures should never be visible to mortal eyes. They live in mystic (χɛ́'χə)† realms at varying distances from man, who knows of them through visions only, when his vitality leaves his body and travels to their homes. It is from these distant, invisible creatures, not from the common creatures around about, that man obtains really extraordinary power—power, for example, to cure diseases. The farther away they dwell, the greater the power they can bestow; but also the more difficult it is to reach them, because He Who Dwells Above will never allow a man's vitality or thought to travel to their homes until he has undergone a prolonged purification, and prayed and fasted unceasingly. Only one who has undergone this strenuous training, and suffered innumerable hardships, has ever become a real medicine-man (šxʷnɛ́'ʔɛm) with power to cure human ailments. As Old Pierre said: "Nowadays I hear many of my friends say, 'I am a medicine-man; my power is latent in this knife.' But they do not speak the truth. They are not medicine-men; they have no medicine-power, but only the shadow of such power. Not one of them was willing to undergo the penance that alone gives admission to the really sacred realm, farther away than the realm of the ordinary guardian spirits, where dwell the spirits that give medicine-power."

Later chapters will describe in detail the medicine-men and their powers, and also the powers granted to the individuals who participate in the winter dances. In addition to these powers, there is power (swiɑ́'m') that comes not from any created thing, but directly from Him Who Dwells Above, who bestowed it on a few individuals (sɬθi'ʔθə or yəw'i'n'mət (priests)) in the first days of creation that they might use it in the crises of

* "Since He Who Dwells Above ordained the smiłə or winter dances, and decreed that the Indians should think of him while they danced, smiłə songs are really prayers to Him Who Dwells Above. Songs chanted at the ordinary potlatch, on the other hand, are generally not prayers, for the potlatch is a purely Indian institution.—*Old Pierre.*

† This word "χɛχə" seems to combine the notions of mystery and sanctity. He Who Dwells Above is χɛχə, because no one knows whence it comes or whither it goes. So, too, is the home of the sockeye salmon far removed from human sight, and the homes of all guardian spirits. But corpses, too, are χɛχə, and women and children at certain periods when they undergo mysterious physical changes.

life; e.g., when children were born or named, when a young couple married, or an old man was laid away in his grave. He Who Dwells Above instructed the first priests, Swaneset, c'simlɛ'nəxʷ, and the rest, in the ceremonies they should hold on those occasions, and He taught them certain chants and prayers to Himself, prayers whose words themselves carried power. Subsequently the first priests handed on their prayers and formulæ to their descendants, who underwent a long course of purification and training before they in turn could officiate.

The most important function of the priests was the protection of the people from mysterious forces that might endanger their health or their success in hunting and fishing. Just as there are places that are sacred because no human being has defiled them with his presence (e.g., the cloud country, far-away places of the ocean, the unknown sources of rivers, and the homes of the strongest guardian spirits), so certain things relating to man himself are sacred and filled with dangerous power because he can neither understand nor control them. A child is filled with a mysterious, dangerous power at adolescence, when the old life is passing from it and a new one taking its place. Women are exceedingly mysterious and dangerous, because they change their lives each month and are capable of bringing wholly new lives into the world. The mere touch of their hands at such times will spoil a hunter's weapons and keep the game beyond his reach. Moreover, women can sap a man's strength, can conquer him by winning his affections, and make him their plaything. Parents of twins are invested with a dangerous sanctity, because for some reason unknown He Who Dwells Above has blessed them with two children instead of the usual one. And a corpse is extremely dangerous, for a momentous change has taken place within it, a change that affects most of all the nearest kin, but also every other person who is an eye-witness to it.

From these and other sources a man often incurred what, failing a better expression, we may call a supernatural contagion or impurity. This undermined his health; it also destroyed his success in fishing and hunting, since the animal world was conscious of it and kept away from him. The priest's function was to "wash away" the impurity by ceremonies and prayers, and to restore the men to a normal condition.

He had, also, other important duties. Often the shade or ghost of some one dead attacked a living person, causing paralysis or some other disability. This, too, was a kind of supernatural contagion that demanded prayers and exorcisms. Then, again, it was a priest's function to restore a man's vitality or thought, whenever for some reason it had left his body and failed to return. The priest painted a design* in red ochre on the patient's face, and, sweeping his hand upward to the sky, cried in a loud voice "hii χɛ'χə siɛ'm" (O, Holy Lord), invoking Him Who Dwells Above. He then invoked Khaals, and after Khaals one of his own guardian spirits. Finally, to the beat of his globular rattle,† he intoned one of his prayers, šyəw'i'n' or yəw'i'n', whence priests sometimes received the name šyəw'i'n'mət or yəw'i'n'mət (he who knows many prayers).

In olden days, priests possessed great power through their prayers and incantations. Amid heavy rain one might go outdoors and chant a prayer for sunshine. Then the clouds would part within a few minutes and the sun shine forth. Through his prayers another priest might rob an enemy warrior of his vitality so that he would inevitably be killed in the ensuing battle. A third priest might say: "I went to that tribe to buy a canoe, but its owner would not sell it. Since I may not use it, he shall not either." Then he would rub a stone with red ochre, chant an incantation over it, and pretend to throw it away. The stone would mysteriously disappear, but miles away a much larger stone would crash into the canoe and break it.

* Every priest, apparently, had his own hereditary set of designs that varied with different functions. There were patterns for healing persons who had been touched by ghosts, other patterns for adolescent boys and girls, and still others for recovering lost vitalities. Every priest likewise had his own set of prayers, all derived in the first place, the Katzie Indians believe, from Him Who Dwells Above. Certain hereditary names among the Indians are said to have been derived from words in these prayers.

† *See* the legend of c'simlɛ'nəxʷ (p. 11). The globular rattle (šxɛ'lməxʷcəs) was made of sheep-horn intricately carved to represent some anthropomorphic being. The rattle c'simlɛ'nəxʷ, received from Him Who Dwells Above, bore a different design from the rattle received by Swaneset, and that again was different from θɛ'łəctən's. No one now knows the meanings of the patterns. Only a priest might use these rattles.

He Who Dwells Above gave the priests still other prayers that would tame the fish and the animals so that man might catch them easily, prayers that would likewise tame the minds of men so that estranged persons might become reconciled. Thus when a man quarreled with his wife, a priest prayed to Him Who Dwells Above, asking that the couple forget their quarrel and live in harmony again. Early in the morning he faced the rising sun and chanted his prayer; then at evening he chanted it again, facing the sun as it set. Sometimes, to symbolize his prayer, he held in his hands two bundles of goat's wool tied together, one representing the husband, and the other the wife. A few days later, certain of success, he prayed over and washed the man and sent him home to patch up the quarrel.

He Who Dwells Above endowed these prayers with power that man might use them for his good. Some priests, however, have abused their powers. They have made cedar-bark images of their enemies, chanted over them, and cut them with knives so that their victims would fall ill and die. They have influenced men's minds for evil, used their power to injure their fellow-men and to seduce women. Nevertheless, He Who Dwells Above watches them; He grants them power only in proportion to their purity, and He either punishes the evil priests or He takes their power from them. One priest who killed several people went mad and gnawed his own hands and wrists. To-day there are priests who know many of the old prayers, but they have little power because they did not undergo the long training and purification of their predecessors.*

A few individuals possess still another power (swiɑ'm'), the power of second sight. You cannot train for this power; it comes to you unsolicited, as a free gift from Him Who Dwells Above. Old Pierre's youngest daughter possessed it to a slight degree, because she could foretell if visitors were coming, whether one or two, whether men or women. She knew beforehand, but she could not say how she knew.

An Indian who was anxious about his children living far away occasionally called in one of these clairvoyants (sia'ʔwə) to find out what was happening to them. After covering his face and body with red ochre the sia'ʔwə chanted the special song that He Who Dwells Above had inspired in him. His power came to him as he chanted and the audience beat time for him with sticks, and he prayed: "O You Who Dwell Above, my power comes from you. Let me see rightly, that the people may not laugh at me and at you. Let me see." Then he flung out his arm, and perhaps said: "Your children are well, but so and so is in danger of death. I cannot see him, but my power tells me that it is so. Let him send for me to-morrow."

On the morrow the sia'ʔwə would set a basin of water in front of the endangered person and pray Him Who Dwells Above to endow the water with power. By bathing the man with it, he washed away all peril.

Life is full of unseen hazards and dangers. Without power (swiɑ'm') of some kind, men would float helplessly on its surface like corks. Power may assume different expressions, may manifest itself in many ways; but whatever its form, in the bird, in the animal, and in man, it comes, directly or indirectly, from one source only, from Him Who Dwells Above.

With this firm belief in Him Who Dwells Above, it was easy for Katzie Indians to accept the Christianity of the early missionaries. Nevertheless, the Messianic craze that spread far and wide among the Interior Indians in the early nineteenth century, when native after native "died," ascended to heaven, and returned to earth again to preach a new or revised gospel, touched them but faintly. They related one case, however, which is interesting for the light it sheds on their own customs and beliefs:—

"My mother's grandfather was a powerful chief who came from Guemes Island, in the State of Washington. When he died the people wrapped his body in many goat's wool blankets and laid it on a high platform, after which they returned to their homes. His widow, however, visited his grave daily, and wept beneath it from morning till night. On the third morning she heard a sound over her head, and, looking up, saw the blankets

* *See* Appendix V.

move. Terrified, she fled to the village and told her relatives, who accompanied her to the grave again. Seeing the blankets still moving, one of them climbed the platform and handed the corpse down. As they unwrapped it carefully, blanket by blanket, the dead man suddenly sat up and said: ' Go back to my house and clean it thoroughly.'

" Some of the villagers remained near him, while others went back and purified his house. When it was clean, they carried him down, still wrapped in the blankets in which they had carried him to his grave. He walked from the door to his usual seat and announced: ' I shall now tell you what I have seen, so that you may tell other people later. He Who Dwells Above is truly holy; He takes us from this earth, back to Himself. I cannot describe to you how beautiful is the place in which He dwells, for nothing on earth can be compared with it.'

"At this stage he began to weep, then continued brokenly, for his tongue had become slightly twisted: ' I have seen all my friends and kinsfolk there. When I arrived, He Who Dwells Above said to me, " This is your kinsman, and this one, and this one." All were supremely happy; the place was filled with a fragrance sweeter than any on earth. When I was living here below, I used to think that I owned a very fine house, but it is nothing compared with the home of Him Who Dwells Above. I wished to remain there, but He Who Dwells Above had seen my dear wife weeping and fasting below my grave and He bade me return to her.'

" The people then gave my grandfather a new name, čawa'yəs, meaning ' he who came back to life.' "

CHAPTER IV

WINTER DANCES

From the world around him, as we have seen, a man received " power " that aided him at intervals in his yearly round, and that often welled up inside him during the winter months, impelling him to burst into song and dance. The being that bestowed this power, his " guardian spirit," was called his sʔɑ́′lyə. Every person in the community required a sʔɑ́′lyə or guardian spirit except the slaves, and even a slave sometimes claimed one and participated in the dances. Yet it was dangerous for a man to seek a guardian spirit deliberately. He might prepare for one by avoiding all impurity, perhaps, too, by wandering in lonely places, but to fast and pray in solitude for long periods, as did men who sought medicine-power, involved unnecessary hardships that might injure his health and even endanger his life.*

A man (or woman) often obtained a guardian spirit without knowing it, especially if he brooded greatly over a dead relative or wandered much in solitary places. His vitality, leaving his body, travelled to the spirit's home and lingered there. Then his body began to languish until debility forced him to take to his bed. A priest, a medicine-man, or someone who possessed a powerful guardian spirit would suspect the cause of his malady and question him about his dreams, one or other of which generally furnished the desired clue. The man may have dreamed that on one occasion he had visited the raven country, whereupon the priest, taking some red ochre, painted the pattern associated with the raven-spirit dance on the patient's face† so that the truant vitality, watching from the home of the raven, would realize that it could no longer remain hidden and would return to its body. As soon as the vitality returned, the patient began to breathe out the song (siɑ́′wən) that had been given to him by the guardian raven spirit. The priest had now only to protect him from contagion and to initiate him as a dancer, when the power of the guardian raven, taking possession of him as he danced, would restore him to health and vigour.

> About twenty-five years ago I received a letter from the chief at Musqueam asking me to go down to that reserve because my cousin Jack was very ill. I paddled down the river with my wife and daughter, and in the evening chanted one of my medicine songs over Jack as he lay in his bed. Knowledge came to me as I sang, and I whispered to the chief, who was sitting beside me: " Jack is not really ill. He has only lost his vitality. Some guardian spirit has it. He needs a sc'əlɛ′xʷəm, an old dancer who has a powerful guardian spirit, to restore him to health."
>
> The next evening, without informing the half-conscious Jack, the chief gathered several old dancers in the house and said to the patient: " Your cousin states that there is no real sickness inside you. Your malady is the song-and-dance (siɑ́′wən) sickness."
>
> Each old dancer then advanced in turn and chanted his own guardian-spirit song, while the others beat sticks and drums and joined in the chorus. He then laid his hands on Jack's head and breathed on him, hoping that his spirit song might be the same as Jack's and awaken a response. Not one of the dancers, however, was able to rouse him from his lethargy, or to draw his spirit song from him, though they chanted over him five evenings in succession. Then they said to one another: " We cannot hope to succeed in this small room, where his wife sleeps with him each night. We must take him to one of the big dance-houses."

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* Yet the leaders of the Saanich groups, on Vancouver Island, forced their sons to fast in solitude for several days so that they might obtain guardian spirits. Probably such fasting was universal among the Coast Salish in early days, but had dropped out of fashion by the middle of the nineteenth century, except for those who desired to become medicine-men.

† For each spirit guardian a special dancing costume was worn, and special markings painted on the face in red or black, markings that often represented some part of the spirit (e.g., of a grizzly, the claws). It was from the costume and face-painting as well as from the song that the audience recognized the spirit that presumably inspired the dancer.

Red, from ochre, was the usual colour for face-painting, because it was the " friend " of all guardian spirits. Painted on the face by a priest, it helped a man's power, whatever his sickness. The spirits of the west, north-west, and east (north-east) winds, however, and also the thunder spirit, required black paint from charcoal because they rolled up black clouds. So, too, did the warrior spirit sqɑ́′ləθən, which came from the same region as the north-west wind, though its song was different; the powerful fish spirit skʷəni′lec, because it had black markings on its body; and the two-headed snake. When a man inspired by the thunder spirit performed his dance, black clouds gathered and the thunder rolled; if he wished hail to fall also, he daubed spots of red ochre over his black markings. One spirit, the real qʷɑ́′χʷəqs that was believed to dwell far out in the ocean, or else far off in the mountains, demanded from its dancers face-painting in both black and red.

Early the next morning they hired six youths to carry Jack into one of the big dance-houses, where they enclosed him in a small cubicle partitioned off from the rest of the house with blankets. All evening they chanted at his side, again without success; then, late at night, they retired, leaving two youths to watch over him, as is the custom with persons who are about to becomes dancers. On the seventh evening they danced and sang again, and once more they failed. Thereupon the chief became angry and said: "I don't believe he has a spirit song at all. Leave him alone." A medicine-man from Lummi spoke up: "I will make it come out of him."

He painted the face of every man, woman, and child in the dance-house with red ochre, and to the beating of their sticks and drums chanted his medicine song, striving to draw Jack's spirit song from him. But he, too, failed, and, greatly mortified, sat down by himself over to one side.

All these days I had watched them without taking any part in the proceedings; but now that all the others had tried and failed, I stepped forward and said to the six youths who were guarding the patient: "Build a great fire in the middle of the house, and, without speaking to Jack, lift him up on his mattress and lay him by the fire."

Then, with my little daughter singing beside me, I chanted one of my own medicine songs and danced, trying to discover whether Jack's vitality was straying somewhere in our own country or had wandered far away. After chanting and dancing three times I heard its song far out in the ocean, where it lingered in the home of the spirit q'ʷɑ'χʷəqs,* and I changed my song to the q'ʷɑ'χʷəqs' one, so that it would draw Jack's vitality back to his body. A quick glance showed me that I was succeeding, for Jack was no longer languid, but totally unconscious. "Cover his face with a blanket," I said to the youths.

They covered his face, and the chief, coming forward, felt his body. Seemingly it had stopped breathing. Three times I danced and chanted the q'ʷɑ'χʷəqs song, and my little daughter danced with me. Then the Lummi medicine-man came forward, felt Jack's body, and drew the blanket from his face, saying: "It is not right to cover his face. He may smother." Waiting until he retired, I said to the youths, "Cover up his face again"; and I danced for the fourth time. Then I stopped, for I saw the blanket shaking, and I knew that Jack, too, was beginning to sing. The blanket shook and shook until the chief, too, noticed it, and came forward to thank me. Jack's voice grew louder and louder until everyone in the house could hear it. Now I ordered the youths to carry him back to his cubicle, where they, too, should learn the song, and addressing the audience, I said: "No one except these youths must go near him. To-morrow evening we shall try to make him dance." Everyone then retired, leaving only the six youths to watch over him.

We assembled again the next evening, and a priest, covering Jack's face with a blanket, persuaded him to dance a little. Some purified women then made him the cedar-bark uniform that is always worn by new dancers, and the following morning, after the same priest had bathed him, Jack put on this uniform and went into the woods, accompanied by two of his watchmen. A few hours later he returned shouting "hu hu hu," leaped through the doorway of the house, and danced around inside, chanting his q'ʷɑ'χʷəqs song. His illness had vanished, and he was now a new dancer, a χɛw'sa'lkʷɬ.

Even though a man (or woman) showed no sign of languidness or possession by a guardian spirit, one might still be latent inside him, energizable by an old dancer who himself possessed strong spirit-power. The latter could even breathe the power of his own spirit into a man who lacked one, and the shock would render the victim unconscious until the power welled up inside him and found utterance. It was, indeed, through the spirit-power of an old dancer, rather than fortuitously, that most of the Indians acquired their guardian spirits. A man would say to himself: "I am of noble birth. All my people have acquired spirits and danced, and we have been instructed not to forget the old customs. When He Who Dwells Above created man He said: 'The sky shall change and the seasons shall change, for all that I have created you shall use. I shall watch every young man who purifies himself, and shall grant him power.' Accordingly I must arrange for my son† to acquire a spirit. I must summon men with powerful spirits from my own village and elsewhere. I must gather food to entertain them, and blankets and other goods to pay them. My kinsmen and friends will help me."

About midwinter, therefore, when the dancing season opened, and the old dancers whom he had hired gathered at his house, the father revaled his purpose to his son, telling him not to be frightened, seeing that all his aunts and uncles before him had acquired spirits also. Then at evening, when a crowd had collected inside the house, he delivered a short speech to this effect: "My friends, I want you to help me. It is time that my son

* *See* p. 61.

† Or daughter, for girls underwent exactly the same initiation ceremonies as boys, except that their attendants throughout were girls and women, not men.

acquired a guardian spirit and danced. Give him some of the power of your own dance songs so that he may learn the true customs of our people and be worthy of his family."

Soon afterwards, on a prearranged evening, the old dancers whom he had hired seized the youth and carried him round the house, chanting " hu hu hu " so that their breath would fall on his face. They then laid him on a bed that had been set in some convenient place, either in a corner or at the side of the house, and enclosed it with goat's wool blankets. Two or sometimes six youths sat inside the cubicle with him, while outside it, to the beating of sticks and pounding of drums, each old dancer chanted his spirit song and performed his special dance. They then retired for the night, leaving the two youths to keep watch.

Morning and evening for three days they repeated their dances in the presence of the entire community, unless indeed the youth, after a brief spell of apparent unconsciousness, himself began to groan " hu hu hu," indicating that a guardian spirit previously latent, or else one instilled by an old dancer, was being stirred to activity and was struggling to voice its song. If that happened, they immediately proceeded with the initiation proper. If, however, no sign of sipirt possession was forthcoming, two priests approached him on the fourth morning, vigorously shook their rattles near his face, and prayed loudly to Him Who Dwells Above to bestow His blessing on the youth and grant him a good spirit guardian. Their prayers carried power, it is said, and never failed to produce the intended effect. The youth began to groan " hu hu hu," the entire audience gathered near him to listen for the song that would follow, and the priests and old dancers stood ready to " clear the path " for this song in case it became confused with others and could not issue.* The groans changed to words, scarcely audible at first, but becoming louder. The youths who stood guard over him recognized the sounds, then the priests and the old dancers who had injected their powers, and, one after another, they joined in the chorus, pounding sticks and drums, until the whole house resounded with the din of the song. Its words revealed the identity of the guardian spirit that had inspired them, so that the father could hire someone to make the proper costume for his son as soon as the audience dispersed.

The people reassembled in the evening to chant the new song and enable the youth to practise his dance. Any man (or women) who claimed the same spirit guardian then danced in front and beside him to teach him the steps. Not uncommonly on these occasions an old man in the audience rose up weeping and returned to his home, bringing back a goat's wool blanket, which he held up before the people saying: " This song that the lad has acquired is not sheer nonsense. It comes from long ago, from Him Who Dwells Above, and it has been handed down from generation to generation right to the present day. I do not weep for the boy, but for the memories he evokes of our forefathers, and of all that He Who Dwells Above has done for us. Therefore, I am giving the boy this blanket, and thank Him Who Dwells Above for the song that He has given us. You and you and you (naming certain old men and women in the audience), you see what I am doing. To each of you I give a mat, that you may bear witness to my deed."†

When the old man ended his oration and resumed his seat, other people generally came forward with gifts, which they, too, " verified " by token payments to various

* Once the true song had issued from his lips and he was dancing, the Indians say, he could no longer make a mistake in the words or the tune, because it was not he himself who controlled their utterance, but his guardian spirit. Any mistake by the audience that chanted with him, however, would gravely disturb his guardian spirit and cause the dancer to fall to the ground unconscious. He would even die if a priest did not step forward and pray Him Who Dwells Above to restore him. Hence the audience had to listen very attentively and not join in a song until it was absolutely certain of both words and tune. Persons in the front row often turned around and taught the people behind them.

In recent years, it is added, several Indians have died, or nearly died, because their songs became confused and could not issue. Thus a girl at Cheam, near Chilliwack, who was being raised in a mission school, became afflicted with spirit sickness and kept sighing "hu hu hu," though she could not tell her school-mates what was the matter with her. Finally she became so ill that her parents, believing that she was dying, sent from a priest named Papkun Billy. When he laid his hand on her forehead and inquired about her dreams, she told him that she had once imagined herself in a house filled with dancers whose faces were painted in a certain way. "Now I know why you are ill," said the priest, and, taking some red ochre and olive-oil, he painted the pattern three times on her face, and each time rubbed it off again. At the fourth painting the spirit-song burst from her lips, she rose to her feet and danced, and within a few days recovered her health.

† In recent years the gifts have usually been money, about $5 to the youth and 50 cents to each of the witnesses.

witnesses. The boy's father gathered up their donations, to distribute later when the initiation ceremony was complete. He carefully noted the amount of each gift, however, because at some future feast or ceremony he was bound to repay the donors in full measure, under penalty of being exposed by the witnesses for short-changing.

Early on the morning of the fifth day the people gathered again, and the two priests bathed the lad in a specially curtained cubicle. After stripping off his clothes, they pretended to throw water on him three times, praying, " May the salt water never harm him," " May the running water never harm him," and, the third time, " May the lakes never harm him." Then they bathed him in cold water, dried his body with a cedar-bark towel, and, on some pretext or other, slipped out of the cubicle in order to signal two young men who had been stationed on the roof. The latter immediately emptied over his head two buckets of cold water, while the priests shouted, " May the rain never harm him."*

The shock of the unexpected " rain " drove the youth into a frenzy. He dashed out of the cubicle, wildly shouting " hu hu hu," only to be seized at its entrance by the two youthful guards. They slipped a belt round his waist to hold him in check and let him run inside the house for a few minutes, after which they led him back to his couch, now open to full view through the removal of the front blankets. There they dressed him, and the priests painted his face with red ochre, tied a belt of goat's wool round his waist, fastened bands of the same material round his arms and legs, and set on his head a goat's wool head-dress.† Finally they placed in his hand a long stick (sqɛ'q^{w}əm) that dangled a number of shell clappers,‡ and was wrapped in one place with cedar-bark sprinkled with a mixture of ochre and consumption-plant seeds, and they prayed over him in turn, shaking their rattles.

As soon as these preparations were complete, one of the priests uttered a warning cry to the audience and jerked his rattle right in the youth's face. The startled lad leaped to his feet shouting " hu hu hu." Part of the audience took up the cry; the remainder pounded drums and sticks. Two old dancers hurried to the doorway; the two priests, one with a bowl of ochre mixed with consumption-plant seeds, the other with a bowl of birds' down, stationed themselves just outside the door; and the two guards, seizing the end of the youth's belt, guided or checked him as he trotted three times round the house and finally approached the door. The moment his head appeared in the dorway one priest threw a handful of down over the three youths, the other a handful of ochre. Jerking the novice back, his guards pushed him forward for a second " baptism," and again for a third, after which they swung him around and pushed him backwards through the door into the open air, for not until the end of winter, when the dancing season ended, might he enter or go out frontwards. The shouting youth then trotted away to the woods, with the guards still gripping his belt to prevent his escape. After their departure the priests threw ochre on the outside of the door to impregnate it with spirit-power, and strewed the floor of the dance-house with birds' down.§

For two, three, sometimes even for five or six hours the half-crazed youth trotted through the woods, stumbling through bushes, streams, and all other obstacles that lay in his path.‖ About noon, however, his guards generally steered him toward a pool of clear water not contaminated by popular use, arrested his running, and made him strip and bathe. As soon as he emerged from the water, they led him to a group of fir-trees, pulled down a branch, and, uttering a short prayer, wiped the ochre from his face with its

* This was the general sense of the prayers, but the exact wording varied with each priest. In recent times, youths have been allowed to wear loin-cloths, and girls have been exempted from the sudden shower.

† New dancers (χɛw'sa'lk^{w}ɬ) wore head-dresses of goat's wool, old dancers (sc'əlɛ'χ^{w}əm) of cedar-bark.

‡ W. A. Newcombe tells me that all such sticks he has seen bore deer-toe rattles.

§ The down of waterfowl (swans, ducks, etc.) is " friendly to spirit songs." Hence when the winter spirit dances were in progress, the priest threw down on the four corner posts of the dance-house and (in the more recent houses) on the two posts that held up the ridge-beam, addressing each one by the name of the wind that blew from that quarter, the house itself representing the earth. He then sprinkled down over the floor, entreating it to preserve from harm the soul, the vitality, the power, the shadow, and the body of the new dancer. The head of every performer was also strewn with down.

‖ Old Pierre's son trotted behind one youth for three hours.

needles, then let the branch swirl heavenward carrying their prayer to Him Who Dwells Above.* They repeated this operation with three other branches, after which each wiped the ochre from the other's face and they rested.

For an hour or more they rested, then, as soon as they judged that it was time to return, the guards seized the novice's belt again and trotted homeward behind him. Old dancers had warned them that this was the most critical period of all—that throughout their homeward run spirit guardians of all kinds would be watching them, and that one of these spirits might jump the novice and inspire a song that was different from his true spirit song, or it might take possession of one of the guards, if he were ceremonially clean, and evoke from him also the same wild cries, "hu hu hu," that betokened a spirit song struggling for utterance. Hence all three youths had been cautioned to put out of their minds every thought of spirit guardians and dances, and to think only of fishing and other secular occupations. By so doing the guards would keep themselves unaffected, and the novice would preserve the words of his song from all contamination or confusion.†

The villagers hurried to the dance-house as soon as they caught sight of the three youths or heard the noise of the novice's shell clappers. He entered one empty house after another, trotted round inside, and proceeded to the next until he came at last to the dance-house. Backing through its doorway, he trotted around the room three times, while the audience banged sticks and drums, and an old man, raising his hand to the sky, prayed to Him Who Dwells Above in long-drawn syllables, "hu hu hu." Then his guards slipped the belt from his waist and he sat down to rest, but, while still sitting, he began his spirit song. The entire audience took up the words, and as their voices swelled in volume and echoed through the great house, he rose to his feet and danced. Generally he was so exhausted that his dance lasted about fifteen minutes only. This, however, was the last of his trials. When he ended his dance and sat down again, his father announced that he would pay all helpers in the evening and the audience dispersed.

The people gathered at dusk to watch the youth break his ceremonial fast, for he had eaten nothing, and drunk only small quantites of water through a bone tube, during the whole five days of his initiation.‡ As he sat on a bench, with an attendant on either side of him, a friend laid in front of the priests two dried salmon, one male and the other female. The priests prayed over the fish, and each in turn, after the usual three feints, offered one to the youth, who bit off a fragment and dropped it into an attendant's hand. The latter dropped it to the floor, whence it was later recovered and thrown into the woods. The fish themselves were presented to the oldest person in the house.

The youth was now a xɛw'sa'lkʷɬ (new dancer), free to go wherever he wished and to eat whatever he desired. He might bathe in the river and travel in a canoe without harm from the water, because he was protected by the prayers that had been uttered over him during his bath, but he might not use a knife or an axe until the priests prayed over him again as, after three feints, he drove the weapon into a log of wood. Wherever he went, too, he had to carry the stick with shell clappers that indicated his novitiate, and if someone offered him food in the course of a dance, he had to impale it on this stick

* He Who Dwells Above created the evergreens when he created human beings and ordained that man should use them to give him warmth. After bathing, therefore, the Indians rubbed themselves with the branches of evergreens, but not of deciduous trees, which did not come into existence until Khaals appeared.

"When I was purifying myself in the woods to become a medicine-man," said Old Pierre, "I rubbed myself with every species of evergreen, for my people had told me that by so doing I should never feel the cold of rain or snow. What they said was true. The evergreens hardened my body, so that the rain and snow that fell on me seemed warm, not cold. Each species of evergreen has its own song (siɑ'wən), but none of them may become a man's guardian spirit (sʔɑ'lya), except the 'father of all trees,' as I myself have experienced." (*See* p. 67.)

† Old dancers (sc'əlɛ'xʷəm) were never sent out with the youth lest their own spirit songs should well up inside them while they were in the woods and cause them to release the youth, who in his crazed condition might never return.

It happened quite commonly, notwithstanding, that one or even both of the youths who accompanied the novice into the woods themselves became infected, and returned, like the notice, shouting "hu hu hu," as their own songs struggled within them for utterance. If their kinsfolk consented to their initiation, they were allowed to sit beside the novice, and to sing and dance in turn after his performance ended. In this way all three became new dancers. If their kinsfolk, on the other hand, wanted their initiation delayed, the priest painted on their faces white infusorial earth that women had gathered and baked to pound into their goat's wool when making blankets. The taint thus imparted to the earth loosened the bond that united the youths to their spirit guardians and weakened the spirit songs inside them; but unless they continued to whiten their faces each evening until the close of the dancing season, it was said, these songs might still grow within them and cause them to fall ill. (*See* p. 49.)

‡ If he were ailing and weak at the commencement of his initiation, he was allowed a little food each day.

and present it to the oldest person in the house. At the end of the season, however, he graduated to full dancer, and he then deposited his stick high up in a tree, retaining the goat's wool bands for his regular dance costume.*

After the ceremonial feeding of the youth, the old dancers who had assisted at his initiation gave individual performances. The hungry audience then enjoyed a substantial meal at the expense of the father, who meanwhile supervised the assembling of a pile of blankets (including those used for the cubicle), food, guns, and perhaps even one or two canoes. Beside this pile, which formed his personal contribution, he piled the blankets and other goods presented to his son when he was trying out his dance; and when everything was ready, he called from the audience an old man who was a fluent speaker, and whispered: " In that pile are so many blankets, etc., that I have gathered in order to make my son a new dancer. In this other pile are the things that John, Mary, etc., laid beside my son when he was trying out his dance. Please go forward, call out the names of those chiefs who have come from Musqueam, Chilliwack, and other places, and tell them publicly how much was contributed to my son (for those are my debts), and how much I myself have added. Then give each of these chiefs a blanket, so that he may bear witness to my distribution of these goods."

Through the same orator the father then paid the old dancers whom he had hired, the two priests, and the young men who had slept beside his son or raced with him through the woods. Finally, the presents that had been given to his son he distributed among the principal men in the audience, for all such " gifts," however spontaneous, were really investments that had to be remembered and repaid a year or more later.

In this way then, through the power breathed in them by old dancers rather than through individual dreams and visions, did the majority of the people acquire their guardian spirits.† But, say the Katzie Indians, when these old dancers seized a youth and rendered him unconscious with their breath, giving him whichever of their own guardian spirits they chose to confer, his vitality (sməsti'əx^{w}) never travelled far away (i.e., he never attained the deep, prolonged unconsciousness induced by fasting and privation). So far from reaching the true home of a spirit and there learning its song, he heard no more than the " echo " of that song here within the realm of human beings. Consequently the power (swiɑ'm') that he received was very slight. It could well up inside him during the winter dancing season, but throughout the rest of the year it lay more or less dormant and availed him little or nothing. Since it would be weaker still if just before his initiation he had consorted with a woman or even looked at one during her seasonal impurity, a priest had to attend him all through his initiation to neutralize every taint with red ochre. Subsequently, however, he could vastly increase his power by continuous purification—that is to say, by continence and fasting—for this would make his vitality travel in dreams farther and farther away until in the end it reached the mystic realm that was his guardian spirit's real home. He needed not to fear that his vitality would linger there, that it would fail to re-enter his body, because the spirit song that he had already acquired during his initiation provided a ready pathway for its return.

Each spirit, then, had certain powers or gifts that it could bestow, but it bestowed them in varying degrees, depending mainly upon the distance the man's vitality travelled to reach it, or, in other words, the amount of purification and fasting that he underwent.

* If the lad died before the end of the season, his father generally wrapped the stick, goat's wool head-dress, and bands inside a blanket, and enlisted a number of youths and maidens to learn his son's song. He then gathered a large quantity of food, and on a convenient day assembled all the villagers in his house. A hired priest unwrapped the blanket, spread out its contents on the floor, shook his rattle, and chanted a prayer of thanks to Him Who Dwells Above for granting the deceased a spirit song. His prayer restored to Him Who Dwells Above the power that dwelt in the objects, so that they could no longer harm the community. The father then intoned his son's song, and the youths and maidens joined in. At its close he thanked them for their help and distributed blankets or money among them after their repast. Some time later the priest fastened the stick and goat's wool garments on top of a high tree in the woods, where they rotted.

† To-day, when fasting and wandering in solitude are no longer customary, and illnesses diagnosed as spirit sickness are becoming increasingly rare, most Salish Indians find in their old dancers the only agencies whereby they can acquire guardian spirits. So fast is the religious aspect of the ceremony fading, indeed, that at Duncan, on Vancouver Island, some of the young men regard it as a form of sport, or as we regard a college initiation.

The medicine-man's guardian spirits—those that enabled him to cause and cure diseases—were in no respect different from others, but the majority dwelt much farther away and were therefore less easily attainable. All spirit guardians belonged to the animate realm, or to what the Indians considered as animate; they all, that is to say, possessed vitality, for it was their vitality* that conferred the blessing or power on the individual Indian. This animate realm included, in addition to animals, birds and fish, certain forces of nature, such as the winds and the thunder, which also had been human beings in the dawn of time. Each spirit guardian, again, had a home of its own at varying distances from the realm of man—it might be far away in the north, or across the ocean, or at the bottom of the sea, or in the distant mountains, or even high up in the heavens—for when the north wind ceased to blow, it was resting in its home in the north; and when a deer was slain, its vitality travelled back to the distant home of the deer before being reborn in another deer. It was to these distant homes of the spirits, therefore, that a man's vitality had to travel before it attained real power, and the more distant the home, the greater the power obtained in it.†

Although several persons in a community often claimed the same spirit guardian, they never grouped themselves into a fraternity or considered themselves linked by any special bond. On the contrary, each, as a rule, tried to preserve his individuality by slightly modifying the traditional costume appropriate to his spirit and by varying the words and movements of his dance. Quite commonly an Indian claimed several spirit guardians; they had "jumped" him, he would say, at various times and in various places. Each one had bestowed on him some special power, for example, great physical strength or skill in hunting mountain-goats, but he dared not portray more than one of these spirits during a winter dance season, lest he arouse a conflict between them‡ and bring upon himself serious illness.

The mystic relationship between a man and his guardian spirit revealed itself outwardly in several ways. He dared not eat its flesh if it were a food animal; often, but apparently not always, he was forbidden to kill it even for the use of others. In his dancing he frequently simulated its actions so that his audience might feel that he was no longer a mere human being, but that he and his guardian spirit were one.

The outsider who cannot accept the Indians' interpretation of spirit possession, as it has just been outlined, may wonder what guided the youth (or maiden) in his choice of a spiritual guardian. We must remember that he had attended the winter dances from infancy, and expected sooner or later to participate in them. He had learned to recognize the various spirits credited with possessing each dancer, and knew more or less perfectly the type of song that was chanted during each dance. In many cases he probably developed a half-conscious predilection for a certain song and dance long before his initiation, and this predilection found utterance under the hypnotic strain to which he was subjected by the priests and old dancers. While spirit guardians were not hereditary apparently, but the whole field lay wide open to the novice's choice, in actual practice there seems to have been a tendency for the individual to acquire the same spirit guardian as one of his ancestors or near kinsmen.

* Some of my Katzie informants, including Old Pierre, were not very definite on this point; they agreed that it was the wolf, the bear, the sea-otter, etc., that conferred the power, but only hesitatingly, after direct questioning, would they say that it was the vitality of the individual animal. Some Coast Salish natives on Vancouver Island, however, declared quite positively that the vitality or soul (sməsti'əxw) of the animal made its lodging in the dancer's chest; and an old Indian of Sardis commented further that the reason why a medicine-man possessed much greater power than a dancer was because his guardian spirit dwelt in his chest at all times, but a dancer's only while he was dancing.

† The Vancouver Island Salish held a different belief. (*See* footnote, p. 65.)

‡ A conflict apparent to the spectators by confusion in the song and steps of his dance.

CHAPTER V

GUARDIAN SPIRITS

The spirit guardians that Old Pierre had seen portrayed in the winter dances, or that he knew from hearsay, fell into these categories:—

Land-animals—wolf,* mink,* mole,* black bear,* grizzly bear, deer,* coon,* beaver,* cougar,* skunk.

Sea-mammals—sea-otter,† blackfish.*

Fish—sockeye salmon, dog salmon, Dolly Varden trout,* sturgeon.

Birds—loon, magpie, raven,* horned owl, white owl,* mountain-eagle, kingfisher, sandhill crane, sawbill duck, humming-bird,* a small black waterbird of unidentified species, and a mountain-bird called sko'kox.

Insects—fly,* wasp,* lice, mosquito.

Reptiles—common snake,* frog.*

Forces of nature—north-west wind,* north-east wind,* west wind,* south wind,* thunder,* sun,* star.

Mythical creatures—two-headed snake,* lightning snake,* xa'pxəp,* x̣a'm'təkʷ,* warrior spirit,* sqɛ'yəp,* timber-giant,* q'ʷa'x̣ʷəqs,* skʷəni'ləc.*

Miscellaneous—locomotive.

The last guardian spirit, locomotive, is abnormal. When a half-breed Indian living near Abbotsford claimed it during one of the winter dances, the other Indians laughed at him. He insisted, however, that it enabled him to control the weather, because a locomotive goes everywhere through rain and sunshine; and he said that because they had mocked him, he would make the weather very cold for two months. When snow fell the next day and the weather did remain cold for two months, the Indians believed him.

Old Pierre could not remember any Indian who claimed grouse, seal, or elk as his guardian spirit. He thought that the elk might give a man great power, whereas the seal, which is clever at stealing the Indians' fish, would probably make its protégé a skilful thief.

Wolf.—When Khaals reached New Westminster,‡ in the dawn of time, he transformed a family of Indians into wolves, and ordained that they should help the generations of people who should come after them (*see* p. 22). Hence all New Westminster youths secured the wolf for their guardian spirit and became excellent hunters of deer, elk, bear, and other game. Similarly their women, aided by the spirits of female wolves, became splendid mat-makers and weavers of woollen garments. Wolves, of course, roamed everywhere, and their spirits aided Indians of other groups also, but it was only the New Westminster people who obtained really strong wolf spirits.

(*a*) During one of the winter dance seasons my nephew Gus, who was about my own age, lived with his grandfather a few doors from my home. After watching us dance one evening, he went home and, feeling very thirsty, asked an aunt to make him some tea. He drank and ate voraciously, but still could not satisfy his thirst and hunger. Suddenly he dropped to the floor unconscious. Someone rushed over to summon me, and my uncle x̣ʷəx̌əqe'nəm went with us. When we came to where Gus was lying, my uncle said: "You had better chant one of your medicine songs and summon your medicine-power." I felt Gus's stomach, however, and replied: "No, I shall not chant for my medicine spirit, but for my dance spirit." So I began to chant the song of one of my winter spirits, and the people in the other houses rose from their beds and beat sticks for me; but though I danced and chanted vigorously, Gus's breath did not return to his body. My uncle, therefore, turned to the old dancers in the audience and said: "Take turns in singing and dancing, all of you. He may hear one of your songs and come to life again." When they, too, failed to stir the unconscious man, though they all danced and sang their spirit songs in turn, he declared: "It must be some very precious spirit guardian that has taken possession of him."

All night Gus lay there, unconscious; then just before dawn his breath came back very slowly and he began to chant his song. The old people listened intently and whispered to each

* Those marked with an asterisk (*) were recorded also from one or other of the Coast Salish groups on Vancouver Island.

† Possibly this should be land-otter, since sea-otters were very rare in the Strait of Georgia.

‡ The group of Indians that once lived at New Westminster now resides at Langley, on the opposite side of the Fraser River.

other: "His chant has come from far back in the woods. It is a chief's song." They called his spirit guardian a "chief" because they were afraid to mention the word "wolf."

Daylight came, and my uncle summoned a priest, who rubbed a mixture of oil and ochre on Gus's face three times, and each time rubbed it off again. He then painted it for the fourth time and announced that he would bathe him after three days. On hearing this, I said to Gus's grandfather: "Let us move him into my house, for you are not able to cut wood and keep this house warm." But he answered: "No, I want to keep him here." We therefore decided to speed up the initiation ceremony, to make Gus try out his dance that same evening, and he bathed the next morning. So that evening he practised his dance.

Next morning someone brought into the house his goat's wool head-dress and the priest bathed him. Before placing the head-dress on Gus's head, he said: "Two youths must go out with him, not just one." A man named Kaiyaham[?] volunteered to go, also a half-breed Hawaiian named Bob Couts. The two men caught hold of the rope round Gus's waist, guided him through the doorway and into the woods behind Katzie.

Out in the woods both Kaiyaham and Bob Couts were seized by guardian spirits; only with great difficulty were they able to turn Gus round and bring him back to the village in the late afternoon. When some children who were watching for them reported that all three men were shouting "hu hu hu," two other youths ran out to seize Gus's rope and guide him into the house. There he performed his wolf dance and retired to rest, while Kaiyaham and Bob Couts, who had dropped to the ground unconscious as soon as they entered the house, were placed in separate beds under goat's wool blankets. That evening my hunting-dogs ran into my house and took shelter under the beds, for as soon as darkness fell so many wolves howled round the village that no one had the courage to go outside. From their tracks in the woods the next morning there must have been hundreds of animals. However, Gus became a splendid duck-hunter through gaining the wolf spirit. By chanting his song up to the moment he fired his gun, he could prevent the ducks from flying away.

The morning after Gus had completed his initiation, my uncle summoned me to a council of the old people to discuss what should be done with the half-breed, Bob Couts, who was on the verge of chanting his spirit song. Some wanted to make him a dancer also, but my uncle said: "We have never seen a half-breed dance, and if we initiate him, other Indians may cry shame on us." His counsel prevailed, and, with the approval of all the people, he painted Bob's face three times with a mixture of charcoal and white diatomaceous earth, rubbed it off again, and painted it a fourth time. The priest then shook his rattle three times in front of Bob's face; the third time he shook it, Bob became unconscious again. We covered him with his goat's wool blanket and watched to see if he would recover; but when he failed to come to, we left a man on guard and went to our homes. I visited him in the evening, just after he had regained consciousness. His guardian spirit had left him, and he was yawning as if he had just awakened from deep sleep.

That same evening my uncle painted Kaiyaham's face with ochre, and on the evening of the next day made him practise his dance, which was the dance of the north-wind spirit. On the third day we sent him into the woods, with Bob Couts and another youth holding on to his rope. Bob was not affected this time because his guardian spirit had been driven out of him.

(*b*) A Sumas man named Skelum[?] once climbed Vedder Mountain to hunt, but, not encountering any game, he decided to return home. Near the foot of the mountain, in a level spot free from underbrush, he heard a noise as of a fire-drill being whirled between the palms of the hand, and thought that he had stumbled on the camp of some stranger who did not know that there was a village in the neighbourhood. Presently he saw a line of flame shoot into the air, and a number of people standing behind it. Then some animal like a dog ran up, stripped off its skin, and changed to a human being. It was a wolf camp that he had discovered; some of the animals were cutting up deer-meat, while others were roasting it at the fire. He heard one of them say, "I wonder if any human being will come here"; and another answer, "No, not unless it should be Skelum, who is always out hunting." Then he saw their old chief leaning against the stump of a tree on the side of the fire nearest him. Drawing back, Skelum crept round behind the wolves and suddenly leaped through their midst and over the flames directly in front of the chief. There he fell, but as he lay on the ground unconscious, he heard the wolf chief say: "We give you our power, for you have seen us. Never shoot again with your bow, but rub the tip of an arrow with this lump of charcoal from our fire and point it at the game. We wolves were once human beings like you and we will help you. Hereafter when you are out hunting, you will see the fires that we and other animals kindle."

All night and half the next day Skelum lay there unconscious. When he regained his senses, he found, clenched in his fist, a lump of charcoal, placed there by the wolves. Since what he had seen was sacred, he did not return immediately, but bathed and purified himself for several days.

Toward the end of the same winter he went hunting again, and saw in the mountains behind Deroche a tall column of smoke. Making his way to the place the next morning, he discovered a large cave. A cloud of smoke was issuing from its entrance and his nostrils caught the scent

of bears. He stood in the entrance and called: "I am here. Come out, all of you." But as the excited bears came out, one after another, he pointed his charcoal-tipped arrow at them, and one after another they fell to the ground dead, until he had killed 100. There he left them, after driving an arrow into each one to conceal the manner of their slaughter, and, returning home, he sent out boys to summon the hunters from all the neighbouring villages. Each man received and carried back his share of the booty, which amounted to nearly half a bear.

Mink.—Like wolf and other animals and birds, mink was a human being until it was transformed by Khaals, who said when he changed it: "You shall help the generations to come. You shall give them power to catch fish easily, by night or by day." He uttered the same words to kingfisher when he created that bird, whence the spirits of these two creatures help the Indians in their fishing.

Mink was the guardian spirit of Billy Papkun, who lived near Chilliwack. His net was therefore always full of fish, even when other men caught almost none. When he performed at the winter dances, he ran under benches and peered out from under them exactly like a mink. The people would then remove all the lines strung under the ceiling lest he should leap up and swing from them by his feet, when some malicious medicine-man might use the opportunity to harm him.

Before any Europeans visited the Pacific Coast a certain man at Coquitlam acquired the mink spirit. One winter evening he began to sing and dance, and as he danced his power grew stronger inside him. In vain the people tried to check him; he sped out of the doorway, still chanting, and disappeared in the darkness. "Let him go," the people said one to another, "his guardian spirit will bring him back." After a time they heard him coming, and took their places, ready to beat their sticks and drums. When he leaped through the doorway, he was flapping in each hand a live steelhead salmon.

His exploit excited another man whose guardian spirit was the kingfisher. As soon as the Mink's protégé had resumed his seat, he, too, danced round the room and sped through the door, and he, too, returned, after an interval, with two live salmon, which he laid beside the other man's at the close of his dance.

Mole and Sandhill Crane.—These two guardian spirits had the same name, sya-haha'w, which means "superior in everything."* Their protégés were women, to whom they granted surpassing skill in all women's work, such as drying fish and spinning wool. One woman who performed the syahaha'w dance frightened all the children by her fierce looks and by the wild manner in which she flung her arms about as though she were clawing up roots.

Both the mole and the sandhill crane were women in the dawn of time. Swaneset, in fact, married the two sandhill-crane women and deserted them (*see* p. 13). When Khaals met them, they were still digging industriously for their food. He changed them to birds, saying: "You shall fly throughout the world. You shall be powerful guardian spirits, helping women to be as industrious as you are and to become prosperous."

Khaals next encountered a lone woman, Mole, who was also digging up roots. He said to her: "Are you always digging with your hands?" She answered him: "I am obliged to dig roots all the time to feed my husband and children." Khaals raised his right hand and said: "You shall dig roots for ever, but beneath the ground. You shall be a powerful guardian spirit. Women who come hereafter shall gain power from you and succeed in everything." So he changed her into a mole.

Black Bear.—This was the guardian spirit of one of Old Pierre's nieces. She had been very lazy before she obtained it, but afterwards she was very industrious and very clever at needlework. Men who obtained the black-bear spirit became excellent hunters.

Grizzly Bear.—Old Pierre did not know what power this spirit conferred, but he had seen a young girl from Deroche perform the grizzly dance. Four boys held her in check by a rope that had been fastened round her waist, for she growled savagely and grabbed at people with her hands. Once she seized a youth and knocked him about so violently that the audience feared she would kill him; but when a priest sprang in front of her, shaking his belt in lieu of a rattle and chanting his incantation, she subsided and loosened her hold. No priest had been on hand to help her when she became a dancer, and because she had not been properly initiated she did not live long.

* Vancouver Island natives give a different interpretation.

Deer.—Old Pierre saw an Indian from Cowichan portray this spirit at Musqueam; the man hopped round the dance-hall like a yearling deer. It was said that deer allowed him to shoot them as if they were his friends. He was more prosperous than most of the Indians, evidently because his deer spirit had aided him.

Coon.—This spirit also could make a man rich. Furthermore, since you can never smoke a coon out of a tree, it enabled its protégé to play with fire. A Deroche chief who obtained the coon spirit once danced up to the fire, drew out some live coals and ate them. Strangely enough, the Katzie Indians often attribute nightmares to the coon.

Beaver.—When Khaals transformed one man into a beaver and another into a muskrat, he said: "You shall live in the water; your homes shall be below the ground. If there is a slough that is always dry, you shall build a dam and convert the slough into a lake. When the north-east wind brings icy weather and you chant to me, I will help you and cause the weather to change." Hence when a man who possessed the beaver spirit chanted his song, he could change cold, icy weather to rain. Old Pierre said that the spirit was too strong to be portrayed in the winter dances because it also conferred medicine-power. The Saanich Indians of Vancouver Island, however, stated that it had been so portrayed, though very rarely.

Cougar.—The cougar spirit made its protégés good hunters and fishermen. Old Pierre had seen an Indian from Duncan perform the cougar dance. The man was old and did not wear a proper costume, but merely wound a scarf round his forehead and let the ends trail behind like the tail of the cougar. Throughout his dance, too, he crouched close to the ground and mimicked the motions of a courgar. This man had been a mighty hunter and fisherman; fish seemed to float in front of his spear, and the deer to lack eyes and ears when he approached them. The cougar, like the beaver, conferred medicine-power.

Skunk.—This was the guardian spirit of a Nooksack Indian. He did not portray it in the winter dances, but invoked it for healing sickness, for he was a medicine-man.

Sea-otter.—The sea-otter spirit made its protégé a good sealer.

After the Great Flood, and before the Great Winter (*see* pp. 23–24), the people of Nekwaats* said to one of their young men: "Go out and purify yourself. Purify yourself with these young trees that are growing all around us, because He Who Dwells Above created them for that purpose."

After much urging the youth went away and climbed a small mountain named sʔi'mixtən, at the south-west corner of Pitt Lake. As he walked he rubbed himself with a branch of every tree that lay in his path, so that it was nearly dusk when he reached the summit. There he heard a noise as of many trees cracking, or, again, as of many seals, and, discovering a small lake, he descended to its edge and listened. From the middle of this lake rose a small rock, and on top of the rock lay a sea-otter, calling. Although it disappeared almost instantly, the youth bathed and purified himself throughout the night and all the next day. At sunset the otter again rose from the water and climbed on to the rock. The youth then tried to swim over to it, but after swimming only a short distance he became unconscious, and when he recovered his senses found himself on the ground at the edge of the woods.

Week after week he remained in that place, purifying himself and at intervals attempting to swim to the rock, and the purer he became, the nearer he approached it. At last he succeeded in touching it while the otter was lying on top. Instantly his senses left him, and the otter, seizing him in its mouth, carried him down into the water and far away to the middle of Pitt Lake. There it said to him: "He Who Dwells Above ordained that we should help Indians who purify themselves. Now, therefore, I grant you great power. You shall be the master of this lake. Take two trees and tow them to the mud-flat that lies opposite yon little waterfall that never dries up. The fall itself will guide you to the flat at night-time."

The otter then carried him a short distance north of the fall to a tiny bay where it had many friends among the supernatural beings, gave him half a seal and a sharpened stick, and said: "Push this stick through the meat and roast it at the fire. All your life you shall feed the Indians with seals, and with every other creature that inhabits this lake. The poor shall receive their food from you."

Finally it carried him back to the edge of the lake on top of the mountain. There he remained for a few days, watching the otter each sunset climb out on to its rock. When nothing more happened to him, he decided that he had received all the power that was to be allotted him

* The place on Pitt Lake where He Who Dwells Above created θɛ'ɬəctən (*see* p. 10) [nəxʷqʷaʔac(?)].

and that it was time he returned home, for he had begun his purification in March, and now the summer had ended and the weather was becoming cold again.

He, therefore, started homeward, but so weakened was he by his long fast that he kept falling, and at last was obliged to crawl along on his stomach, protecting his body from the sharp stones by twigs bound around his waist. At the foot of the mountain the scent of human beings reached his nostrils and overwhelmed him; but when he recovered from his faint, he crawled on again. The camp of his people lay only half a mile from the foot of the mountain, yet it took him four days to reach a tiny mound behind it. There, as he lay, a younger brother ran toward him, playing; the boy's hair had been cut short in mourning, because all the people thought his elder brother was dead. The youth called the boy and, after allaying his fears, said: "Go home and tell my father and mother to clean the house, and to allow no impure woman to approach it or look in. I will then come inside during the night."

The boy ran home and gave his parents the message, but they only whipped him for mocking them. "Your brother died long ago," they said.

The boy repeated, through his tears: "It is my brother, for he told me so. He is so weak that he can't walk, and has to crawl on his stomach."

The father, still doubting, ordered his wife to clean the house without letting anyone know why she did so; then, late at night, he sent the boy to lead his elder brother inside. As the youth crawled through the doorway, he murmured to his parents, "Do not weep for me," and he stretched himself out on the blankets they had spread for him. They offered him sturgeon-meat, but for three days he could not swallow any food, and did not regain his strength until the leaves had fallen from the trees. When he was able to walk again, his friends gathered together and held a feast of thanksgiving, as was the custom whenever a man returned who had long been considered dead. The gifts that they showered on him he distributed among the guests as investments, for he knew that he would be called upon to repay them at some future date.

Not long after this feast the youth invited a comrade to accompany him to the lake. Between the waterfall and the small bay north of it they found two logs, which they towed over to the mud-flat on the opposite shore. "You shall remain here as long as the world exists," he said to them as they grounded. And, indeed, you can see the logs there to-day.

Returning home he asked his father: "May I borrow your spear and rope this evening? I shall try to get something to eat."

His father consented, and at dusk the youth and his comrade, guided by the noise of the waterfall, revisited the logs, which were now covered with seals.

"Never reveal what I do," said the youth to his companion. "Then you shall always accompany me in my hunting."

He propelled the canoe alongside one of the logs, and with his paddle pushed into it one seal after another until the boat was loaded to the gunwale. The animals died as soon as his paddle touched them. Turning then to the other log he said: "Do not be offended if I refrain from taking now the seals that you are guarding for me. I will come for them to-morrow night."

Crossing over to the waterfall, he drove his spear into every dead seal to deceive his people, returned to the village, and fastened the still-loaded canoe to a stake. Great was the amazement of the people when the found it there in the morning. Each family received its proper share of the booty, which was distributed by the youth's father.

Sockeye Salmon.—In hard winters the man who had obtained this spirit could make the weather turn warm by praying, first to Him Who Dwells Above, then to the sockeye. While chanting his song and dancing at the winter festivities, he pretended to hold a baby in his two arms, because that was the way the Indians carried from the beach the first sockeye they caught each summer.

Dog Salmon.—Old Pierre know only one Indian who possessed this spirit, a man who had been crippled from birth and was obliged to crawl on his knees. He could not dance, but he knew a great number of songs that gave pleasure to the Indians, who would always gather and sing with him. He claimed that his power to sing came from the sacred land of the dog salmon, for what Swaneset had said was quite true—that after the salmon returned from the Fraser River to their homes, they spent most of their time in chanting the songs they had carried back with them from the Indians.

Dolly Varden Trout.—Old Pierre said this spirit was so powerful that it was restricted to medicine-men. This was not the case on Vancouver Island.

A youth who was purifying himself to become a medicine-man was advised to swim out to a rock in the middle of a lake that was reputed to contain many supernatural beings. He fasted and bathed on the shore of the lake for many days, then, thinking that he was pure enough, attempted to swim to the rock; but after he had taken a few strokes, he became unconscious. The water then upheaved and deposited him in the woods near the beach. He purified himself

for several more days and tried again; and again he experienced the same reverse, though he was able to swim a little farther. After repeated efforts that brought him successively nearer his goal, he at least gained the rock and climbed on top of it. Instantly he became unconscious again, and dreamed that a big Dolly Varden trout swam toward him and bit the rock; that its teeth sank deep as if into clay; and that when it withdrew them, blood spurted from the rock. He remembered the dream when he awoke, and he looked down into the water, but could see nothing. "Surely He Who Dwells Above has taken pity on me and given me power," he thought. "I will do what the trout did." He bit the rock as the trout had done, and his teeth also sank into it; he sucked, and his mouth filled with blood; he withdrew his teeth, and blood spurted from the rock. Then he knew that his efforts had been rewarded.

He remained on the rock until night, and as he lay there, sleeping, he dreamed that the trout came to him and said: "I pitied the trials you underwent and have given you strong power. Now you shall be a great medicine-man, able to cure every sickness that you encounter."

In the morning he swam ashore and roamed the woods for a time, still feeling a little uncertain of his power. Finally he tested it on a big stone, and found that it spurted blood as freely as the rock in the lake. Then, assured of success, he returned home.

Very soon after his return home, however, he married, and his power left him. Long afterwards, when I, too, was training to become a medicine-man, he told me all this, and warned me not to marry until I had become familiar with my power by curing at least ten patients.*

Blackfish.—This spirit was powerful, for seals, ducks, and other denizens of the sea all flee at the approach of a blackfish. Hence it bestowed on its protégé success in obtaining fish and seals and all sea-birds.

When Khaals visited Samish (on the mainland just south of the International Boundary), some of its Indians said mockingly, "Perhaps he will bestow great power on us," for they were proud of their skill in capturing seals, sea-lions, and the various species of fish. Khaals ordered them to launch their canoes and show him how they captured their fish; but as they paddled out, he raised his hand and said: "Go out into the sea. You shall be blackfish. As long as the world exists, you shall hunt in the sea, and you shall give power to the fishermen who come hereafter." So now the blackfish travels in schools, and its face is black because the faces of the Indians were covered with black paint.

When sə́lxʷə'ym, a Saanich Indian, performed his dance one winter season, the people thought his guardian spirit was the wolf. Really it was the blackfish. The man was an excellent hunter, both on land and at sea. One day he visited an island to hunt deer, and, leaving his companion beside the canoe, he searched all day, finding many tracks of deer that were evidently in flight, but not sighting a single animal. He returned to the shore tired and vexed, and seeing a blackfish blow a short distance out, he shot it. The animal turned over on its belly and floated. Suddenly a great wind rose from the woods behind him, and many blackfish—for it was they that had been chasing the deer—rushed past him and leaped into the water. They carried their dead relative out to sea and injected their power into its body until it came to life again and blew. Sə́lxʷə'ym had shot his own guardian spirit; probably he would have died had he not been a priest and saved himself by his prayers.

Sturgeon.—An Indian who had purified himself steadily when he was young obtained three guardian spirits—the sawbill duck, lice, and sturgeon. When he danced and chanted his sturgeon song, a column of steam streamed from his body as if from a kettle. He once announced, as he ended his dance, "Three girls [i.e., sturgeon] have come in," and the next morning he went out and caught exactly three sturgeon.

Loon.—The loon spirit made its protégés excellent fishermen, or, if women, it gave them skill in needlework.

A young girl named Martha B. found two loon's eggs when she was camping with her parents at Alouette Lake, and in spite of her mother's warning she cooked and ate them. The mother loon then haunted their camp with its cries. A few months later, when the girl was attending a winter dance, she was seized by the loon spirit and had to be initiated. In her dance she cried like a loon. The spirit endowed her with great skill in embroidery and fancywork of all kinds. It also gave her great success in fishing, and afterwards, when she married, she often accompanied her husband on his fishing excursions.

Magpie.—The magpie made its protégé lucky in everything because it owned the whole country, but Old Pierre had not seen anyone perform the magpie dance since he was a boy.

* An old woman on the Saanich Peninsula claimed that she had obtained the trout spirit in the following way. While fishing in a shallow stream she caught a large trout in her hands; but when she held it against her chest, it wriggled and disappeared inside her body. It was really the trout spirit, but so weak a spirit that it scarcely affected her. The same experience, she said, has befallen other Indians.

Raven.—When Khaals changed an Indian into this bird, he said: "You shall become spa'l (raven). You shall eat what people throw away. But also you shall help hunters to kill deer and other game." So those who obtained the raven spirit killed game easily.

Keyu, an Indian of Yale who married a Katzie woman, possessed the raven spirit. When dancing he did not wear any special costume except a cedar-bark head-band, and he always began his song by imitating the cry of a raven. He was a splendid hunter of deer and goats, but did not display any wonderful power when he danced because, he said, he was afraid he might harm someone.

Keyu and some friends once chased a herd of goats up a mountain-face until the animals could climb no higher. He shot them one after another until only the biggest remained; then, with his gun and mountain-pole, he climbed up to this goat, caught it by the horns, and rode it down the mountain-side, crying like a raven. Half-way down he leaped off. The goat itself ran a few steps farther and dropped dead, killed by his spirit-power.

The party butchered all the animals, cooked the meat to make it lighter for packing, concealed it in a cache, and went to a neighbouring mountain to look for more game. That night Keyu said to his companions: "I'll climb up early in the morning to see if there are any goats. You can follow me later."

He discovered a flock of goats near a high precipice; but while he was stalking them, he slipped and fell over the edge. His companions, watching him, saw him fall into a tree half-way down the cliff and hang there. "He must be dead," they said to one another. "In any case we cannot reach him either from above or below."

After gazing a little longer they returned to their camp; but the next morning, before going home, they went back to look at him again. Thousands of ravens had gathered round his body and were struggling to lift it up by forming a ladder. Again and again they formed their ladder, and each time they failed. The Indians watched them until mid-afternoon, then returned to their camp.

They went back again the next morning. A flock of crows had joined the ravens, but even with their help the birds could not move the body. After a time they all flew away, and one of the hunters, climbing to a place from which he could see the corpse more clearly, discovered that the head was moving, though still drooped to one side. He hurried back to tell his companions, who decided they would return in the morning to see for themselves, since it was then late afternoon. While they were breakfasting, however, Keyu himself walked into their camp and said, as they started up in terror: "Don't be alarmed. I am not a ghost, but alive." His guardian spirit had saved him, but he never revealed how he was able to descend from the tree.

Great Horned Owl.—Any man who possessed this guardian spirit was a good hunter on both sea and land. When performing his dance, he would wave his arms and bounce up and down in imitation of the owl's flight. Occasionally it was the guardian spirit also of medicine-men. Such men were very skilful at discovering vitalities that had strayed from the bodies of sick Indians, for the owl has very keen sight.

White Owl.—A Musqueam Indian possessed this guardian spirit, but Old Pierre knew very little about it.

Mountain Eagle.—This spirit made its protégé a good hunter.

A cousin of Old Pierre's wife obtained the eagle spirit in 1932. He was a girlish youth, afraid to touch a gun, until one day his brother shot an eagle and threw it at him while the bird was still alive. The shock drove his vitality out of his body, and a month passed before Old Pierre was able to discover where it had gone, for the eagle's vitality had caught it and had flown with it straight up into the sky. The youth even lost the power of speech. Finally Old Pierre recovered his vitality and restored it to his body, whereupon the youth fell asleep. The next morning he began to chant his spirit song, and with the aid of a priest the people initiated him as a dancer. Since that time he has been very successful in shooting ducks and deer.

Kingfisher.—*See* Mink, p. 50.

Sandhill Crane.—*See* Mole, p. 50.

Sawbill Duck.—Men who possessed this spirit were good fishermen but poor hunters.

A Coquitlam Indian speared a sturgeon one night and played it up and down the river till daybreak. Suddenly a sawbill duck rose to the surface bearing the man's barb in its body. He tried to pull it in, but the bird released the barb, dived and disappeared. It then became his guardian spirit and made him a wonderful sturgeon-fisher.

A Chilliwack Indian who possessed this spirit became so strong when he danced and chanted his song that only a priest could restrain him. One evening his spirit-power came over him and he tried to sing, but the words would not issue. His wife then asked the people to offer him a large dried salmon. The man seized the fish in his hands, swallowed half of it, flapped around

like a duck, and swallowed the other half. Then his song burst from his lips; he danced and became normal again. This man also was a good fisherman but a poor hunter.

A Saanich Indian who visited Samish and there performed the sawbill dance mimicked the movements of the sawbill. Some evenings later his spirit-power again came over him. He tried to chant, but the words would not issue from his mouth. The older members of the audience said: "We must tie a rope round his waist and send him outdoors."* They fastened a long rope around him and gave it into the hands of one of their strongest men. The two went outside and down to the beach, where the "duck" man entered the water and tried to cross the bay. He even dragged his guardian after him, and would have drowned him had not the latter braced his feet against a boulder, pulled the frantic man back, and held him under water until he was almost unconscious. Then the "duck" man quietly returned to the house and performed his dance.

Humming-bird.—Old Pierre knew a medicine-man who claimed to have received strong power from the humming-bird. On the Saanich Peninsula this guardian spirit was said to make a man a good warrior, very fast on his feet.

Small Black Water-bird of Unidentified Species.†—Since this bird was generally the first to discover objects floating on the sea and called all other birds to the banquet, it had power to give its protégés great wealth so that they, too, could invite their countrymen to potlatches.

During his youth one of Old Pierre's uncles who lived at Lummi was an inveterate gambler. One day he lost everything he possessed, even a slave whom he wagered. When his relatives reproached him the next morning, he refused to eat, and at night stole away in a canoe to Deception Bay, near the island of Anacortes, where many supernatural beings dwell in the water. After purifying himself here for some days, he tied together two logs, set them afloat on the ebbing tide, and drifted out, with two heavy stones beside him. As soon as his craft reached the open water, he gripped the two stones in his hands and dropped overboard. Instantly he lost consciousness, yet could hear the supernatural beings say to him: "Poor man, there are only warrior spirits here. The spirit chief that you are seeking dwells far away to the south-east. You must go thither."

When he regained his senses, he was lying at the edge of the woods. Still fasting, he paddled to the south-east, bathed, and purified himself for two days. Then once more he drifted out to sea on two logs and drowned himself with two stones in the open water. This time he dreamed that his vitality entered a house that was filled with goat's wool blankets and that the inmates said to him: "So you have come at last, poor man. We will help you. Just as I call all the birds and fish of the sea to potlatches, so shall you call all your people. You shall give eight potlatches during your lifetime. Now watch us gamble."

The bird gave him the power of winning whenever he played the gambling game sləxe'ləm. Consequently the man became very rich and gave eight potlatches, one every four years.

Skokok.—This is a mountain-bird that resembles a white owl. Whoever acquired it for a guardian spirit became an excellent sturgeon-fisher.

My daughter Margaret once became ill, and I diagnosed her malady as spirit sickness. Because we Katzie people were not holding any dances that winter, we put her in a boat and rowed her down to Musqueam. There she no sooner entered the dance-house and heard the beat of a drum than she fell to the ground unconscious. Some of our women relatives covered her with a goat's wool blanket and laid her on a bed, and as she lay there, every old dancer chanted his song near her. No one, however, was able to move her, until a cousin from Hammond chanted the white-owl song. Then she showed signs of life, and after he had danced and chanted a second time, she began to sing the skokok song. A day or two afterwards, when she performed her dance, the people had to tie a rope round her waist to keep her from flying away. Even with the rope holding her down, her feet rose a foot or two from the floor.

Fly.—This spirit made its protégés good hunters because flies always smell out where animals lurk.

A New Westminster Indian was severely burned by an explosion of his powder-horn. As he lay in bed, covered with sores, swarms of flies hovered over him and said: "We shall help you. Your sores shall heal quickly." His sores did heal quickly, and very soon afterwards he felt spirit-power inside him and began to chant, "The flies brought me to life." Although it was summer, not the usual time for spirit dances, the people gathered and beat sticks in time to his song so that he could be initiated without delay.

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* This was commonly done to any dancer whose "power came over him so strongly that he was unable to chant his song."

† The Katzie name of the bird was sqwa'ʔqwəc'. It was probably the murrelet. [*See* Suttles, *op. cit.*, p. 5.]

Wasp or Hornet.—This spirit made its home in the cold blustering north. Hence the man who obtained it became a fierce warrior, and could also win food easily from both land and sea.

Lice.—Old Pierre had known two Indians who claimed to have this spirit, the lice of the north wind. One, a man, was a splendid sturgeon-hunter because, as he said, the lice kept the sturgeon in motion; the other, a Katzie woman, was an industrious worker, for lice are never still. They chanted different songs, but in their dancing both spun around like tops.

Mosquito.—This was the guardian spirit of a Skokomish medicine-man across the border in the United States, but Old Pierre did not know whether he ever portrayed it in the winter dances. The man had refused to undergo the long fasting and purification necessary to reach the true home of the mosquito (or any other guardian spirit); consequently he was able to cause illness but not cure it.

Common Snake.—Old Pierre knew two women—one at Musqueam near Vancouver, the other at Tsawwassen—who claimed to possess this guardian spirit.

> The Tsawwassen woman had two children in high school, and several younger children. One day when she was washing her laundry near a rotten tree her baby began to cry, and, looking round, she saw a snake and its brood crawling near it. She killed all the young snakes, but the mother snake escaped. That night it appeared to her in a dream and said, weeping: "You have done wrong. Because you killed all my children, I am going to kill all yours."
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> Soon afterwards the woman's own children began to die one after another. When the last one died, the snake appeared to her again and said: "I have killed all your children because you killed all mine. But now I will give you my power and make you lucky, so that you shall never forget them."
>
> The woman then acquired great skill in needlework, and her patterns, which were as delicate and varied as those on a snake-skin, won her many prizes in Victoria and Seattle. She chanted the snake song at the winter ceremonies, and, as she lifted up her hands and danced, her power flowed into the audience and compelled the young people to dance with her.
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> Her husband, who was a faithful Christian, once asked her: "How did you obtain your guardian spirit? You did not fast in the woods as our people did of old. Did some old dancer breathe his power into you while I was absent?" His wife did not answer him for some time. Finally she said: "If I told you how I obtained my spirit, you would not believe me. Bring me a rope." He brought her the rope he used for tying up his horses, and she stretched it between two nails driven into opposite walls of the house. "Pull that rope loose," she said, "but examine it first to make sure that I have not fastened it with knots." Although the rope was merely resting on the nails and he pulled with all his strength, he could not loosen it; yet when his wife merely touched its middle, it dropped to the floor. "Ask me no more about my power," she said, "for if I tell you, one of us will die." Nevertheless, her power became so great that it left her and returned to its home, whereupon she wasted away and died.

Frog.—The name of this guardian spirit was really χa·'małca; but when it revealed itself to human beings, it assumed the appearance of an enormous bull-frog. Occasionally an Indian wandering in the woods heard a cry like a baby's, coming now from behind him, now from in front. He might never find what uttered it, but the mere hearing of the cry brought him a certain measure of luck, so that he amassed a fair amount of wealth during his lifetime. If he were thoroughly pure, however, χa·'małca would appear as a bull-frog, which he was to wrap in clean moss and desposit on the trunk of a fallen tree. When he returned the next day, the frog would have disappeared, and the moss changed into the fleeciest goat's wool. If he stored this wool at home in a box, wealth of all kinds would flow in on him and he would acquire great fame and influence. For some unexplained reason, however, he should never portray this guardian spirit in the winter dances.

North-west Wind and Warrior Spirit.—The man who reached the home of the fierce north-west wind, which was also the home of the fighting spirit sqa'ləθən, learned there to fight and to eat the bodies of his slain enemies. Later, when hostile forces approached his village, he painted his face black and led the fight against them. At the winter festivals he blackened his face when he danced and pretended to kill and eat anyone who came near him.

Old Pierre was not a warrior, yet he claimed that the north-west wind had been one of his guardian spirits.

In my youth, when I fasted and bathed all the time, I reached sti'wət, the north-west from which the big winds blow. Sti'wət said to me: "If anyone tries to kill you, call on me and I will help you."

Years later, in the course of a winter, I went to Pitt Lake with my cousin. He remained in camp to gather firewood while I wandered away to shoot some swans. I winged one bird, and while following after it winged another; then, having no charge left for my gun, I waded into the water to drive the second bird ashore where I could capture it. It crossed a neck of land to another pond, then to a third; and each time I followed after it, though there was ice around the pools. Crab-apple bushes tore my legs, which had become so numb that I did not even feel the wounds. Then the cold locked my jaws so that I could not speak. I struggled back to my clothes, managed in some way to dress, and tried to return to the camp, but I kept falling from cold and exhaustion. Suddenly I thought of my guardian spirit, the north-west wind, and I shouted to it as though it were just beside me. Immediately a gale of wind arose, a gale so strong that it blew me over. Then a hail-storm whipped me, making me stronger and stronger. Finally my dizziness left me, my vision cleared, and amid some patches of snow I saw a yellowish object—the first swan that I had winged. Wrapping it tightly over my shoulders, I marched back to camp without trouble, despite the terrific storm, for it was my guardian spirit, the north-west wind, that had come to save me.

North-east Wind.—The icy north-east wind that blows only in winter sometimes, but not often, conferred the power to handle fire without injury on an Indian whom it had seen purifying himself. It took this power away with it, however, when it ceased to blow at the end of the dancing season. Hence during the summer months its protégé lacked any special power.

A Langley Indian whose guardian spirit was the north-east wind could withdraw a stone from hot coals and dance with it in his hands, which remained ice-cold. Similarly a Chilliwack man, who had obtained the same spirit after purifying himself in ice-strewn water, could coat himself with seal or sturgeon oil and dance on a red-hot stone while the oil flamed up around him.

West Wind.—Many coastal Indians in the State of Washington, but very few on the Fraser River, obtained this guardian spirit. Whoever succeeded, after long purification, in reaching its home became a great warrior, and by his prayers could allay a storm and bring fine weather.

South Wind.—The man who obtained the real spirit of the south wind could run over the surface of the water like a rain-squall from the south, but no one in modern times possessed this power.

Long ago, at Hazelberries (a place just north of Townsend Station, near the mouth of the Fraser River, whose inhabitants perished in the great smallpox epidemic), a man married two sisters, each of whom bore him a son. One day when he was fishing, some enemies attacked him, cut off his head, and left his body to drift in the canoe. When his wives discovered it, they vowed revenge to the murderer.

The elder woman's son was named smələ'ʔ, the younger woman's sqələ'cəm'əs. Their mothers made them bathe and purify themselves from their earliest years; and when the elder boy was about 10 years of age, they told them of their father's murder and bade them fast for guardian spirits. The elder woman deprived her son of all food for a period, and allowed him to drink only one sip of water through a quill. The younger was even stricter; instead of a quill, she gave her son a tiny clam-shell with a large hole in the bottom, and told him he might only drink what the shell would hold, which was nothing. Then they led the boys into the woods and thrashed them with yew sticks until the blood flowed in streams.

So the boys fasted. The years passed by, and they grew into young men. They then carved two yew clubs with which to avenge their father and paddled out to sea in order to spear fish as he had done. One day as they sat fishing a large canoe came into sight. The elder boy, smələ'ʔ, said to his brother, "We had better flee," but sqələ'cəm'əs answered, "Sit still." As the strange canoe bore down on them, the two youths suddenly seized their clubs, leaped from the boat, and ran over the surface of the water toward it. Their enemies, thinking they were supernatural beings, turned to flee, but smələ'ʔ and sqələ'cəm'əs overtook them, killed them one after another, and left their lifeless bodies to drift away in the canoe. Then they paddled home and told their mothers that they had killed many strangers in a canoe, probably the very people who had killed their father.

The relatives of the slain men discovered the drifting canoe and, hearing a rumour that smələ'ʔ and sqələ'cəm'əs were the agressors, sent another canoe full of warriors to attack them. The two youths pretended to sleep until their enemies were close upon them, when they leaped on to the water and slew them in the same way.

A third canoe came against them. smələ'ʔ and sqələ'cəm'əs slew all but four men, whom they allowed to return home, saying: "Take your dead comrades home and tell your people to attack us no more, lest we kill all of you. You killed our father, but now we have slain so many of you in revenge we are satisfied."

Now in the tribe of their enemies were several priests. As the people were weeping over their slain kinsmen, these priests gathered together and said: "Holy is the power we have received from Him Who Dwells Above. We shall pray to Him at the water's edge and entreat His help. Thus shall we make our adversaries weak and be able to kill them." So, morning and evening for two days, all the priests gathered at the beach and prayed for help to Him Who Dwells Above. On the third morning they said to the villagers: "Man two canoes and set out. Our power will accompany you. When you approach your adversaries' canoe, separate and board it from each side. Do not kill them, but bring them home as captives that we may see what they look like."

On that day the air became very warm, and a profound stillness brooded over the water. smələ'ʔ and sqələ'cəm'əs became drowsy, and lay down to sleep in the bottom of their canoe. They did not waken until their enemies were alongside of them and it was too late to leap into the water. Bound hand and foot, one in one canoe and one in the other, they were taken to the village, while their canoe floated away empty. Their captors carried them from the beach into a large house, where all the villagers gathered to look at them. Then a murmur passed through the crowd: "They are not supernatural beings, but people like ourselves. Truly they must have very powerful guardian spirits." Some wanted to kill them immediately; others suggested that they should first have some sport with them. When the latter prevailed, they imprisoned each youth, still securely bound, inside a large box and left them there for three days.

On the third day they called to smələ'ʔ: "Are you *still* alive?" "Yes," he shouted. They called to sqələ'cəm'əs, and he too answered "Yes," though his voice seemed weaker. A few days later they repeated their questions; smələ'ʔ's voice was again strong, but sqələ'cəm'əs' much weaker. On the tenth day even smələ'ʔ's voice had become weak, while his brother's was barely audible. Then the villagers held a council and decided to make the two youths dance the next morning.

The following morning all the villagers gathered at the big house, outside every entrance to which they set deer-nets that would trap smələ'ʔ and sqələ'cəm'əs if they attempted to escape. Then they removed the ropes from the boxes, drew the youths out, and untied their bonds. smələ'ʔ, though weak, stood up without difficulty, but sqələ'cəm'əs pretended that he could not rise to his feet without help. The chiefs of their enemies loaded them down with valuable haliotis and dentalia shells and ordered them to dance, which would disclose their guardian spirits. As smələ'ʔ stepped forward, a rain-squall came up from the south, and far away in their home the mothers of the youths began to weep.

smələ'ʔ sang "Whatever new thing (meaning the deer-nets) they set up to impede me I shall leap over when my power takes possession of me." Then he began to dance, while his enemies beat time with sticks.

He was still dancing when sqələ'cəm'əs rose up and sang: "Whatever obstacle (meaning the house) they put in my path, I shall leap over when my power takes possession of me."

Stronger and stronger became the two youths as they danced, until at last their enemies became nervous and began to say to one another: "Look, they are growing stronger all the time, and they are wearing all our precious shells." Suddenly, at a signal from sqələ'cəm'əs, smələ'ʔ leaped up to the roof, but his head struck one of the heaviest roof-boards and he fell to the floor, dead. Then sqələ'cəm'əs leaped. His head struck a small board that covered the smoke-hole and knocked it away, so that he landed on the roof. For a few minutes he danced there; but when his enemies rushed outdoors to capture him, he leaped to the ground and danced on one of their canoes. From there he ran out over the water and disappeared from sight, carrying with him half their valuable shells; and as he ran, a gale from the south brought sheets of driving rain, for his guardian spirit had come to his aid.

Far away his mother and aunt looked out over the rain-splattered sea, weeping. Something black appeared in the distance, something that looked like a black duck. As it drew nearer the gusts of rain became stronger, and the older woman said: "That is a man running over the surface of the water, one man only. Perhaps one of our sons is dead." "It must be my son," said the younger woman. "No, see how his feet twinkle. It is my son; that is the way he runs." But the younger woman said again: "No, his feet are moving slowly, with long paces. It is my son."

sqələ'cəm'əs came ashore, removed his burden of shells, and gave them to his aunt, saying, "They loaded more shells on your son than on me and he died."

Thunder.—The protégé of thunder had great power; for example, he could cause thunder-claps. When performing his dance, he painted his face black, like a thunder-cloud.

Old Pierre knew personally only one Indian whose guardian spirit was thunder, a Katzie woman named Katharine Jefferson. Her parents died while she was still young and she was brought up in a convent. After leaving the convent she went to live with an

aunt in Lummi, and there married a white man named Jefferson. All her children went through high school, and one or two of them attended Carlisle University. After she had passed the age of child-bearing, she became very ill, and for four years wasted away steadily, in spite of the ministrations of several white doctors whom her husband called in. Finally, when she was at death's door, he called in Old Pierre, who diagnosed her ailment and cured her in the following manner:—

I entered the room where she was lying, knelt down at the far end, and chanted one of my medicine songs. I chanted for a long time, because she had been ill for a long time; and as I began to discern the cause of her illness, I drew nearer to her. Finally I stopped chanting and said to her kinsfolk: "Her vitality is not here, only her soul and her body. Her vitality is lost, her strength is leaving her, and her soul is almost ready to depart. If it does depart, she will die." Then I turned to Katharine and said: "Your vitality is in a big house far away. To-morrow evening I will draw it out of that house."

The next evening I chanted near her again and began to withdraw her vitality out of the home of her guardian spirit. Three evenings I spent in thus drawing it out, for she was very weak, and I was afraid to withdraw it too quickly lest she should die. I had told her that if I did my work right and made no mistake, she would feel an impulse to speak. Throughout those three evenings she seemed to gain strength; on the fourth she wept very softly; on the fifth her breathing became stronger, and the two women who attended her whispered to me, "She is murmuring a spirit song." It was not until the sixth evening, however, that I finally brought her vitality back into the world of mankind. Then she began to sing aloud and said to her attendants: "I want to sit up. Tell Old Pierre to come close to me." (This was the first time she had seemed to notice me.) She shook my hand and said: "Thanks to your strong power I am going to live. I wonder what is the matter with me. I have not heard a spirit song since I was a little girl, and I have never seen the inside of a dance-house. Yet here I am chanting a spirit song." I answered her: "Your guardian spirit was keeping you inside its home; that is why you were chanting a spirit song." "But I have never seen the inside of a dance-house," she repeated, and I replied, "You will see it when your vitality comes home to you." Again she said: "Before I married I dreamed that I entered a very large house that had no occupant. It was only a dream, and it came to me only once. In the middle of the house was a tiny fire encircled with a ring of fir-bark." She was really chanting the words of her spirit song, though she hardly knew it. I, however, knew, and I said to her, "I have nearly brought you home now."

The following morning—it was the seventh day—I chanted over her again. When I had finished, she said to her attendants: "I want my feet to touch the floor." No sooner had they touched the floor than she began to chant. Then she stopped, repeated her chant, and exclaimed: "Clear sky, hot weather. My guardian spirit is thunder." As she spoke she pointed her hand skyward, and when it dropped we heard a clap of thunder, though there was only one small cloud in the heavens.

On the eighth day she said to the women, "Make me stand up." They set her on the floor again and she danced. During her chanting and dancing she waved her arms in front of her, now and then pointing them skyward, and each time she pointed them skyward the thunder clapped.

Several years later, in 1933, Katharine visited me again, because an evil medicine-man had maliciously taken her spirit song from her; he had danced and chanted his own spirit song while she was chanting hers, until at last her song left her. Then when she tried to chant, she mixed up her song with those of other dancers and became ill. I restored her song so that she was able to chant and dance the same evening. As she did so she pointed toward the sky; immediately there was a flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder and a heavy rain-squall.

Katharine's uncle had possessed the thunder spirit in stronger degree even than she. If he merely pointed his hand to the mountain during his dance, lightning would strike the timber there and cause a forest fire.

The Sun.—The sun was one of the guardian spirits of Old Pierre's great-uncle χʷeχəqeʼnəm; it taught him a special song and dance (siwiʼʔnəqʷ) that he was to use when attacking his enemies. He never chanted this song in the winter dances.

χʷəχəqeʼnəm was constantly purifying himself to obtain guardian spirits. He boasted, toward the end of his life, that he had obtained every spirit for which he was eligible. One spring when he was wandering in the woods, he plucked a young bud of the maple-tree and prayed to Him Who Dwells Above: "O You who Dwell Above, You have made everything that exists in this world. Teach me what is the nature of this bud."

For four days and four nights he sat under the tree, clasping the motionless bud in his hand, and all the time he kept praying to Him Who Dwells Above. On the fifth day, about noon, a voice from above called to him, "Here." He looked up and saw no one, but the voice came to him again: "Release what you are holding in your hand. That is my work." He released the

bud and became unconscious, but could still hear the voice as it continued: "I take care of all the trees; I give warmth to everything that grows, to everything upon this earth. That is the task that was assigned to me. I shall not grant you any extraordinary power, but shall give you a siwi'ʔnəqʷ, 'war-dance song.' Take the antler of an elk and cut a mouth in its butt. Then when you chant the song blood shall spurt out of the mouth, and you shall seize your enemy as easily as you seized that leaf."

So χʷəχəqe'nəm became a great warrior. Whenever he danced in front of his enemy and brandished his elk-antler club, blood spurted from the notch in its butt.

Although he never chanted his real war-dance song except in the presence of an enemy, he composed one from it which he chanted when offering his contribution to a potlatch. I inherited this song from him.

Freely translated, it means: "In former days when you could use your spirit-power, you had great influence; but now the white man blocks you, and every Indian thinks he is as great a chief as you."

Star.—Since stars survey the whole world, they could empower their protégés to discover the lost vitalities of ailing Indians. One medicine-man claimed a certain star as his guardian spirit; he invoked it for healing sickness, and also portrayed it in the winter dances.

Two-headed Snake (si'łqəy').—The man who possessed this guardian spirit could cure a certain form of paralysis, which the Indians attributed to stepping near a two-headed snake. In dancing he smeared his face with charcoal.

A youth from New Westminster went to Herring Point and set up a blind of fir-boughs for shooting ducks. As he lay in the blind that evening, something that quacked like a mallard came skimming over the water. He shot it in the neck with his arrow. Instantly it raised its body; it was not a mallard, but a two-headed snake nearly 20 feet long and as thick as a large log. The youth fell to the ground, his body twisted into a coil by the snake's power, and he lay there unconscious until early morning, when his people carried him home. Through his contorted lips he then told them what medicines the snake had taught him as he lay unconscious. They gathered the medicines in the wood, and at the same time brought in a certain bark, which they scraped and burned in the fire; with this charred bark a priest smeared the youth's face and body. Thus he was healed of his paralysis and able to cure others of the same complaint. Thereafter the two-headed snake was his guardian spirit; and when he danced at the winter festivals, he chanted the snake's song.

Lightning Snake (sc'i'nk'ʷə).—When thunder travels through the sky, its power, the lightning snake, accompanies it. It has one head only, a skin covered with bright scales like a salmon's, and a sharply pointed nose that enables it to penetrate trees; for when the thunder is very rough, the snake flees from it and hides, sometimes in the ground, sometimes in a tree which it sets on fire. When Old Pierre was training to be a medicine-man, he saw a big fir-tree that had been split from top to bottom by the lightning snake, and his elders warned him not to touch any part of it lest it should kill him immediately.

At the foot of such a tree, in the dark of the moon, a purified youth who had wrapped his head in a cedar-bark cloak or a blanket sometimes discovered a glittering scale of the lightning snake and picked it up with a certain kind of stick. Then he was lucky in everything he undertook.

No one could enact this spirit in the winter dances because it would kill everyone in the house. Only a medicine-man could use it.

Once an Indian of Katz Landing, between Ruby Creek and Hope, noticed where the lightning snake had struck the forest. Late at night he wrapped his head in a blanket and searched around the foot of a blasted tree. In a hole in the ground he discovered a tiny shining scale, which he carefully gathered in his hand and deposited on some moss. The scale disappeared, but its power went into the moss. Thereafter this man always carried a fragment of the moss whenever he fished for sturgeon, and he always caught more sturgeon than anyone else.

xa'pxəp.—This being had the shape of a magpie but the head of a mallard drake. It dwelt, of course, only in some holy land far away, where it lay along the branch of some tree. The Indian who acquired it as his guardian spirit gained great wealth.

Old Pierre had seen only one Indian, a man from Saanich, perform the xa'pxəp dance, after covering his face with red ochre.

χa'mtəkʷ (χʷa'ltəp at Saanich).—Old Pierre said that some of the Indians at the southern end of Vancouver Island still performed the χa'mtəkʷ dance, but that none of

them possessed more than the echo of the spirit's power. The real x̣a'mtəkʷ was not a guardian spirit of the Coast Salish, but of the Comox and other Indians farther north. The Katzie people learned about it from a Coquitlam girl who had been captured by the Comox Indians. She described it as follows:—

> When a man is seized by x̣a'mtəkʷ, he is concealed from public view and priests are hired to send him on a long journey. They rub him with seal or sea-lion oil, cover him with very fine cedar-bark like feathers, and sprinkle over him the juice of the alder. Then, at night, they take him up on to the roof of the house and throw him into the air. Unless his spirit-power is strong, he falls to the roof again; and if he still fails to fly after two or three nights, the priests abandon him, and his shamed parents hide him in a chest for six months. If he has strong power, however, he flies away through the air crying "hap, hap," and the people see him no more until mid-summer. He flies over the villages of other tribes, especially Coast Salish places, mapping them out, as it were, so that he can guide a party of raiders later. (Old Pierre's son once heard the "hap, hap" cry of a x̣a'mtəkʷ protégé who was flying over Pitt Lake.)
>
> When the proper season arrives for his return, he alights at night on the roof of his house and cries "hap," whereupon his parents remove some of the roof-boards and throw him up a rope. Inside the house, awaiting him, gather all the villagers except the ceremonially impure, whose presence would cause him to fall and kill himself as he descends. He climbs down the rope, wearing on his breast a kind of net made of cedar-bark held up by a belt. From this net he may draw out an Indian potato, saying, "This is the special food of the Katzie people; I stole it from them"; and likewise with other foods. Then his people know that he has really flown over the whole countryside, and they rejoice as though he has returned from the dead. After he has performed his x̣a'mtəkʷ dance, his parents feast the people and distribute many presents.

Warrior Spirit.—*See* north-west wind, p. 56.

sqɛ'yəp.—There were two guardian spirits with this name, the meaning of which Old Pierre did not know. One was a joyful spirit; inside its home there was always dancing. Hence the man who obtained this spirit was always popular; when he rose to dance, the whole audience rose and danced with him.

The other kind, distinguished as kɬnɛ'pqən[?] sqɛ'yəp (meaning of kɬnɛ'pqən unknown), was a more powerful spirit that gave its protégé a fair amount of luck in everything. In its home, too, there was always dancing, but blood oozed from the mouths of the dancers. The Indian who really visited this spirit's home and heard its true song, not merely an echo, could also make blood ooze from his mouth when he danced.

Timber-giant.—There were two timber-giants, sɛ'sq'əc and šiyɛ'y'ə. Anyone might meet the former, even a white man, but he would derive no benefit from the encounter, since sɛ'sq'əc was an ordinary creature unable to confer any power. Only a man who had purified himself, on the other hand, ever met šiyɛ'y'ə, who then became his guardian spirit and gave him great physical strength. šiyɛ'y'ə always carried a small stick, one stroke of which would topple down a small tree, three strokes the biggest tree in the forest.

> A Katzie man named sɬɑ'məxʷ obtained this guardian spirit; and although he never performed at the winter dances, he acquired tremendous strength. He could split apart the two prongs of an elk skull that ten strong youths, five pulling on each side, could not separate.
>
> His elder brother once stripped the bark from a fir-tree for as high as he could reach, then suggested to sɬɑ'məxʷ that they should return the next day with a long pole to strip off the remainder before anyone else discovered it and carried it away for his fire. Without a word, sɬɑ'məxʷ slapped the trunk of the tree and shook it; all the bark to the very summit broke loose and tumbled down.

q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs.—He Who Dwells Above, said Old Pierre, created two kinds of q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs. One was the mountain-goat, which made its protégé a successful hunter of all mountain game. The second kind dwelt far out at sea in canoes, and had the appearance of human beings holding up long poles instead of paddles. Their hair reached nearly to their elbows; around their heads, their elbows, and their waists they wore bands of cedar-bark dyed red; and their faces were streaked with charcoal. These sea-q'ʷɑx̣ʷəqs granted their protégé great success in fishing.

In dancing the protégés of both kinds wore a costume identical with that of the sea q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs described above, and they carried from one to twelve poles, which their power caused to dance also. They chanted practically the same songs, except that the protégé

of the mountain-goat ended with a sustained " i-i-i-i-i he-e-e-e," while the protégé of the sea q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs ended with a staccato " hi hi hi hi, he he." If an old dancer breathed his q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs spirit power into a novice, this dancer had to make as many sticks as the novice required, and the latter had to chant the exact words of the old dancer's song because otherwise the sticks would not dance.

In my youth I often made long trips into the mountains to hunt. Once, far up a mountain-side, I shot four goats, which I rolled down to a level bench and skinned. After removing their backbones I packed them down to my canoe in the valley, leaving my mountain-stick resting against a tree. It took me three days to pack down all the meat, and another day to reach home. There I rested for several days, then returned to the mountain to recover my stick; but it had vanished, and around the spot where it had rested the grass was trodden bare as though a flock of goats had danced there. On three different occasions I searched for the stick, but never found it.

Long afterwards, as I lay asleep in our old village at the foot of Pitt Lake, I dreamed that someone came to me and said, " Go and get your stick." I went—that is to say, my vitality went—and standing at the place where the stick had rested, I heard goats dancing on the mountain above me. I went on to a doorless house of goat-skins, where the goats had removed their skins and changed to human forms. There a voice said to me: " Your stick is in the middle of this house, and the goats are dancing around it. When I raise you up look in, and when I push you leap toward the stick." I leaped, and at the same moment lost consciousness. When I regained my senses, I was in my home at Pitt Lake, but the words of the song I had heard in the house of the goats still rang in my ears, and I knew that the mountain-goat had become my guardian spirit. Later, whenever I danced and chanted that song, my hand would rise involuntarily and point in some direction or other; and when I went hunting in that direction the next morning, I always killed a bear or a deer. That is how my goat spirit helped me.

I saw also the sea q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs during the years of my fasting. I saw their canoes, where each q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs held up a long pole and danced, and I heard their song. Sometimes they land in the realm of living people, which then echoes to the notes of their song, but only Indians who hear the actual song derive great power from them. If they take pity on a man, they make him dream of themselves, and they say to him: " Make one, two, twelve poles, rub them with oil and ochre, and bind red cedar-bark near their tips. Then when you chant our song these sticks will leap up and down in the hands of whatever man receives them from you." Me they instructed to make two poles, but I have never done so, or performed the sea q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs dance, through fear of getting into trouble with the government agents or the clergy. Yet if I were to chant my song to-day, when snow lies on the ground and the temperature is below freezing, there would come to-night a thaw and heavy rain. Such is the power the sea q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs gave me.

Two of my great-uncles, who had also seen the sea q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs, decided to make a dancer of my cousin, who later married a Saanich Indian man. They took away her vitality and conveyed it to the canoes of the q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs far out to sea, and they made for her twelve poles. Through them she learned the q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs song directly from the q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs themselves, but not until she was an old woman did she dare to sing it in public, or to use her poles, because she was afraid they would not dance and then the people would laugh at her.

It happened during one winter season, however, while I was visiting my relatives on the Saanich Peninsula, that her husband told me that she had never used her poles, although she had often wanted to. " Take two of them to the dance to-night," I said, " and I will help her, for I, too, have the q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs spirit." The news spread quickly that I was going to help my cousin, and four strong young men vied with each other for the privilege of holding the two poles, thinking it would be only fun because, of course, the poles would never dance. Finally my grandmother, who had issued the invitations to that dance and was providing the food, settled their dispute by choosing the two strongest.

A great crowd gathered at the dance-house that evening, including some people from Nanaimo and other places. First my cousin's brother announced that his sister was going to perform the q'ʷɑ'x̣ʷəqs dance, and distributed blankets and other presents to some old chiefs in acknowledgment of their condescension in attending. Then my cousin's husband called me out to " fix " the two poles, and announced that I was going to help his wife. I ran my hands up and down them and handed one to each of the two youths, who had already rolled up their sleeves in apprehension that the poles might dance, though they still did not believe it was possible. Then I sat down among the men and women who were beating sticks, so that I could watch other medicine-men who were present and guard my cousin against any tricks they might try to play on her.

Now my cousin stepped into the middle of the floor and began to sing and dance, while the audience joined in her song and beat sticks in time to the music. As she danced round the room one of the poles began to leap up and down, dragging behind it the youth who was holding it, but the other pole did not move. Seeing this, she stopped dancing and seemed a little confused, but I told the youth who was holding it to grip it less tightly and signalled her to continue. Just

as she swung round to resume her dance her cedar-bark head-band accidentally struck the recalcitrant pole, which immediately commenced to leap up and down like its mate. I thought to myself: "I won't stop them, but will let them keep on leaping. Then the people will see for themselves what power q'wa'χwəqs has given us."

The poles leaped more and more violently as they dragged the two youths behind my cousin around and around the floor. Even after she had stopped singing and sat down, they kept leaping, until they were pounding the roof-boards. One board actually split under the impact, although the pole that struck it did not even bend. Soon the youths became so exhausted that they could no longer maintain the poles in an upright position, but let them droop down toward the audience. I caught hold of them, however, before they could strike anyone and caused them to remain still. Thus I helped my cousin in her dance. As for the two youths who had been so sceptical, their hands were so blistered that they kept them bandaged for two days.

skʷədi'ləc (*skʷəne'ləc on Saanich Peninsula*).—Just as there were two kinds of q'wəχʷəqs, so there were two kinds of skʷədi'ləc—one far out at sea where dwell all the different species of salmon, the other far inland beyond the mountains; and just as the q'wəχʷəqs dancer had poles that leaped and danced, so the skʷədi'ləc dancer had a board that moved in the same way and required sometimes one man, sometimes two, to hold it. Like the poles, this board was sacred and kept in a secret place; negligence in handling it brought harm and even death. Once when a protégé of skʷədi'ləc died, a cousin kept his board inside his house instead of hiding it in the woods, and the power in the board killed nearly all the man's family.

The word "skʷədi'ləc," Old Pierre said, came from the far-away home of the salmon and meant something like "presenting food in abundance," for, after the board had moved in a dance, many salmon would migrate up the rivers. Indians on the Fraser River and on Vancouver Island were not eligible for this guardian spirit except through intermarriage with Indians of the State of Washington, where the skʷədi'ləc dance originated.

The sea skʷədi'ləc, like q'wəχʷəqs, travelling in canoes, but held boards in the air instead of long poles. They had long hair and were painted, some black, some red. The inland skʷədi'ləc dwelt inside a house that was lined with blankets and other valuable things, but what they looked like Old Pierre did not know. The protégé of the sea spirit used a rectangular board about 3 feet long by 1½ feet wide and 3 inches thick, coated with dogfish oil, then painted with charcoal from burned cedar-bark, because the salmon is dark around the mouth and fins. One man grasped it with his left hand through a hole on the left side, another with his right hand through a hole on the right; each man then took hold of the other's belt so that they would move in unison. The protégé of the inland skʷədi'ləc had a round or oval board, somewhat smaller, that could be held up by one man only.

The inland skʷədi'ləc gave its protégé the luck of turning everything he handled into wealth corresponding to the wealth he had seen in his guardian spirit's home. The protégé of the sea skʷədi'ləc could discover people or objects that were lost, and he could foretell if someone were about to suffer grief; his board dragged its bearer to the lost person or thing, and it hovered in a peculiar way over the head of anyone about to experience some calamity. He, too, acquired wealth because people paid him for the use of his board.

A blind old man was once performing the skʷədi'ləc dance; and while he chanted, four young men were holding his two boards. In the audience was a medicine-man whom everyone feared because they believed he was always trying to kill someone. This man, one of whose guardian spirits was q'wəχʷəqs, secretly exerted his medicine-power to trip up the four youths. skʷədi'ləc's power, however, was greater than his; it made the two boards float irresistably toward him and meet with a clash in front of his face, imprisoning his power between them. As he fell back unconscious, they dragged the four youths in front of my cousin, who was also a medicine-man, and opened up again. He put out his hands, caught the power, and imprisoned it inside his body.

At the end of the dance the wife of the unconscious medicine-man approached the blind old man and said: "If my husband does not recover his power and regain consciousness, he will die. Will you not request some q'wəχʷəqs' protégé to recover it for him?" The blind old man asked the help of another old man, who laid one of his q'wəχʷəqs' poles on the medicine-man's body with the tip touching his neck. The medicine-man regained consciousness, bound a red handkerchief around his head instead of the usual cedar-bark, handed the pole to a youth, and chanted

his q'ʷaχʷəqs' song. The stick danced in the youth's hands and dragged him in front of my cousin, where it continued to move up and down as though begging for the return of the power, but my cousin sat straight upright with arms folded in refusal. The stick then dragged the youth to the other end of the room and returned to beg a second time. Now my cousin pressed his hands against his body and opened them, restoring the captured power, but at the same time he shot his own power into the wicked medicine-man. About an hour afterwards the latter approached my son and said: "Someone has shot his medicine-power into me; it has gone through my chest and lodged between my shoulder-blades. Ask your father to remove it. I will pay him $100." But my son did not tell me until long after because he thought the medicine-man had only received his deserts, and in two days the man died.

A Port Townsend Indian once heard the echo of skʷədi'ləc' song and became a protégé of skʷədi'ləc; but because his vitality had never travelled to the real home of skʷədi'ləc, he could not control his board when it danced. Nevertheless, he announced that he would give a performance, and Indians from all around came to watch him, for most of them had never seen a skʷədi'ləc' board. One young Klallam man even made fun of it, saying that it was only a dead piece of wood and that its owner secretly paid the bearers to make it dance. skʷədi'ləc' protégé invited him to hold the board alone, and the youth laughingly agreed. So when all the people had gathered, the owner chanted his song, and the audience called on the youth to raise the board up. He threw off his blanket and held it up smiling, while its owner chanted a second time, and a third, without producing any result. At the fourth repetition of the song the board began to jump violently, and at the fifth it carried the youth around and around the house, faster and faster, until his feet rose from the floor. The owner stopped chanting and was as alarmed as his audience; but before anyone could seize the youth, the board had carried him beyond their reach. Suddenly it burst through one of the roof-planks and carried him far out over the sea. The people rushed to their canoes and followed him, but he sank below the surface of the water and became a supernatural being. In after-years he sometimes emerged to gaze on his people, and he sent abundant fish to their nets; but since steamers made their appearance on the coast, no one has seen him.

CHAPTER VI

MEDICINE-MEN

The guardian spirits that the medicine-men called to their aid to cure and cause diseases were identical, as we saw in the last chapter, with those that the lay Indians invoked at the winter dances, for the same animal or bird might confer on one man medicine-power, on another success in catching sturgeon or in shooting mountain-goats. It would seem that almost anyone might become a medicine-man, provided he underwent the proper training; yet whereas one individual might fast and pray intermittently for twenty years before he felt qualified to undertake a cure, another might fast for only four or five. People differed psychologically, as the Indians themselves recognized, although they ascribed the varying success of medicine-men less to differences in innate qualities or knowledge than to different degrees of power conferred more or less arbitrarily by the supernatural world—not quite arbitrarily, thought Old Pierre, but corresponding in large measure to the severity of the suppliant's penance and the intensity of his purification. The greater his sufferings, the more intense his fast, the greater was the pity he excited in Him Who Dwells Above and His servants of the unseen world, and the looser became the bonds that united his vitality or mind with his body, so that the former was able to wander to greater distances, and to penetrate beyond the veil of the everyday world to the mystic realm of the unseen. Only the man who had attained this distant realm, he said, acquired strong enough power to heal diseases. Other medicine-men could cause but not cure them, because they had heard only echoes from the unseen world and had not actually penetrated to it.*

Old Pierre said, furthermore, that the proper time to begin training was in childhood, when the body was pure and the mind untainted by thoughts of sex. Girls might train no less successfully than boys, but few of them were either willing or able to endure the prolonged penance. One or both parents generally regulated the boy's fasting, and a recognized medicine-man assisted with his counsel. Occasionally a boy lived for a time with a medicine-man and trained directly under him, naturally at the parents' expense; but such an apprenticeship was often unnecessary, since every onlooker at a medicine-man's séance could observe and secretly practise his outward technique. The one essential was to acquire the gift of healing from the unseen world by prolonged fasting and purification. The experiences of Old Pierre himself throw a vivid light upon this quest.

> When I was only 3 years old, my mother, who was herself a medicine-woman, made me bathe in the river and scrub my limbs with spruce-boughs before breakfast, even though there was ice on the water, and one morning after I had scrubbed myself—I was still only 3—she clothed me with her blessing or power, what we call in our language swiɑ'm'. Every living creature, you know, possesses its special strength or power, something invisible to normal eyes that dwells inside it, and yet can issue from it, giving it power to do the things it wishes to do. Well, that morning she clothed me with her power; she passed her hands over my body, from head to feet, draping her strength over me to shield and fortify me for the trials that she projected for me later. Thereafter she would never allow me to creep into her bed on cold dark mornings, or to receive food from anyone who might be ceremonially unclean. Every night I slept alone in my own little bed, and every morning I bathed and scrubbed myself with spruce-boughs that I might be pure and without taint in both mind and body. By day I played with the other children, and I helped my kinsmen at home and in our hunting camps. My uncles (for my father died soon afterwards) taught me to handle a fish-net, to trap small animals, and sometimes to fire off their guns; yet always I felt that I was different from other children, though in what way I could not understand.
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> Thus I grew to the age of about 8. Then at intervals throughout one winter my mother called in three of her oldest and best-informed relatives to teach me the ancient history of our people, and the commandments which He Who Dwells Above had imposed upon us when He established us upon this earth. I still bathed night and morning, winter and summer, but so also did other boys of my own age, and many of the men.

* There seems little doubt that Old Pierre's mystic unseen realm beyond the veil of the everyday one no more reflected the common belief of his countrymen than Plato's World of Ideas reflected that of the Athenian labourer. The ordinary Coast Salish Indian held that the supernatural spirits haunted dangerous or uncanny places within the known world, and he sought their favour by frequenting such spots, e.g., by sleeping in graveyards or by bathing in gloomy pools.

Two more years passed uneventfully by, and I reached the age of 10. Then one morning my mother roused me from my bed and said: "Pierre, it is time now that you trained to become a medicine-man. Go back into the woods, but be careful that no one sees you. Whenever you come to a pool, bathe and rub yourself with spruce-boughs, then walk on again. Stay out as long as you can. Remember that He Who Dwells Above has given you power. Pray to Him as you walk along; ask His help; plead with Him to strengthen you for the trials you must now undergo. Don't be afraid, or imagine that you will die. Be of strong mind."

I dressed and stole away into the woods. No one except my mother knew where I had gone, or that I was training to be a medicine-man. I was hungry and cold, for there was snow on the ground and she had sent me away without breakfast, but I remembered what she had told me, and I prayed to Him Who Dwells Above for strength. Twice when I came to pools of water I bathed, rubbed my shivering limbs with spruce-boughs, and hurried on again. But by noon I could bear the cold and the solitude no longer. My mind became weak, my feet turned uncontrollably homeward, and I ran as fast as I could to the house.

It was afternoon when I entered, but my mother paid no attention to me; neither then nor at supper-time did she offer me any food. I crept into my bed, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and fell sound asleep.

At daybreak she woke me again and said: "Pierre, you must go back into the woods. Go farther than you went yesterday, and don't come back so early. You are hungry; drink all the water you wish, but don't nibble anything, not even a blade of grass. And remember to keep praying to Him Who Dwells Above."

I cried bitterly and thought that she was terribly cruel to me, but it was of no use; I had to go. I don't remember how far I walked that day or how many times I bathed, but it was late in the afternoon when I reached home. Although I was famishing, my mother gave me very little to eat and immediately sent me to lie down. Then at dawn she drove me back into the woods, without breakfast, and with orders to stay away longer even than the day before.

That third day it was almost dark when I returned. I thought that now she would surely give me a full supper, but she sent me to bed fasting, and drove me, still fasting, into the woods again the next morning. This time I did not return until it was really dark. Then she gave me a scanty supper, but half an hour after I had eaten she handed me a feather, saying: "Go and bathe in the river, and, after you have bathed, tickle your throat with this feather so that you give the water what you have eaten. For the river is holy; it journeys day and night, coming no man knows whence, and travelling no one knows whither. Pray to it. Tell it that you are striving to become a medicine-man, that for a long time yet you are going to fast, and ask it to help you. Then come back into the house."

I obeyed her instructions and went back into the house. She led me to one side so that no one might overhear us and said: "To-morrow morning you must go back into the woods and stay away as many days as you can. Be sure not to nibble at any of the shrubs or trees, but bathe often and rub yourself with the boughs of evergreens. Drink copiously from the pools in which you swim, then give back the water by tickling your throat with fine twigs of the vine maple. Remember that when you are pure in mind and body and lie down to sleep, you will hear voices singing. Pay no attention to them; they are the voices of the evil medicine-men who live around us, medicine-men who bewitch their fellow-men and cause sickness and death. Do not listen to them; put their songs out of your mind because, if you think of them, they will stay with you for ever and you will become an evil medicine-man as they are. Think always of Him Who Dwells Above and pray continually "I would help the people when they are ill; I would gain power to heal sickness." Now lie down and sleep.

In the morning she examined me to see that I was warmly clad, gave me some matches but no blankets, and sent me out to continue my fast. I do not remember how many days and nights I stayed away on that occasion, only that before darkness descended I would kindle a fire and gather branches for a bed; but when I did return home, weak and exhausted, my mother fed me very sparingly and sent me out again as soon as I seemed able to endure another trial. So I continued all through the winter. Each time I went out my sufferings seemed a little less, until after the first hour of walking I felt light and vigorous, and was conscious of neither hunger nor thirst.

Spring came, and my mother said to me: "Stop fasting now, Pierre. The sweet briars are budding, and the berries will soon be ripening. They would tempt you to eat, and you would be unable to resist the temptation. Bathe in the woods as often as you wish and scrub yourself with fir-boughs, but do not try to fast."

So from spring to autumn I fished and hunted and played with the other boys of our village. But when winter came again I resumed my fasting; I roamed the woods, bathed in its icy pools, rubbed myself with the boughs of the evergreen trees, ate nothing, but drank water copiously and gave it up again. After each bath I prayed to Him Who Dwells Above, and I danced until I fell to the ground exhausted, then at night I slept on beds of branches or in the hollow of some tree. Gradually my skin became hard like the bark of the trees, with which I scrubbed it. No cold could penetrate it; the rain and the snow that fell on me seemed warm.

I remember well how I returned to my home one morning, exhausted by many days' fasting, and stretched myself out on my bed; and how an old priest, one of my early teachers, came up to me, thinking that I had lain there all night, and said in a voice of scorn: "My boy, a wonderful medicine-man you will become, lying there with your head covered by your blankets, pampering your miserable flesh. If you cannot endure fasting in the woods, take some meat and tea with you; and if you cannot bear to scrub your body with branches and stones, rub it with soft flour."

He taunted me until I rose from my bed and said bitterly: "You wish me to die. Well, I will die. I will go farther into the woods than I have ever gone before. I will stay away longer than ever." Then I walked out of the door and stayed in the woods for three weeks.

Four winters I endured this penance. Then at last my mind and body became really clean. My eyes were opened, and I beheld the whole universe.

I had been dancing and had fallen to the ground exhausted. As I lay there, sleeping, I heard a medicine-man singing far, far away, and my mind travelled toward the voice. Evil medicine-men seemed to swarm around me, but always there was someone behind me who whispered, "Pay no attention to them, for they are evil." And I prayed constantly to Him Who Dwells Above, asking for power to heal the sick, not to cause sickness as did these evil ones.

I reached the place where the medicine-man was singing, a house unlike any that I had ever seen before. He who was behind me whispered: "Go inside. This is he for whom you are seeking, the true medicine-man for whom you have undergone penance all these years."

I entered. The medicine-man was kneeling on the floor, and beside him was his water, in some mystic vessel that was neither a dish nor a basket. He turned and looked at me. "Poor boy," he said. "So you have come at last. Kneel down beside me."

I knelt beside him. In front of us appeared every sickness that afflicts mankind, concentrated in a single human being. "Wash your hands and wrists in this water." I washed them. He grasped them in his own and massaged them, giving them power. "Now lay your hands on that sickness and remove it."

I laid my hands to the patient and cupped his sickness out with them. He rose to his feet, cured. "That is how you shall remove every sickness. You shall chant the song that you have heard me sing and cup out the sickness with your hands. Now go."

My mind returned to my body and I awoke, but now in my hands and wrists I felt power. I rose up and danced until I fell exhausted again and my mind left me once more. Now I travelled to a huge tree—the father of all trees, invisible to mortal eyes; and always behind me moved the same being as before, though I could not see him. As I stood before the mighty trunk, he said: "Listen. The tree will speak to you."

For a long time I stood there waiting. Finally the tree spoke: "O poor boy. No living soul has ever seen me before. Here I stand, watching all the trees and all the people throughout this world, and no one knows me. One power, and one only, I shall grant you. When you are treating the sick, you shall see over the whole world; when the mind of your patient is lost, you shall see and recapture it. Remain here for a while till someone comes with a noise like the rushing of a great wind—someone who always rests on top of this tree. Do not look until I bid you."

I waited. There came a sound as of a great wind at the top of the tree. "Now look," said the tree. I looked. On its summit stood a great white horse. Its hoofs were red, and two persons sat on its back. "That horse flies all over the world," said the tree. "I shall not give you its power, for you would not live long."

My mind returned to my body; I awoke and bathed again in the pool at my side. After my bath I drank copiously of its water, and tickled my throat with a twig of maple. Then I prayed to Him Who Dwells Above, and I danced till I fell to the ground and lost consciousness. My mind travelled forth again over a beautiful prairie until something tripped me, something hard like stone, and a voice said to me: "Poor soul, go no farther. This is the leader of all things that are upon this earth. You are the first who has come here."

The being who had tripped me stood up and chanted a song. "Take this stone that I use for a pillow," he said. "Hold it in your two hands and kneel down. For a long time I have been watching you, watching your struggles."

As I knelt down, holding the rock in my hands—it was different from all other rocks—the being mounted the back of my head and rubbed my jaw. "You shall heal the sick. Place your lips to the rock and suck it. Suck it once only, but suck it hard." I laid my lips to it and sucked. It became soft like flesh, and something—it was blood—issued from it and entered my mouth. "Don't eject it on the ground, but swallow some of it and rub the rest on your hands." He came down from the back of my head and took the rock from me. "That is how you shall heal the sick. That is how you shall suck away their illnesses. Now go."

I awoke and found myself lying on the ground. Now I had power—power in my hands and wrists to draw out sickness, power in my mouth to swallow it, and power to see all over the world and to recover minds that had strayed from their bodily homes. I was a medicine-man: I could heal the sick, I could banish their diseases, even as my mother had foretold me.

But not always. Whenever He Who Dwells Above had decided to take away someone's soul, I could do nothing. This also my mother had foretold me.

I rose from the ground and returned home. My years of fasting were ended. I think my mother knew what had happened, for she asked no questions, nor did she urge me to stay in the woods again. So I remained at home, and, as soon as I recovered my strength, joined my uncles in the fishing and hunting.

The Coast Salish Indians commonly ascribed sickness to one of three causes. Firstly, the patient's vitality or mind (sməsti′əx^{w}) was missing, either because it had wandered away and failed to return or because some medicine-man had stolen it. Secondly, he had incurred some impurity or infection from a supernatural source, had been touched, for example, by a shade or ghost. Thirdly, a medicine-man had implanted some object inside him, had taken a hair or a fragment of bone, perhaps, pointed it in his direction, and through medicine-power caused the object to become alive and penetrate the victim's body. Such enmity on the part of a sorcerer, or else punishment inflicted by the unseen world for some offence, explained even accidental injuries and wounds received in fighting. In addition to these three causes of sickness, Old Pierre and perhaps other Indians acknowledged yet another, namely, that He Who Dwells Above had taken away the patient's soul (šx^{w}əli′), making death the inevitable consequence.

When He Who Dwells Above ordained that living things should aid man in his struggle for existence, He ordained also that some forms of life, principally the plants, should help him to combat the maladies to which all human beings are exposed. Certain herbal remedies, for example, devil's-club (*Fatsia horrida*), which has laxative properties, were known to nearly all the Coast Salish; others were confined to individual families, which handed them down from generation to generation as we hand down our cooking recipes. Yet the Katzie Indians considered such remedies only their first line of defence. All serious maladies demanded a priest or a medicine-man, the choice depending partly on the diagnosis; for while either might annul the effects of supernatural contagion or bring back an errant mind or vitality, only the medicine-man claimed the power to remove objects magically injected by a sorcerer into a patient's body. In some cases the Indians first called in a priest because his services were less expensive, and the priest himself, when a cure lagged, advised the summoning of a medicine-man. It was almost inevitable that there should be some overlapping, but, speaking broadly, the two functionaries differed in a way familiar to us from our own society; the priest was the expert in preventive medicine, while the medicine-man was the regular practitioner of the healing art.

The treatment that the medicine-man provided was in the main psychological. He massaged and (or) sucked at any place where the pain seemed localized, causing tumours and other swellings to discharge. Where there was no discharge, he extracted, or pretended to extract, a mysterious hair or other object implanted by a sorcerer, but invisible to all eyes save his own. Occasionally he asked the onlookers what he should do with this object: whether he should return it to its owner, burn it in the fire, or simply cast it out of doors. In cases where the patient was fully or partly unconscious, indicating that his mind or vitality was missing, the medicine-man pretended to recover and restore this missing element by cupping his hands over the patient's head and blowing through them. What conduced to a cure more than all else, however, was the psychological atmosphere that he created in various ways, principally by prolonged drumming and chanting while shading his eyes with his hand, by ceremonially washing his hands in warm water or smearing them with warmed fat, and by numerous gesticulations and antics. One medicine-man who claimed the skunk as his guardian spirit would first drum and chant to work himself and his audience up to the proper intensity, then crawl on his stomach toward the patient and grunt, trusting in this manner to drive out the malady.

Some medicine-men used a cluster of deer-hoofs strung on a hoop instead of a drum or tambourine, or else they pounded the floor with sticks. Old Pierre's tambourine bore two paintings—the lower one of a whale, the upper of a fanciful creature with the head of a horse and the body of a fish. They represented, however, not his own guardian

spirits, but those of a grandson who had made the tambourine for him, and their purpose was purely ornamental, though they doubtless increased the psychological effect of his drumming and chanting.

Any deceit that the medicine-men practised was unconscious; they victimized themselves no less than their patients and onlookers. When a man who claimed the beaver as his guardian spirit washed his hands in warm water and said that he could see the vitality or power of the beaver in the water, he actually believed that it was present before his eyes, endowing his hands with supernatural force. There may, of course, have been medicine-men who were not deceived, who tricked their audiences deliberately, but even they believed in the genuineness of other medicine-men. Old Pierre certainly practised his profession in good faith, and with a sense of responsibility toward his fellow-men equal to that of any white physician. His first patient, who happened to visit him while I was present, unhesitatingly confirmed his account of her cure.

A few months after I had obtained medicine-power, when I was still only 14 years of age and Mary 17, my mother came to me one evening and said: "Mary is very ill from a large tumour in her side. I have tried to cure her, but without success. Did you receive power when you fasted?"

"Yes," I answered. "I have power. But I do not want the people to see me the first time I use it because I may fail, and then they would laugh at me. Hang some mats around her bed and I will come."

I entered Mary's room unseen, and my mother set a basin of water in front of me. First I washed my hands, as I had washed them in my vision, and I chanted the song I learned at that time. Power flowed into me; I could feel it in my wrists and fingers. I laid my hands to Mary's side just where the tumour was situated, and manipulated it. Then I set my lips to the place and sucked. It palpitated, but my mouth remained empty. Drawing back, I said to my mother: "I must go to the woods and obtain more power. To-morrow evening I will come back." Without food or drink, I went into the woods, although it was dark, and as I stumbled along I prayed:—

"O You Who Dwell Above, Holy One, You have made me. You have made the trees and the animals. You know how I have tried to obey the rules that You laid down for us. You know that for four winters I fasted and purified my mind and my body, that I might gain power to heal the sick. Help me now to heal this girl; give me power to wrest the sickness from her.

"O Holy One, You who gave my hands power to draw out sickness, give me that power now, that I may draw away the tumour from her body and restore her to health.

"O Holy One, You who gave my lips power to draw blood from the hard stone, give them the power now, that they may suck out the infection from her body. Do not hold back Your gift. Help me to cure her."

Finally I lay down, and as I slept my mind travelled away to the Holy One it had visited at the close of my fasting. Once again I sucked at the hard stone, and one again I filled my mouth with its blood. When I awoke it was already light. I wandered throughout the day from pool to pool, bathing and rubbing myself with spruce-branches, and all the time I kept praying to Him Who Dwells Above, and to the Holy Ones who had given me power.

At evening I returned to Mary's room, washed my hands, and chanted my song. My power flowed strong within me, and as I laid my lips to her side I knew that this time I could not fail. Once, and once only, I sucked; then the tumour suddenly collapsed, filling my mouth with its fluid, which I ejected outside the house. Then I said to my mother: "She will recover now. But I will come again if she needs me." They did not send for me again. She began to recover immediately, and, as you see, she is now an old woman.

Probably because his mother also was a medicine-woman, Old Pierre undertook his first case at an unusually early age; most Indians waited for several years after their visions before they ventured to practise. Their profession was an honourable one that to many brought considerable profit, despite the custom of "no cure, no pay." Old Pierre stated that he himself never set any price on his services, but accepted whatever was offered him; that it always disturbed him when the relatives of the patient offered him money or blankets beforehand, because his power was given him to help his people, not to benefit himself.

The Cowichan Indians once sent for me to cure their chief Modeste. Dozens of wagons lined the roads beside the chief's house, and his doorway was so crowded that I could hardly squeeze my way in. While I was washing my hands and summoning my power, an old man stood up and addressed the crowd as follows: "My friends, be liberal with your gifts. You know that our chief Modeste is very ill. Here is the great medicine-man Pierre of whom you

have all heard, though he has never visited us before. He has come to heal our chief. Be liberal, all of you."

Immediately one man came forward with $10, and another with $5. Money began to pour in from all sides. I shivered. My mind was concentrated on the sick man; power was already flowing into my hands; and it disturbed me to see the money. I turned round and shouted to them: "Take away your money, I did not come here for money, but to cure your chief. If I cure him, you shall always remember me and hold my name in honour. Take your money away."

They took back their money, and I chanted my song again. My power came back to me, and I laid my hands on the patient, whose gall was spilling over into the liver. He fainted, being so weak that he was ready to die. I treated him for three days. On the fourth I bathed him and helped him to rise to his feet. His sickness was cured.

This is the way of the true medicine-man. When he is treating a patient, he pays no attention to the amount of money or blankets that the people offer him; and if his patient dies, he returns everything that has been given him.

CHAPTER VII

COMMUNITY RITUALS

When He Who Dwells Above created man, He said: "You shall have joy in the world, but you shall also have sorrow. Both joy and sorrow are sacred." Then He taught each Indian community that He had created some special rite or ceremony (çəx̣^{w}tɛ′n) which would increase its joy or comfort it in grief.

To the Musqueam Indians near Vancouver, He gave the masked dance known as sx̣^{w}a′yx̣^{w}əy.

To a neighbouring group, now merged with the Musqueams, He granted an entertainment with two dolls that are called x̣a·′małca and xa′pxəp.

To a third group that has likewise merged with the Musqueams, and also to the Chilliwack Indians farther up the Fraser River, He granted an entertainment with fisher-skins, sx^{w}a′mɛçən.

To the Katzie Indians, He granted the services of a supernatural fish "sekwoiam" that lives at the bottom of the water, although no man has ever seen it, and He taught them also a special ritual called q′ɛwmi′x^{w}əm which would comfort them at funerals.

Other Coast Salish communities, Old Pierre thought, must also have received special rites which had since dropped out of memory. Although no Indian might legitimately perform any of these rites except a member of the community that had received it from Him Who Dwells Above, each spread through intermarriage until the best known of them, the masked dance or sx̣^{w}a′yx̣^{w}əy, was performed in practically every community from Comox on Vancouver Island to Chilliwack, 60 miles up the Fraser River. Incidentally this masked dance seems to have been the only ceremony among the Coast Salish that called for the wearing of wooden masks, unless, perhaps, a few Comox Indians wore them at the winter dances in imitation of their Kwakiutl neighbours.

Masked Dance (sx̣^{w}a′yx̣^{w}əy).—Although this rite prevailed, as just stated, in every Coast Salish district except immediately around Victoria, each district explained its origin by a different myth. The Katzie myth, generally accepted all around the mouth of the Fraser River, has been given in Chapter II, p. 11.*

Every Coast Salish Indian on Vancouver Island, whatever his lineage, seems to have claimed the privilege of hiring masked dancers to perform at any potlatch that he contemplated. On the Saanich Peninsula, indeed, a dancer sometimes performed for no other purpose than to entertain his community when other distractions were lacking. He summoned the villagers by throwing a ball of cedar-wood on the roof three or four times, whereupon the people gathered with their drums and chanted while he danced. Afterwards he paid the drummers with strips from a goat's wool blanket.

In Old Pierre's eyes this was quite wrong. The masked dance, he said, was the prerogative of families descended from c'simlɛ′nəx^{w}, the leader of the Musqueam Indians, who had received it directly from Him Who Dwells Above, and it should be performed only at some crisis in the life of a member of those families—a birth or a death, the adolescence of a girl or her marriage. Rarely there were other occasions. Thus if a man's daughter were unhappily married, he sometimes invited his son-in-law and his son-in-law's kinsmen to a feast, at which he put on his masked-dance costume, clothed his daughter in rich goat's wool blankets, and denounced her ill-treatment in a song that was taken up by his relatives with drums and sticks. In this way he publicly shamed his son-in-law, whose kinsmen hastily offered compensation, and either ensured the woman against further ill-treatment or agreed to annul the marriage.

On account of its origin, every mask was pregnant with supernatural power, and anyone who idly meddled with it fell sick. Its owner, therefore, guarded it very carefully; he even kept secret its inside arrangement and the method of attaching it to the head, lest someone else should copy them. No one might make a mask unless he was both entitled to wear it and at the same time a skilful wood-carver; such, at least, was the case on the

* For the myths from other districts, *see* Appendix VI.

Lower Fraser, although an Indian on the Saanich Peninsula said that any wood-carver might make a mask for a man who had the right to wear one. The last carver known to Old Pierre was a Musqueam Indian who died without leaving a successor, and every mask he carved represented one or other of the four beings—thunder, raven, sawbill duck, and two-headed snake—that are mentioned in the Lower Fraser myth. It made no difference which particular being he chose to represent, since all had equal rating.

With each mask went a special costume, consisting of leggings made from goat's wool,* leglets of rattling deer-toes, and probably, in earlier times, a special apron. The dancer also carried in his hand ten or twelve large pecten shells, strung on a wooden hoop, that clattered whenever he moved. Two, four, and even six men danced together, only rarely one alone; Old Pierre gave no reason for this, but a Nanaimo Indian explained it from the origin myth current in his district (*see* Appendix VI). No woman, again, might wear a mask or perform the dance, although she might pass on the right to her son, since the prerogative was heritable through either the male or the female line. When a Musqueam woman married an Indian of another community, she was commonly escorted to her canoe by two masked dancers, one of whom sometimes presented her with his costume, saying, " If you ever have a son, train him to use this costume and to chant the song that goes with it."

At Katzie and other places on the Lower Fraser it was customary for a certain functionary who had inherited a knowledge of the chant called sç'ɛ'ʔnəm (*see* p. 12) to climb on to the roof in the early morning and announce the forthcoming dance by raising one end of a roof-board and dropping it again with a loud bang, after which he pounded the roof with a stick. Old Pierre explained this dropping of the board as an imitation of the thunder that pealed when He Who Dwells Above bestowed the masked-dance ritual on the Musqueam Indians. The same custom, however, seems to have prevailed in other Coast Salish communities.

The dancers generally dressed in a room specially curtained off for them, and when they emerged the curtain was drawn aside by someone equally qualified to dance, since the supernatural power inherent in their costume might strike a layman with illness. Their performance naturally varied with the occasion. At marriages on the Lower Fraser they appeared only when the bride was going out the door at the close of the wedding ceremony, so that they might escort her to her canoe, and they dressed beforehand in a neighbouring house. At commemorative services for the dead, on the other hand, they emerged from a curtained room inside the house and danced in front of an image or other object that recalled the deceased. A few years ago, when a Nanaimo Indian inherited a mask from a Katzie native, he was told to regulate the duration of his dance by the amount of the payment he expected to receive.

Wooden Dolls.—The myth explaining the origin of these dolls seemed to be forgotten. They were used merely to entertain women guests.

The doll called χa·'małca was about 1½ feet high, and represented a baby with jointed head and limbs wrapped in a goat's wool blanket. The owner placed it on a table, chanted a prayer and shook his rattle, after which he danced around the table, followed by his family and guests. His " power " caused the doll to stand on its feet and dance, crying like a baby and moving not only its legs, but its arms and head. While it was still dancing, the owner prayed again and opened a larger box containing the doll called xa'pxəp, which flew whistling around the room above the heads of the audience, invisible to everyone except its owner, who first restored the χa·'małca doll to its box, then, with a prayer, the xa'pxəp doll.

Both χa·'małca and xa'pxəp were also guardian spirits of winter dancers (*see* pp. 56, 60).

Fisher.—During the nineteenth century several small settlements at the mouth of the Fraser River merged with the Musqueam, but in earlier times they were quite separate.

* More esteemed than these goat's wool leggings, W. A. Newcombe tells me, were leggings made from the downy breast skin of a swan attached to a foundation of woven rushes.

When He Who Dwells Above created c'smilɛ'nəxʷ to be the leader of the Musqueams, He created also a man named Seleeptim (Revive) to be the leader of a neighbouring group. Later Khaals changed some members of this group into fishers, and said to Seleeptim: "These animals will comfort you in generations to come. They shall be your çəx̣ʷtɛ'n, a solace to drive away your tears. When a child dies, or some dear kinsman, you shall kill two, four, or even six fishers, dry their skins, and store them in safety. Then you shall utter the prayer that I will now teach you, and they shall wash away your tears." The ritual that he then taught the Indians was handed down to Seleeptim's descendants, but only to those who became priests. The last priest, having no descendant to whom he might impart his knowledge, hired a skilful wood-carver to make him a coffin showing on one face four fishers in full relief. This coffin is now in the National Museum of Canada.

sx̣ɛ'ləctən, the first of the Chilliwack Indians, also received the fisher rite from Him Who Dwells Above. Musqueam and Chilliwack priests alike performed it both to mark the coming of age of their girls and to commemorate the dead. In his youth Old Pierre had seen a performance by a Chilliwack priest.

> During a big potlatch to commemorate a young man who had died soon after his initiation as a winter dancer, a Chilliwack priest set up in the middle of a table a short pole wrapped in a goat's wool blanket. He then retired to a cubicle in one corner of the house and emerged with a basket filled with water, which he placed on the table near the pole. Returning to the cubicle, he came out, dancing, with two fisher-pelts, which he placed in front of the pole. To summon his power he washed his hands and wrists in a near-by basin of water, rubbed each fisher-skin, and danced with the basket of water back to his cubicle. Immediately afterwards he danced out again shaking a rattle, caught up one of the fisher-pelts, chanted a prayer, blew on it, and threw it down again. It came alive and ran over the table squealing. He caught up the other skin, blew on it, and threw it down, when it also came to life and ran around the table in a direction opposite to that taken by the first fisher. Still travelling in opposite directions, the two animals climbed up one side of the pole (which represented the dead youth) and down the other side, "washing" it so that the youth's relatives would no longer grieve. After they had done this three or four times, the priest seized one of them, blew on it, shook it, and threw it down on the table, when it became a lifeless pelt again. He then "killed" the other fisher and carried the two of them back to his cubicle, chanting a prayer to Him Who Dwells Above and shaking his rattle.
>
> Two or three minutes later he re-emerged, carrying the basket of water, which he placed in front of the pole. His brother, who was helping him, danced behind him. The two men returned and each brought out a stone to lay before the pole. Then the brother danced back a third time in front of the priest, and handed him two mountain-eagle feathers to place beside the stones. After the two men had danced back and forth past each other, as the fishers had done, the priest held one stone up while his brother drilled a feather into it. The feather made a loud screeching sound, audible to all the onlookers, and stood firmly upright. The priest now laid the stone on the basket of water, where it floated around and around with the feather pointing upward like a sail. Still dancing, they trimmed the second stone in the same way, and when they placed it in the water the two stones floated around and around in opposite directions. After dancing near them for a few minutes, the priest removed the stones, one after the other, pulled out the feathers, and threw the stones on the table, when they moved round in opposite directions, and climbed up and down the pole, exactly as the fishers had done. Finally he carried them back to his cubicle, and coming out again, said to the audience: "What I have just done is no mere trick. It is a miracle given to my ancestor by Him Who Dwells Above. He Who Dwells Above is holy; He created you and everything else in this world. In days long ago He said to my ancestor: 'You shall have sorrow. Your young girls, too, shall reach maturity. On such occasions you shall use the fisher and the stone to wash away your troubles.'"*

Just as the fishers climbed up and down the pole at this commemoration ceremony to wipe away all tears, so they climbed up and down a girl at her puberty festival to wash away all impurity.

Supernatural Fish.—Old Pierre insisted that this was a çəx̣ʷtɛ'n granted to the Katzie Indians in the dawn of time by Him Who Dwells Above, but he knew no more about it than could be gleaned from the following story:—

> While my grandfather was living with his Katzie wife at qəx̣qa'yət, on the south bank of the Fraser River opposite the Penitentiary at New Westminster, one of their sons went to stay

* For a European eye-witness's account of a rather similar performance on the Saanich Peninsula, *see* W. Wymond Walkem, *Stories of Early British Columbia*, Vancouver, 1914.

with his grandmother at a village called spi'ltxʷ. Here the grandmother warned him against crossing the path of a certain old nobleman who was suspected of killing a number of people by sorcery. It happened one day, however, that this man was sharpening a fish-spear outside his house when an arrow that the boy had launched at a bird hit the ground a short distance in front of him. He scolded the lad very sharply until the boy retorted: "You have only one eye. How could you see whether the arrow fell close to you or not?" That evening he told his grandmother what had happened, and she again warned him to keep out of the man's way; but two days later, while pretending to fondle him, the man placed his poisoned wrist against the boy's mouth, and the child died within twelve hours. The villagers hastily dispatched a messenger to carry the news to the father, and when the messenger returned alone they asked anxiously, "Is the nobleman at qəẋqa'yət not coming to take the body home?" "The nobleman said nothing," replied the messenger. The villagers then waited a day; but when my grandfather still failed to appear, they decided to convey the corpse themselves to qəẋqa'yət.

Accordingly they launched two canoes side by side, laid planks across them, and deposited the corpse, wrapped in goat's wool blankets, on the planks. On top they placed a two-pronged sturgeon-spear attached to a long line of nettle fibre. Arriving at a promontory a short distance above qəẋqa'yət, they laid aside their paddles while a priest who was with them stood up and chanted a prayer. He then caught up the sturgeon-spear and, after three feints, hurled it deep into the water. It struck the supernatural fish sekwoiam, the long line became taut, and the invisible monster dragged the two canoes overland while the occupants ran in front of them. Where the line entered the ground, a furrow opened and closed over again. The canoes drew their burden into the centre of my grandfather's house and stopped before a great pile of goat's wool blankets that the people had deposited there. The priest then offered a prayer of thanks to Him Who Dwells Above and pulled up the line, which emerged from the ground with its two barbs still attached to the end.

Two days after the funeral my grandfather curtained off a portion of his house and began to sharpen something inside the enclosure. His cousin, who was living with him, peered over the top of the curtain and asked him what he intended to do. "I am going to wash my face over your nephew [i.e., take revenge]," my grandfather replied; and his cousin answered, "Good, I will go with you."

The two men, each carrying a sharp-edged club of elk-horn, paddled in a light canoe to spi'ltxʷ, reaching the grandmother's house, which was at one end of the village, shortly after dark. She invited them to sit down and eat, but my grandfather refused and asked whether the sorcerer still remained in the village; and when she answered in the affirmative, he sent her out to discover what the man was doing.

The old woman stole quietly forth, and peering through a knot-hole into the murderer's house discovered him squatting beside the fire while his sister scraped a dried salmon for him. As soon as she reported this to my grandfather, he seized his club and, accompanied by his cousin, crept out to wait near the man's door. After he had finished his meal, the murderer rose and walked to the door; but the moment he stepped outside it, his enemies seized him by the hair and clubbed him to death. Then they fled to their canoe and returned to qəẋqa'yət.

Funeral Rite (q'ɛwmi'xʷəm).—This çəẋʷtɛ'n was given by Him Who Dwells Above to ci'łəctən, first leader of the group of Indians that in early times lived on the Alouette River but later merged with the Katzie. Hence only a Katzie priest, or one who inherited the privilege from a Katzie priest, might legitimately direct the rite.*

It took place immediately after a corpse had been carried to its grave. The mourners gathered salal or cedar branches, or else tied together bunches of reeds from worn-out mats, and, as soon as darkness fell, carried them to the house of the deceased, where piles of dry, pitchy wood had been stacked in pyramids over the smouldering ashes of the fires. On a command from the priest, they stripped to their waist-cloths and danced like ghosts in the darkness, chanting a prayer to Him Who Dwells Above. After they had danced for some time, the priest gave a second command, and they pushed the dry wood into the glowing ashes so that three, four, or five bursts of flame suddenly illumined the dark house. Lighting their branches in this flame, they swept the dwelling from end to end to drive out the ghost of the deceased; then, at another shout from the priest, "Hit one another," they struck at each other with their burning brands to expel all infection and flung the expiring branches into the fires. The sparks that flew in all directions as they leaped about the house symbolized falling tears, whence the ceremony was known as q'ɛwmi'xʷm (sweeping the house with tears).

* This was Old Pierre's opinion. Actually the same rite, with minor variations, was widely spread among the Coast Salish, without reference to any Katzie origin.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CYCLE OF LIFE

The foregoing chapters clearly reveal how devout Katzie Indians like Old Pierre diligently strove to make their lives conform to the regulations supposedly laid down for them by Him Who Dwells Above, and by the teeming world of spirit powers that He Who Dwells Above had brought into being for man's welfare. Let us now follow the career of such an Indian from the cradle to the grave, and observe how every important event in that career called for some religious ceremony or ritual in which the priest, as a protector of the community from supernatural perils, played a more or less conspicuous role.

At birth the child did not receive an ancestral name (for then it would not live long), but only a nickname or a play-name. It bore this nickname until it reached the age of 8 or 10, when its parents formally conferred on it a name derived from some near or remote ancestor, sometimes that of a grandparent still living. This formal name lasted the Indian throughout life, unless in manhood he chose to adopt some new title and validated it before his countrymen by a potlatch. Nevertheless, since each village community had its own set of ancestral names (some for males only, others only for females), and a man's lineage connected him with several communities, he often received one name in his father's village and another in his mother's, if he happened to visit his relatives there. Attached to these ancestral names were certain rights and privileges to which adoption gave no claim. Hence the adopted child was given a name derived from its own family tree, or, if this were unknown, an entirely new name unconnected with any family.

There was no ceremony at the conferring of the nickname, but as soon as the child was old enough, the parents hired a priest to puncture its ears and nose for the attachment of pendants. This was a relatively unimportant event and could therefore take place in private. The priest chanted a prayer to the noise of his rattle, then perforated the ears and nose with a porcupine quill and inserted strands of dried sinew or other suitable material. If the wounds festered, he applied some traditional herbal remedy. His usual payment for this service was a goat's wool blanket.

From its earliest years the child learned the taboos that prevailed in the community, especially those relating to food. For example, no one below middle age, under penalty of becoming a coward, might eat the heart or liver of any animal. Nor might anyone eat meat from around the leg sinews because it would cause cramp in the legs. Again, because Khaals created animals from human beings who were mentally unsound, animal brains should never be eaten, though they might be used for tanning skins.

Of special importance were the reguations relating to the sockeye salmon, whose migration up the Fraser River each summer furnished the local natives with their major food-supply. The Katzie Indians spoke very respectfully of the fish, naming it their elder brother; before the arrival of the first shoal they instructed the young boys to lay aside their bows and arrows, and the girls their game of battledore and shuttlecock, because the salmon, which also played these games in their far-away home, always put them away before setting out on their annual migration. Furthermore, they strictly forbade any unclean person (e.g., a widower recently bereaved or the parents of twins) from paddling on the river while the shoals were running, unless he were ceremonially cleansed of all impurity. To cleanse him, the priest led him to the water's edge, chanted a prayer, painted him with red ochre, and rubbed some secret medicine over his body. Finally he ordered the man, after the usual three feints, to enter the water and to step out again immediately. Thereafter he might paddle on the river as he wished; but if he neglected this purification and tainted the water, the salmon would either fail to appear or, if already running, would vanish mysteriously.*

* If the salmon failed to appear at the usual season, the priest performed another ceremony to draw them up the river. Leading an unclean person to the water, he threw into it three times some secret medicine and summoned the salmon with a prayer. He then made the unclean person wet his feet in the water (after the usual three feints), painted his face and clothes with red ochre, and instructed him not to remove his garments until the salmon season closed. If the priest made no mistake in his prayer, the Katzie Indians say, numbers of salmon would appear the next day.

In handling the first catch of the season the Katzie Indians scrupulously carried out the ritual prescribed for them, supposedly, by the wife of Swaneset (*see* p. 20). The men carried up the first fish like babies to a fire trench, where the women laid them out to roast. While they were cooking, a priest prayed to the salmon and threw red ochre and consumption-plant seeds into the flames and over the people. He then rubbed the children from throat to stomach with fat from the fish's belly so that they might eat the fresh salmon without harm. After the people had feasted, they gathered up the bones and threw them back into the river. A few weeks later, when the sockeye season came to an end, young and old brought forth again their bows and arrows to shoot at rolling hoops or at stakes set far apart, and the girls played battledore and shuttlecock—games with which the sockeye also celebrates the conclusion of their wanderings.*

Unless a boy trained early to become a medicine-man, as did Old Pierre, the first major event in his life was the receipt of an ancestral name. Fathers of wealth and standing signalized this event with a special potlatch, but the majority of the Katzie Indians (at least during the second half of the nineteenth century) could not afford so great an expense and bestowed the name in the course of one of the winter dances. The procedure in either case was much the same, except that in the potlatch it was more elaborate, and the blankets and other goods that were distributed much more numerous. The potlatch, moreover, afforded an opportunity for many entertainments and transactions (e.g., games of various kinds, formal payments of old debts, etc.) that had no connection with the naming ceremony, but gave it a more brilliant setting.

Let us suppose, then, that a Katzie Indian—we will call him John—decided to celebrate with a potlatch the naming of his son. He consulted first his wife about the name they would confer, whether it should come from her family line or from his, and they decided on one of his own family names, "George," since it belonged to the Katzie community and carried as much prestige as any name in the mother's family. John then counted up his own and his wife's kinsfolk in Nanaimo, Cowichan, Sumas, and other places, and provided himself with a set of "invitation cards" in the form of pencil-like cedar-sticks. Having finished these and other preparations, he at last set out in a canoe to issue the invitations in person. One of his nephews and another relative accompanied him, but his wife, feeling little inclined for so long a journey, remained quietly at home.

Nanaimo was the first village on his list. On reaching it, he beached his canoe and went straight to the home of his wife's kinsman, who was the head of one of the households. As the man rose up to greet him, John said: "O siɛ'm, take pity on me. Thirty (forty) days from now I am going to do something [a veiled expression for 'hold a potlatch']. Please honour me by coming." He then handed him one of his cedar-sticks, which the man passed on to his wife for safe-keeping, since this one invitation covered every member of the household.

After spending the night with this family discussing all his plans, John proceeded south to Cowichan and other places to deliver the rest of his invitations. As soon as he had departed, the Nanaimo family held a council to decide how much it could contribute to the expenses of the potlatch. The head man volunteered to provide fifty blankets, another man three canoes, and a third four guns.† Two days before the appointed time, some forty Nanaimo Indians, men, women, and children, embarked in half a dozen canoes and headed for Katzie.

Guests from other places arrived about the same time, and, to avoid quarrels, each household or village group camped by itself within easy distance of John's house. After they were all settled, one of John's fellow-villagers opened the proceedings by formally presenting the contributions of his household. Mustering all the boys that he could find,

* The Katzie Indians claim that in the earliest days some visitors from New Westminster sought the hand of a priest's daughter for one of their young men. The priest consented, and, before his daughter left Katzie, taught her the sockeye prayers in order that she might not lack for food in her new home. He bade her teach these prayers to her oldest child, so that they would be remembered from generation to generation. Later the Katzie sockeye ritual (first-salmon ceremony) spread from New Westminster to other Coast Salish communities.

† By the end of the nineteenth century the contributions were mainly dollar bills.

whatever their village, he blackened their faces, distributed his blankets among them, and dispatched the procession to John's house, each boy in the line holding one end of a blanket in front and the other end of another blanket behind. They piled these blankets on the floor of the house and returned for the next load, whatever it might be, while John, or an assistant, made a note of the donor's name and the number of the blankets before storing them away in some convenient corner. As soon as this first family exhausted its contributions, it lined up inside the house behind its head man and chanted his potlatch song, after which it scattered a few surplus goods among the crowd to excite a general scramble.

An hour or so later a household from some other village marshalled its contributions and delivered them in much the same manner, and at intervals between the processions the people organized sham battles and other pastimes, or they gambled, village against village, in their camps. John had invited so many guests that the preliminaries alone occupied three days. Each afternoon he entertained them all at a meal prepared by many hired cooks, and toward evening he sent more food over to each camp in order that his guests might cook for themselves. On the fourth morning, after scrutinizing his supplies with an anxious eye, he decided to hold the naming ceremony that afternoon.

Summoned by messengers, all the villagers and guests gathered inside his house about noon and took their places on the benches around the walls. Two priests painted his son's face with red ochre, fastened bands of goat's wool around his head, arms, legs, and waist, wrapped the boy's and their own shoulders in goat's wool blankets, and, placing him between them, slowly led him into the house. They halted first at the doorway, where one of the priests chanted a prayer and shook his rattle, then advanced a few steps and halted again so that the other priest might do likewise. The audience maintained a reverent silence as the priests alternately advanced and halted, praying to Him Who Dwells Above to give the boy strength and to bless the name that was to be bestowed on him. Thus they brought him at last to a pile of blankets in the middle of the floor, stood him on top, and retired to their seats over on one side.

A hired orator now stepped forward and summoned two old men who belonged to different villages but were both well versed in the local histories. As they advanced, John said to them: "I am naming my son George. Please announce this name to all the people so that anyone else who lays claim to it may come forward and discuss the matter with me."

After they had quietly consulted three or four others in the audience, one of the old men thus addressed the gathering: "You have seen the priests lead this boy in. It was as though He Who Dwells Above had brought him in to us. He is to receive the name George, a name that has been given to us by Him Who Dwells Above."

The second old man then spoke up: "You have heard what the first speaker has said about this name. If the boy's parents are at fault in conferring it, let anyone who believes he has a greater claim to it rise up and speak. It is not our custom to borrow names from other families, but to hold to the names that we ourselves have inherited."

When no one stirred,* some of John's relatives left the house and brought in all the blankets, mats, guns, and other goods which were to be distributed in confirmation of the name. One of the two old men then rose and again addressed the audience: "You all know that we received our names from Him Who Dwells Above and from Khaals. This lad is reviving a name that was given to us many generations ago. It is as though He Who Dwells Above were himself clothing the lad with it, for the name that he is receiving is George."

An old man from Nanaimo then rose and said: "The parents of this boy do right, for the name has belonged to them since the time of creation. Child, you have invited me here to listen. I am glad that you have brought the name of your ancestor among us

* If anyone rose and objected, claiming that the name belonged to his family, not to John's, the ceremony was adjourned while the two old men discussed the issue with two other old men selected by the claimant. If the claimant proved his case, John had to select another name about which there was no dispute.

once again. He was a clean man, a good hunter and fisherman, a friend of everyone. Remember what he was like. Remember, too, that neither your father nor your mother invented your name, but that it came from the Holy One, from Him Who Dwells Above. Take good care of yourself. May no dark speck ever rest on your flesh [i.e., may you never stain your honour]."

As the old man resumed his seat, John laid one of his goat's wool blankets over his shoulders and thanked him for his kind speech. An old woman from Cowichan then spoke in the same strain, and John rewarded her also with a blanket.

John and his wife now selected a number of youths to distribute all the goods they had gathered for the occasion, together with those that had been contributed by their guests. John himself supervised this phase of the proceedings, selecting so many blankets for this man, and so many for that, largely in accordance with their rank and standing. These blankets, canoes, etc., that he now distributed were not straight gifts, but rather investments, for the recipients had to repay them (without interest) on some future occasion, just as John himself had to repay his kinsmen for their contributions to this potlatch. It was really a kind of banking system in which a man's credit and standing depended on the scrupulousness with which he honoured his obligations and paid his debts.

The distribution of the gifts validated the boy's name, and he was now free to step down from the pile of blankets and take a seat on one of the benches. The two old orators therefore stepped forward and spoke in turn to this effect: "The work is done. John has given the name George to his son; he has remembered his ancestors. Now he wishes to thank you all for your attendance."

As soon as they sat down again, John called to the youths who had distributed the goods: "Boys, you did not share in the clothing of my boy's name, so now it is your turn. Scramble for the blankets on which he stood."

Immediately the boys threw themselves on the blankets and scuffled for their possession. To even up their shares, they often cut some of the garments into strips; but since this involved extra labour afterwards in piecing them together, an older person sometimes checked the contestants by purchasing the blankets from them.*

One of the two old orators now announced the last act on the programme.

"You see the clothing that George is wearing," he said. "He shall no longer wear it. It shall be given to so-and-so [naming the oldest man or woman in the house]."

Thereupon George removed his clothes and presented them to the person designated, who held them high in the air and cried "huss huss," expressing by these two syllables his thanks to Him Who Dwells Above and his prayer that George might enjoy a long and happy life.

So the naming ceremony ended. John and his people fed their guests in the house and sent over more food to their camps. At daybreak the next morning the Nanaimo delegation loaded up its canoes and paddled down the river. Other groups followed them, until by mid-afternoon Katzie had been deserted by all except its regular inhabitants.

Ancestral or family names, being in a sense titles of nobility, were jealously guarded. An Indian felt greatly affronted if, when visiting another village, he discovered some totally unrelated man bearing one of his ancestral names. In such a case he denounced the usurpation to two old men, who made the matter public. The defendant immediately enlisted two other "lawyers" to plead his right and to declare the circumstances under which he had received the name, after which the four old men retired to consult in private. Whatever decision they reached was final. If they decided against the defendant, they determined at the same time what names he might legitimately use and allowed him to make his choice. Then at another gathering a few days later the successful claimant publicly presented his rival with some blankets or other goods, speaking in this strain: "The name you bear belongs to me, and is sacred because it was given to my family

* Occasionally the boy stood on a specially erected platform and threw the blankets down to the crowd beneath. Old Pierre affirmed, however, that this was a recent custom among the Coast Salish, introduced when the families were trying to outdo one another in the splendour of their potlatches. Spanish explorers of the late eighteenth century witnessed its occurrence at Nootka.

by Him Who Dwells Above. I shall not snatch it from you, but remove it gently. Therefore, I offer you these blankets that you may not feel aggrieved, and that He Who Dwells Above may bless both you and me."

The defendant's two lawyers confirmed this " unclothing " of their client by announcing that no one thereafter should address him by his former name. Last of all, the man himself announced, " Hereafter my name shall be such-and-such," and he distributed the usual presents to prominent Indians to validate the new name.

The next major event in the child's life was puberty, which, to the Katzie as to other Coast Salish Indians, ushered in a mysterious change. It was like steam rising from a kettle, Old Pierre said; the old life was fading away and a new one taking its place. During the four days the period was supposed to last, children were fraught with mystic power; any fruit-tree they plucked, any pine, elder, or cottonwood tree whose sap they ate, would die within a year. Much illness in later years was attributed to improper feeding at this period or from a failure fully to dispel the old life. The Indians therefore imposed a strict régime upon their daughters, and heads of households enforced an equally strict régime upon their sons.

They judged a boy's attainment of puberty by the hardening of his nipples, and watched very closely for the sign. On the first day it occurred, they placed around his neck a bone tube with which alone he might drink during the next nine months or year. Actually, throughout the four days of the change, they forbade him to drink at all, and gave him only tiny morsels of dried meat or dried fish, but never berries. Hot food, they thought, would cause his teeth to rot and perhaps occasion some internal illness. The boy bathed frequently and scrubbed himself with branches, and after each bath he squeezed his nipples between two stones until they burst and exuded the old life, because if he retained the impurity inside him, he might be sickly all his days. As he roamed through the woods, too, he expectorated toward the sun or against large trees, praying them to give him strength.

At the end of the four days a priest painted some pattern on the boy's face in red ochre, praying as he painted, and rubbed the pattern off again. Four patterns he painted, each one different, and the fourth he allowed to remain. Then, after the usual three feints, he made the lad bite off morsels of different kinds of food, drop them into his hands, and throw them away in the woods, praying as he did so: " O You Who Dwell Above, this morsel is for Raven, whom Khaals changed into a bird, that he may help me and grant me long life. O You Who Dwell Above, this morsel is for Wolf, who was a human being like me until Khaals changed him. Bid him help me toward a good life." And, depositing a fragment beside a large tree, " O You Who Dwell Above, You created this tree. Tell it to grant me long life." Having thus disposed of all his fragments, he bathed, washed the paint from his face, and returned home, free of all further restrictions, except that he might not eat sweet briers or berries for several months, nor drink except through his tube.

Thus the heads of Katzie households ushered their sons into manhood,* but only the heads of households, for the majority of the villagers deemed it unnecessary to hire a priest for the occasion and occasionally did not even make their boys fast. All alike, however, strictly followed the similar rites prescribed for girls, which varied somewhat in elaborateness, according to the wealth and ambition of the parents.

The girl was secluded for four days in a small cubicle curtained off from the rest of the house with goat's wool blankets. Each morning a priest visited her to pray for her welfare and to paint her face with red ochre. As with boys, he painted four different patterns on her face—the first for the daylight, the second for the night, the third for running water (whose movement reveals its mysterious power and indicates that it is sacred), and the fourth, which remained on her face all day, for Him Who Dwells Above. In his chants he prayed that daylight, night, and water might never harm her, and that

* In other Coast Salish communities the rite was slightly different.

He Who Dwells Above might make her new blood pure so that she would be healthy all her days and a mother of healthy children. Then each evening he returned, wiped away the fourth pattern that had covered her face all day, and smeared her with red ochre for the night to keep away all impurity. During these four days the girl might neither eat nor drink, unless the priest, at his discretion, permitted her a few drops of water.

On the fourth morning the parents blanketed off another small cubicle where a woman priest bathed the girl, or, if there was no woman priest in the village, some lay woman bathed her after the priest had prayed over the water. She was then led into another curtained-off cubicle (either an entirely new one or the cubicle in which she had undergone her fast), and there dressed in the finest clothes her parents could provide.

While she sat in this cubicle, invisible, the villagers gathered inside the house with drums and sticks and took their places on the benches. Two priests then came in, holding bunches of ferns, which possess a special strength that enables them to remain green all winter, and they danced to the beating of the drums and sticks, chanting the prayer ordained for a girl's change of life. As they danced toward the cubicle, its curtains opened, revealing her to the entire audience. The priests rubbed her with the ferns so that she might gain strength to bear healthy children from the new blood she was now receiving from Him Who Dwells Above, and the curtains then closed around her again.

Four times the priests danced and rubbed the girl, each time with a different bunch of ferns. They then offered her various kinds of food, from which she bit off morsels to throw away in the woods as offerings, just as was customary with boys. But when she carried her morsels of food to the woods, she carried also fragments of mats, baskets, blankets, and other objects that she would make in later life, and she hung these fragments on trees, praying Him Who Dwells Above to grant her skill in mat-making and in the weaving of baskets and blankets. At the same time, too, she prayed to the winds that would blow on her offerings, beseeching them to blow all sickness from her, and to the sun that would shine on them, that it might warm her also and give her strength.

These rites detained her in the woods two hours or longer. While she was absent, the priests divided up their payment, which consisted of the blankets enclosing the cubicles where she was bathed and rubbed with ferns. Her parents then feasted all the villagers, and the ceremony ended.

For several months thereafter the girl, like the boy, wore around her neck a bone tube through which alone she was allowed to drink. She carried also a bone head-scratcher because a mysterious sanctity still pervaded her person, and if she scratched with her fingers, headaches would oppress her and her hair would fall out early. Being now on the verge of maturity, she was no longer permitted to play out of doors with other children, but worked inside the house until her marriage.

Girls seem to have married within a year or two of adolescence, but boys not until several years later, the time depending partly on their ability to fish, to hunt, and to perform the other tasks required of adult men. A girl's parents might quietly drop a hint that a certain match was desirable, but the initiative always lay with the boy, or, more often, with his parents, for children were brought up to obey their elders without questioning.

When the parents of a Katzie youth, therefore, heard of an eligible girl in, let us say, Musqueam, they called in some old man well versed in the local histories to certify that her ancestry was without blemish in both the male and the female lines. Reassured on this point, they often sent messengers to find out whether the match was acceptable. Sometimes, however, they merely said to their son: "There is a girl in Musqueam who will make you a good wife. Go and sit at the door of her father's house. Even if they tell you to go away, remain there until they dismiss you four times."

The youth therefore paddled down to Musqueam, and at daybreak one morning quietly squatted on a blanket or mat outside the door of the girl's house.* People entered

*An Esquimalt native said that in his Songish community also the suitor sat outside the door, which was kept closed against him to test his sincerity. On the Saanich Peninsula and around Duncan he squatted just inside the door.

and went out, but no one paid any attention to him. There he squatted, fasting, throughout the entire day, and even slept there during the night, unless, as usually happened, some relative or friend offered him the shelter of his home. When dawn saw him renew his vigil in the same place, the girl's parents began to regard his suit seriously; and if the match seemed eminently favourable, they sent two old men to invite him into the house. As a rule, however, they still feigned indifference, and the father or an uncle mildly counselled the youth to return home, but only after they had repeated their advice four times did he obey and return to Katzie.* When he had rested a day or two to regain his strength, his parents sent him back, unless, in the meantime, some more advantageous match had come to their notice. His second vigil then brought matters to a head, and the girl's parents took counsel with their kinsmen. If there was any blotch on the youth's escutcheon, in some cases if he had merely demeaned himself by carrying firewood or performing other tasks that he should have left for slaves, they sent two old men to whisper in his ear: " O Siɛ'm, they do not want you. Go home and do not return." If, on the other hand, his record was clear, the two old men led him inside the house, seated him in the place of honour just beyond the fire, and offered him food. Although no one said a word about his suit, he knew that he was accepted and returned forthwith to Katzie to notify his parents. They called in all their relatives, announced that the marriage would take place without delay, and proposed that the very next day, or perhaps the day following, they should all go down to Musqueam to bring back the bride.

If the youth's parents were wealthy, they launched two canoes, piled them high with food and goat's wool blankets, and added similar contributions from their relatives. The average Katzie Indian, however, had to be content with one canoe. On reaching Musqueam the party carried the cargo into the bride's house, laying the blankets on one side and the food on the other, while the bridegroom's parents arranged the details of the wedding with the father and mother of the bride. If the day was rather far advanced, they postponed the ceremony until the morning. Some of the Katzie people then spent the night in the bride's home; the rest found shelter with friends.

Early the next morning the bridegroom's people untied their bundles of blankets and piled them in a great heap in the middle of the house. Villagers and guests gathered inside, and two priests, hired by the bride's father, danced in, chanting and shaking their rattles. They painted the girl's face four times—one pattern for the daylight, one for the night, one for water, and the last for Him Who Dwells Above; then, marching one on each side of her and chanting in turn, they led her to the pile of blankets and seated her on top. With the same four patterns in succession, they painted also the bridegroom, seated him beside his bride, and, after chanting a prayer over the couple, retired to seats over on one side.

There stepped forward now two old orators, one from Katzie and the other from Musqueam, hired by the fathers of the bride and groom. The Katzie orator addressed the young couple in this strain: " You are now sitting together on the pile of wedding blankets, following the custom we were taught by Him Who Dwells Above. You have not just come together casually or leaped at one another without forethought. All these people who are watching you are witnesses to your marriage. Take care that you do not shame them . . . "

The Musqueam orator then took up the sermon, addressing the bride: " You are now sitting beside that nobleman's son. Be careful in all you say or do. Never hurt his feelings or be rude to him. Remember that it was not your fathers and mothers who devised this wedding ceremony, that our people have married in this way since the dawn of time, and that the priests who led you here acquired their knowledge from Him Who Dwells Above. Therefore, reverence Him Who Dwells Above and respect all your in-law relations. Let them never have cause to reproach you."

* Even when the match was prearranged, the youth was obliged to maintain this vigil at the girl's door for at least one whole day.

This ended the wedding ceremony proper, and the young couple moved over to one side while the bridegroom's father counted the blankets on which they had been seated to decide how many should be regarded as payment (šxʷxʷaʼθət) for the bride and how many should be redeemable a year or so later. The bride's father then distributed the former among his relatives, partly as presents, partly in payment of earlier contributions and loans; but the redeemable blankets he divided among the leading people in the village, who understood that they would be called upon to return them, or their equivalent, whenever he was ready to repay the bridegroom's family.

The whole company now joined in the wedding feast, after which the bride's father conducted his son-in-law to his canoe and set him on some blankets deposited there by the bride's kin. Presently came the bride, who, as a Musqueam girl, was entitled to an escort of masked dancers. As she emerged from the house, led by two women of high rank, two masked dancers with clattering shell rattles pranced out of a neighbouring dwelling and ranged themselves one on each side of the three women. The bride's father then threw a blanket over the shoulder of each woman attendant and pushed two or three blankets under the arms of the masked dancers, so that they actually carried their payment with them as they proceeded slowly toward the canoe. The girl sat down beside her husband, her people deposited some food and a few blankets and mats in the canoe, and the Katzie party pushed out from shore and paddled home. Neither going nor coming did they sing, for their community, unlike some others among the Coast Salish, possessed no wedding songs.

About a year after the wedding the parents of the bride paid her a visit, and at the same time redeemed their debt to her husband's kin. First they notified all the Musqueam people of their intention and asked them to repay the goods that had been distributed at the wedding—not all the goods, but only those that were over and above the bride-price. They gathered, too, a considerable quantity of food to take with them, hiring women to dig clams and men to catch fish and to hunt deer and goats. When everything was ready, they paddled up to Katzie, accompanied by some of their relatives, and carried their cargo into their son-in-law's home.

Here the bride's father, after waiting for all the villagers to gather, piled all the goods in the middle of the house and announced through a hired orator: " Here are the goods you gave me when you came for my daughter. I am returning them to you, as has been the custom of our people since the earliest times."

The bridegroom's father, through a hired orator also, thanked him in suitable terms, thanked also the whole company for their interest in the affair, and invited them all to return the next afternoon and share the food which the Musqueam visitors had provided.

Late the next afternoon, then, the people gathered again. When all were seated on the benches, the bridegroom's father announced that he would entertain his son's parents-in-law by chanting one of his spirit songs—a song called yaʼwənəm, never chanted in the winter dances, but reserved for festive occasions such as this. So the audience drummed and pounded sticks while he danced. He then presented some blankets to his daughter-in-law's father for distribution among his crew, this being a payment for their courtesy in paddling up the river to discharge their debts, and he gave him other blankets to replace those that had furnished a seat for the bride and bridegroom on their journey from Musqueam to Katzie. The company feasted and dispersed as soon as these financial matters were settled.

Only wealthy Indians could afford a wedding such as I have just described; poorer people omitted the masked dance and distributed far fewer blankets. The general ceremony, however, was the same for all. It made no difference, too, whether either the man or the woman had been married previously; even a widower had to fast and keep vigil before the house of the woman he wished to marry.

The bridegroom's family incurred rather more expense than the bride's because it paid the priests, the orators, the masked dancers, and the two women of high rank who conducted the bride to the canoe—all the incidental expenses, in fact, except the trifling

payment to the two old men who led the suitor into the house after the vigil at the door. Very few parents could gather enough food and goods to cover all these charges, but they relied on contributions from kinsmen and friends. The Katzie, like other Coast Salish Indians, seldom gave outright presents, except to the very old or the very poor; even the " gifts " they presented to a young bridal couple, often quite spontaneously, ranked as deposits in the strict sense of that word and were redeemable at some future date. For this reason, Old Pierre's son and daughter-in-law, who died just two years after their marriage, left a detailed list of the " presents " they had received at their wedding, and Old Pierre honoured their debt by repaying every item himself.

Katzie families practised neither infanticide nor deliberate abortion. They knew, or claimed to know, certain ways of preventing conception, but public opinion discountenanced their use. Prospective mothers were forbidden to eat food left over from a previous meal lest it make their parturition difficult. The women claimed that girl babies lay more quietly in the womb than boys, so that it was possible to determine a child's sex even before it was born.

When delivery was at hand, a priest rubbed oil over the mother's womb and waited outside her room while one or two experienced women assisted in the birth;* but as soon as he heard the infant's cry, which denoted that it had just received its soul from Him Who Dwells Above, he re-entered and chanted over it, praying Him Who Dwells Above to strengthen its soul and body and to bless also any children the mother might bear thereafter. Three times he prayed over the infant and once over the mother, after painting her face with red ochre and massaging her with his hands to soothe her nerves. He forbade her to scratch her head with her fingers, or to eat anything but dried meat or dried fish for eight days because fresh meat or fresh fish might induce illness and an early death. He then painted the father's face, prayed over him, and ordered him to eat nothing for four days, to drink sparingly, and to bathe frequently so that his child might be clean and healthy. Finally he carried away the afterbirth in an old blanket and deposited it in a tree facing the sunrise, praying again to Him Who Dwells Above that as the tree grew in strength and vigour, so also might the new-born child.

One of the attendant women squeezed the supposedly harmful serum from the mother's breasts and applied a hot poultice, made with certain herbs and roots (one was the root of the stinging-nettle), to keep the child from becoming sickly. The same attendant, or else the mother herself, bathed the infant in warm water and wrapped it in soft cedar-bark before placing it in the wooden cradle. The parents wrapped the navel cord in goat's wool and concealed it, but brought it out again and gave it to a priest if the child, at the age of 5 or 6, proved troublesome. The priest then wrapped fresh goat's wool around it, chanted a prayer, and suspended it from the child's neck, after which he delivered a stern sermon. From that time until puberty the cord was worn, then again stored away; but it was finally thrown out, or disposed of in some other way, when the lad reached years of discretion.

The Katzie Indians paid special heed to the first childbirth lest sickness and death befall later children, and even the mother herself. The parents might not enter the water or paddle a canoe until the priest had ceremonially bathed them. If the birth occurred in winter, he did not bathe them until the spring, just before the eulachon season opened; if in summer while the salmon were running, only after ten or twelve days. When the cradle was no longer needed, the parents either hung it high in a tree facing the sunrise or they hired a priest to paint it with ochre and pray over it so that they might safely use it for other babies. These regulations prevailed for the first child only; with subsequent children the parents might bathe and fish as they wished.

A mysterious sanctity attached to parents of twins, because in giving them two children instead of only one, He Who Dwells Above had marked them out for special

* A woman priest would attend the actual birth.

favour.* The father therefore retreated to the woods with his family and purified himself by constant bathing and prayer. He remained aloof for six months, a year, sometimes even two years; then, certain that He Who Dwells Above would bless him in all he attempted and would grant him wealth and influence, he returned to the village, which welcomed him with honour and respect. Kinsmen hired two priests—one male and one female—to shake their rattles and chant prayers as they conducted the family to its home, and again the next morning, when they bathed the parents and rubbed them with purifying medicines. If one of the children died while the family was in the woods, the father did not carry its body to the village, but deposited it on top of a very high tree so that He Who Dwells Above might Himself watch over its decay.

When He Who Dwells Above created man, said Old Pierre, He told them that they should experience both joy and sorrow—joy whenever a child was born or reached maturity, and sorrow whenever He took a soul back to Himself and caused its owner's death. He Who Dwells Above taught them also the prayers that they should use when they buried their dead, and promised that if they obeyed His instructions, they should enjoy long lives. Each Katzie family, therefore, hired a professional coffin-maker to fashion a coffin large enough to hold all its members, and it kept this coffin in the community graveyard, raised on posts or resting on parallel logs, in some instances (though perhaps only in post-European times) covered with a small grave-house to protect it from the weather.

Only the living should occupy the houses that human beings constructed, and only the living should pass through their doors. Hence when an Indian died, kinsmen called in a professional undertaker (məqʷmaʼqʷə), who broke out a board in the back wall, mumbling a prayer, and, with the help of an assistant (usually a son in training), carried the corpse through this gap to the woods. After washing it there and wrapping it in a goat's wool blanket, they brought it back to the village and deposited it just outside the house. Then they replaced the board in the wall, beseeching Him Who Dwells Above to dissipate all contagion from the house and to protect the inmates from harm. Because he dealt with things that were mysterious and sacred, undertaker's prayers, like those of a priest, carried power. Indeed, one undertaker was said to have used this power to discredit a coffin-maker by making a corpse swell up until it was too large for the coffin that had been built to receive it.

One or sometimes two priests conducted the funeral. If the deceased was a child, the priest prayed over the corpse, beseeching Him Who Dwells Above to care for its soul, and the undertaker then carried it to its coffin without further ceremony. When the deceased was an adult, a full procession attended the corpse to the grave. The priest marched in front, chanting prayers and shaking a shell clapper; behind him came the undertaker and his assistant carrying the body, and after them the relatives and friends. When they reached the graveyard, the priest offered up a final prayer and the mourners quietly disappeared; but they gathered again at nightfall in the house of the deceased for the cleansing ceremony already described (*see* p. 74), a ceremony that the Katzie claimed as their own peculiar rite, though actually it was performed in several Coast Salish communities.

Another cleansing ceremony was performed later, usually the following morning, but sometimes not until the second or third day. Before daylight the priest summoned all the mourners to the river, where they lined up at the water's edge while attendants held torch-lights on the bank above. Shaking his shell clapper, the priest chanted three times a prayer to Him Who Dwells Above, then ordered the mourners to dash into the water. The whole company rose to its feet with a long-drawn cry " he-e " and plunged in; some submerged completely, others walked in to their waists. The priest then recalled them to their places and repeated his chant. After they had thus bathed three times, he daubed their faces with ochre, an assistant priest cut off their hair, and the head priest

* On Vancouver Island the notion of sanctity was lacking; similar regulations prevailed, but twins and their parents were the objects of superstitious fear.

wiped the ochre off again. This ochre, Old Pierre explained, was like incense in a Christian church; it carried the prayers for their welfare to Him Who Dwells Above, since in cutting off the hair of the mourners the priests were depriving them of a fraction of their vitality.

Excluded from this purification ceremony was the spouse of the deceased, whom the priest cleansed in private some time later. Without such cleansing, he (or she) dared not go near the river under penalty of becoming crippled with rheumatism.

The same community cemetery received persons of every age and status, even slaves and enemies, though the last were wrapped in mats, not blankets, and deposited on the ground because their family coffins were not available. The Katzie never mutilated the bodies of their enemies,* believing that He Who Dwells Above was the common creator of all, and that whenever He took a soul back to Himself, the corpse should be treated with reverence. For this reason, a mourner sometimes threw an extra blanket over a corpse before it was carried to its grave, not because the blanket was needed, but as a silent prayer that He Who Dwells Above would take care of its soul.

The deceased's nearest of kin distributed his property among themselves, since it was not the custom of the Katzie Indians to destroy it or to deposit it on the grave. Not infrequently they presented some extra fine garment to a poor relative who would wear it at the winter dances.

Like other Coast Salish Indians, those of Katzie held a ceremonial "feast to the dead," but apparently at irregular intervals only, usually when a villager reported that he had seen someone's ghost and that the ghost was hungry. The kinsfolk of the deceased then gathered food and summoned a priest, who inquired what ghost or ghosts they wished to appease. On learning their names, he threw the food into the fire, praying Him Who Dwells Above to permit those ghosts to come and partake of it. Any food that remained over he kept himself.

* So stated Old Pierre. The Coast Salish of Vancouver Island, however, cut off the heads of their enemies and strung them as trophies from a cross-pole near a graveyard. The man whose cross-pole carried the most heads, whether of men, women, or children, was reputed the greatest warrior, but most women and childen were spared and kept as slaves.

APPENDIX I.—TRIBUTARY VILLAGES

The Katzie Indians listed three villages within Coast Salish territory whose inhabitants were tributary to neighbouring villages, though they were not called sk'ʷa'yəθ (slaves), but st'ɛ'xəm. One was Coquitlam, near the mouth of the Fraser River, which was tributary to the New Westminster Indians; the second was Ioco, near Port Moody, which was tributary to the Squamish Indians of North Vancouver; and the third was Nanoose, which was tributary to the neighbouring Nanaimo Indians. Each of these three villages enjoyed its own communal life without interference, but the overlord villages could requisition from them supplies of firewood, salmon, deer-meat, or whatever else they required. In the long run, of course, such requisitions could only be enforced by war, but apparently the tributary villages accepted their position and obeyed their overlords without question.

How they came by their inferior status is not clear. Old Pierre said that in the dawn of time, when the great transformer Khaals wandered over the earth, he elevated the humble to the rank of siɛ'm or heads of households and degraded the haughty to st'ɛ'xəm; and that later, when the population grew, the st'ɛ'xəm were forced to live in separate communities, where they maintained a semi-independent position, having leaders, medicine-men, and family names of their own, and holding their own winter dances. A Nanaimo Indian, who added Sechelt and Kuper Island to the three st'ɛ'xəm communities listed above, gave a more reasonable explanation. About four generations ago, he said, an extraordinarily severe winter gripped the land and nearly half the population died of starvation (*see* p. 34). Many families disappeared entirely; of others only little babies remained, sucking at their dead mothers' breasts. The survivors rescued these babies and raised them with their own children; but because they had neither parents nor kinsfolk, Indians of established families would not marry them. They therefore intermarried among themselves, and for protection built small houses close to the big houses that sheltered a number of closely related families, in return for whose protection they assisted in various tasks such as hunting and the gathering of berries and firewood. They received the name st'ɛ'xəm (low people) because they could not marry into established families, yet they were not slaves; they could not be bought or sold, but were as integral a part of the community as the families they served.

APPENDIX II.—CALENDAR

Throughout the Coast Salish area the Indians counted the passage of time by winters, the year (called sta'luwan by the West Saanich people, sila'nʌm by the Cowichan) being the period from one winter to the next. It was divided into four seasons—winter, spring, summer, and autumn. Spring was the period when the snow disappeared from the land and the ice from the rivers, a period that corresponded roughly with our March.

The year was divided not only into seasons, but into months or moons (łqɛ'l'c'), although the number of days in each moon was indefinite. Two natives state that there were thirteen moons in each year; others held that there were only twelve. Apparently each community roughly equated its social and economic activities with a lunar period, and as these activities varied from district to district, and even in the same district, so also did the names of the moons. Furthermore, certain activities did not extend over a full lunar month, while others exceeded that period, whence one group might readily count thirteen moons against another's twelve, and the name given to a moon in one village might be the name for the succeeding moon elsewhere. That is to say, the actual lunar count was subordinated to a count of the major activities, and therefore varied from place to place throughout the region.

At Cowichan old men determined the winter solstice by lining up a stick or a tree with a distant mountain peak and observing the position of the rising sun. A similar method was employed at Bella Coola and at other places along the British Columbia coast to determine the summer solstice.

APPENDIX III.—DEITY

An old Indian at Sardis, farther up the Fraser River, emphatically asserted that the name " ci'cəɬ siɛ'm " was introduced by white missionaries, and that his people in pre-European days never prayed to a supreme being, nor even to Khaals, who came from the north to create many birds and animals, because Khaals had vanished far away. Instead they prayed to the sun and the forces of nature, and to the spirits of various animals.

The Coast Salish Indians on Vancouver Island also maintained that the doctrine of a supreme being was of recent introduction. Like the Sardis Indians, they directed their prayers to the rising sun (only sorcerers prayed to the setting sun), to animal spirits, and, in some places, to Khaals, who was not the messenger of a lord above, but a mighty trickster and transformer. (One old man on the Saanich Peninsula identified him with the sun, but this seemed exceptional.) The word " ci'cəɬ siɛ'm " reached them a few years before the arrival of Europeans, through contact, apparently, with Indians from the State of Washington. An old Cowichan native said that his people learned its use from the Port Angeles Indians, who themselves derived it from the following incident. One of their villagers dropped out of a fishing party and paddled ashore in a trance. When he reappeared a few days later, he told his people that he had climbed a rope to the sky, and, gathering them inside his house, he bade them sing and dance to ci'cəɬ siɛ'm their " father above," whom he had visited.

A Nanaimo Indian related a slightly different story. Shortly before the first whites arrived, he said, someone visited his people in the middle of each summer, gathered them into a circle, and bade them point upward to the sky and sing, " Don't do anything until the Lord (siɛ'm) tells you." He then went on to Chemainus, Duncan, and other places and taught other Indians to worship the Lord in the sky.

These same Coast Salish communities lacked also any genuine cosmogonic myth such as the Katzie one related in Chapter II. According to their beliefs, the first men simply appeared mysteriously in various places, or they were created by Khaals, an erratic being of extraordinary power who performed many wonderful deeds, but also many foolish ones. Each community had its stock of tales about Khaals, but always they were disjointed incidents, not linked by a consecutive plot.

The Salish-speaking Bella Coola Indians, on the other hand, believed in a supreme being whom they called Alkuntam, and they related a long cosmogonic myth similar in certain respects to the Katzie one. May this not support the theory, advanced by Boas on linguistic grounds, that the Bella Coola Indians are most closely related to those at the mouth of the Fraser River? May it not suggest also that there were two distinct bodies of tradition among the Coast Salish, the result, perhaps, of two disinct migrations? If that should be the case, may the two migrations correlate, perhaps, with the two physical strains in the population—the round-headed type that predominates to-day and the long-headed one that seems to be extinct, but is present in the old shell-heaps?

One must not overlook, however, an alternative explanation. Old Pierre and his fellow-villagers, who have been in contact with Roman Catholic missionaries for at least sixty years, may have synthesized their earlier beliefs and Christian teachings, and evolved an orderly mythology on an imported monotheistic base. The task would have called for constructive thinking of a rather high order. Yet so intelligent was Old Pierre that I myself would favour this explanation were his monotheism and, to some extent also, his cosmogony not duplicated at Bella Coola, whose inhabitants have never heard of the Katzie Indians.

APPENDIX IV.—THE SOUL

The Coast Salish held conflicting beliefs concerning the attributes of man and their fate at death. The physical body perished; on that point all agreed. The Nanaimo Indians distinguished a soul (šxʷəli′), a mind or consciousness (sititš) that was more or less synonymous with the vitality (sməsti′əxʷ), a shadow or reflection (qəy′χənɛ′ʔtən), and the breath (słɛ′qʷəm), which was pregnant with power or "pressure"; all these perished with the body except the soul, which haunted the graveyard until it was reincarnated in some grandchild. A Sardis Indian, on the other hand, spoke only of the soul (sməsti′əxʷ (mind, consciousness, ego)) and the shadow or reflection; the latter, he said, became the ghost that haunted the place where the man had lived, but the soul, four days after burial, crossed a river to another world and there awaited reincarnation. All souls, good and bad alike, travelled a constant circle between one birth and another.

The West Saanich Indians disagreed with the Nanaimo and Sardis Indians, and disagreed also among themselves. They, too, spoke of the shadow cast by the sun or moon (qəy′χənɛ′ʔtən) and the soul, mind, consciousness, or ego (sməsti′məxʷ). One very old couple said that the shadow perished with the body, while the soul or mind (which was double, one part capable of wandering away in sleep while the other remained behind to vitalize the body) became a ghost that lingered near the grave and at night hunted and feasted, the regular meal-hour being about 3 a.m.; furthermore, that this ghost often assumed the shape of the small owl and haunted the Indians' homes. A second native said that the shadow became the ghost, the soul or ego (sməsti′məxʷ) haunted until reincarnation the place where the man had obtained his guardian spirit, and the mind or thought (səli′) became the little owl. A third old man disputed both beliefs; for him both the soul or ego and the shadow became ghosts, but the former commonly assumed the shape of the larger owl, the latter of the smaller.

Opinions varied similarly around Duncan, north of the Saanich Peninsula. There one old man declared that the shadow became the ghost, while the soul, ego, or mind (sməsti′məxʷ) haunted until rebirth the place where the man obtained his guardian spirit; but another said that the shadow perished and that it was the soul or mind that, pending rebirth, became the ghost, which had the shape of a diminutive human being.

APPENDIX V.—PRIESTS

On Vancouver Island the priest performed the same functions, but the theological doctrine behind them differed because the belief in a supreme being was lacking. There most of the Indians regarded the chants of their priests as spells or incantations handed down from remote antiquity rather than prayers addressed to some supernatural being. While the priesthood was hereditary, aspirants had to serve an apprenticeship and undergo a course of fasting to obtain guardian spirits, although this course was not as severe or as prolonged as that for medicine-men (šx^{w}nɛ′ʔɛm). The guardian spirits, like those of medicine-men and of winter dancers, were the souls (sməsti′məx^{w}) of animals around about, for there was no notion that they dwelt in a mystic far-away home. Strictly speaking, therefore, the Vancouver Island priests were medicine-men who specialized along certain lines. Some of the Duncan Indians followed this rule when one of their relatives was ill; they called in a medicine-man if the patient was suffering pain, but a priest if he lapsed into unconsciousness.

APPENDIX VI.—THE MASKED DANCE

The Lower Fraser myth purporting to explain the origin of the sx̱ʷa'yx̱ʷəy or masked dance has been given in the text (p. 11). Origin myths from other districts in the Coast Salish area are presented below.

SARDIS

Long ago a man determined to commit suicide because some disease was marring his face. He wandered away to Kowkawa Lake near Hope, and, seeing some cohoe salmon in the water, caught one and cooked it. While he was gazing at the cooked fish, his nose began to twitch, and presently one tiny frog after another leaped from it into the salmon. Greatly depressed, he climbed a neighbouring cliff and leaped into the water, but as he sank below the surface, his feet touched a board and he sighted a house. Its inmates, who had heard his descent, led him inside, where many sick people were lying on the ground, and a voice said, "The stranger perhaps can heal them." He looked at the sufferers, and noticing spittle on this one's arm, that one's shoulder, and that one's back, wherever in fact they were feeling pain, he removed it with a stick and healed them, for he now possessed great medicine-power. Then someone who was wearing a masked-dance costume said to him: "I will guide you home. There is a passage from here to the Fraser River." So his guide conducted him to his home and disappeared in the water again.

When the man entered his house, he said to his sister: "Throw my fishing-line as far out into the lake as you can. Don't be terrified by what it catches." The woman threw out the fishing-line, and drew in the masked-dance costume that the guide had worn. Her brother permitted her to keep it, and later, when she married a Hope Indian, she took it to Hope. One of her daughters married an Indian of Musqueam, and a descendent married a Cowichan Indian. That is why the masked dance has established itself in those places. The costume consisted of a mask of cedar and leggings made either from young goat-skin or from the skin of the white swan after removal of the larger feathers.

SAANICH PENINSULA

Khaals gave the Indians the wooden mask at Sooke, where one can be seen to-day pecked into a rock. From Sooke, masks spread through marriage to other places. The leggings that went with them were made of woven goat's wool trimmed with cedar-bark tassels or, occasionally, with rushes and down. The first masks represented Khaals himself, but in the course of time they came to represent three spirits—the thunderbird, the wolf, and the fish spirit skʷəne'ləc.

WESTHOLME

The masked dance came from Musqueam and Malahat. The Westholme Indians once possessed three masks, which they had obtained from Musqueam.

NANAIMO

The masked dance sx̱ʷa'yx̱ʷəy is a çəx̱ʷtɛ'n or heritable rite that originated with a man named x̱ʷəẋə'qe'nam, who lived about twelve generations ago. The masks represent five creatures—the raven, the sawbill duck, the beaver, the spring salmon, and the night owl; and the dancer imitates the actions of the creature represented by his mask. If his mask represents a raven, he leaps up and down; if a spring salmon, he pretends to fight, the spring salmon being very pugnacious; if a beaver, he slinks around the dance-hall.

x̱ʷəẋəqe'nam acquired his mask in the following manner. After bathing and purifying himself for many days, he dived into a deep pool. At the bottom he saw a being, dressed in the costume of a masked dancer, who followed him as he ascended. When x̱ʷəẋəqe'nam went ashore, this being called out to him, "Come and get me." x̱ʷəẋəqe'nam dived in and seized it, whereupon it vanished, leaving in his hands its costume. He laid this on the beach and slept, and, finding it still there in the morning, resolved to purify himself even further so that the being might reappear and explain its use. After several more days he again dived into the pool. There at the bottom he met the being, which said to him: "You shall use what I have given you for the new dancer, for the child that is receiving its name, for the girl who is blossoming into womanhood, for the girl who marries, and for those who die. Remember, however, that you may use it only on behalf of members of your family."

xʷəẋəqe'nam then went home and concealed his costume. Years later he agreed to share it with his younger brother, and the two men called together all the people, who were delighted with the costume and the song. He therefore made a similar costume for his brother, which explains why masked dancers now perform in pairs. Strictly speaking, they should perform only at ceremonies that involve a descendant of x̱ʷəẋəqe'nam, but now that the Coast Salish communities have intermarried so greatly almost anyone can establish a claim to the sx̱ʷa'yx̱ʷəy.

One Nanaimo family owns what is known as a half sx̱ʷaʼyx̱ʷəy, which originated in this way. A Nanaimo man named qawəqən made two masks—one for himself and one for his sister. Every morning the brother and sister put on their masks and walked to a bluff, where they laid them aside and lingered all day. Then at evening they put on their masks again and returned home. Two youths who passed this bluff every day on their way to spear cod saw them and said to one another: "They are making no use of their masks. Why don't we buy them with our fishing-gear and fish, and use them as the Musqueam people use their masks. We can make new shuttles and spears for ourselves, and this couple will have fish to eat." So they exchanged.

This half sx̱ʷaʼyx̱ʷəy, however, lacks the merit of the real one. It is hired only in conjunction with the real sx̱ʷaʼyx̱ʷəy to make an even number—two, four, or six; and because his status is inferior, the half sx̱ʷaʼyx̱ʷəy dancer emerges from the dressing-room behind the others.

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