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THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS

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Stephen Powers

A reprinting of 19 articles
on California Indians originally
published 1872-1877.

Edited and annotated by Robert F. Heizer

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

Stephen Powers can be called the first ethnologist of California. A. L. Kroeber (1925: ix) in the Introduction to his monumental Handbook of the Indians of California expresses "sincere appreciation of my one predecessor in this field, the late Stephen Powers," and acknowledges that Powers' Tribes of California (1877) "will always remain the best introduction to the subject."

Powers was born in Ohio in 1840 and graduated from the University of Michigan in 1863. He was employed as an "army correspondent" by the Cincinnati Commercial to cover the Civil War and witnessed the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, the three battles near Atlanta, and the battle of Nashville.

In 1866 he went to Europe as a correspondent for various newspapers, principally the New York Times, and stayed for fifteen months. His travels were mainly in Germany, and in his later writings on California Indians he refers to incidents and observations made on this trip.

On January 1, 1868, Powers started on foot from Raleigh, North Carolina on a cross-country walking tour of 3600 miles, arriving "upon the shore of the Pacific at San Buenaventura, October 14, thence to San Francisco, arriving November 3." Of this trip he says, modestly, "it was not a remarkable feat in any respect, as the only qualities required were health and persistence. At no time did I accomplish over forty miles a day, generally only twenty or twenty-five." He published a book, Afoot and Alone; A Walk from Sea to Sea by the Southern Route: Adventures and Observations in Southern California, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, etc. (Hartford, Columbian Book Co., 1872) recounting his experiences, but "it had a very limited sale, and I have long ago consigned it to oblivion without regret." He later wrote, "there never was a period of equal length in my life that passed so happily away as the ten months of that grand, lonely walk from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Once in California Powers apparently looked for something to occupy himself, and he wrote in 1874 in his autobiographical sketch (now an unpublished manuscript of 9 pages in Bancroft Library), "Since my arrival in California I have travelled some thousands of miles in the summers of 1871 and 1872, partly on foot and partly on horseback, collecting material for a book on the California Indians. That book is now in manuscript form, nearly ready for publication. A large portion of it was published in the Overland Monthly, and one chapter in the Atlantic Monthly."

Powers' book on the Indians was published in 1877 under the title Tribes of California as Vol. III of Contributions to North American Ethnology and under the sponsorship of the Department of Interior, U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region.[1] J. W. Powell, later to found and direct the Bureau

1 For the complex history of the federal Surveys see Goetzmann (1967).

of American Ethnology, was in charge of the USGGSRMR, and by 1874, perhaps earlier, negotiations were concluded between Powell and Powers over publication of the volume.

Perhaps as an incentive to securing Powers' manuscript, Spencer Baird (Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution) and Powell arranged to have the Secretary of the Interior appoint Powers, on August 21, 1875, a "special commissioner to make a collection of Indian manufactures, etc., illustrative of Indian life, character, and habits on the eastern slope of the Sierras, and also in California, for the Centennial Exhibition of 1876." Powers carried out this charge, and was in California and Nevada from September, 1875 until late January, 1876. He wrote two reports on this mission. The first was published in 1877, and the manuscript for the second was discovered in the National Anthropological Archives and published in 1970 by D. and C. Fowler. The manuscript of Tribes of California was in Powell's hands in late 1874, and Powers notes a special preface to the volume that in 1875 he was "enabled to collect additional information, all of which has been incorporated into this /1877/ volume." Actually much of what Powers recorded in 1875 (cf. Powers 1877, 1970) was not incorporated in the Tribes volume, perhaps because much of it referred to the Indians of western Nevada.

Powers left California in late 1874 or early 1875 to live on his farm in southern Ohio where he raised Merino sheep -- apparently a serious interest with him judging from the fact that he later published a book on the subject (The American Merino: for Wool and Mutton. Orange Judd Co., New York, 1887). In 1884 Powers moved to Jacksonville, Florida, where he was engaged as an orange grower and newspaper reporter. He died there at the age of 64 on April 3, 1904.

There follows here a full reprinting of the nineteen articles which Powers published on California Indians in his lifetime and the portions of his 1875 manuscript dealing with the Washo and Northern Paiute of California. I have not gone to the effort of cross-referencing the content of these articles with that in the Tribes of California volume which does contain certain additional information beyond that published earlier in article form.

What has seemed to be to me of greatest utility is to provide some minimal annotation to the articles. Numbers appearing in the left hand margin of the pages refer to "Notes" at the end of the volume.

Today's reading of what Powers wrote over a century ago must be understood in terms of the fact that Powers was a journalist and not a trained ethnographer. Powers, I think, liked the Indians he met, and they must have liked him or they would not have shared with him the information which he recorded. But even though he liked the California Indians, he also was occasionally critical of them, and this I would attribute to his experience as an observer and correspondent where he wrote about what he saw as objectively as he could. It must also be remembered that in 1871 and 1872 the

living California Indians were the dispirited survivors of a once more numerous people who, between 1848 and 1870 had seen their numbers reduced from about 100,000 to 50,000 souls -- some estimates (Merriam 1905: 600; Cook 1943c: 96) calculate as few as 23,000 to 30,000. This decimation occurred at the hands of the Americans through starvation, disease and homicide (Cook 1943b; Heizer and Almquist 1971; Heizer 1974 a; 1974b). Nor should the reader forget the California of the early eighteen - seventies, and its white population which had effectively reduced the "Indian menace," and had now begun to concentrate its racist feelings on the Chinese (Eaves 1910: 105-196; Heizer and Almquist 1971: Chap. 7; Saxton 1971). So we cannot forget as we read here what Powers, the journalist, wrote over a century ago that these are the observations of a perceptive and sympathetic but untrained ethnographer. Some of the conclusions he reached are quite wrong, but many are correct. There was no body of anthropological literature to guide Powers, and for nearly every tribe he describes his are the very first systematic observations on that culture.

Powers recorded a good many word lists, most of which were published in the Appendix by J.W. Powell to Powers' Tribes of California. Using the simple method of comparing words and spotting cognates, Powers was able to identify a number of related languages among tribal groups and thus devised the first broad classification of California Indian languages. Some relationships were, of course, not determinable by the method he used, and the result is that his list of linguistic stocks runs to nineteen. Powers also drew a map showing the territories occupied by the various stocks, and this is the first such map ever made for California. By and large it is remarkably accurate, though this is somewhat modified by the crudity of the linguistic classification he devised. A simplified copy of this map is presented here.

Powers' theorizing about the Chinese origin of the California Indians was not very well received, and no mention of this occurs in the 1877 volume -- an omission resulting, perhaps, from Powell's lack of enthusiasm for the idea.

More could be said, but to no real point. Here, collected together for the first time, are Stephen Powers' original writings on the Indians of California which he wrote from first hand observations.

Robert F. Heizer
May 12, 1975

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. I. [The Cahroc]

In a conversation, wherein participated a distinguished scientist, the remark was made that the character of the California Indians seemed to contain no romantic element. To this a gentleman who had once periled his life in defending a handful of the despised race from the frenzied atrocity of a mob, made reply, that, if there was no romance in their life, at least there was in their death.

It has been the melancholy fate of the California Indians to be at once most foully vilified and least understood. "Men damn what they do not understand." To have been once the possessors of the most fair and sunny empire ever conquered by the Anglo-Saxon, and to have had it wrenched out of their gripe with the most shameless violence; to have been once probably the happiest, and afterward reduced to the most miserable and piteous ruin, of all our American aborigines! Pity for the California Indian that his purple-tinted mountains were filled with dust of gold, and that his green and shining valleys, lying rich and mellow to the sun, were pregnant with so large possibilities of wheat! Pity for the blotched and sweaty toad, "ugly and venomous," that he "wears yet a precious jewel in his head!" Fatal for him was the unconscious guardianship of these apples of Hesperides; and in what proportion the gold of his placers was beautiful in the eyes of the White Man, in that proportion was he the dragon, odious to look upon, and worthy of death. It is small concern of pioneer miners to know aught of the life-story, customs, and ideas of a poor beggar, who is so fatuously unwise as to complain that they darken the water so he can no longer see to pierce the red-fleshed salmon, and his women and pappooses are crying for meat; and when he lies stiff and stark in the arid gully, where the white, pitiless sun of California shakes above him the only winding-sheet that covers his swart body, he is not prolific in narration of his people's legends and traditions. Dead men tell no tales.

And what have we done to compensate the Indian for this gigantic robbery? You will mention to me the Reservations. Good! I have seen them--and they are so raw, so bald, so primitive in their uses, and so crude in their outcome, that they were scarce worth (1) the visiting, except for the opportunity they afforded of noting the workings of the natural and unregenerate Indian mind. As for giving any glimpse of the benefits bestowed by the White Man upon the savage, why, bless you, the scope and significance of those benefits are pretty much measured by bushels of wheat and gallipots of mollifying ointment. Not but that the agents are sincere and earnest Christian men, and the majority of their subalterns likewise, in seeming; but the chasm between them and the wretched, unhappy Indians is world-wide; and into that chasm little is hurled to bridge it over, save bright bayonets, granaries of wheat and corn, and utterly maladroit Christian endeavor, quite useless because quite too spiritual-minded to compel the Indian, by the whole military

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 8, pp. 325-333, 1872.

power of the United States Government, if necessary, to construct for himself a chimney, and change his linen. Instead of building the Indian-house from the bottom upward, they lay the corner-stone among the stars; and, meantime, the untutored savage is weeping his eyes out in the accursed, bitter, eternal smudge of his cabin.

Above all others, the California Indians are a shy, foxy, secretive, close-mouthed race, and will not impart whatever information they may possess until confidence has been grounded on a long intimacy, and then not completely unless one does them the flattery to learn their language. This singular secretiveness has kept the great body of the Whites in profound ignorance of their ideas, whatever they may have observed of their customs. It has brought upon their heads more charges of cloddishness, and more calumniations, than have been heaped upon any other Indians.

(2) athirst; wading over the execrable mining streams, and floundering among the slimy stones, Wandering over the sweltering and arid plains of the interior, dust-choked and or slumping into the foul porridge; losing the trail an average of a dozen times a day among the mountains, and falling headlong down through the chaparral; bewildered in the maze of cattle-trails out of all whooping, and losing even my familiar and helpful Number Nip, "the shod-horse tracks," to which the trail-hunter clings as to life; clambering with Indian guides around coast headlands, with fingers and toes rigidly hooked into niches of the rocks, and wetted to the skin by the prodigious splashing of the surf, or resting in a sea-girt cave, where they might have done the business for me with a sharp stone, and no soul in all the world been the wiser; bowling lively down the rough-ridging rapids of the swamp-stained Klamath, so swiftly that our hair flutters behind our hats--three of us in a little, bobbing cockle-shell of a canoe, and liable to be capsized out of the same in a twinkling; confronting a huge black bear on a lonely mountain, with no useful tree in reach: I remember all these things with exceeding pleasure, but they are of no consequence in themselves, except as showing that some pains was taken to get correct information.

Sometimes, when wandering on the great, ferny, wind-swept hills of the upper coast, keeping a sharp weather-eye out for the trail, I have seen a half-dozen tatterdemalion Eurocs, with their stiff hair bristling in the wind, their two short club-queues bouncing on their shoulders, and their lips and hands stained gory-red with the juice of salal-berries, spying me, quit their picking, and come rushing down through the chaparral, with a wild, lunatic laugh that made my hair stand on end. But they were never bent on "butcher deeds," and never gave any war-whoop more fiendish than the insinuating question, "Got any tobac?"

One who travels afoot among the Indians, habited in the plain garb necessary amid the scraggy thickets of California, will find them making themselves very familiar with him, sometimes to his amusement, often to his great disgust. The lively Klamaths, especially, conceived the greatest curiosity respecting myself and my business. They carefully scrutinized every article of my apparel in turn, and men who understood them said they always discussed in detail, and with the greatest minuteness, every stranger's hat, coat, boots--every thing--and tried thus to conjecture his occupation. They wanted

to purchase my clothes; they wanted to swap handkerchiefs; they wanted to peep into my traveling-bag. Waxing presently more familiar, they felt the quality of my cloth, stroked it down, rubbed it between their thumbs and fingers, asked what it cost, clasped my arm with their hands to measure my muscle, and then encouraged me with the brief, judicious remark, "Bully for you!" They turned up my boots to inspect the nails and soles of the same; they wanted to try on my coat; and, last and worst of all, the rascals wanted to try on my trousers!

Like ill-mannered White people--to use the mildest phrasing--they were very fond of borrowing my knife, pencil, drinking-cup--any thing-- which they would presently insert into their pockets, hoping I might forget to ask for it again.

One means of protection which old pioneers advised me to take, was, in journeying anywhither, always to keep at my tongue's end the names of several prominent citizens of the vicinity, to impress the savages with the belief that I was thoroughly acquainted in those parts, had plenty of friends, and ample means of redress if they did me any mischief. The Indians are strongly attached to their homes, on which they have fudged so long in the building; and they have learned, by tough experience, that, if they do any thieving, it will be the worse for them, and that it will go hard by the Whites will burn their rancherias, and requite the stealing double. They desire to live in quiet where they were born, and they understand that they must keep the vicinal peace; but with a stranger in the gates, it is quite a different matter. Men keeping trading-posts, or having bands of them to fetch and carry on their ranches, almost without exception, say they are the most honest Indians they ever knew. But from a stranger, who they think is without means of swift and certain requital, they will prig every thing he has in the world.

In this, as in a hundred other things, the California Indians display their notable cunning. As the Italian proverb says, they have the open countenance, but their thoughts are exceedingly tight and crafty.

I am much indebted to them for guidance through labyrinths of trails; but unlike Cuffee, they never rendered any service, however minute, without expecting payment. For every substantial benefit I paid them, but I speedily discovered, that, if a present were to be made every time it was expected, it would require a sumpter-mule to carry my substance about. For instance, Tacho-Colly, Chief of the Ta-ah-tens, refused to count ten in his language unless I paid him, and only consented, at last, when he saw me entering into negotiations with one of his subjects, by presenting him a handful of sweet crackers. Once I was sitting with three stalwart and sinister-looking Eurocs on a rugged promontory, waiting for the tide to ebb; and when lunch-time arrived, we fell to--they, on their dried smelt; I, on some sandwiches. They had no claim on my luncheon, therefore asked for nothing; but presently I commenced talking with one about Indian concerns, and, in an instant, the crafty savage espied the drift, saw he had established a claim, and remarked, "Me talk you Injun-talk, you give me piece of bread and meat."

The difficulties of the undertaking are sometimes almost disheartening. It is very rare to find an Indian who can give any connected account of himself; so one must possess already a considerable stock of facts, or a vivid imagination, and ask a thousand questions in such manner that the Indian can answer "Yes" or "No." Then, too, they have a terror of a Reservation Agent, which is significant and piteous to behold; and, if one asks a number of questions, or produces a note-book, without making an elaborate explanation, the poor beggar gets scared, and will answer to never a word more. Many an Indian would perish in his tracks rather than go the the Reservation, which he remembers only as an infamous pest-house. Many a wretched, trembling squaw has fled for life to some pioneer, and gladly slaved for him all her life long, without reward or recognition, for the sake of his protection against the Agent.

One must depend mostly on men who have dwelt a good part of their lives among them; and, for this reason, many a "squaw-man," whose contribution to the large uses of civiliation was not otherwise conspicuously apparent, was, to me, a mine of treasure. One might spend years with diligence in acquiring an Indian tongue, then journey a three-hours' space, and find himself adrift again, so multitudinous are the languages and dialects of California. Carefully recorded conversations with five hundred men, therefore,would be more profitable than five years spent by one man, to say nothing of the value of time.

The custom in respect of names is various. Sometimes there is a tribal name for all who speak the same language; sometimes none, and only names for separate villages; sometimes a name for a whole tribe or family, to which is prefixed a separate word for each dialect, which is generally co-extensive with some valley. Of the first, an instance is found in the Cahrocs, on the Klamath, who are a compact tribe, with no dialects; of the second, in the large tribe, on the lower Klamath, who also have no dialects, and yet have no name, except for each village; of the third, in the great family of the Pomos on Russian River, who have many dialects, and a name for each--as Ballo Ki Pomos, Cahto Pomos, etc.

To increase the confusion, the Indians seldom call their neighbors by the same tribal names as the latter themselves adopt.

(3) As a simple basis of classification, I used the ten numerals. These will always detect a new language, but not always a new dialect; for a tongue may have many dialects, with wide departures, yet the numerals will remain about the same throughout.

It is frequently a hard work to scrape away the debris created by the White Man during twenty years, and get down to the bed-rock of the old tribal organizations. The California tribes crumbled under the touch of the Pale-face, and their members were proud to group themselves about some strong man in the land, and call themselves by his name. They thought it greater honor to be called Bidwell's Indians, Hubbard's Indians, Redding's Indians, or so, than Wintoons, or whatever might chance to be their native title. Some remnants of tribes have three or four names, all in use

within a radius of that number of miles; some, again, are merged, or dovetailed, into others; and some never had a name taken from their own language, but have adopted that given them by a neighbor-tribe, altogether different in speech. All these things are exceedingly perplexing and vexatious. For this reason, I have studiously ignored all (4) the names given to tribes by Americans, else the whole matter would have been involved in an inextricable confusion.

On the Klamath River there live three distinct tribes--called the Eurocs, Cahrocs, and Modocs; which names mean, respectively, "down the river," "up the river," and "head of the river." The habitat of the Cahrocs extends from a certain canon, a few miles above Weitspeck, along the Klamath to the foot of the Klamath Mountains, and a few miles up Salmon River. They have no recollection of any ancient migration to this region; on the contrary, they have traditions of creation, the flood, etc., which are fabled to have occurred on the Klamath.

The Cahrocs are probably the finest tribe of Indians in California. Their stature is a trifle under the America; they have well-sized bodies, erect and strong-knit; and when a Cahroc has the weapon to which he is accustomed--a sharp stone gripped in the hand--he will face a White Man, and give him a square, handsome fight, though he flees before him when armed with a snickersnee, or pistol, in the use of which he does not feel confidence. The Klamath face is less broad than the face in the Sacramento Valley, but, in early manhood, nearly as oval as the Caucasian; cheek-bones not over-prominent; eyes bright, moderately well-sized, and freely opened straight across the face; nose broad at the base, straight and strong, with ovoid nares; forehead rather low, but without that disfiguring point of hair growing down the middle, such as one sees in the Sacramento Valley; chin and forehead nearly on a perpendicular line; color ranging from buff-hazel, or old-bronze, almost to black. Many of them--especially the young squaws--are notable for the fullness of the eyes, and the breadth of sclerotic exposed. The squaws age early, but even at forty or fifty their faces are furrowed with comparatively fine lines, and they seldom display those odious hanging wrinkles and that simian aspect seen in the Sacramento Valley.

With their smooth, hazel skins, oval faces, plump and brilliant eyes, some of the young maidens--barring the tattooed chins--have a piquant and splendid beauty. In those full, voluptuous eyes, so broadly rimmed with white, there is something dangerous, a very unmistakable suggestion of possible diablerie. When we consider, in addition, the paucity of White Women, it is small wonder that so many pioneers-including nearly all the county officers--have taken them for wives. The young people of both sexes dress in the American fashion; and I have seen plenty of them appareled with quite correct elegance--the young Indians in tolerable broadcloth, spotless shirt-fronts, and neat black cravats; the girls in chaste, pretty, small-figured stuffs, with sacques, collars, ribboned hats, etc.

The Cahroc is taciturn and indifferent toward his squaw and parents, but seldom wantonly cruel; easy-going with his children; talkative with his peers; generous to the division of the last crumb; mercenary and smiling to the White Man; brave when

(5) need is, but cunning always; fond of dancing; quick to imitate; very amorous; revengeful, but avaricious, being always pacable with money.

The primitive dress of the men is simply a buckskin girdle about the loins; of the women, a chemise of the same material, or of braided grass, reaching from the breast to the knees. The hair is worn in two club-queues, which are drawn forward over the shoulders. The squaws tattoo-in blue--three narrow fern-leaves perpendicularly on the chin--one falling from each corner of the mouth, and one in the middle. For this purpose they are said to employ soot--gathered from a stove--mingled with the juice of a certain plant. In their native state, both sexes bathe the entire person every morning in cold water; but in the care of their cabins and the immediate vicinity, they are execrably filthy.

For money, the Cahrocs make use of the red scalps of woodpeckers, which are valued at $5 apiece; and of a curious kind of shells, resembling a cock's spurs in size and shape, white and hollow, which they polish and arrange on strings, the shortest being worth 25 cents, the longest about $2--the value increasing in a geometrical ratio with the length. The unit of currency is a string of the length of a man's arm, with a certain number of the longer shells below the elbow, and a certain number of the
(6) longer shells below the elbow, and a certain number of the shorter ones above. This shell-money is called allicochick, not only on the Klamath, but from Crescent City to Eel River, though the tribes using it speak several different languages. When the Americans first arrived in the country, an Indian would give from $40 to $50 in gold for a string of it; but now, it is principally the old Indians who value it at all.

The Cahrocs are very democratic. They have a head-man, or captain, in each rancheria; but, when out on the war-path, they are somewhat more united, being under the command of one chieftain. But the authority of all these officers is very slender. The murder of a man's dearest relative may be compounded for by the payment of money, the price of an average Indian's life being esa pasora--one string.
(7) If the money is paid without higgling, the slayer and the avenger become boon companions for evermore. If not, then the avenger must have the murderer's blood; and a system of retaliation is initiated, which would be eternal, were it not that it may be checked any moment by the payment of money.

In war they take no scalps, but decapitate the slain, and bring in the heads as trophies. They do battle with bows and arrows; and, in a hand-to-hand encounter--which often occurs--they clutch ragged stones in their hands, and maul each other with terrible and deadly effect. They sometimes fight duels, with stones, in this manner. Though arranged without much formality, they are conducted with a considerable degree of fairness--the friends of the respective combatants standing around them, and setting them on their pins agains when they fall.

There is no process of courtship, but the whole affair of love-making is conducted by the father of the bride and the bridegroom expectant. When a young Philander becomes enamored of some dusky Clorinda, he goes straight to the father,

and, without any beating of the bush, makes him a plump offer of so or so many strings for her. They chaffer, and higgle, and drive bargains without any reference to her wishes. "My ducats and my daughter," says the avaricious old Cahroc. A wife is seldom purchased for less than half a string; and, when she is especially skillful in making acornbread, and weaving baskets, or belongs to an aristocratic family, she sometimes costs as high as two strings--say $80 or $100. There is no wedding-ceremony whatever, but the bride follows the bridegroom to his cabin, and they at once set up their savage Lares and Penates.

No marriage is legal or binding unless preceded by the payment of money; and that family is most aristocratic in which the highest price was paid for the wife. For this reason, it stands a young man in hand to be diligent in accumulating shells, and not to be niggard in haggling with his prospective father-in-law. So far is this (8) shell-aristocracy carried, that the children of a woman for whom no money was paid are accounted no better than bastards, and the whole family are spit upon. Bigamy is not tolerated, even in the chief. A man may own as many women for slaves as he is able to support, or, rather, to purchase; but, if he cohabits with more than one, he beings upon himself obloquy and contempt. He is beneath the notice of honest Indians.

Before marriage, virtue is an attribute which can hardly be said to exist in either sex, all the young women being a common possession; but after marriage, when the dishonor of the woman would involve also that of the husband, they live with tolerable chastity, for savages. Still, no adultery is so flagrant but the husband can be placated with money; and it seldom requires more than one string. Virtue, therefore, is exceedingly rare, as an innate quality, but is simply an enforced condition; and, indeed, the Cahroc language, though rich in its vocabulary, is said to contain no expression for "virtue," though possessing an equivalent for "prostitute," corresponding to the fact. And yet, with all their immorality, inconsistently enough , bastards are universally shunned and despised. They, and the children for whose mother no shell-money was paid--who are illegitimate, in fact, according to Cahroc ideas--constitute a class of social outcasts, Indian Pariahs, who can intermarry only among themselves.

There prevails in this tribe a juster division of labor than among the Eastern Indians. The men build the wigwams; kill the game, and generally bring it in; construct the fishing-boats, weirs, and nets, and catch the salmon; cut and bring in all the fuel for the sweat-houses; help to gather acorns and berries; make the fish- (9) gigs, bows, and arrows. The women gather and bring in the firewood used for secular purposes; carry in all the acorns and roots; weave the baskets; generally bring in and dry the salmon; perform all the work of the scullery; make the clothes. Squaws also constitute more than half of the "medicines," and officiate as midwives. Yet they are regarded as drudges, and the Cahroc word for "woman" is asisicitatvan, which signifies "water-carrier," from the two words, asisick and tatvan.

The Cahrocs have a conception of a Supreme Being, whom they call Chareya.

The root of this word is the same as the first syllable of "Cahroc," and also calleh, or callay, in the Russian River dialects, signifying "above;" but, with the curious accretive capacity of Indian languages, it is expanded into the complicated idea of "The Old Man Above." Chareya sometimes descends to earth, to instruct the prophets (or medicines), when he appears as a venerable man, clad in a close-fitting tunic, with long, white hair flowing down his shoulders, and bearing a medicine-bag. When creating the world, he sat upon the Sacred Stool, which is still preserved by the Chareya-Indian, and on which he sits, on the occasion of the great annual Dance of Propitiation. But, as among all the tribes of northern California, the coyote is the real and practical object of veneration. They also believe in spooks, or demons, called apparoan, who run after people at night in the forest, and leave tracks, which, when seen in the morning, bear a very suspicious resemblance to horse-tracks.

The sweat-house is constructed entirely underground, smallish and oblong, puncheoned up inside, covered with a flat roof level with the earth, and airtight, except for the little hatchway at one side. It is church, theatre, cafe chantant, dormitory, sweat-bath, and medical examination-room in one; and it is consecrated exclusively (10) to masculine occupation. Lapitean says, among the Eastern Indians the men never enter the private wigwams of their wives, except under cover of darkness; but here, the case is reversed, for it is the men's apartments that are sacred. No squaw may enter the sweat-house, on penalty of death, except only when passing her examination for the degree of M. D. During the rainy season, when fires are comfortable, they are kept burning in the sweat-houses day and night; and there are always enough of them in each village to furnish sleeping accommodations for all the adult men thereof.

In summer, the Indians occupy the common cabins, or brush-wood booths, (11) with their wives; but in winter, they sleep by themselves in the sweat-houses; and I suspect they use the terrors of religious taboo to banish the squaws from them, in order to enjoy the warm and cozy snuggery themselves. But, airtight as they are, and heated perpetually (for, once kindled, the fire must never be suffered to go out until spring), the atmosphere in them is villainous beyond description.

Of numerous fables and coyote stories in vogue among the Cahrocs, related by gifted squaws to their children, I will give here one specimen, which is not entirely unworthy a place in that renowned old book written by one AEsop:

FABLE OF THE ANIMALS.

In the old days, a great many hundred snows ago, Chareya, sitting on the Sacred Stool, created the world. First, he made the fishes in the big water, then the animals on the green land, and, last of all, The Man. But the animals were all alike yet in power, and it was not yet ordained which should be for meat to others, and which should be meat for The Man. Then the great Chareya bade them all assemble together in one place, that The Man might give each his power and his rank. So the animals all met together, a great many hundred snows ago, on an evening, when the sun was set, that they might wait overnight for the coming of The Man on the morrow.

Now, Chareya commanded The Man to make a great many bows and arrows, as many as there were animals, and to give the longest to the one that should have the most power, and the shortest to the one that should have the least, etc. So he did, and after nine sleeps his work was ended; and the bows and arrows which he had made were very many.

Now, the animals, being gathered together in one place, went to sleep, that they might rise on the morrow, and go forth to meet The Man. But the coyote was exceedingly cunning--above all the beasts that were, he was so cunning. So he considered within himself how he might get the longest bow, and so have the greatest power, and have all animals for his meat. He determined to stay awake all night, while the others slept, and so go forth the first in the morning, and get the longest bow. This he devised within his cunning; then he laughed to himself, and stretched out his snout on his fore-paws, and pretended to sleep like the others. But about midnight he began to get sleepy, and he had to walk around camp and scratch his eyes a considerable to keep them open. But he still got more sleepy, and he had to skip and jump about like a good one, to keep awake. He made so much noise this way, that he woke up some of the other animals; so he had to think of another plan. About the time the morning-star came up, he was so sleepy that he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer. Then he took two little sticks, and sharpened them at the ends, and propped open his eyelids, whereupon he thought he was safe, and he concluded he would take just a little nap with his eyes open, watching the morning-star. But in a few minutes he was minutes he was fast asleep; and the sharp sticks pierced through his eyelids, and pinned them fast together.

So the morning-star mounted up very swiftly, and then there came a little peep of daybreak, and the birds began to sing, and the animals began to rise and stretch themselves; but still the coyote lay fast asleep. At last, it was broad daylight; and then the sun rose, and all the animals went forth to meet The Man. He gave the longest bow to the cougar, so he had the greatest power of all; and the second longest to the bear; and so on, giving the next to the last to the frog. But he still had the shortest one left, and he cried out, "What animal have I missed?" Then the animals began to look about, and they soon spied the coyote lying fast asleep, with the sharp sticks pinning his eyelids together. Upon that, all the animals set up a great laugh, and they jumped on the coyote, and danced upon him. Then they led him to The Man--for he could see nothing for the sticks--and The Man pulled out the sticks, and gave him the shortest bow of all, which would shoot an arrow hardly more than a foot. And all the animals laughed very much.

But The Man took pity on the coyote, because he was now the weakest of all the animals--weaker even than the frog--and he prayed to Chareya for him; and Chareya gave him cunning, ten times more than before, so that he was cunning above all the beasts of the wood. So the coyote was a friend to The Man and his children, and helped them, and did many things for them, as we shall see hereafter.

In the Cahroc legends, the coyote is as important as Reynard in ours. When one Cahroc has killed another, he often barks like a coyote, believeing he will thereby be endued with so much of that animal's cunning as to be able to elude the punishment due to his crime.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. II. [The Cahroc]

The first of September brings a red-letter day in the Cahroc year--the great Dance of Propitiation--at which all the tribe are present, together with deputations from the Eurocs, the Hoopas, and others. They call it sifsandy pickyavish, which signifies literally "fixing the earth." The object of it is to propitiate the spirits of the earth and wood, in order to prevent disaster in land slides, forest-fires, earthquakes, drought, and other calamities. (12)

All the villages are then deserted--left unprotected and undefended--for all the women, and all the children, and the gray-beards must attend the grand anniversary. They come in fleets of canoes, up and down the Klamath, or on foot in joyous throngs along the trails beside the river, the squaws bringing in their baskets victuals enough to last their families as long as possible--a fortnight or more. But, singular to tell, neither on this occasion nor on any other do they have any feasting. Each family partakes of its own plain messes, though the greatest generosity prevails, and strangers or persons without families are freely invited to share their simple repasts of dried salmon and acornbread. Some Frenchman has said we have a hundred religions and one gravy. The California Indians have a hundred dances and one acorn-porridge.

In the first place, an Indian of a robust frame--able to endure the terrible ordeal of fasting to which he is subjected--goes away into the mountains with an attendant, to remain ten days. He is called the Chareya-Indian, which may be translated, almost literally, "Godman;" and their evident belief is, that, by the keen anguish he undergoes, he propitiates the spirits vicariously in behalf of the whole tribe. During these ten days he partakes of nothing whatever, theoretically, though, in case of extreme suffering, it is probable that he takes a little acorn-porridge or pinole; but he must abstain from flesh, on penalty of death. The attendant is allowed to eat sparingly of acorn-porridge only.

Meantime, what is going on in camp? During the long days, while they are waiting the return of the Chareya-Indian, the men and squaws amuse themselves with song and lively dance, wherein they join together. Various games are played; gambling is indulged in. But singing and dancing are the principal amusements, and considerable time is devoted to teaching the boys to dance in imitation of the solemn and momentous ceremonial which is to be observed upon the return of the Chareya-Indian. Sometimes, in a dithyrambic frenzy--men and women mingling together--they wildly leap and dance; now each one chanting a different story, extemporized on the spot, in the manner of the Italian improvisatore, and yet keeping perfect time; and now all uniting in a chorus.

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 8, pp. 425-435, 1872.

Then, again, sitting in a solemn circle on the ground, or slowly walking in a ring around the fire--hand joined in hand, while the flames gleam upon their swarthy faces, ripple in the folds of their barbaric paludaments of tasseled deer-skin, and light up their grotesque chaplets and club-queues in nodding shadows--they intone those weird and eldritch chantings; in which blend at once an undertone of infinite pathos and a hoarse, deathly rattle of despair; and which I never yet have learned to listen to without a certain feeling of terror.

And now, at last, the attendant arrives on the summit of some overlooking mountain, and, with warning voice, announces the approach of the Chareya-Indian. In all haste, the people below flee in terror, for it is death to behold him. Gaunt, and haggard, and hollow-eyed--reduced to a perfect skeleton, by his fearful sufferings--he staggers feebly into camp, leaning on the shoulder of the attendant, or perhaps borne on the arms of those who have been summoned to bring him in from the mountains; for, in such an extreme instance, a secular Indian may assist, provided his eyes are bandaged. Long before he is in sight, the people have all disappeared. They take refuge in the deeps of the forest, or enter into their booths and cabins, fling themselves down with their faces upon the ground, and cover their eyes with their hands. Some wrap many thicknesses of blankets about their heads. Little children are carefully gathered into the booths, and their faces hidden deep in folds of clothing or blankets, lest they should inadvertently behold that dreadful walking skeleton, and die the death. All the camp is silent, hushed, and awe-struck as the vicegerent of the great and dreaded Chareya enters.

Now he approaches the sweat-house, and is assisted to descend into it. Feeble and trembling with the pangs of hunger, he seats himself upon the Sacred Stool. Tinder and flints are brought to him. With his last remaining strength he strikes out a spark, and nourishes it into a blaze. The Sacred Smoke arises. As no common creature may look upon the Chareya-Indian and live, so also none may behold the Sacred Smoke with impunity. Let his eyes rest upon it, even for a moment, and he is doomed to death. The intercession of the Chareya-Indian alone can avert the direful consequences of his inadvertence. If, by any mischance, one is so unfortunate as to glance at it, as it swirls up above the subterranean sweat-house, seeming to arise out of the ground, he goes down into it, prostrates himself before the Chareya-Indian sitting on the Sacred Stool, and proffers him allicochick. The priest demands $20, $30, $40, according to the circumstances. He then lights his pipe, puffs a few whiffs of secular smoke over the head of the unfortunate man, mumbling certain formularies and incantations the while, and this transgression is remitted.

After the lapse of a certain time, the people return from their hiding-places, and prepare for the last great solemnity: the Dance of Propitiation. They arrange themselves in a long line--the men only, for the women do not participate in this part of the ceremony. They are vestured in all their pomp of savage trappings, their jingling beadery, their tasseled robes of peltry, their buckskin bandoleers--passing under one shoulder and over the other, and gayly starred with the scarlet scalps of woodpeckers, to the value of $300 or $400 on each. They brandish aloft in their

hands their finest bows and arrows, inlaid with sinew and shells, with glinting strings of pink and purple abalones; and, if any one can boast of a black deer-skin as a trophy of his prowess, such a one is accounted beloved of the gods. No Indian can participate in the dance unless he has at least a raccoon's or a deer's-head, with the neck stuffed, and the remainder of the skin flowing loose, elevated on a pole within easy eye-shot.

Then two or three singers begin an improvised chant, a kind of invocation to the spirits; and occasionally they all unite in a fixed choral, which is meaningless, and repeated over and over, ad libitum. Both in the recitative--where each singer makes an entirely independent invocation--and in the choral, they keep time wonderfully well, and that without beating time. The dancers in the line merely lift and lower one foot, in slow and regular accord. The ceremony continues about two hours, during which profound decorum and stillness prevail among the spectators.

When this dance of religion is ended, all gravity vanishes forthwith: wild and hilarious shouts resound throughout the camp; the gayest dances are resumed, in which both sexes unite; and in the evening there ensues a grossly libidinous debauch.

The fire has now been kindled for the rainy season; and once the flame is set a-going in the several sweat-houses, it must not be suffered to expire during the winter.

In the vernal season, when the winds blow soft from the south, and the salmon begin to run up the Klamath, there is another dies fastus--the Dance for Salmon--of equal moment with the other. They celebrate it to insure a good catch of salmon. The Chareya-Indian retires into the mountains, and fasts the same length of time as in autumn. On his return the people flee, while he repairs to the river, takes the first salmon of the catch, eats a portion of the same, and with the residue kindles the Sacred Smoke in the sudatory. No Indian may take a salmon before this dance is held, nor for ten days thereafter, even if his family are starving.

It has formerly been mentioned that the squaws are under a taboo respecting the sweat-house. The Indians are thoroughly consistent in this matter, and, as they suffer no woman to enter it, so they allow none to gather the wood burned therein. Fuel for the sweat-house is sacred, and no squaw may touch it. It must be cut green from a standing tree; that tree must be on top of the highest hill overlooking the Klamath, and the branches must be trimmed off in a certain particular manner. The Cahroc selects a tall and sightly fir or pine, climbs up within about twenty feet of the top, then commences and trims off all the limbs until he reaches the top, where he leaves two and a top-knot, resembling a man's head and arms outstretched. All this while he is weeping and sobbing piteously, shedding real tears; and so he continues to do while he descends, binds the wood in a fagot, takes it upon his back, and goes down to the sweat-house. While crying and sobbing thus as he goes along, bending under his back-load of limbs, no amount of jeering and flouting from a White Man will elicit from him any thing more than a glance of sorrowful reproach. When asked afterward why he weeps when cutting and bringing

(13) in the sacred fuel, if he makes any reply at all, it will be simply, "For luck." Arrived in the sweat-house, he replenishes the fire, making a dense and bitter smudge, while all the occupants lie around with their faces close to the floor, to keep themselves from smothering. When they are in a reek of perspiration, they clamber up the notched pole at the side, swarming out from the hatchway like rats, and run and heave themselves head and heels into the river--all "for luck."

The taboo is lifted from the sweathouse only while a squaw is undergoing the ordeal which admits her to the mysterious realm of therapeutics. This ordeal consists simply in a dance, wherein the woman, holding her feet together, leaps up and down and chants in a bold, monotonous sing-song until she falls utterly exhausted. For a man the test is something more rigid. He retires into the forest and remains ten days, partaking of no meat the while, and of just enough acorn-porridge to keep him alive; then, at the expiration of this hard fast, he returns and jumps up and down in the sweat-house, like the woman.

There are two classes of doctors--the root-doctors and the barking-doctors; the latter reminding one somewhat of the mediaeval Spagyrics. It is the province of the barking-doctor to diagnosticate the case, which she does by squatting down like a dog before the patient, and barking at him like that noble and useful animal for hours together. After her comes the root-doctor, and, with numberless potions, poultices, etc., seeks to cure the part where the other has discovered the ailment to reside. No medicinal simples are of any avail, whatever be their virtues, unless certain powwows and mummeries are performed over them. It will be perceived that the barking-doctor is the more important functionary of the two. In addition to her diagnostic functions, she takes charge of the poisoned cases, which, among these superstitious people, are extremely numerous. They believe they frequently fall victims to witches, who cause a snake, frog, lizard, or other noxious reptile to fasten itself to the body, and grow through the skin into the viscera. In this case, the barking-doctor first discovers, secundum artem, in what portion of the body the reptile lurks, then commences sucking the place, and sucks until the skin is broken and blood flows. Then she herself takes
(14) an emetic and vomits up a frog or something, which she pretends was drawn from the patient, but which, of course, she had previously swallowed.

The Cahrocs hold their medicines personally responsible for the lives of their patients. If one loses a case, he must return his fee. More than that: if he receives an offer of a certain sum to attend a person, and refuses, and the individual dies, he must pay the relatives, from his own substance, an amount equivalent to the fee which was tendered him. A medicine who becomes famous, is often summoned to go twenty or thirty miles, and receives a proportionately large reward--sometimes a horse, sometimes two horses--when the invalid is rich.

Before going out on a chase, the Cahroc hunter must abstain three days from touching any woman, else he will miss the quarry. A. Somes relates an incident which happened to himself when hunting once in company with a venerable Indian. They set out betimes and scoured the mountains with diligence all day, and were like to

return home empty-handed, when the old Mustache declared roundly that the White Man was trigling with him, and that he must have touched some woman. No ridicule could shake his belief; so he withdrew a few paces, fell on his knees, turned his face devoutly toward heaven, and prayed fluently and fervently for the space of full twenty minutes. Somes was so much impressed with the old savage's earnestness, that he did not disturb him. Although able to speak the language well, he understood nothing the white-haired petitioner uttered. When he made an end of praying he arose solemnly, saying they would now have success. They started on, and it so fell out that they put up a fine pricket in a few minutes, and Somes picked him off, whereupon the old savage was triumphant in his faith as was ever fire-worshiping Gheber over the rescue of one of his conquerors from the deadly errors of Islam.

Also, the fisherman will take no salmon, if the poles, of which his spearing-booth are made, were gathered on the river-side, where the salmon might have seen them. They must be brought from the top of the highest adjacent mountain. So will they equally labor in vain, if they use the poles a second year, in booths or weirs, "because the old salmon will have told the young ones about them." It is possible that the latter is only a facetious excuse made to the Whites for their indolence in allowing the winter-freshets to sweep away their booths every year. (15)

When the salmon are a trifle dilatory in coming up in the spring, it is the good pleasure of the "Big Indians" to believe that some old harridan has bewitched them. In such case, they call an indignation meeting, denounce the suspect vigorously name, and send a messenger down to her booth with the information, that, unless the spell is released within a certain time, they will descend upon her in a body and put her to instant death. Before sending this warning, however, they generally wait until a few days before the time when the salmon are certain to come, or they have private advices that they are coming; so their dupes cry out, "Ah! they are terrible fellows after witches!"

In regard to women, they have a superstition which reminds one of the old Israelitish uses, described in the Book of Leviticus. Every month she is banished without the village, to live in a booth by herself, and no man may touch her on penalty of death. She is not permitted to partake of any meat--including fish--for a certain number of days, and only very sparingly of acorn-gruel. If a woman at this time touches, or even approaches, any medicine about to be administered to an invalid, he will die the death.

The Cahroc language is said, by those who are acquainted with it, to be copious, sonorous, and rich in new combinations. When spoken by some stalwart, deep-voiced Nestor of the tribe, it sounds more like the Spanish, with its stately provession of periods, than any other Indian language I have heard; and it is far removed from the odious gutturalness of the Euroc, spoken on the lower Klamath. In such words as "Chareya" and "Cahroc," they trill the "r" in a manner which is quite Spanish, and which an American can scarcely imitate. They are ready and fertile in invention: no new object can be presented to them but they will presently name it in their own language, either by coining a word, or applying the name of some similar object with

which they are already familiar.

They bury the dead in the posture observed by ourselves, and profess abhorrence for incremation. Neither do they disfigure their countenances with blotches of pitch, as do the Scott River Indians. A widow cuts off her hair close to the head, and so wears it, with commendable fidelity to the memory of her deceased husband, until she remarries--though this latter event may be hastened quite as unseemly as it was by Hamlet's mother. The person's ordinary apparel is buried with him in the grave; but all his gala-robes, his bandoleer, his deerskins, and his strings of polished abalones are swung over poles laid across the picket-fence. If it is a squaw, all her large, conical baskets are set in a row around the grave. It is seldom that a grave is seen now-
(16) adays which is not inclosed by a neat, white picket-fence--copied from the American, for they are very imitative. They inter the dead close beside their cabins, in order that they may religiously watch and protect them from peering intrusion, and insure them tranquil rest in the grave. Near Orleans Bar, I passed a rancheria wherein the graves were numerous, every one with its tasty picket-fence and its barbaric treasure of apparel hanging over it. As the long strips of polished shells swayed gently to and from in the evening breeze, with the mother-of-pearl, and purple, and pink brightly glinting to the setting, sun, while the streets of the village were silent and peaceable in their Sabbath eveing repose, the faint clicking of the shells seemed to me one of the most sad and mournful sounds I ever heard. Each little conical barrow was freshly rounded up with clean earth or sand, whereon were strewn snow-white pebbles from the river-bed.

How well and truly the Cahrocs reverence the memory of the dead is shown by the fact that the highest crime one can perpetrate is the petchiarey--the mere mention of the dead relative's name. It is a deadly insult to the survivors, and can be atoned for only by the same amount of blood-money paid for willful murder. In default of that, they will have the villain's blood. "Macbeth does murder sleep." At the mention of his name, the moldering skeleton turns in his grave and groans. They do not like strangers even to inspect the burial-place; and when I was leaning over the pickets, looking at one of them, an aged Indian approached, and silently but urgently beckoned me to go away.

They believe that the soul of a good Cahroc goes to the Happy Western Land beyond the great ocean. That they have a well-grounded assurance of an immortality beyond the grave is proven, if not otherwise, by their beautiful and poetical custom of whispering a message in the ear of the dead. Rosalino Camarena--husband to a Cahroc woman, and speaking the language well-relates the following incident, illustrative of this custom: One of his children died, and he had decently prepared it for burial, carried it is his own arms, and laid it in its lonely grave on the bluff mountainside, amid the green and golden ferns, where the spiry pines mournfully soughed in the wind, chanting their sad threnody, while the complaining Klamath roared over the rocks--far, far below. He was about to cast the first shovelful of earth down upon it, when an Indian woman--a near relative of the child--descended into the grave, bitterly weeping, knelt down beside the little one, and, amid that shuddering and broken sobbing which only women know in their passionate sorrow, murmured in its ear: "Oh, darling! my dear one, good-by!

Never more shall your little hands softly clasp these old withered cheeks, and your pretty feet shall print the moist earth around my cabin never more. You are going on a long journey in the spirit-land,and you must go alone; for none of us can go with you. I sten, then to the words which I speak to you, and heed them well, for I speak the truth: In the spirit-land there are two roads. One of them is a path of roses, and it leads to the Happy Western Land beyond the great water, where you shall see your dear mother. The other is a path strewn with thorns and briers, and leads I know not whither, to an evil and dark land, full of deadly serpents, where you would wander forever. Oh, dear child! choose you the path of roses, which leads to the Happy Western Land--a fair and sunny land, beautiful as the morning. And may the great Chareya help you to walk in it to the end; for your little, tender feet must walk alone. Oh, darling, my dear one, good-by!"

It has been stated already that the coyote is the Reynard of the California Indians. In extreme northern California he is not actually invested with the functions of the Creator, though he does many wonderful and sagacious things; but among the tribes farther south, the Platonic Eon rests and reposes in him, for he created not only "this goodly frame, the earth," but man himself. Following are a few additional specimens of Cahroc fables:

ORIGIN OF SALMON.

When Chareya made all things that have breath, he first made the fishes in the big water, then the animals on the green land, and, last of all, The Man. But Chareya did not yet let the fishes come up the Klamath, and thus the Cahrocs had not enough food, and were sore a-hungered. There were salmon in the big water--many and very fine to eat--but no Indian could catch them in the big water, and Chareya had made a great fish-dam at the mouth of the Klamath, and closed it fast, and given the key to two old hags to keep, so that the salmon could not go up the river. And the hags kept the key that Chareya had given them, and watched it day and night, without sleeping, so that no Indian could come near it.

Then the Cahrocs were sore distressed in those days for lack of food, and many died, and their children cried to them because they had no meat. But the coyote befriended the Cahrocs, and helped them, and took it on him to bring the salmon up the Klamath. First, he went to an alder-tree and gnawed off a piece of bark: for the bark of the alder, after it is taken off, presently turns red and looks like salmon. He took the piece of alder-bark in his teeth, and journeyed far down the Klamath, until he came to the mouth of it, at the big water. Then he rapped at the door of the old hags' cabin, and, when they opened it, he said, "Aiyuquoi," for he was very polite. And they did not wonder to hear the coyote speak, for all the animals could speak in those days. They did not suspect the coyote, and so asked him to come into their cabin and sit by the fire. This he did; and, after warming himself awhile, he commenced nibbling the piece of alder-bark. One of the hags, seeing this, said to the other, "See, he has some salmon!" So they were deceived and thrown off their guard; and, presently, one of them rose, took down the key, and went to get some salmon to cook for themselves. Thus

the coyote saw where the key was kept; but he was not much better off than before, for it was too high for him to reach it. The hags cooked some salmon for supper and ate it, but they gave the coyote none.

So he stayed in the cabin all night with the hags, pretending to sleep, but he was thinking how to get the key. He could think of no plan at all; but, in the morning one of the hags took down the key, and started to get some salmon again, and then the coyote happened to think of a way as quick as a flash. He jumped up and darted under the hag, which threw her down, and caused her to fling the key a long way off. The coyote seized it in his teeth, and ran and opened the fish-dam before the hags could catch him. Thus the salmon were allowed to go up the Klamath, and the Cahrocs had plenty of food.

ORIGIN OF FIRE.

The Cahrocs now had food enough, but they had no fire to cook it with. Far away toward the rising sun, somewhere in a land which no Cahroc had ever seen, Chareya had made fire, and hidden it in a casket, which he gave to two old hags to keep, lest some Cahroc should steal it. So now the coyote again befriended the Cahrocs, promising to bring them some fire.

He went out and got together a great company of animals, one of every kind, from the cougar down to the frog. These he stationed in a line all along the road, from the home of the Cahrocs to the far-distant land where the fire was, the weakest animal nearest home, and the strongest nearest the fire. Then he took an Indian with him and hid him under a hill, and went to the cabin of the hags who kept the fire, and rapped on the door. One of them came out, and he said, "Good evening;" and they replied, "Good evening." Then she said, "It's a pretty cold night; can you let me sit by your fire?" And they said, "Yes; come in." So he went in and stretched himself out before the fire, and reached out his snout toward the blaze, and sniffed the heat, and felt very snug and comfortable. Finally, he stretched his nose out along his fore-paws and pretended to go to sleep, though he kept the corner of one eye open, watching the old hags. But they never slept, day or night, and he spent the whole night watching and thinking, to no purpose.

So, next morning, he went out and told the Indian whom he had hidden under the hill that he must make an attack on the hags' cabin, as if he were about to steal some fire, while he (the coyote) was in it. He then went back and asked the hags to admit him again, which they did, as they did not think a coyote could steal any fire. He stood close by the casket of fire, and when the Indian made a rush on the cabin, and the hags dasked out after him at one door, the coyote seized a brand in his teeth and ran out at the other door. He almost flew over the ground; but the hags saw the sparks flying, and gave chase, and gained on him fast. But by the time he was out of breath he reached the cougar, who took the brand and ran with it to the bear, and so on, each animal barely having time to give it to the next before the hags came up.

The next to the last in the line was the ground-squirrel. He took the brand and ran so fast with it that his tail got afire, and he curled it up over this back, and so burned the black spot we see to this day, just behind his fore-shoulders. Last of all was the frog; but he, poor brute! could not run at all: so he opened his mouth wide, and the squirrel chucked the fire into it, and he swallowed it down with a gulp. Then he turned and gave a great jump; but the hags were so close in pursuit that one of them seized him by the tail (he was a tadpole then) and tweaked it off, and that is the reason why frogs have no tails to this day. He swam under water a long distance--as long as he could hold his breath--then came up, and spit out the fire into a log of drift-wood; and there it has stayed safe ever since: so that when an Indian rubs two pieces of wood together the fire comes forth.

COYOTES DANCING WITH THE STARS.

After Chareya gave the coyote so much cunning, he became very ambitious and wanted to do many things which were very much too hard for him, and which Chareya never intended he should do. One of them once got so conceited that he thought he could dance with the stars; and so he asked one of them to fly close to the top of a mountain, and take him by the paw, and let him dance once around through the sky. The star only laughed at him, and winked its eyes; but the next night when it came around it sailed close to the mountain, and took the coyote by the paw, and flew away with him through the sky. But the foolish coyote soon grew tired of dancing in this way, and could not wait for the star to come around to the mountain again. He looked down at the earth, and it seemed quite near to him; and as the star could not wait or fly low just then, he let go and leaped down. Poor coyote! He was ten whole snows in falling, and when he at last struck the earth he was smashed as flat as a willow mat.

Another one, not taking warning from this dreadful example, asked a star to let him dance once around through the sky. The star tried to dissuade him from the foolhardy undertaking, but it was of no avail; the silly animal would not be convinced. Every night, when the star came around, he would squat on top of a mountain and bark, until the star grew tired of his noise. So, one night, it sailed close down to the mountain, and told the coyote to be quick, for it could not wait; and up he jumped, and caught it with his paw, and went dancing away through the great blue heaven. He, too, soon grew tired, and asked the star to stop and let him rest awhile. But the star told him it could not stop, for Chareya had made it to keep moving all the while. Then he tried to get on the star and ride, but it was too small. Thus he was compelled to keep on dancing--dangling down from one paw; and one piece of his body after another dropped off, until there was only one paw left hanging to the star.

The interpretation of these fables is not diffiuclt. That one about the coyotes dancing with the stars manifestly took its origin from the Indians observing meteors, or shooting-stars. A falling star is one which is sailing down to the mountain, to take on board the adventurous beast; while the large meteor which bursts in mid-heaven, with visible shards falling from it, is the unlucky aeronaut dropping down, limb after limb. Probably that one concerning the origin of salmon hints at some ancient obstruction in

the mouth of the Klamath--a cataract or something of the sort--which prevented the salmon from ascending. The fable respecting the origin of fire, like the Eastern Indian story of Michabo--the Great White One--is simply a sun-myth, with which is mingled a very weak analogue to the Greek fire-myth of Prometheus. The coming of the fire-brand from the East, carried by the various animals in succession, is the daily progress of the sun, while the pursuing hags are the darkness which follows after. Of course, this poor little story of the Indians is not for a moment to be compared with the majestic tragedy wrought out by the sublime and gorgeous imagination of the Greeks; and it suffers seriously even when set alongside of the ingenious Algonquin myth of Michabo. It falls not a little behind it in imaginative power, albeit there is in it, as in most of the California fables, an element of practical humor and of slyness which is lacking in the Atlantic Indian legends. Though the Cahrocs are probably the finest tribe in the State, their imagination is not only feeble, but gratuitously filthy. This is shown in their tradition of the Flood, which can not be recited here, on account of its infamous vileness.

STORY OF KLAMATH JIM.

Early in the year 1871 an Indian called Klamath Jim did a murder on a White Man in Orleans Bar, and by due process of law he was tried, condemned, and hanged. In the presence of his doom, even when the fatal hour was hard by, he exhibited the strange and stoical apathy of his race in prospect of dissolution. He might almost have been said, like Daniel Webster, to have cooly anatomized his sensations as he went down to his death. He asked the Sheriff curious and many questions on the grim topic: How the hanging was performed; how long it lasted; whether an Indian could die as quickly when hanging in an erect posture as when lying in his blanket; whether his spirit would not also be strangled and rendered unable to fly away to the Happy Western Land, etc. In going to the gallows he walked with nerve and balance, tranquilly puffing a cigar; and he mounted the scaffold with an unflatering tread, daintily held out his cigar and flipped off the ashes with his little finger, took a final whiff, then tossed it over his shoulder. He assisted the Sheriff in adjusting the noose about his neck, shook that officer's trembling hand without the tremor of a muscle, spoke a few parting words without the least quivering of voice, and then the drop descended; and his soul went suddenly out on its dark flight.

The Cahrocs had quietly acquiesced in the execution; but they were not well pleased, and now, though they dared not make open insurrection against the Whites, their astute medicines and soothsayers concocted a story which was intended to encourage their countrymen ultimately to revolt. They pretended they had a revelation, (17) and that all the Cahrocs who had died since the beginning of time had experienced a resurrection, and were returning from the Land of Shadows, to wreak a grim vengeance on the Whites, and sweep them utterly off the earth. They were somewhere far toward the rising sun, advancing in uncounted armies; and Chareya himself was at their head, leading them on, and with his hands parting the mountains alternately to right and left, opening a level road for the slow-coming myriads. It was the return of

"The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death."

The medicines pretended to have been out and seen this great company, and they reported to their willing dupes that they were pigmies in stature, but like the Indians of to-day in every other regard. Klamath Jim was with them--the soul and inspiration of this majestic movement of vengeance, counselor to Chareya himself.

As week after week slipped away, until six moons were counted, and none of this mighty host made their appearance, and none more than usual of the Palefaces sickened and dropped into their graves, the people began to clamor against the medicines and the soothsayers took counsel together; and they published to the angry people that Chareya had changed his mind and interceded for the Palefaces, persuading the risen Charocs not to slay them off the face of the earth, for that the Palefaces had taught them many things; and that if they were now destroyed, the Indians themselves would presently perish, in their helplessness. This caused jangling and delay in the camp , because the voice of Klamath Jim was still lifted up for revenge. Therefore, seeing he was implacable, Chareya slew him; but, at the intercession of his fellow-redivivi, he called him back for the Land of Shadows. Having now been twice abolished and twice restored to life, Jim also changed his ferocity into loving-kindness, and he and Chareya together prevailed on the people, and appeased them, and the great multitude that no man could number turned them about, and went quietly back and got into their graves.

This cock-and-bull story is utterly contemptible, except as connected with the actual facts. The leaders had hoped that when they announced the approach of the dead-walkers, the people would rise in mutiny; but the latter had once tasted the quality of George Crook's cold lead, and they preferred to let the dead men try their hands first. For some time, it was said, they were on the very tiptoe of expectation but, finally, the plot of revolt had to be abandoned, and all remained quiet on the Klamath. It also has some value as showing the singular clannishness of the California tribes. The leaders considered that it would seem more probable to their dupes that the dead Cahrocs were coming back to help them, rather than the living Eurocs, Hoopas, or any of their neighbors.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. III. [The Euroc]

On the lower Klamath, from Weitspeck down, and along the coast for about twenty miles, live the Eurocs, the largest tribe in northern California. They have no name for their tribe, the designation "Euroc" (down the river) being applied to them by their more inventive neighbors, the Cahrocs, for conveniency. They have names only for separate villages, as Weitspeck, Unuh Mrh, Requa, etc. Living nearer the coast, the Eurocs are several shades darker than the Cahrocs, and their physique is less noble, their foreheads being lower and their chins more protruding. Unlike the Sacramento River Indians, both they and the Cahrocs do not walk pigeon-toed, but plant their feet nearly as broadly as Americans. They have much the same customs as their up-river neighbors, but an entirely different language, though the two tribes very generally learn each other's tongues; and two of them will sit and patter gossip for hours, each using his own speech. A White Man listening may understand the one well, but never a syllable of the other. The Euroc is notable for its gutturalness, and there are words and syllables which contain no perceptible vowel sounds, as mrpr, "nose;" chlec chih, "earth;" wrh yenex, "child," etc. A Welshman told me he had detected in the language the peculiar Welsh sound of "ll," which is quite inexpressible in English. In conversation they terminate many words with a kind of aspiration, which is imperfectly indicated by the letter "h"--a sort of catching of the sound, immediately followed by a letting out of the residue of breath with a quick little grunt. This makes their speech harsh and halting; the voice often comes to a dead stop in the middle of a sentence. The language seems to have had a monosyllabic origin; and, indeed, they pronounce many dissyllables as if they were two monosyllables.

As among the Cahrocs, the Chief has no authority beyond his own village, and even there his functions are principally advisory. Like the Pretor of ancient Rome, he can proclaim do, dico, but he can scarcely add the rest, addico. He can state the law or the custom and the facts, and he can give his opinion, but he can hardly pronounce judgment. The office is not hereditary; the headman, or captain, is generally one of the oldest, and always one of the astutest, men of the village.

Their houses--and the following descriptions will serve also for the Cahrocs--are sometimes constructed on the level earth, but oftener they excavate a round cellar, four or five feet deep and twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. Over this they build a square cabin of split poles or puncheons, planted erect in the ground, and covered with a flattish, two-sided, puncheon roof. They eat in the cellar (it is only a pit, and is not covered except by the roof), squatting in a circle around a fire, but sleep on the bank above, next to the walls of the cabin. For a door they take a puncheon about four feet wide, set it up at one corner of the cabin, and, with infinite scraping of flints and elk-horns, pierce a round hole through it, barely large enough to admit the

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*Overland Monthly, Vol. 8, pp. 530-539, 1872.

passage of an Indian on all-fours. The cabin, being built entirely of wood, and not thatched, accounts partly for the keen, smooth eyes of the Klamath tribes, compared with the odious, purblind optics often seen in the thatched wigwams farther south. A space in front of the cabin is kept clean-swept, and is frequently paved with cobbles, with a large one placed each side of the door-hole; and on this pavement the squaws sit, spinning no end of tattle while they weave their baskets. Though they have not the American's all-day industry, both these Klamath tribes are job-thrifty, and contrive to have a considerable sum of money by them. For instance, the trading-post at Klamath Bluffs alone sold, in 1871, over $3,000 worth of merchandise, though there were only about six miners among its customers. Here is a significant item: the proprietor said he sold over seven hundred pounds of soap annually to the Eurocs alone. I often peeped into their cabins, and seldom failed to see there wheaten bread, coffee, matches, bacon, and a very considerable wardrobe hanging in the smoky attic. They are more generally dressed in complete civilized suits, and more generally ride on horseback, than any others, except the Mission Indians.

How do they get the money to procure these things? They mine a little, drive pack-trains a good deal, transport goods and passengers on the river, make and sell canoes, whipsaw lumber for the miners, fetch and carry about the mining-camps, go over to Scott Valley and hire themselves out on the farms in the summer, etc. A painter connected with a party of mining surveyors who passed through that region one time sought to employ some of the Euroc squaws as models; but, libidinous and avaricious as they are, he could not prevail on a single one to sit for him for a less sum than $10. These Indians are enterprising: they push out from their native valley. You shall find them in Crescent City, Trinidad, and Arcata, working in the saw-mills, on the Hoopa Reservation, etc., though they always wish to be carried home to the banks of the Klamath to be buried. When we consider that they have learned all these things merely by imitation, it is no little to their credit.

These smoke-blackened hamlets are thick along the Klamath, and reminded me constantly of the villages in the canton of Valais, only the Indian cabins have only one story. On this account, the Euroc dwelling is more like the chalet. And they are every whit as clean, as comfortable, and as substantial as those very sennhutten wherein is manufactured the world-famous Emmenthaller cheese, for I have been inside of both, and know whereof I affirm. And yet, when I saw these swarthy Eurocs creeping on all-fours out of their round door-holes, or sticking their shock-pates up through the hatchway of the sweathouse, just on a level with the earth, I thought of black bears oftener than any thing else.

From willow-twigs or pine-roots they weave large round mats for holding acorn-flour; various-sized, squash-shaped, flattish baskets, water-tight--deep, conical ones, each of about a bushel capacity, to be lugged on their backs; and others, to be used at pleasure as drinking-cups or skull-caps (for the squaws only, as the men wear nothing on their heads), in which latter capacity they fit neatly. They ornament they baskets with some ingenuity, by weaving in black-colored roots in squares, diamonds, or zigzag lines; but they never attempt the curve (which seems to mark

the transition from barbaric to civilized art) or the imitation of any object in Nature. In carrying her baby or a quantity of acorns, the squaw fills the deep, conical basket, and suspends it on her back by a strap which passes loosely around it and athwart her forehead. She leans far forward, and so relieves her neck; but I have seen the braves carry heavy burdens for miles, walking quite erect, though they showed they were not accustomed to the drudgery, by clasping their hands behind their heads to ease their necks of the terrible strain.

As the redwood grows only along the lower Klamath, the Eurocs have a monopoly of making canoes, and they sell many to the Cahrocs. A canoe on the Klamath is not pointed like the Chippewa canoe, but the width at either end is equal to the tree's diameter. On the great bar across the mouth of the river, and all along the coast for eighty miles, there are tens of thousands of mighty redwoods hove up on the strand, having been either floated down by the rivers or grubbed down by the never-resting surf. Hence the Indians are not obliged to fell any trees, and have only to burn them into suitable lengths. In making the canoe, they spread pitch on whatever place they wish to reduce, and when it has burned deep enough, they round them out with wonderful symmetry and elegance, leaving the sides and ends very thin, and as smooth as if they had been sand-papered. At the stern they burn and polish out a neat little bracket, which serves as a seat for the boatman. They spend an infinity of puddering on these canoes, two Indians sometimes working on one five or six months--burning, scraping, polishing with soapstones, etc. When completed, they are sold for various money, ranging from $10 to $30, or even more.

Yet we give here two instances showing the carefulness and foresight of the Eurocs in bread-and-butter concerns. When they are not using these canoes, they turn them bottom-side up on the moist sand and bream them, or haul them up into the dampest and shadiest coves,or, at the least, cover them thickly with leaves and brush-wood, to prevent the thin ends from sun-cracking. When they do become thus cracked, they bore holes through with a deer's-horn, and bind the ends together with withes, twisting the same tight with sticks--a kind of rude tourniquet--which closes up the cracks better than calking would.

The other instance is a device they have for preserving their arrows. To make raccoon's skin, turn it wrong-side out, sew it up, and suspend it by a string passed over the shoulder, while the striped tail gayly flutters in the breeze. In the animal's head they stuff a quantity of grass or moss, as a cushion for the arrow-heads to rest in, which prevents them from being broken. The one captial charge usually leveled against savages is that they are shiftless, but these things are not shiftless.

In catching salmon they employ principal ly nets, woven of fine roots or grass, which are stretched across eddies in the Klamath--always with the mouth downstream. (18) Where there is not a natural eddy, they sometimes create one by throwing out a rude wing-dam. They select eddies, because it is there the salmon congregate to rest themselves. At the head of the eddy they erect fishing-booths over the water, by planting slender poles in the bottom of the river, and lashing others over them, in a light and artistic

framework, with a floor a few feet above the water, and regular rafters overhead, on which brushwood is placed for a screen against the sun and moon. In one of these really picturesque booths an Indian sleeps at night, with a string leading up from the net to his fingers: so that when a salmon begins to flounce in it he is awakened. Sometimes the string is attached to an ingenious rattle-trap of sticks or bones (or a bell, nowadays), which will chink or clatter, and answer the same purpose. They also spear salmon from these booths with a fish-gig, furnished with movable barbs, which, after entering the fish, spread open and prevent the withdrawal of the instrument. Another mode they sometimes employ, is, to stand on a large bowlder in the main current, where the salmon and the little skeggers shoot in to rest in the eddy when ascending the stream, whereupon they scoop them up in dip-nets. Again, they construct a weir of willow-stakes nearly across the stream at the shallows, leaving only a narrow chute, wherein is set a funnel-shaped trap of splints, with a funnel-shaped entrance at the large end. The salmon easily shoots into this, but can not return. By all these methods they capture an enormous quantity of fish: William McGarvey says he has often seen a ton of dried salmon hanging in the smoky attic of a cabin.

There are two runs of salmon in the Klamath: one in the spring and one in the autumn, of which the former is the better, the fish being then smaller and sweeter. The Whites along the river compel the Indians to open their weirs a certain number of days a week, during the spring run, that they may participate in the catch.

It is easy to see that these fish-dams, if made impassable, may breed contention between the villages along the river, for if a village adopt a greedy policy, their neighbors above will descend in wrath, and there will be a bloody riot, unless the dam is opened. I have often thought that the numerous village feuds, and the extremely democratic and centrifugal tendencies of the Eurocs, may be largely accounted for by this system of fishing and the consequent bickering. The Cahrocs depend principally upon hunting, and in that there is room for all and small chance of collision: hence, there is a moderate amount of solidarity in the tribe, while the Eurocs are so little homogeneous, that, as we have seen, they have no one name for themselves.

On lagoons and shallow reaches of the river they have a way of trapping wild ducks, which is ingenious. They sprinkle huckleberries or salal-berries on the bottom, then stretch a coarse net a few inches under the surface of the water. Seeing the tempting decoy, the ducks dive for it, thrust their heads through the meshes of the net, and the feathers prevent their return. Thus they are drowned, and remain quiet, with their tails elevated: so that others are not frightened, and an abundant catch sometimes rewards the trapper.

Along the coast they engage largely in smelt-fishing. The fisherman takes two long, slender poles, which he frames together with a cross-piece in the shape of the letter A, and across this he stretches a net with small meshes, bagging down considerably. This net he connects by a throat with a long bag-net floating in the water behind him, and then, provided with a strong staff, he wades out up to his middle. When an unusually heavy billow surges in,he plants his staff firmly on the bottom, ducks his

head forward, and allows it to boom over him. After each wave, he dips with his net and hoists it up, whereupon the smelts slide down to the point and through the throat into the bag-net. When the latter contains a bushel or so, he goes ashore and empties it into his squaw's hamper. About sunset appears to be the most favorable time for smelt-fishing; and at this time the great bar across the mouth of the Klamath presents a lively and interesting spectacle. Sometimes many scores of swarthy heads may be seen bobbing in the surf, like so many sea-lions. The squaws hurry to and fro across the bar, bowing themselves under their great conical hampers, carrying the smelts back to the canoes in the river, while the papooses caper around stark-naked, whoop, throw up their heels, and playfully insinuate pebbles into each other's ears. After the great copper globe of the sun burns into the ocean, bivouac-fires spring up along the sand, among the enormous redwood drift-logs, and families hover around them to roast the evening repast. The squaws bustle about the fires, while the weary smelt-fishermen, in their nude and savage strength, are grouped together, squatting or leaning about, with their smooth, dark, clean-molded limbs in statuesque attitudes of repose. Dozens of canoes, laden with bushels of the little silver-fishes, shove off and move silently away up the darkling river. The village of Requa, perched on the shoulder of the bluff, amid the lush, cool ferns, swashing in the soft sea-breeze, tinkles with the happy cackle of brown babies, tumbling on their heads with the puppies; and the fires within the cabins gleam through the round door-holes like so many full-orbed moons heaving out of the breast of the mountain.

Smelt being small, the squaws dry them whole, by laying them awhile on wooden kilns, with interstices to allow the smoke to rise up freely, and then finishing the process in the sun. They eat them uncooked, with sauce of salal-berries, new-plucked. They are not to say lickerish, from a civilized point of view, but undoubtedly wholesome. Let an Indian be journeying anywhither, and you shall always find in his baskets some bars of this silver bullion, or flakes of rich, orange-colored salmon.

As might be surmised, from their respective circumstances, the Cahrocs are respectable Nimrods, while the Eurocs are chicken-hearted in the wood, but deft and daring on the wave. They pretend that when they go into the forest, devils shaped like bears shoot arrows at them, which travel straight until they are about to impinge on them, when they suddenly swerve aside. Of their cowardice in this regard I had ocular demonstration, when clambering with three Euroc guides around coast headlands; when, to my surprise, I climbed where they dared not follow. They stood looking and calling at me, with much genuine concern; but when the loose stones under me commenced crumbling and rolling down, they rushed "from under," like frightened sheep. On the other hand, I could not but admire the dash and coolness of Salmon Billy, whom a bold soldier-boy and myself employed to take us down the river in his canoe. When we were thumping down the rapids, where the water curled its green lips around the canoe as if it would swallow it bodily, until it was nearly a third full of water, Billy stood up in the stern, with his long linen coattails flowing behind him, and his eyes glinted with savage joy, while he bowsed away hearty, first on this side, then on that, until we shot down at race-horse speed. He got a trifle nervous at times, which we could always tell by his commencing to whistle under his breath; and in the roughest rapids he would get to whistling very fast; but his stroke was never steadier than then. In a pinch like

this, he would bawl out to us to trim the canoe, or to sit still, with an imperiousness that amused me greatly.

I must also relate a little incident, showing the exceeding cunning of this same Salmon Billy. One day I was toiling down the trail along the Klamath, in an execrable drizzle of rain, which, together with the maze of cattle-trails, obscured the path and led me on many a wild-goose chase. At every village the Indians would swarm out, and offer me their canoes, at an extortionate price; but it was only three or four miles to the Klamath Bluffs trading-post, and I determined to push on, since their canoes afforded no protection against the shower. I soon discovered that, whenever I left a village, an Indian would dash down the bank, leap into his canoe, shoot swiftly down the river, and put the next one below on the alert, lest I should pass them unperceived. So it continued for some time; and each village--they were often less than a quarter of a mile apart--lowered the price a little, though still charging about three times too much. At last, I came to fresh tracks, which had evidently been made by American boots, and I followed them joyfully; but they soon led me into a thick jungle, dripping with rain, where I speedily lost the way, and got saturated from head to foot. In a perfect desperation, I floundered out somehow and got down on the river-bank, determined to employ the first passing canoe, at whatever cost. In a few minutes, who, of all men in the world, should come paddling tranquilly around the bend but Salmon Billy!

It is necessary here to go back and mention that Billy had taken note of me in his village, and, instead of going down to warn his neighbors, had studied his own advantage, shot down ahead, bowled his canoe ashore, made the tracks on purpose to decoy me into the jungle, then regained his canoe by a roundabout way, and dashed out of my sight. From his covert he saw me come down on the bank, quite beat out and in a most bedraggled condition; so presently he hove in sight, paddling leisurely around the bend, with the most unconscious and casual air in the world. In a moment a suspicion of foul play flashed upon me, but there was no other way for it. So I gave a shout at him, but he looked the other way. I whooped at him again, with a certain elevation of voice. He narrowly scrutinized a woodpecker flying overhead, then fastened his gaze earnestly upon a frog singing on a bowlder ashore. He couldn't hear me, the rascal! until I bawled at him three times. I paid him his price without a word. The next day he took me down to the mouth of the river, and when I spoke to him about the tracks Billy's face remained as calm as a cucumber, but he suddenly forgot all his stock of English, and could understand never a word more.

Filthy though they are, the Eurocs do not neglect the morning bath. On the Coast, I have seen the smooth-skinned, pudgy, shock-pated braves, on a leaden, foggy morning, crawl on all-fours out of their wretched huts, which were cobbled up of drift-wood, take off the narrow breech-cloths which were their only coverings, and dip up the chilly brine over them with their double-hands, letting it trickle all down their swarthy bodies in a manner that made me shiver. The young squaws, notwithstanding their almost total lack of virtue, are quite modest in sea-bathing--fully as modest as the female bathers at Brighton. They are also sufficiently modest elsewhere in outward deportment.

As among the Cahrocs, marriage is illegal unless preceded by the payment of money; but when a young Indian becomes enamored of a maiden, and can not wait to collect the amount of shells demanded by her father, he is sometimes allowed to pay half the amount, and become what is termed "half-married." Instead of bringing her (19) to his cabin and making her his slave, he goes to live in her cabin and becomes her slave.

Divorce is very easily accomplished, at the will of the husband, the only indispensable formality being that he must receive back from his father-in-law the money which he paid for his spouse. For this reason, since the advent of the Americans, the honorable estate of matrimony has fallen sadly into desuetude among the young braves, because they seldom have shell-money nowadays, and the old Indians prefer that in exchange for their daughters. Besides that, if one paid American money for his wife, his father-in-law would squander it (the old generation dislike the White Man's money, but hoard up shell-money like true misers) and thus, in case of divorce, he could not recover his gold and silver.

The Eurocs are rather a more lively and less austere race than the Cahrocs, and observe more dances. They celebrate the birth of a child with a dance. There is a dance calley oomay likee, in which both sexes participate; but it is not a proper subject of description, being worse than the can-can. Then there is the vernal Salmon Dance, which is something different from the formal and solemn ceremonial of the Cahrocs. We can well imagine with what great joy the villagers engage in this, when--after a dreary and desolate winter of rain, during which the wolf has been hardly kept away from their doors, and the housefather has gone down many and many a time to peer into the Klamath, if perchance he might see the black-backed, finny rovers shooting through the water, but in vain, and has then turned on his heel and cursed with bitter cursing the White Man (the waugeh), who muddies the water so he can no longer see to spear his necessary meat--when, at last, as the ferns are greening on the mountain-side and the birds of spring are singing, the joyful cry resounds through the village, "Maypoot, maypoot!" (The salmon, the salmon!) They are coming at last! Then, hand joined in hand, they caper in a circle around the fire, or, separated in couples, a brave and a squaw together, they cut such antics as would make the monkeys envious.

Like the Cahrocs, they believe old squaws can, by witchcraft, prevent the salmon from ascending the river, and in former times they not unfrequently slew with butcherly murder the unfortunate hag so suspected. Let those who remember the horrors of the Salem persecutions cast the condemnatory stone, if they will. To the Euroc, salmon is all-in-all. They even has a pole erected at the mouth of the Klamath to show them the way in--a tall pole on the sandbar-ornamented with a smallish and rather pretty cross, with two streamers fluttering from it.

The one solitary attempt at ornamental wood-carving that I have seen in California was among the Eurocs, and was evidently connected in some manner with the salmon-fishery. It was a figure something like one of the ancient Roman termini--a satyr's or devil's bust, but fashioned in profile from a puncheon about three inches

(20) thick. It was extremely rude, the nose and chin being sharp-pointed, and the head falttish; the arms rigidly straight, and extending down at a little distance from the body; and on the rump a curving, diabolical tail about three feet long. It was arrayed in a United States regulation coat, with the arms loosely thrust into the sleeves, the body stuffed with grass, and the tail sticking out between the flaps. Perched on a short pole, on a lofty, fern-grown hill at the mouth of the Klamath, it stood looking out over the ocean with a comically lugubrious expression. No Indian would explain its purport, but it was evidently made with some such intent as that above indicated--a kind of shabby St. Anthony preaching a silent sermon to the fishes.

They trim up trees for sweat-house fuel in the same curious way as the Cahrocs; and I have seen hundreds of trees thus docked, to represent a man's head and outstretched arms. The Eurocs say they are intended merely as guides to the squaws, to direct them to the villages when they have been out in the mountains. But this is only one of those pretenses, those mystifications, which they are so fond of making, and they have a deeper significance.

They also have a curious custom of dropping twigs and boughs at the junctions of trails, which sometimes accumulate in heaps several feet high, like wood-rats'
(21) nests. Every Indian who passes deposits a twig on the pile, but without observing any method that a White Man can discover. No one will explain this custom, either, but they laugh the matter off when broached, though they probably observe it, like so many other things, merely "for luck."

In saluting each other, the Eurocs say aiyuquoi (friendship), without any further ceremony. With slight variations, this expression prevails among several tribes of north-western California, who speak entirely different languages.

They bury the dead in a recumbent posture, and observe about the same usages of mourning as the Cahrocs. After a death, they keep a fire burning certain nights in the vicinity of the grave. They hold and believe--at last, the "Big Indians" do--that the spirits of the departed are compelled to cross an extremely attenuated greased pole, which bridges over the chasm of the "Debatable Land," and that they require the fire to light them on their darksome journey. A righteous soul traverses the pole quicker than a wicked one: hence they regulate the number of nights for burning a light according to the character for goodness or the opposite which the deceased possessed in this world. If this greased pole were perpendicular, like the mat de cocagne in the frolics of the Champs Elysees, I should account this an Indian parallel to the Teutonic myth of Jack and the Bean-stalk. But they appear to think it is horizontal, leading over, bridgewise, to the Happy Western Land beyond the ocean, which gives it more resemblance to the Mohammedan fable of Al Sirat.

They fully believe in the transmigration of souls: that they return to earth as birds, squirrels, rabbits, or other feeble animals, liable to be harried and devoured. It is more especially the wicked who are subject to this misfortune, as a punishment.

A word as to the size of the Euroc tribe. Henry Ormond, chief clerk of the Hoopa Reservation, told me that, in 1870, he descended the lower Klamath, from Weitspeck down, in a canoe --forty miles-- and carefully enumerated all the Indians living along its banks. He found the number to be 2,700, which would be at the rate of $67\frac{1}{2}$ inhabitants to the square mile, along the river. This does not include the Eurocs living immediately along the coast, nor those scattered in Arcata, Trinidad, the reservation, etc. It must be borne in mind that there are no wild oats growing along the Klamath, and few acorns; and that the Eurocs are timid and infrequent hunters. Furthermore, before the Whites had come among them--bringing their corruptions and their maladies--the Indians were probably twice as numerous as now, or at the rate of 135 to the riparian square mile. Probably there are 2,000 miles of streams in California, which, before the miners muddied the waters, were capable of yielding salmon in nearly equal abundance with the Klamath, and which, with the addition of the wild oats and acorns on their banks, would have maintained a population as dense as that above mentioned. At this rate, there would have been 270,000 living on the salmon-streams (22) alone, to say nothing of the great multitudes who dwelt on the interior plains, around the lakes, in the beautiful and fertile coast valleys, and along the ocean-coast. As to the enormous numbers of salmon which ascended these rivers, before the miners roiled the current, there can be no doubt. Here, one veteran pioneer says, he has seen many an Indian wigwam containing a ton of dried salmon; another, that he could have walked across the stream and stepped every step on a dead salmon; another, that he has seen them so crowded in the deep and quiet reaches of the river that he could not thrust down a spear without transfixing one or more. From what I have seen myself on the upper Sacramento, three hundred miles from the Pacific, I can believe them all. Hence, the computation above ventured does not seem to be exaggerated.

A EUROC'S REVENGE.

A certain Euroc went down to the sea-coast with his family, and in one of his hunting excursions he quarreled with a man of this tribe, and shot him unto death. The brother of the murdered man, in accordance with the custom of the tribe, demanded a ransom, or blood-money. He asked $60; but he finally offered to compromise the matter upon the receipt of $10 in hand paid. The slayer refused to pay him any thing whatever; and after a fierce wrangle, he gathered his family about him and returned to his home near Klamath Bluffs, saying nothing to any one about the circumstance.

Soon afterward, the owner of the Klamath Bluffs trading-post observed a strange Indian prowling about the vicinity in a manner that excited his curiosity. He was always alone, and was always fetching quick, stealthy glances around him; and was never separated one moment from his bow and quiver; and was never visible during daylight hours, coming to the post only after night-fall. The Indians always dawdle around a frontier store in large numbers by day; but soon after the eveing dusk comes on, they all disappear in their cabins; and it was only when they were all away that this strange Indian would enter, cautiously, and glancing quickly around, to see that no other Indian was present. Then he would go up to the counter, set down his bow within easy clutching distance, and purchase the smallest quantity of crackers the

trader would sell, and occasionally, also, as much more of tobacco, matches, or some other trifling article. After a few half-whispered words, he would slink quietly out, and be seen no more until the following evening. He never missed an evening, but always made his appearance in the same manner, went through the same maneuvres, and always bought a half-pound of crackers--never over a pound.

The merchant grew uneasy; but he had learned by bitter experience the folly of meddling in Indian feuds, and he said nothing--only watched. Month after month passed away, and still this inscrutable Indian continued to come every evening, slipped softly into the store, carefully closed the door behind him, made his little purchases, and then went away. He grew gaunt and haggard, and on his drawn cheeks he could now hardly force a smile as he greeted the trader; but not one word did he breathe of his secret purpose.

He was the avenger of his murdered brother, waiting and watching for the life which he had sworn by his god to offer to the horrid Oomah. Night after night he was lying beside a certain brook, where he awaited the slayer. Week after week, month after month, passed on , until five moons had waxed and waned; the shrilling rains, and the frosts, and the snows of winter came and went, and beat upon his shriveled body; the moaning winds shook his unshortened locks, and whistled through his rotting blanket; the great fern-slopes of the mountains faded from green to golden, to wine-color, to russet, to tawny, buried their ugliness under the winding-sheet of the snow, then lived again in the tender green of spring--and still his wasting eyes glared out through the thicket, and still the victim came not.

But, at last, one morning in the soft, early spring, at daybreak, he beholds him for whom he is waiting. He comes down a winding pathway, and descends into the brook to bathe. He lays off his girdle on a ferny bank. He stands erect and supple, stretches up his smooth, brown arms above his head, and all his body quivers with the delight of a fresh, morning air-bath. Sitting in his blanket, the avenger of blood peers through his leafy screen. A moment ago he was shivering with cold; but all his tremor is suddenly stilled. His stiffened fingers grow suddenly lithe, as they grip the arrow. In his eyes, late so faded and rayless, is now the glitter of ferocious hate. Without moving his eyes a moment from the foe, he softly couches the arrow. All the strength wasted through months is now in his arms again. There is no wavering in his aim. The sweet hope of revenge has steadied it to deadly certainty. Twangs the bow and slips the arrow, smooth and swift, through the limber air. The blood-guilty one is smitten low. He lies still beside the brook. The long vigil is ended; and savage justice has its rounded dues.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. IV. [The Hoopa]

To indicate correctly the Indian pronunciation of "Hoopa," it should be spelled "Hoopaw;" but I follow the common orthography. The habitat of this tribe is in Hoopa Valley, in the lower Trinity River. Next after the Cahrocs, they are the finest tribe in all that region round about, and they even surpass them in their astute state-craft and the singular, magnetic influence they exercise over the vicinal tribes. They are the Romans of northern California, in their valor and their wide-reaching dominion; they are the French, in their subtile influence, their intolerance, and their haughty refusal to learn any exotic language. They hold in a state of vassalage all the tribes around them, except their two powerful neighbors on the Klamath, exacting from them annual tribute (they did, before the Whites interfered); and they compel all their tributaries to this day, to the number of some half-dozen, to speak the Hoopa langauge in all communications with them. Although they occupied only about twenty miles of the lower Trinity, their authority was acknowledged at last nearly a hundred miles up that stream, on New River, on South Fork, on Redwood Creek, on a good portion of Mad River and Van Dusen's Fork; and there is good reason for believing that their name was scarcely less dreaded on the distant Eel River, if they did not actually saddle the tribes of that valley with their idiom.

Although each of their petty tributaries had their own tongue, so vigourously were they put to school in the language of their masters that most of their vocabularies were sapped and reduced to bald categories of names. They had the dry bones of nouns; but the flesh and blood of verbs were sucked out of them by the Hoopa. Mr. White, a man well acquainted with the Chimalaquays, who once had an entirely distinct tongue, told me that before they became extinct they scarcely employed a verb which was not Hoopa. In the Hoopa Valley Reservation, in the summer of 1871, the Hoopas constituted not much over a third of the Indians present, who, taken altogether, represented some six languages; and yet the Hoopa was not only the French of the reservation--the idiom of diplomacy and of courtesy between the tribes--but it was in general use, inside of each rancheria, as well as intertribally. I tried in vain to get the numerals of certain obscure remnants of tribes: they persisted in giving me the Hoopa, and indeed, they seemed to know no other--so great was the influence and the dread of this masterly race. While they did not equal the famous Six Nations in their capacity for confederation and government, they were scarcely inferior to them in prowess, and even their superiors in that certain something of presence, of mental gifts, which renders one man a born captain over another.

As an illustration of the knack of affairs, the tact for management displayed by the Hoopas, may be mentioned the chief herdsman of the reservation--a member of that tribe, and the only Indian who was at the head of any department. He had under him some

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 9, pp. 155-164, 1872.

dozen or more herders, and exercised control over an amount of stock which constituted fully half the whole wealth of the reservation, for which he received a salary of $750 a year.

They appear to be somewhat like the Mussulmans, who are forbidden by the Koran to learn any foreign language, except Arabic. As the Sultans, for four hundred years, had no interpreters save the versatile Greeks of the Phanariotic quarter of Stamboul, so among the tribes surrounding the Hoopas I found many Indians speaking three, four, five languages, always including Hoopa, and generally English. The Hoopas not only ignored the tongues of their vassals, but contemptuously refused to recognize even their tribal names, giving them such as suited themselves. But this custom is quite general in California.

While the Hoopas were valorous when need was, they also knew to be discreet. They were quick-witted enough to perceive the overshadowing power of the Americans, after trying their hands on them briskly a couple of times; and after that they refrained from butting out their brains against a stone-wall--as some of the fool-hardy tribes farther up the Trinity did. True, they had not the provocations the latter received, for the Americans mined very little on the lower Trinity, and the water muddied farther up nearly clarified itself by the time it reached Hoopa Valley: so that it did not interfere with salmon-fishing as it did above.

The primitive dress and implements of this tribe are about like those of the Klamath River Indians. Their ancient mode of building a wigwam was as follows: They first dug a circular cellar, about three feet deep and ten feet in diameter, walled up the side of it with stone, and leaned up a notchedpole against the side for a ladder. Then, around this cellar, at a distance of a feww feet from it, they erected another stone-wall on the earth's surface. On this wall they leaned up poles, puncheons, and broad strips of bark, the whole assuming a conical shape. Sometimes the stone-wall, instead of being on the inside of the wigwam, was on the outside, around the bottoms of the poles, and serving to steady them. Shiftless Indians neglected to wall up the cellar, leaving only a sloping bank of earth.

The Hoopas closely resemble the Cahrocs in physique, only they have not such bright and prominent eyes, and are a trifle darker. These and the Eurocs are the only tribes in their neighborhood whom they acknowledge as equals; and with them they sometimes intermarry. They are on cartel with them, sending deputations to their great annual dances, and receiving others in return. Weitspeck, being at the mouth of the Trinity, and the point of rendezvous for the three greatest tribes of northern California--the Hoopas, Cahrocs, and Eurocs--sometimes witnesses the assembling of considerable fleets of canoes, and solemn sederunts, wherein important businesses of state-craft are negotiated by dusky Solons of grave and majestic demeanor.

In governmental matters the Hoopas are nearly as democratic as the Eurocs. There is no one Chief with absolute power, but a Captain in each village, with only advisory authority; and, in general, every man does that which seemeth good in his own

eyes. They do not scalp a fallen enemy, but simply decapitate him--like the Klamath Indians. Murder is generally compounded for by the payment of shell-money; but they have a singular punishment for adultery committed by a benedict. One of his eyes is pricked, so that the ball gradually wastes away by extravasation. The Hoopas appear to be ashamed of this; and they will not admit that it is done for punishment, explaining the large number of one-eyed men among them by saying that they lost their eyes when children,through their carelessness in shooting arrows at each other's eyes by way of youthful practice. But it is not easy to perceive, on this explantion, why one-eyed individuals should more abound in this tribe than in others (which is the case); and the beholder acquires a strong suspicion, that, as old pioneers affirm, the eyes have been pricked out for the reason above stated. Among the Hoopas--as among most of the tribes in northern California--the wife is very seldom, if ever, punished for this offense. The woman seems to be regarded as entirely irresponsible for her misdeeds, and all her dishonor, as well as her glory, attaches to her husband.

As with a Cahroc, the more shell-money a Hoopa pays for his wife, the more distinguished is his rank in society. They push their abhorrence of bastardy even further than the tribe just mentioned, which is superfluous. A bastard is a slave for life--a kineikil. His unhappy and despised mother has not even the consolation left to Hester Prynne when she was condemned to wear about on her bosom the flaming emblem of her crime, for her child is not her own. A bastard is the property of some one of the mother's male relatives--her brother, cousin, or uncle--who, as soon as the child is old enough to be separated from the mother, takes it into his service. He is condemned to do the menial drudgery of a squaw. If he is industrious and ambitious, he sometimes accumulates enough shells to purchase his freedom; otherwise, he remains a slave in perpetuum. He suffers contumely and hardship; he is loathed and spit upon. Marriage is impossible with him or her, except with another unfortunate of the same description.

The Hoopa language is worthy of the people who speak it--copious in its vocabulary; robust, sonorous, and strong in utterance; of a martial simplicity and rudeness in construction. Of the richness of its vocabulary, a single specimen will suffice: to wit, the words that denote the various climacterics of human life. These are, hoocheia, mechayeta, killahuch, conchwilchwil, hoesteh, hoostoei, and coowhean, which denote, respectively, "boy baby," "child" (of either sex), "boy," "youth," "man," "married man," "old man." The Hoopa shows the Turanian feature of agglutination--that is, the pronoun is glued directly to the noun to form a declension; and herein consists one element of its simplicity and crudeness, for the Wintoon and other southern languages have possessive pronouns. Thus, hwe is "I," and hoota is "father," and to express "my father," these two words are simply joined together--hwehoota: as if we should write "Ifather." The word for "you" is ninc; and, in this case, both words suffer elision in uniting--nineta, which is the same as "youfather." The possessive case is formed by setting the two words together--thus, necho is "mother," and cheechwit is "death;" whence, "your mother's death" is nincho cheechwit. But in another respect the language departs from the Turanian simplicity, and that is, in having

irregular forms. For instance, tuchwa--"to go"--in the first person singular of the present, imperfect, and future, and in the second person singular of the imperative, is a s follows: tuchwa (same as infinitive), wilch tan testa, holische tucha, tach. It will be perceived that the pronouns are omitted, whereas in Wintoon they are expressed. In short, as the Hoopas remind one of the Romans among savages, so is their language something akin to the Latin in its phonetic characterisctics: the idiom of camps--rude, strong, laconic. Let a grave and decorous Indian speak it deliberately, and every word comes out like the thud of a battering-ram against a wall. For instance, let the reader take the words for "devil" and "death"--keetoanchwa and cheechwit.--and note the robust strength with which they can be uttered. What a grand roll of drums there is in that long, strong word, conchwilchwil!

The reader has probably observed that the epochs of life above mentioned are not very accurately defined. The Hoopas take no account of the lapse of years, and consider it a ridiculous superfluity to keep the reckoning of their ages. They sometimes speak of so or so many "snows" passing since a certain occurence. As for their ages, they determine them only by consulting their teeth--like a jockey at Tattersall's. A story is told of a superannuated squaw, who had already buried three or four husbands--omnes composuit--and yet was talking garrulously of remarrying. Some of her friends laughed at her horribly for entertaining such a silly conceit, whereupon the old crone replied, with spirit, showing her ivories and tapping them with her finger, "See, I have good teeth yet!" A grim suggestion, certainly, when taken in connection with possible connubial infelicities in the futures!

The Hoopas observe various dances, among which is the Dance of Friendship (Iuguay), so called, from the word generally used in salutations. Men and squaws unite in this, dancing in lively measures to suit the joyousness of the occasion, but not observing any particular elegance of costume. Then there is the Dance for Luck, in autumn, wherein only men participate, dressed and painted in the manner dear to the aboriginal heart, and brandishing white deer-skins in their hands--if any are so happy as to possess these articles of happy auspice. They set as much store by them as the Cahrocs do by black ones. The notion seems to be, that, whereas a white or black deer is an exception to the general rule, that animal is the marked favorite of the gods, and its possession will insure them good-fortune. Their greatest dance, however, is the Dance of Peace, the celebration of which--like the closing of the Temple of Janus--signifies that the tribe is at peace with all mankind. In order that the full significance of this dance may be understood, it is necessary, first, to rehearse the ancient legend on which it is said to be founded. One day I was riding with the Agent of the Reservation, Mr. D. H. Lowry, and reminded him of a promise formerly made, whereupon he halted the carriage in the shadow of an oak and narrated the following--

LEGEND OF GARD.

About a hundred snows ago, according to the traditions of the ancients, there lived a young Hoopa named Gard. Wide as the eagles fly was he known for his love of peace. He walked in the paths of honesty, and clean was his heart. His words were

not crooked or double. He went everywhere, teaching the people the excellent beauty of meekness. He said to them: "Love peace, and eschew war and the shedding of blood. Put away from you all wrath, and unseemly jangling, and bitterness of speech. Dwell together in the singleness of love. Let all your hearts be one heart. So shall ye prosper greatly, and the Great One Above shall build you up like a rock on the mountain. The forests shall yield you abundance of game, and of rich, nutty seeds and acorns. The red-fleshed salmon shall never fail in the river. Ye shall rest in your wigwams in great joy, and your children shall run in and out like the young rabbits of the field for number." And the report of Gard went out through all that land. Gray-headed men came many days' journey to sit at his feet.

Now, it chanced, on a time, that the young man Gard was absent from his wigwam many days. His brother was grievously distressed on account of him. At first, he said to himself, "He is teaching the people, and tarries." But when many days came and went, and still Gard was nowhere seen, his heart died within him. He assembled together a great company of braves. He said to them, "Surely a wild beast has devoured him, for no man would lay violent hands on one so gently." They sallied forth into the forest, sorrowing, to search for Gard. Day after day they beat up and down on the mountains. They struggled through the tangled chaparral. They shouted in the gloomy canons. Holding their hands to their ears, they listened with bated breath. No sound came back to them but the lonely echo of their own voices, buffeted, faint, and broken among the mountains. One by one they abandoned the search. They returned to their homes in the valley. But still the brother wandered on. As he went through the forest, he exclaimed aloud, "O Gard! O brother!, if indeed, you are already in the land of souls, then speak to me at least one word with the voice of the wind, that I may know it for a certainty, and therewith be content!" As he wandered, aimless, at last all his companions left him. He roamed alone in the mountains, and his heart was dead.

Then it fell out on a day that Gard suddenly appeared to him. He came, as it were, out of the naked hill-side, or, as it were, dropping from the sky, so sudden was his apparition. The brother of Gard stood dumb and still before him. He gazed upon him as upon one risen from the grave, and his heart was frozen. Ga rd said: "Listen! I have been in the land of souls. I have beheld the Great Man above. I have come back to the earth to bring a message to the Hoopas, then I return up to the land of souls. The Great Man has sent me to tell the Hoopas that they must dwell in concord with one another, and with the neighboring tribes. Put away from you all thoughts of vengeance. Wash you hearts clean. Redden your arrows no more in your brother's blood. Then the Great Man will make you to increase greatly and be happy in this good land. Ye must not only hold back your arms from warring, and your hands from blood-guiltiness, but you must wash your hearts as with water. When ye hunger no more for blood, and thirst no more for your enemy's soul, when hatred and vengeance lurk no more in your hearts, ye shall observe a great dance. Ye shall keep the Dance of Peace which the Great Man has appointed. When ye observe it, ye shall know if ye are clean in your hearts by a sign. There shall be a sign of smoke ascending. But if in your hearts there is yet a corner full of hatred that ye have not washed away, there shall be no sign. If in your secret minds ye still study vengeance, it is only a mockery that ye enact, and

there shall be no smoke ascending." Having uttered these words, Gard was suddenly wrapped in a thick cloud of smoke, and the cloud floated up into the land of souls.

The name "Gard" has a suspicious look, though it seems to be related to the Cahroc "Chareya," which is well authenticated; and at first I was doubtful of the genuiness of this legend. But afterweard an old pioneer, named Campbell, told me that the substance of it existed among the Hoopas as early as 1853, so that it is sufficiently improbable that they borrowed it from the Americans. It is possible that it may have come to them in a different shape from the early Jesuits; but of the probability of it the reader must judge for himself. The fact that the Hoopas have founded on it by far the most important and solemn of their ceremonial dances, makes strongly against the latter supposition. And few things are more thoroughly contemptible than that purblind, besotted egotism which accounts for most that the Indians know on the ground that they have learned if from the Whites. That man who attributes every striking idea the Indians have to intercourse with Americans, goes near to be lower than the savage himself, and is every way more despicable.

At any rate, they celebrate the great Dance of Peace which Gard authorized. For nearly twenty years, it remained in desuetude, because during most of that period their Temple of Janus had been open, as they were engaged in numerous wars, either with the Whites or with the vicinal Indians. But in the spring of 1871, the old chiefs revived it, lest the younger ones should forget the fashion thereof, there being then profound peace. This dance is performed in the following manner: They first construct a semicircular wooden railing or row of palisades, inside of which the performers take their stations. These consist of two maidens, who seem to be priestesses, and about twenty-five Indians, all of them arrayed in all their glory--the maidens in fur chemises, with strings of glittering shells around their necks and suspended in various ways from their shoulders; the men in tasseled deer-skin robes, and broad coronets or head-bands of the same material, spangled with the scarlet scalps of woodpeckers, to the value of hundreds of dollars on each coronet. A fire is built on the ground in the centre of the semicircle, and the priests and priestesses then take their places, confronted by two, three, sometimes four or five hundred spectators. A slow and solemn chant is begun, in that weird monotone so peculiar to the Indians, in which all the performers join. The exercise is not properly a dance, but rather resembles the strange maneuvres of the howling dervishes of Turkey, only they do not whirl themselves around. They stretch out their arms and brandish them in the air; they sway their bodies backward and forward; they drop suddenly almost into a squatting posture, then quickly rise again; and, at a certain turn of the cermony, all the priests drop every article of clothing, and stand before the audience perfectly nude. The two priestesses, however, conduct themselves with modesty throughout. All this while the chant croons on in a solemn monotony, alternating with occasional brief intervals of profound silence. It means nothing whatever. By all these multiplied and rapid genuflections, and this strange, wild chanting, they gradually work themselves into a fanatic frenzy, like that of the dervishes, and a reeking perspiration, though they generally keep their places. This continues a matter of two hours, and is renewed, day by day, until they are assured of the favor of the Great Man Above by seeing Gard ascend from the ground in the form of a smoke.

On this occasion the dance was held in the valley, on the reservation, but an old man was stationed on the distant hill-side, near the spot where Gard revealed himself to his brother, to watch for the rising of the smoke. Day after day, week after week, he took up his vigil on the sacred lookout, and eagerly watched, while the weird, wild droning of the incantation came up to him from the valley below; but still the smoke rose not until four weeks had elapsed. Then one day he saw it curling up at last! Great was the joy of the Hoopas when the news was brought: now they had found favor in the eyes of the Great Man. But the dance was prolonged yet two weeks longer, lasting six weeks in all. Such is the patience of their priestly fanaticism, and the credulity of the spectators.

This Dance of Peace is probably the counterpart of the Cahroc Dance of Propitiation; only the Sacred Smoke of the latter is kindled by the Chareya-Indian, while among the Hoopas it is expected to be created by supernal power. Whatever may be the fables on which these observances are founded, the dances are thoroughly genuine aboriginal customs, nowise copied from the Americans. It seems hardly necessary to remark, further, that they indicate, on the part of the more thoughtful Indians, an unmistakable consciousness of a Supreme Being somewhere in existence, who holds them accountable for their actions, and whom they think to appease by fasting and expiatory ceremonials. No Indian would fast until he is a living skeleton (as Americans testify that the Cahrocs do) merely to dupe the populace and wheedle them out of their money.

The Hoopas bury their dead in the civilized posture, and mourn for them in the usual savage fashion. They have the same superstitious veneration for their memory as the Cahrocs, and the same repugnance toward allowing any body to view their graves. Most of the valuables are buried in the grave with the deceased, but his clothes they take away into the forest, where they hang them high upon the trees, to remain until they rot away. The Chinese of certain provinces have an absurd notion that when a man is moribund, they can arrest the flight of his soul for a season by hanging his coat on a bamboo-bough and holding it over him; but whether the Hoopas hang the clothes in the forest from any similar belief, or simply from repugnance to the sight of any thing that belonged to the deceased, I am not informed.

STORY OF NISH-FANG.

Once there was a Hoopa maiden, named Nish-Fang, who had left the home of her forefathers, and was sojourning with a White family on Mad River. When that mysterious and momentous occurrence first took place which announced her arrival to the estate of womanhood, she earnestly yearned to return to her native valley, in order that she might be duly ushered into the sisterhood of women by the time-honored and consecrating ritual of the Puberty Dance. Without this observance she would be an outcast, a Pariah, dishonored and despised of her tribe. First, it was necessary that she should fast for the space of nine days. Three days she fasted, therefore, before setting out on her journey, and on the morning of the fourth day she started homeward, accompanied by a bevy of her young companions--Hoopa maidens. It was a long and weary journey that lay before them--over two rugged mountain-chains, across deep and precipitous valleys, through wild, lonesome forests.

Already weak and faint from her three days' nearly total abstinence, Nish-Fang set out to ascend the first mountain. No man might behold her countenance during those nine days; and, as she journeyed, therefore, she buried her face in her hands. Wearily she toiled up the great steep, along the rugged and devious trail, often sitting down to rest. When she became so exhausted that she could no longer hold up her arms, her young companions bore them up, lest some man might behold her face, and be stricken with sudden death. By slow stages they struggled on, among the gigantic redwood-roots, where the sure-footed mules had trodden out steps knee-deep; through vast, silent forests, where no living thing was visible, save the enormous, leather-colored trunks of the redwoods, heaving their majestic crowns against the sky, shutting out the sunlight. Then down into deep and narrow canons, where the overshadowing foliage turned the daylight into darkness and dankness, where the owl gibbered at noonday, and the cougar and the coyote shrieked through the black night. Every night they encamped on the ground, safe under the forest from the immodest scrutiny of the prurient stars. Long pack-trains passed her by day, urged on in their winding path among the redwoods by the clamorous drivers, who looked and wondered if this woman had been stricken blind; but, though these were the hereditary enemies of her race, and she might have destroyed them with a glance, she lifted not her hands from her face.

At last they found themselves toiling up the yet steeper and higher slope of the second mountain, through tangled thickets of the huckleberry, the wild rose, the silvery-leafed manzanita, and the yellowing ferns, with here and there a stalk of dry fennel amid the coarse, rasping grasses, filling the atmosphere with a faint aroma. Near the summit there is a spring, where the trail turns aside to a camping-ground beneath a wide-branching fir-tree that stands solitary on the arid, southern slope. Here they rested and drank of the cool waters. Then they rose to descend into the valley. But Nish-Fang could go no farther; she sunk in a swoon upon the ground. And yet, with the instinct of the savage superstition ever strong upon her, though insensible, her hands still tightly covered her face. Then her companions lifted her in their arms, and bore her down the long descent of the mountain, through the grateful coolness of the fir-trees and the madronos, past many a murmuring spring, down into the sunny valley of the Trinity, straw-colored in its glorious autumn ripeness, and tinted with a mellow haze of lilac. There, in the home of her fathers, when her nine days were fully accomplished, in the shadow of a little, thin-leaved grove of oaks, the Hoopas danced around her, and chanted the ancient choral of the Puberty Dance. Then the Chief lifted her by the hand, and the maiden Nish-Fang became a woman of her tribe.

Of the numerous tributaries of the Hoopas, I will mention here only one tribe--the Kailtas, whose home was anciently on the South Fork of the Trinity. They have no tribal name for themselves, or if they ever had one, they allowed it to be supplanted by the one they now bear, given them by the Hoopas. They offer a good illustration of the statements made in the first portion of this paper--that the arrogant and intolerant Hoopas compelled all their dependencies to speak their language, just as all civilized people are compelled, or think themselves compelled, to learn the prevailing idiom of France. They are polyglots, perforce; and I saw a curious specimen of this class in an Indian called Old One-eye. He was a funny old codger, truly. He had been facetiously

dignified by the Whites with the title of "Mr. Baker," which title had elevated him to an illustrious character in his own eyes; for the seemly maintenance of which he considered an ancient and deplorably smashed tile hat and a cast-off regulation-coat with brass buttons as absolutely indispensable. He wore his shirt persistently outside his trousers, and spoke six languages, it was said, including English. He had one eye in his head, and a Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup label stuck in his hat-band.

In justice to the California Indians, however, I must say, while it occurs to me, that, however ragged they may be, they seldom ornament themselves with those fantastic medleys of civilized trumpery so dear to the hearts of many of our savage brethren.

A veteran pioneer and "squaw-man" among them affirms that they eat soap-root when hard-pushed in the spring; but this appears somewhat doubtful, for no other Indians eat it, and it is poisonous. He says they extract the toxical quality from it by roasting, which operation they perform by heaping up a large quatity of it on the ground, covering it over with green leaves, and building over it a large fire, which is allowed to burn until the poison is roasted out, when it is said to be quite sweet and lickerish. They also find a root growing in moist places which resembles the potato, and is called the wild potato, which, when roasted, is sweetish and toothsome. The great amount of roots in this State which are sweet when roasted, and especially the cammas--the digging of which procured the California Indians the injurious appellation of "Diggers"--seems to account partly for the sweet-tooth that every one of them has. Let a squaw get together a few dimes, by hook or crook, and she will hie her straight to a trading-post and invest every cent of it in sugar, when she grievously needs a few breadths of calico. They are as fond of the article as the Eastern Indians are of whisky, and eat it as they would bread. The large amount of saccharine matter which the California Indians get in the roots they eat seems to have somewhat to do with their remarkable obesity in youth, just as children are alway sucking candy, and have plump cheeks.

They gather, also huckleberries and manzanita-berries, which latter are exceptionally large and farinaceous in the Trinity Valley. I have seen thickets of them wherein an acre could be selected that would yield more nutriment to human life, if the berries were all plucked, than the best acre of wheat ever grown in California, after the expenses of cultivation were deducted. The agriculture of the upper Trinity and South Fork--heaven save the mark!--will never support a population one-fourth as numerous as the Indians were, and I do greatly doubt if the placers, even in the goodliest years of their dust, ever nourished as many as lived there of yore.

Like all savages, the Kailtas are inveterate gamblers, either with the game of guessing the sticks or with cords; and they have a curious way of punishing or mortifying themselves for failure therein. When one has been unsuccessful in gaming, he frequently scarifies himself with flints or glass, on the outside of the leg from the knee down to the ankle, scratching the skin all up criss-cross until it bleeds freely. He does this "for luck," believing that it will appease some bad spirit who is against him. The Siahs, on Eel River, have the same custom.

Their doctors profess to be spiritualists, not merely seeing visions in dreams--which is common among the California Indians--but pretending to be able to hold converse with spirits in their waking hours, by clairvoyance. An incident is related, which is about as worthy of credence as the majority of ghost-stories narrated by the gente de razon. There was a certain Indian who had murdered Mr. Stockton, the Agent of the Hoopa Reservation, besides three other persons at various times, and was then a hunted fugitive. The matter created much excitement and speculation among the tattle-loving Indians, and one day a Kailta doctor cried out suddenly that he saw the murderer at that moment with his spiritual eyes. He described minutely the place where he was concealed, told how long he had been there, etc. Subsequent events revealed the fact that the doctor was substantially correct, whether he drew on his clairvoyant vision, or on knowledge which he had somehow smuggled.

They make a curious and rather subtile metaphysical distinction in the matter of spirits. According to them, there is an evil spirit or devil (Keetoanchwa, a Hoopa word) and a good spirit; but the good spirit has no name. The evil spirit is positive, active, and powerful; but the good spirit is negative and passive--a kind of Manicheism. The former is without, and ranges through space, on evil errands bent; but the latter is within them: it is their own spirit, their better nature, their conscience. The Hoopas have a word, honisteh, for "soul" or "spirit," generic in meaning; but these Indians, though they seem to proceed further in their analysis, have no expression for this subtile principle. In conversation with the Whites they express themselves as nearly as they can by calling it their "good think." This reminds one of Confucius, who calls the conscience the "good heart." Like the great Chinese sage, the Kailtas seem to believe the nature of man originally good, but he commits wickedness under the temptation of the evil spirit without him.

When a Kailta dies, according to their poetical conceit, upon the instant the breath leaves his body a little bird flies away with his soul to the spirit-land. If he was a bad Indian, a hawk will catch him and eat him up, soul and all; but if he was good, he will reach the happy spirit-land.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. V. [The Yuka]

To the traveler arriving on the summit of the mountains, on his way eastward from Long Valley, Mendocino County, there is presented a magnificent panorama. The name Round Valley describes the noble domain he is in quest of; and there it lies beneath him, encompassed around on all sides with a coronal of blue, broad-based mountains, which are dappled green and golden with wild-oat pasturage and shredded forest; while the valley spreads broadly out, in its great circumference, an ocean of yellow grain and pasture-fields, islanded with stately groves of white-oak. Blunted indeed must have been the sensibilities of the pioneer Sam Kelsey, the trail-cutter, when, one mellow, lilac evening at nightfall, his eyes--probably the first of all Americans--gazed down from the summit upon this large round of meadow, and beheld all its broad sheet spangled with Indian camp-fires, even as the heaven was studded with stars, if he did not feel his soul kindle a little. Yes, here in the heart of California, he had stumbled upon a little Indian empire, all unknown and untroubled yet by the American. And yet the immediate occupants of this little cockaigne--the Yukas--strange to relate, are the worst of all the Pacific Indian race, save the Apaches alone.

It is singular what an intolerable deal of pother I had in finding this people. I heard about Yukas away over in Sacramento Valley; I heard of them again at Weaverville, on Hay Fork, on Mad River, on Van Dusen's Fork, and all along Eel River; and always the next tribe I was to find would be Yukas; and always when I discovered them, at last, they were not there. I began to be skeptical of their very existence, and smiled a superior, incredulous smile whenever I found any body so simple-minded as to make serious mention of Yukas. They seemed as mythical as the Fata Morgana, as phantasmagorical as Sinbad's great fish; but, unlike that monster, they would not remain in one place. Even when I found them, at last, in Round Valley, I was very dubious if they really were Yukas, so often had I gripped thin air in my investigating hand.

The reason for this is singular. The word yuka in the Wintoon language signifies "stranger," and hence secondarily "bad Indian" or "thief;" and it was applied by that people to almost all the Indians around them, just as the ancient Greeks called all the outside world "barbarians." There were anciently many mountain tribes contiguous to them who actually were "bad Indians," compared with the peaceful Wintoons; but the latter applied the epithet so indiscriminately, that the Whites, not troubling themselves to sift the matter, got very much confused on this subject; hence the infinite perplexity I had for weeks. As a matter of fact, there are several tribes whom both Americans and Indians call "Yukas;" but this tribe alone acknowledge them

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*Overland Monthly, Vol. 9, pp. 305-313, 1872.

All about Red Bluff, in Cottonwood Creek Valley, and about Shasta City, whenever a depredation was committed in early times, it was a "Yuka" who did it; but alas to the simple-minded Wintoons generally smarted for it at the hands of the summary miners. These highly unphilosophical and double-seeing aboriginals described the "Yukas" to me as terrific fellows, truculent giants, living on the coast mountains, dwelling in caves and dens, horribly tattooed (which they are), and cannibals.

In Round Valley, then, live, not the Forty Thieves, but The Thieves--all thieves--305 of them, though they formerly numbered thousands. If they ever had any tribal name in their own language, they dropped it, and, in a spirit of braggadocio which well comports with their character, dubbed themselves as above.

And, indeed, they are well worthy of their christening, for they are thorough-paced rascals. So double-tongued and suspicious are they that I could not even procure their ten numerals. The Chief Clerk of the Reservation, F. A. Gibson, brought me two in succession, whom he counted the most intelligent,but they chose to consider me bent on some errand of sorcery, and lied to me with such consistency that they did not at any time, or by any accident, deviate into the truth. Not one of the numerals they gave me was correct, and I was obliged to learn them from an Indian of another tribe. Their language is like none other in the vicinity, but singularly it is closely related to that of the (23) Ashochemies (Wappos), whose former habitat was in the mountains, from the Geysers down to the Calistoga Hot Springs. Hence there are two systems of language running parallel for more than a hundred miles--the Yuka dialects in the Coast Range, and the Pomo dialects along Russian River Valley; though the latter break across eastward at Ukiah, reaching to and surrounding Clear Lake. Neither the Pomos nor the WiTackees can understand the Yukas until they study their language two or three months. William Potter, who speaks several Pomo dialects, told me he could understand only a very few Yuka words. The WiTackees alone appear to value their friendship at all, notwithstanding they fought often and fiercely; and as the two tribes join territories a little way north of Round Valley, the intermarried a good deal, giving rise to a border progeny who are calle Wi Tackee-Yukas.

It is difficult to distinguish these two races externally, except by the tattooing. Both of them tattoo wavy lines in blue all over the face, including the nose; but the Yukas make the lines straight down the face, while the Wi Tackees slant them backward and upward.

The Yukas are notable for disproportionately large heads, mounted like great cannon-balls on smallish bodies, with protuberant abdomens. Their eyes are rather (24) undersized, but keen and restless, and, from the execrable smudge in which they live, they are often swollen and horribly protruding. Their noses are stout and short, the nostrils something more oval and expanded than the American, but less than the Chinese; and they have heavy shocks of stiff, black, bristly hair, cut short, and hence bushy-looking. Like all California Indians, they are variously colored, without any perceptible law, from yellowish-buff to brown or black. They are a tigerish, truculent, sullen, thievish, revengeful, and every way bad, but brave race.

The original population of Round Valley has been variously estimated--from 5,000 all the way to 20,000. William Potter places it at the latter figure, but this is manifestly too great. I am told that Sam Kelsey, the discoverer, reckoned it at 10,000. But let us take the lowest estimate, and we shall even then have one inhabitant to every four acres in the valley, or 160 Indians to the square mile. This figure is startling at first sight; but when we recollect that anciently Round Valley was one vast oat-field, and was occupied by Indians who had usufructuary possession of ten times its area of nut-bearing forest on the surrounding mounatins, besides a stream that swarmed with salmon, we need not be surprised. Round Valley thus affords us a means of making a close conjecture of the ancient population of California. Of course, the wide plains of the interior could not maintain a population so dense as this isolated valley, with its immense borders of acorn-bearing forest; but, considering the quantity of wild-oats formerly produced there, it would not be extravagant to estimate their capacity at one-third as great as that of Round Valley. The natural oat-bearing area of the State may be safely set down at 25,000 square miles, which, at the rate of fifty Indians to the square mile, would have sustained 1,250,000 inhabitants. In speaking of the Klamath River Indians, in a former paper, it was computed that the salmon-streams alone, with the nuts, roots, and game along their banks--not counting in any wild-oat lands--would have supported a population of 270,000. Added together, these sums aggregate 1,520,000 souls; which figure, no doubt, comes near the aboriginal population of California before any European colonies were planted within it.

(25)

The Yukas construct dome-shaped sweat-houses, with only a shallow depth of earth scooped out for the floor, though the structure is commodious, capable of containing fifty people. It is thatched with straw, and rendered air-tight with a heavy layer of earth. The common wigwam is conical, smaller than the sweat-house, constructed of poles and bark, and thatched in winter. Most of the northern peoples, especially on the Klamath, make their cabins of stout puncheons, not intended to be burned down every autumn, but permanent, leaving interstices between the pieces, and employing very little or no thatch, while their well-sized cellars assist in protecting them from the smoke, and so they have neat, clean eyes; but, coming as far south as Round Valley, they must have thatch, and are too shiftless to excavate cellars--hence opthalmia and blindness prevail to a disgusting extent.

It is in the sweat-house that the candidates for the degree of M. D. pass their competitive examination, more terrible than the contention of Doctor Cherubino and Doctor Serafino in "The Great School of Salern." It consists simply of a dance, protracted day and night, without cessation, until they all fall utterly exhausted, except one, who is then entitled to practice the healing art. From physicians thus qualified, one could hardly expect treatment equal to that of Abernethy, even when he was fuddled. For instance, one method of procedure is as follows: The patient is placed on the ground, stark naked, face upward, and two medicines take their stations at his feet one directly behind the other. Striking up a hoarse, crooning chant, they commence hopping up and down the afflicted individual, with their legs astride of him, advancing by infinitesimal jumps all the way up to his head, then backward to his feet. They keep close together, and hop in unison, while the invalid lies there like a turtle and blinks at the sun.

(26) There is an anniversary dance observed by the Yukas, called the Green-corn Dance, though this manifestly dates only from the period when the Spaniards taught them to cultivate maize. It is a joyous occasion, but, as usual, is not made a pretext for feasting. The performers are of both sexes; the men being dressed with a breech-cloth and a mantle of the black tail-feathers of eagles, buzzards, hawks, or owls, reaching from the arm-pits down to the thighs, but not encumbering the arms; while the squaws wear their finest skin-robes, strings of shells, etc., and hold gay-colored handkerchiefs in their hands. The men hop to the music of a chant, a chorister keeping time with a forked stick; but the squaws, standing behind their partners, simply sway themselves backward and forward, and swing their handkerchiefs in a lackadaisical manner.

In common with all the California Indians, the Yukas entertain a vague belief in a Supreme Being, who passes among different tribes by the name of Great Man or Old Man; though he seems to be always weaker than the various evil spirits. But, with the exception of the Klamath Indians and the Hoopas, who belong rather to the Oregon Indians--apparently a different race--this conception of a Divinity is so weak, so shadowy, and so entirely devoid of positive and active qualities, that it seems to be an exotic thing, as it were, an engraftment upon their aboriginal beliefs, and it leads me to suspect that a great majority of the California Indians proper are indebted to the early Jesuits for their few notions of a Creator and Preserver. Certain it is that it is inaccurate to speak of them--as many persons do--as believing in a "Great Spirit," like the Algonquin race; for the Indians of this State, though full of ingenious and cunning fables, are greatly lacking in elevated, spirtual conceptions, and seek always to personify and materialize. Hence it is that they constantly speak, in their simple way, of the "Big Man" or the Old Man." What imagination they possess is not at all of the Hindoo type--introspective, theological, sublime, but eminently like the Chinese-wonderfully shrewd, sly, running on a low level, fetishistic, prone to invest brute beasts with human and divine attributes. Among the Klamath Indians and the Hoopas this Great Man is full of tangible and robust qualities; he created the world and all its inhabitants; he alone can avert earthquakes, calamitous landslides, floods, etc., and to him they sacrifice. But among all the Indians south of them; whever one is closely questioned, he points upward and refers to a being named as above; but this being takes no part in their affairs, and never did; created nothing, upholds nothing, has no hold on their fears or their offerings, is honored with not a single act of worship, and seems to have no function whatever, except to rule over them as a vague, indefinite "good Chief" in the Hereafter. In short, there are a hundred signs which mark this being as so much waste matter in their credo, a foreign acquisition, an unassimilated thing, a civilized scion grafted on a savage stock, and therefore, though not absolutely lifeless, yet producing no fruit. From the outrageous character of the Yukas, White Men know less about their beliefs on these matters than is known of almost any other tribe.

Most California Indians are conspicuously lenient to their children, never punishing them on any occasion; but the Yukas are often brutal and cruel to their women and children, especially to the women. Thievery is a virtue with them, as it was with the ancient Spartans, provided the thief is deft enough not to get caught. Quarrelsome, choleric, vengeful, they are frequently involved in murderous feuds among themselves,

and were seldom off the war-path in former times, the pacific and facile Pomos being their constant victims.

A veteran woodman related to me a small circumstance which illustrates the remarkable memory of these savages. One time he had occasion to perform some long labor in a certain wood where water was exceedingly scarce, and where he was grievously tormented with thirst. He remembered to have seen a little spring somewhere in that vicinity, and he considered it worth his while, under the circumstances, to search for it two whole days, but without success; when there chanced to come along a Yuka squaw, to whom he made mention of the matter. Although she had not been near that place for six years, and probably never had seen the spring but once, like himself, yet, without a moment's hesitation or uncertainty, she conducted him straight to the spot. In this country, so arid through long summer months, probably there is no other thing of which the Indians have better recollections than of the locations of springs.

THE YUKA DEVIL.

On the Reservation there once lived an Indian who was so thoroughly bad in every respect that he was generally known by the sobriquet of The Yuka Devil. He committed all the seven deadly sins and a good many more, if not every day of his life, at least as often as he could. One time he wandered off a considerable way from the Reserve, accompanied by two of his tribal brethren, and they fell upon and wantonly murdered three squaws, without any known provocation whatever. They were pursued by a detachment of the garrison, overtaken, captured, carried back, mancled hand and foot, and consigned to the guard-house. In some inexplicable manner, The Devil contrived to break his fetters asunder, and then he tied them on again with twine in such fashion, that, when the turnkey came along on a tour of inspection, he perceived nothing amiss. Being taken out for some purpose or other soon afterward, he seized the opportunity to wrench off his manacles and escape. But he was speedily overtaken again, and brought down with a bullet, which wounded him slightly, taken back to the guard-house, heavily ironed, and cast into a dungeon. Here he feigned death. For four days he never swallowed a crumb of nutriment, tasted no water, breathed no breath that could be discovered, and lay with every muscle relaxed like a corpse. To all human perception, he was dead, except that his body did not become rigid or cold. At last a vessel of water was placed on a table hard by, information of that fact was casully imparted to him in his native speech, all the attendants withdrew, the dungeon relapsed into silence, and he was secretly watched. After a long time, when profound stillness prevailed, and when the watchers had begun to believe he was in a trance, at least, he cautiously lifted up his head, gazed stealthily all around him, scrutinized every cranny and crevice of light, then softly crawled on all-fours to the table, taking care not to clank his chains the while, took down the pitcher, and drank deep and long. They rushed in upon him, but upon the instant--so fatuous was the obstinacy of the savage--he dropped as if he had been shot, and again simulated death. But he was now informed that his play was quite too shallow for any further purposes, and as soon as the gallows could be put in order, the executioners entered and told him plainly that the preparations were fully completed for his taking-off. He made no sign.

Then, half dragging, half carrying the miserable wretch, they conducted him forth to the scaffold. All limp and flaccid and nerveless as he is, they lift him upon the platform; but still he makes not the least motion, and exhibits no consciousness of all these stern and grim preparations. He is supported in an upright position between two soldiers, hanging a lifeless burden on their shoulders; his head is lifted up from his breast, where it droops in heavy helpless ness; the new-bought rope, cold, and hard, and prickly, is coiled about his neck, and the huge knot properly adjusted at the side; the merciful cap, which shuts off these heart-sickening preparations from the eyes of the faint and shuddering criminal, is dispensed with; and everything is in perfect readiness. The solemn stillness befitting the awful spectacle about to be enacted, falls upon the few spectators; the fatal signal is given; the drop swiftly descends; the supporting soldiers sink with it, as if about to vanish into the earth and hide their eyes from the tragedy; with a dead, dull thud the tightened rope wrenches the savage from their upbearing shoulders into pitiless mid-air; and The Yuka Devil, hanging there without a twitch or a shiver, quickly passes from simulated to unequivocal and unmistakable death.

In connection with the Yukas, I will give some statistics, to show how much a Reserved Indian is worth in annual dollars and cents. In 1871, the inmates of Round (27) Valley Reservation had in crop 850 acres, besides a matter of thirty acres cultivated for themselves, and produced the following yields: wheat, 6,476 bushels; oats, 920;barley, 3,684; potatoes, 550; turnips, 250; corn, 1,736; hay, 350 tons. At the ordinary market rates of that year, these productions were worth $18,803. Add to this the yearly increase on 700 cattle and 400 swine--say $10,000-- which makes the total year's product $28,803. I was at some pains to get accurate statistics of the year's expenses of the Reservation for everything, including the merchandise, medical and clothing supplies furnished to the Indians, but not including the pay and rations of the garrison (about a company). This expense account was $20,751.11. Deducting this from the entire product of the Reservation industries, we have the sum of $8,051.89. Dividing this sum by 793, the whole number of Indians, we have $10.15 clear money as the amount which every Indian, old or young, made above the expenses of keeping him a year. Had it not been for the generous yield of acorns and salmon in the contiguous forests and streams, and the noble domain of native pasturage, nourishing their great herds without money and without price-- and that to the exclusion of dozens of substantial citizens, who could have lived on these margins which the Reserve cattle overlapped--the Government would have been out of pocket, which it probably was anyhow, since we did not reckon the cost of the garrison. And all this accomplished nothing, and less than nothing, of benefit to the savages. Whatever of protection the California Reservations may once have afforded them against the undiscriminating rapacity of the earlier gold-seekers, or vice versa, they have latterly become mere lazarettos, pest-houses, which are finishing well the work that was initiated twenty years ago with bayonet and bullet. When the California Indians were once thoroughly subjugated, they were aware of that fact, and after that nothing whatever was required but the presence of a few detachments here and there, with permission to the Indians to gather acorns and spear salmon where they would. The infinitely happier and wholesomer condition of the savages on the Klamath is sufficient proof of these assertions, for the Indians are like wild wood-birds: they can take care of themselves a mighty deal better than White Men can take care of them. You may

fasten your linnet in a gilded cage, tuck it away never so tenderly in a nest of cotton-wool, and cram it with sugar and things, and it will die all the more certainly.

In the Reservation estimates, about one in every six is counted an able-bodied Indian, but they have a great deal of trouble in rallying them out afield at all. They are as cunning as the plantation Negroes in "shamming Abraham," and it is wonderful what a number of afflictions an Indian has in crop-time. He has a face-ache on occasion, or an eye-ache, or he has swallowed a frog, or he has cracks between his toes. In a pinch of work they sometimes call out the squaws, and one of them generally gets through as much in one day as a brave does in a fortnight or a month. The squaws carried to the granary on their backs the entire corn-crop--1,736 bushels--in three days, each squaw averaging about six bushels per day.

On the Hoopa Reservation, Mrs. Ida Wells was giving the best endeavors of a noble Christian matron to the instruction of the children, in day-schools and Sunday-schools, wearying not through all the week. She had infinite difficulty in inducing the indifferent savages to come to the Sunday-school, and only succeeded at last in enticing them thither by the promise of a lickerish luncheon; but after the school had been in progress many months,still the ruling Indian passion was so strong that she dared not withdraw the post-Biblical dough-nuts. The religious instruction was wisely limited to the recital, in simple phrasing, of some old human story from the Bible; and such is the fondness of all fresh and healthy natures for narrative, that the children talked all the week among themselves of the matter that was rehearsed to them. Mrs. Wells played for them little melodies on a family organ, and the young savages equaled the Southern pickaninnies in "the gold old times" of the plantations, or in the more recent and lamentable epoch of "Shoo, fly," in the endless repetition with which they trolled these ditties over and over through the week, to the mighty weariness of the listeners.

In Hoopa there was a school-house of sufficient commodiousness, but at the Round Valley Reservation, for lack of the same, the youthful disciples were compelled to sit under the reat, overshadowing branches of the white-oaks, after the fashion of the Platonists long ago in the olive groves of Academus. But on a frosty and nipping morning, such as that when I was present, they preferred to sit sheer in the sun, for a California Indian has an Ethiopian fondness for caloric. Mrs. Gibson, wife of the agent--perfect type of that good and notable Methodist minister's wife who can fricassee (28) the Sabbath fowl no whit less worthily than she leads in her husband's congregational choir, or performs the sweet and gentle minor ministrations of his wide-scattered flock--had them arrayed along on boards stretching from log to log, in old-time camp-meeting fashion; and she caused them to do a lesson, that I might listen. It was a highly picturesque regiment--I doff my apologetic hat to their excellent commander--like to that ever-remembered company of Jack Falstaff's, who possessed only a shirt and a half among them; though the little pudding-sack faces, so wise-looking with that premature gravity of the Indian, and those dark, shining eyes, were very pleasant to see. The captain of a company--Pitt River, Eel River, or what not--would sonorously spell the word "C-a-t," and they would all with one accord ejaculate "Cat." They would read, "The cow can run in the lot," pausing after each word for the others to

follow suit, which they did mechanically, though, I warrant, a great majority of them had not the remotest apprehension of the unrestricted potentiatlity of the female bovine quadruped's coursing with celerity in the inclosure.

Mrs. Gibson tried to induce some of her little pets, who were able to show better things than this mere parroting after the captain, to do a lesson alone; but they hung down their heads, screwed themselves about on the boards, and sucked their thumbs with a highly refreshing naturalness. One little, lively, beady-eyed shaver accomplished the following quite by himself, "h-a, haystack."

After seeing the facility with which many of these little fellows learned to print letters on a slate, or to write their names, I am surprised that the California Indians have no picture-writing and no ornamental carving. In such purely objective studies as these, Indian children not infrequently slip their heads into the noose quicker than White children. Like all Turanian races, they are more imitative than inventive.

The Shumeias lived on the extreme upper waters of Eel River, opposite Potter Valley, and were Yukas in every respect, except in name, being sometimes called Spanish Yukas, for the reason, that, living farther south than those in Round Valley, they adopted a number of Spanish words and usages. In the Pomo language, the word shumeia is said to signify "stranger," and, secondarily, "thief" or "enemy." Some writer has finely remarked that it is a good commentary on our civilization, that, in frontier parlance, "stranger" is synonymous with "friend." In the Indian tongues, however, it seems to be generally tantamount to "enemy." The Pomos regard this branch of the Yukas very much as the Wintoons do the main people, as is shown by the name given them. Both branches were ever on the war-path against their peaceful and domestic neighbors, and the brunt of their outrageous and wantonirruptions generally fell on the Potter Valley Pomos, because the mountains here interposed slighter obstacles to their passage. At the head of Potter Valley the water-shed is quite low, and the pass is easy, and could readily be traversed by heavy masses of civilized troops. On the summit of it, a rod or two from a never-failing spring, there is to this day a conspicuous cairn, which was heaped up by the Indians to mark the boundary; and if a member of either tribe was caught beyond it, he suffered death. When the Shumeias wished to challenge the Pomos to battle, they took three little sticks, cut notches around their ends and in the middle, tied them in a fagot, and deposited the same on this cairn. If the Pomos took up the gauntlet, they tied a string around the middle notches, and returned the fagot to its place. Then the heralds of both tribes met together on the neutral territory of the Tahtoos--a little tribe living at the foot of the pass--and arranged the time and place for the battle, which took place accordingly. William Potter, the pioneer of Potter Valley, says they fought with conspicuous bravery, employing bows and arrows and spears at long range, and spears or casual clubs when they came to a square, stand-up fight in the open. They not infrequently charged upon each other in heavy, irregular masses, but not with "that terrible silence" wherewith Wellington's grenadiers used to go after the French.

The following almost incredible occurence was narrated to me by a responsible citizen of Potter Valley, and corroborated by another, both of whose names could be given, if necessary:

STORY OF BLOODY ROCK. (29)

After the Americans became so numerous in the land that the Indians began to perceive that they were destined to be their greatest foes, the Shumeias abandoned their ancient hostility to the Pomos, and sought to enlist them in a common crusade against the new-come and more formidable enemy. At one time a band of them passed the boundary-line in the defile and came down to the Pomos of Potter Valley; and, with presents, and many fair words, and promises of eternal friendship, and with speeches of flaming barbarian eloquence, and fierce denunciation of the bloody-minded intruders, who sacrificed every thing to their sordid hankering for gold, tried to kindle these "tame villatic fowl" to the pitch of battle. But the Pomos held their peace; and after the Shumeias were gone on their way, they hastened to the Americans and divulged the matter, telling them what the Shumeias were hoping and plotting. So the Americans resolved to nip the sprouting mischief in the bud; and fitted out a company of choice fighters, went over on Eel River, fell upon the Shumeias, and hunted them over mountains and through canons with sore destruction. The battle everywhere went against the savages, though they fought heroically-falling back from village to village, from gloomy gorge to gorge, disputing all the soil with their traditional valor, and sealing with ruddy drops of blood the possessory title-deeds to it they had received from Nature.

But, of course, they could not stand against the scientific weapons, the fierce and unresting energy, and the dauntless bravery of the Americans; and with sad and bitter hearts they saw themselves falling, one by one, by dozens, by scores, all their bravest dropping around them, fast going out of existence. The smoke of burning villages and forests blackened the sky at noonday, warping and rolling over the mountains; and at night the flames snapped their yellow tongues in the face of the moon; while the wails of dying women, and of helpless babes brained against a tree, burdened the air.

At last, a band of thirty or forty--that was as near the number as my informants could state--became separated from their comrades, and found themselves fiercely pursued. Hemmed in on one side, headed off on another, half-crazed by sleepless nights and days of terror, the flying savages did a thing which was little short of madness. They escaped up what is now known as Bloody Rock--an isolated bowlder, standing grandly out scores of feet on the face of the mountain, and only accessible by a rugged, narrow cleft in the rear, which one man could defend against a nation. Once mounted upon the summit, the savages discovered they had committed a deplorable mistake, and must prepare for death, since the rifles in the hands of the Californians could knock them off in detail. A truce was proclaimed by the Americans, and a parley was called. Some one able to confer with the Indians advanced to the foot of the majestic rock, and told them they were wholly in the power of their pursuers, and that it was worse than useless to resist. He proffered them the choice of three alternatives: either to continue the fight, and be picked off one after another; or to continue the truce, and perish from hunger; or to lock hands and plunge down from the bowlder. The Indians were not long in choosing; they did not falter, or cry out, or whimper. They resolved to die like men. After consulting but a little while, they replied that they would lock hands and leap down from the rock.

A little time was granted them wherein to make themselves ready. They advanced in a line to the brow of the mighty bowlder, joined their hands together, then commenced chanting their death-song, and the hoarse, deathly rattle floated down far and faint to the ears of the waiting listeners. For the last time they were looking upon their beloved valley of Eel River, which lay far beneath them in the lilac distance; and upon those golden, oat-covered, and oak-dappled hills, where they had chased the deer in happy days forever gone. For the last time they beheld the sweet light of the sun--that sun which the California Indian loves so well--shine down on the beautiful world; and for the last time the wail of his hapless children ascended to the ear of the Great One in heaven. As they ceased, and the weird, unearthly tones of the dirge were heard no more, there fell ypon the little band of Americans a breathless silence, for even the stout hearts of those hardy pioneers were appalled at the thing which was about to be done. The Indians hesitated only a moment. With one sharp cry of strong and grim human suffering, which rang out strangely and sadly wild over the echoing mountains, they leaped down to their death.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. VI. [The Pomo and Cahto]

Under the name Pomo are included a great number of tribes, or little bands--sometimes one in a valley, sometimes three or four-clustered in the region where the headwaters of Eel and Russian rivers interlace, along the estuaries of the coast, and around Clear Lake. Really, the Indians all along Russian River to its mouth are branches of this great family, but below Calpello they no longer call themselves Pomos. And, indeed, let a Pomo from Potter Valley--which may be considered the nucleus of the family--descend the river to Cloverdale, and he will have the greatest difficulty in making himself understood. Let him go ten miles further, and he can not recognize over a third of the words spoken, if so many; and at Healdsburg fewer still--so rapidly does the language shade away from valley to valley, from dialect to dialect. Yet I have (30) taken down enough words all along Russian River to be certain that all these dialects are as much descended from the Pomo as English and Italian are from Sanskrit; and, in fact, any Indian living on that eiver can learn any dialect spoken on its banks much sooner than an American can learn Italian. Following are some of the extreme dialectic variations in this large family of languages: ca, aca, cahto, for "water;" cha, chak, chaboona, ataboonya, "man;" seloo, shunee, "bread;" calleh, callay, "above;" mahsoo, moosoo, "log."

In disposition, the Pomos are greatly different from the Yukas or mountain-tribes east of them, who were their hereditary tormentors; being simple, friendly, peaceable, and quite communicative for California Indians. They are less cunning and imitative of the Whites than the Klamath tribes, and decidely lower in mental gifts, as is attested by their fables, if by nothing else. In physique they are the same as the Sacramento races, and it is not necessary to describe this to California readers.

As usual, they have a certain conception of a Supreme Being; but the attributes of this being are quite negative, and his participation in the creation and government of the world wholly nugatory. Among the Pome Pomos he is named Chacallay, "The Man Above," or "The Strong One Above" (the radical meaning of cha being "strong"); among the Gallinomeros, Calletopte, "The Chief Above," or simply Calleh, "Heaven," like the Chinese Shang. But the coyote is all in all. It is singular how great is the regard of the California Indians for this tricksy and dishonest beast; he was not only the progenitor, but he has been the constant benefactor, of mankind. And, indeed, he would be a most expressive totem for the whole race, who ought to be called The Coyotes. All their acts of worship, especially of those tribes living on the lower waters of the river, are in honor of birds or animals; or rather--for worship it should not be called--all that they can be said to possess of religion consists of certain propitiatory acts addressed to beasts and birds which they fear as devils. Hence there is one tribe of the family

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*Overland Monthly, Vol. 9, pp. 498-507, 1872.

whose name signfies "Snakes," though most of the tribal designations are purely locative. All the up-river branches believe their coyote ancestors were molded, or molded themselves, or somehow got molded, directly from the soil; hence the family name, though it now signifies "people," originally, I think, meant "earth," being manifestly related to the Wintoon pum or paum, which denotes "earth."

As the Pomos are less warlike, less cunning, and more simple-hearted than the northern tribes, so they are more devoted to amusement. All the tribes hitherto described in these papers engage with frenzied eagerness in gambling, and have numerous varieties of dancing; but the Pomos add to these a kind of tennis, and the down-river tribes also have a curious sort of pantomime or rude theatrical performance, besides Devil Dances, which are very hellish and terrific.

The broadest and most obvious division of this large family is, into Eel River Pomos and Russian River Pomos. There are two tribes on Eel River, between it and South Fork, who call themselves by the name of this family (Castel Pomos and Ki Pomos), (31) though I can scarcely see why, since they have little in common with their Russian River neighbors. They not only speak the language of the Wi Lackees, which is closely related to the Hoopa, but they are fierce and warlike, and in ancient times were involved in almost incessant contention, whereas the right Pomos are notably peaceable.

Of the Castel Pomos I know very little, for in the ferocious and destructive wars which their audacity badgered the Americans into waginy upon them, both they and many of the old pioneers went down together. Men now living on South Fork could impart to me little save bald stories of butchery and bloody reprisal. Their range was between the forks of the river, extending as far south as Big Chamise and Blue Rock. They tattooed the face and nose very much in the fashion of the Yukas and Wi Lackees, whom they resembled more than they did the right Pomos. Mr. Burleigh related to me a curious instance which he once saw of tattooing by a brave, which is exceedingly rare, except among the Mattoles; and which was the second case I ever heard of, where any attempt was made to imitate an animal or any natural object. An old warrior whom he once found upon the battle-field at South Fork was tattooed all over his breast and (32) arms, and on the under side of one arm was a very correct and well-executed picture of a sea-otter, with its bushy tail. The second instance was a woman I saw in the Normoc tribe, who had a bird's-wing very neatly pricked on each cheek. Their lodges, implements, etc., require no special description. They formerly burned their dead, which is a true Pomo trait; but what of them now remain have generally adopted the civilized custom, except when one dies at such a distance that the body can not be conveyed home, when they reduce it to ashes for convenience in transportation.

The Ki Pomos dwell on the extreme headwaters of South Fork, ranging eastward to Eel River, westward to the ocean, and northward to the Castel Pomos. With the latter they were ever jangling, and from the manner in which Indian trails are constructed, their battles generally raged on the hill-tops. On the vast, wind-swept, and almost naked hogback between the two forks of Eel River, some thirty miles or more north of Cahto, looming largely up from the broad, grassy back of the mountain,

is the majestic, rugged, isolated bowlder called Blue Rock. A few miles still further north there is an enormous section of this mountain-chain, almost entirely covered with evergreen bushes, whence its name, Big Chamise. Between these two points, and more especially about the base of the savage old monster, Blue Rock--a most grim, lonesome, and desolate summit, cloud-haunted as with ghosts-- is one of the most famous ancient battle-grounds of California, where Indian-blood has been poured out like water, and where the ground is yet strewed with flint arrowheads and spearpoints. But the bones of the warriors who perished on this fatal field are no longer visible, having been doubtless consumed on the funeral pyre, and sacredly carried home for interment.

One fact is notable among the Eel River Indians--I observed it more especially of the Ki Pomos--and that is the youthfulness at which they attain the age of puberty. In the warm and sheltered valley of South Fork (however bleak the naked mountain-tops may be in winter), it was a thing not at all uncommon, in the days of the Indians' ancient prosperity, to see a woman become a mother at twelve or fourteen. An instance was related to me where a girl had borne her first-born at ten, as nearly as her years could be ascertained, her husband, a White Man, being then sixty-odd. For this reason or some other, the half-breeds on Eel River are generally sickly, puny, short-lived, and slightly esteemed by the fathers, who not unfrequently bestow them as presents on any one willing to burden himself with their nurture.

Another phenomenon I have observed among California half-breeds, which, when mentioned to others, they have seldom failed to corroborate, and that is , the females generally predominate. Often I have seen whole families of half-breed girls, but never one composed entirely of boys, and seldom one wherein they were most numerous. Probably the phenomenon can be accounted for on the same principle which explains the fact that these lean, old ramrods from Pike, of the genus emigrantes, species remigrantes, who have not enough energy to establish a house and home, are generally blessed with families of daughters. In any event, the fact indicates a certain amount of vitality in the California Indians, notwithstanding they have perished so miserably in the transition from barbarism to culture.

I wish to call attention here to what may be called the peculiar stratification of the tribes in this vicinity. On the northern rivers, which debouch into the ocean very nearly at right angles, each tribe occupies a certain length of the stream on both sides; but on Eel River, South Fork, and Van Dusen's Fork, which flow almost parallel with the coast, every tribe possesses only one bank of a river, unless it chances to dwell between two waters. It would seem that the influence of the ocean has distributed the Indians in certain parallel climatic belts--those living nearest the coast being darker, more obese, more squat in stature, and more fetishistic; while, as you go toward the interior, both the physique and the intelligence gradually improve. This kind of stratification does not prevail on Russian River, for there is no stream parallel; but the tribes living directly east of the valley, in the Coast Range, are conspicuously superior in all manly qualities.

We now commence with the true Pomos. The Cahto Pomos (Lake People) were so called from a little lake which formerly existed in the valley now called by their name. They do not speak Pomo entirely pure, but employ a mixture of that and Wi Lackee. Like the Ki Pomos, their northern neighbors, they forbid their squaws from studying languages--which is about the only accomplishment possible to them, except dancing--principally, it is believed, in order to prevent them from gadding about and forming acquaintances in neighboring valleys, for there is small virtue among the unmarried of either sex. But the men pay considerable attention to linguistic study, and there is seldom one who can not speak most of the Pomo dialects within a day's journey of his ancestral valley. The chiefs especially devote no little care to the training of their sons as polyglot diplomats; and Robert White affirms that they frequently send them to reside several months with the chiefs of contiguous valleys, to acquire the dialects there in vogue.

They construct lodges in the usual manner, and do not differentiate their costumes or utensils to any important extent. In appetite they are not at all epicurean, and in the range of their comestibles they are quite cosmopolitan, not objecting even to horse-steak, which they accept without instituting any squeamish inquiries as to the manner in which it departed this life. The consume tar-weed seed, wild-oats, California chestnuts, acorns, various kinds of roots, ground-squirrels and moles, rabbits, buck-eyes, kelp, yellow-pine bark (at a pinch), clams, salmon, different sorts of berries, etc. Buckeyes are poisonous; they extract the toxical principle by steaming them two or three days underground. They first excavate a large hole, pack it water-tight around the sides, burn a fire therein for some space of time, then put in the buckeyes, together with water and heated stones, and cover the whole with a layer of earth. When they migrate to the ocean in the season of clams, they collect quantities of kelp and chew the same. It is tough as whit-leather, and a young fellow with good teeth will masticate a piece of it a whole day. Kelp tastes a little like a spoiled pickle, and the Indians relish it for its salty quality, and probably also extract some small nutriment of juice therefrom.

(33) There is a game of tennis played by the Pomos of which I heard nothing among the northern tribes. A ball is rounded out of an oak-knot, about as large as those generally used by school-boys, and it is propelled by a racket, which is constructed of a long, slender stick, bent double and bound together, leaving a circular hoop at the extremity, across which is woven a coarse mesh-work of strings. Such an instrument is not strong enough for batting the ball, neither do they bat it, but simply shove or thrust it along on the ground.

A game is played in the following manner: They first separate themselves into two equal parties, and each party contributes an equal amount to a stake to be played for, as they seldom consider it worth while to play without betting. Then they select an open space of ground, and establish two parallel base-lines a certain number of paces apart, with a starting-line between, equidistant from both. Two champions, one for each party, stand on opposite sides of the starting-point with their rackets; a squaw tosses the ball into the air, and as it descends the two champions strike at it, and one or the other gets the advantage, hurling it toward his antagonists' baseline. Then there ensues a universal hurly-burly, higgledy-piggledy; men and squaws crushing and bumping--for

squaws participate equally with the sterner sex--each party striving to propel the ball across the enemy's base-line. They enjoy this sport immensely, laugh and vociferate until they are out of all whooping; some tumble down and get their heads batted, and much diversion is created, for they are exceedingly good-natured and free from jangling in their amusements. One party must drive the ball a certain number of times over the other's base-line before the game is concluded, and this not unfrequently occupies them a half-day or more, during which they expend more strenuous endeavor than they would in ten sleeps of honest labor in a squash-field. Let those who accuse the California Indians of being a stupidly sluggish race, remember their exceeding fondness for this game and for open-air dances, which they sometimes protract for two weeks, and retract the charge.

Schoolcraft says, in his "Oneota," that the chiefs and graver men of the Algonquin tribes, however much they encourage the young men in the athletic game of ball-playing, do not lend their countenance to games of hazard. This is not true of the California Indians, however, for here old and young engage with infatuation and recklessness in all games where betting is involved, though, of course, the decrepit can not personally participate in the rude bustle of ball-playing. The aged and middle-aged, squaws, men, and half-grown children, stake on this, as well as on true games of hazard, all they possess--clothing, beads, baskets, fancy bows and arrows, etc. Of the latter articles they frequently have a number made only for gambling purposes--not for use in hunting.

Among the up-country tribes, especially on the Klamath, many women are honored as medicines and prophetesses; but here none at all are admitted to the sacred professions. It is only the masculine sex who receive a call; there is none but braves whom "the spirit moves"--for it is thus that the elect are assured of their divine mission to undertake the healing of men. The methods of practice vary with the varying hour, every physician being governed in his therapeutics by the inspiration of the spirit of the moment; and if he fails in effecting a cure, therefore, the obloquy of the failure recurs upon his familiar. For instance, a medicine will stretch his patient out by a fire, and walk patiently all the livelong day around the fire, chanting to exorcise the demon that is in him. Thus, the modi operandi are as numerous as are the whims of this mysterious medical spirit. Besides these, they have in their pharmacopoeia divers roots, poultices, and decoctions, and frequently scarify their breasts. When the patient goes near to die, he is generally carried forth and cast into the forest, to die alone and unattended; but the mere removal from the abominable smudge and stench of the lodge, and the exposure to the clean, sweet air of heaven, sometimes bring him round, and he returns smiling to this friends, who are nowise pleased. Formerly all the dead were burned, but under the influence of the Americans, a mixed custom prevails. An intelligent Indian told me, that, in case of burial, the corpse was always placed with the head pointing southward. Most of the Indians hitherto described believe the 'Happy Land is in the west or southwest, but evidently their notions are confused. A young man who was born and reared among the Pomos, informed me that they at present burn only those killed or hanged by Americans, and bury the others. I know not if there be any special significance in this discrimantion. Robert

White says he has frequently seen an aged Indian (or woman), living in hourly expectation of his demise, go dig his own burial-place, and then repair thither for months together, and eat his poor repast sitting at the mouth of his grave. The same strange, morbid idiosyncrasy prevails among the Wintoons, in the Sacramento Valley. Probably the reason of it is, that the poor old wretches perceive they are a burden and an eyesore to their children. Before the irruption of the Americans had reduced the Cahto Pomos to their present abject misery, they treated their parents with a certain consideration--that is, they would divide with them the last morsel of dried salmon, with genuine savage thriftlessness; but as for any active, nurturing tenderness, it did not exist, or only very seldom. They were only too glad to shuffle off their shoulders the weight of their maintenance. On the other hand, they gave their children unlimited free play. Men who have lived familiarly amidst them for years tell me they never yet have seen an Indian parent chastise his offspring, or correct them any otherwise than with berating words in a frenzy of passion, which also is extremely seldom.

They use an absurd custom of hospitality, which reminds one of the Bedouin Arabs. Let a perfect stranger enter a wigwam, and offer the lodge-father a string of beads for any object that takes his fancy--merely pointing to it, and uttering never a word--and the owner holds himself bound as an Indian gentleman to make the exchange, no matter how insignificant may be the value of the beads. Ten minutes later he may thrust him through with his javelin, or crush in his temple with a pebble from his sling, and the by-standers will account it nothing more than the rectification of a bad bargain.

It is wonderful how these Indians have the forest and plain mapped out on the tablet of their memories. There is scarcely a bowlder, gulch, prominent tree, spring, knoll, glade, clump of bushes, cave, or bit of pririe within a radius of ten miles, but nears its distinctive name. Let a hunter penetrate the wood six, eight, ten miles in any direction, knock over a fat-ribbed buck, hang the same in the branches of a tree above the lickerish fangs of the coyote, and return home; and he will gruffly mutter to his squaw (or more probably to his aged father), "Ten paces from the Owl's-head," or "Three bowshots up the Red Water, forty paces toward the Setting Sun;" when, without a word more, she repairs straight to the place, and brings the venison on her shoulders.

Most Indians are christened after animals, birds, fishes, snakes, etc., in accordance with some whimsy, or fancied resemblance in the child's actions or babyish pipings --as Checockaway or Chacacka (quail, an onomatopoetic word), Mesalla (snake), etc.

The Cahto Pomos believe in a terrible and fearful ogre, called Shillaba Shilltoats. He is described as being of gigantic stature, wearing a high-sugar loaf head-dress, clothed in hideous tatters, striding over a mountain or a valley at a single step, and, like the Scandinavian Trolls, a cannibal, having a keen appetite for small boys. He is particularly useful to the hen-pecked Indian, in the regulation and administration of his housefold affairs, and especially in the "taming of the shrew." When the squaw gets so vixenish that he can not subdue her in any other way, he has only to

shout into the wigwam--with his eyes judiciously dilated and his hair somewhat tousled--and to vociferate, "Shillaba Shilltoats! Shillaba Shilltoats!" when his squaw will scream with terror,fall flat upon the ground, cover her face with her hands--for that squaw dies who is ever so unfortunate as to look upon this dreadful ogre--and remains very tractable for several days thereafter. The children will also be profoundly impressed.

This and the other branches of the Pomo family living nearest the coast believe in a kind of Hedonic heaven for the virtuous; which is eminently characteristic of the race. They hold, that, in some far, sunny island of the Pacific--an island of fadeless verdure; of cool and shining trees, looped with tropic vines; of bubbling fountains; of flowery and fragrant savannas, rimmed with lilac shadows; where the purple and wine-stained waves shiver in a spume of gold across the reefs, shot through and through by the level sunbeams of the morning--they will dwell forever in an atmosphere like that around the Castle of Indolence; for the deer and antelope will joyously come and offer themselves for food, and the red-fleshed salmon will affectionately rub their sides against them, and softly wriggle into their reluctant hands; while bevies of the most ravishingly fat and beautiful maidens will ever attend upon them, and minister to their pleasure. It is not by any means a place like the Happy Hunting Grounds of the lordly and eagle-eyed Dakotahs, where they are "drinking delight of battle" with their peers, or running in the noble frenzy of the chase; but a soft and forgetting land--a sweet, oblivious sleep, awaking only to feast and to carnal pleasure, and then to sleep again. No Indians in California conceive of the future state as one of activity and "bold empires."

As for the bad Indians, they will be obliged to content themselves with a pallingenesis in the bodies of grizzly bears, cougars, snakes, etc.

Among other noted ceremonials, the Cahto Pomos observe an autumnal Acorn Dance, in which the performers wear the mantles and head-dresses of buzzards' or eagles' tail-feathers customary in this region, and which appears to be like the Thanksgiving Dance of the Humboldt Bay tribes, being accompanied like that by the Oration of Plenty. It is not strictly an anniversary dance, but rather a "movable festival" in the Indian Fasti Dies, celebrated when the crop of acorns has proved generous, but otherwise omitted.

Besides the tribes above described, there are many others--as the Choam Chadela Pomos (Pitch Pine People), in Redwood Valley; the Matomey Ki Pomos (Wooden Valley People), about Little Lake; the Usals, or Camalel Pomos (Coast People), on Usal Creek; the Shebalne Pomos (Neighbor People), in Sherwood Valley; the Pome Pomos (Earth People), in Potter Valley, etc. I have above ventured the suggestion that the word "Pomo" orginally signified "earth," and the name of the last tribe strongly corroborates the supposition, since it is definitely known that pome has that meaning; and this tribe believe, as did the ancient Greeks respecting the fabled autochthones, that they, or their coyote ancestors, sprang directly from the bosom of Mother Earth--whence their appellation. Near the head of Potter Valley there is a certain knoll of bright-red earth, curiously different from the circumjacent soil; and they believe that their progeneitors issued forth from this identical knoll. To this day they scrupulously

mingle this red earth with their acorn bread--I have seen them doing this--as an act of religion, to purify and preserve their bodies. Besides the Pome Pomos, there are two or three other little rancherias in Potter Valley, each with a different name; and the whole body of them are called Ballo Ki Pomos (Oat Valley People), from the great abundance of wild oats growing here; but the Pome Pomos may stand for all. Many people in California, I believe, hold that wild oats are an acclimated product, having spread from early scatterings left by the Spaniards; but the Indians of this valley have a tradition, or rather they declare, that they have been growing in California so long that they know nothing of their origin. Indeed, the simple fact that this valley bears
(34) the name of this cereal indicates for the latter an existence therein coeval with the Indian occupation. Then the question presents itself, How long have the Indians themselves been in the valley? We have the means of making at least a conjecture. This mound of earth above-mentioned is resorted to by them not only for yeast, but also for paint; and the holes which they have excavated in digging for these purposes are very large. Not being accustomed to estimate cubic measurements by the eye, I quote the language of the honest farmer on whose land the mound is, and who guided me thither. He thinks they have quarried out "hundreds of tons." At any rate, one would think they had been occupied in the process a thousand or twelve hundred years. Now, it is probable that they would name the valley upon their first entrance into it, and not change the appellation afterward; from all of which premises it should appear that wild oats were found in the valley when the Indians arrived therein.

In regard of government, the Pomos are less ochlocratic than many up-country tribes. The chiefship is hereditary and dual--which is to say, there are two chiefs, who might be compared, as to their functions, to the Japanese Tycoon and Mikado, in that one administers more particularly the secular affairs, and the other the spiritual. The Indians designate them as the war-chief and the peace-chief (arrow-man), the war-chief becoming the peace-chief when too decrepit to conduct them to battle. The peace-chief is a kind of censor morum--adjusts disputes, delivers moral homilies on certain anniversary occasions, performs the marriage ceremonies (so far as they extend), and watches over the conduct of his people--more especially over the wanton young squaws. Even the war-chief is obedient to him at home; and, in fact, that functionary is of secondary importance, since the Pomos are eminently a peaceable people.

Up to the time when they enter matrimony, most of the young women are a kind of femmes incomprises--the common property of the young men; and after they have taken on them the marriage vow, simple as it is, they are guarded with a Turkish jealousy--for even the married women are not such conjugal models as Mrs. Ford. Indeed, the wantonness of the women is the one great eyesore of the Pomos; and it seems to be almost the sole object of government ot keep them in proper subjection and obedience. The one great burden of the harangues delivered by the venerable peace-chief on solemn occasions is the beauty and the excellence of female virute; all the terrors of superstitious sanction and the direst threats of the great prophet are leveled at unchastity; and all the most dreadful calamities and pains of a future state are hung suspended over the heads of those who are persistently lascivious. All the devices the savage cunning can invent--all the mysterious and masquerading horrors

of devil-raising, all the secret and dark sorceries, the frightful apparitions and bugbears--that can be supposed effectual in terrifying the young squaws into virtue, are resorted to by the Pomos.

William Potter, a high authority on Indian matters and master of several dialects, described to me, as far as he was able, a secret society which exists among the Pome Pomos, for the simple purpose, he conjectures, of conjuring up terrors and rendering each other assistance in keeping their women in subordination and chastity, and keeping down smock-treason. Their meetings are held in a special wigwam, constructed of peeled pine-poles, thatched and covered with earth, and painted on the inside red, black, and white (wood-color), in spiral stripes, reaching all the way from the apex to the ground. When they are assembled herein, there is a vigilant door-keeper at the entrance, who suffers no one to enter on any pretext unless he is a regular member, sworn to secrecy. Even Mr. Potter, though held in that entire respect cherished by savages toward a man who has never feared and never deceived them, was not allowed to enter, albeit they offered to initiate him into this freemasonic, misogynist guild, if he so desired. As nearly as can be ascertained, their object is simply to "raise the devil," as they express it, with whom they pretend to hold communications; and to hold other demoniacal doings therein, accompanied by frightful noises of whooping and yelling, to work upon the imaginations of the erring squaws--no whit more guilty than themselves.

Once in seven years the Pome Pomos hold a Dance of Plenty--a great fete-champetre, though without feasting--in which the dancers are costumed in the usual coronals and mantles of long buzzard feathers. This, also , is seized upon as a specially solemn and auspicious occasion for the exhortation of the women to virtue. A rattlesnake is captured in the forest some days beforehand, its fangs are plucked out, and it is handled, fed, and tamed, so that it can be displayed without peril on the great day approaching. The usual dancing and chanting of these occasions are kept up for a certain number od days, and then the people assemble to listen to the oration. The venerable white-haired peace-chief takes his station before the multitude, in front of his wigwam, or perhaps under the branches of some great, overshadowing white oak, with the rattlesnake before him as the visible incarnation of the devil (Yukukoola). Slowly and sonorously he begins, speaking to them of morality, industry, and obedience. Then, warming with his subject, and brandishing the horrid reptile in his hand, full in the faces and over the heads of his shuddering auditors, with solemn and awful voice he warns them to beware, and threatens them with the direst wrath of the dreadful Yukukoola, if they do not live lives of chastity, decency, and sobriety, until some of the terrified squaws shriek aloud, and fall in a swoon upon the ground.

Having such an intolerable deal of pother as they do with own women, to keep them in a proper mood of humbleness, these Pomos make it a special point to slaughter those of their enemies, when the chances of battle give them an opportunity. They do this because, as they urge, with the greatest sincerity, one woman destroyed is tantamount to five men killed. They argue that to exterminate their enemies, the most effectual way is to begin at the source.

In another direction, however, the women exercise large authority. When an Indian becomes too infirm to serve any longer as a warrior or hunter, he is thenceforth condemned to life of a menial and a scullion. He is compelled to assist the squaws in all their labors: in picking acorns and berries, in thrashing out seeds and wild oats, making bread, drying salmon, etc. As the women have entire control of these matters, without interference from their lords, these superannuated warriors come entirely under their authority, as much as children, and are obliged to obey their commands implicitly. We may well imagine that the squaws, in revenge for the ignoble and terrorizing surveillance to which they are subjected by the braves, not unfrequently domineer over these poor old nonagenarians with hardness, and make them feel their humility keenly. Cronise, in his "Natural Wealth of California," makes mention of an ancient tradition, to the effect that when the Spaniards first arrived in California, they found a tribe, in what is now Mendocino County, in which the squaws were Amazons, and exercised a gynocracy. I am inclined to think the fable was not without foundation. When we consider the infinite trouble which the Pomos find it necessary to give themselves in order to keep the women in subjection, and also that the latter actually bear despotic rule over childhood and senility--the beginning and the ending of human life--we can easily perceive that these Pomo wives are stronger than the common run of Indian women. At least, by diligent inquiry, I never found any other trace of such a race of Amazons.

The Pome Pomos believe that lightning is the origin of fire; that the primordial bolt which fell from heaven deposited the spark in the wood, so that it now comes forth when two pieces are rubbed together. As to the lightning itself, they believe it be hurled by the Great Man above, as it was by Jupiter Tonans.

Their Happy Land is in the heavens above us, to which, like the Buddhists, they think they will ascend by a ladder. The souls of the wicked will fall off in the ascent, and descend to some negative and nondescript limbo, where they will be neither happy nor tormented, but rove vacantly and idly about forevermore; while others, in punishment for their greater wickedness, will transmigrate into grizzly bears, or into ratthlesnakes condemned to crawl over burning sand, or into other animals which are obliged to suffer hunger and thrist. (To a California Indian, a place where he is hungry is Hades). They hold and believe that every grizzly bear is some old savage Indian, thus returned to this world to be punished for his wickedness.

LEGEND OF THE COYOTE.

Once upon a time there lived a man among the Yukas, of the Black Chief's tribe, fierce and terrible, with two sons like himself--bloody-minded and evil men. For their great wickedness, he and his two sons were turned into coyotes. They they started from Rice's Fork and journeyed southward, biting and slaying all the beasts they came upon. As they passed over the defile to come into Potter Valley, one of the coyote sons drank so much water from the spring near the summit that he died, and his father buried him, and heaped over him a cairn of stones, and wept for his son. Then they journeyed on through Potter Valley, and went down to Clear Lake; and there the

other son drank so much water that he died also, and his father buried him and wept sore. Then the father turned back and went on alone to a place called White Buttes, and came unto it, and discovered there much red alabaster, of which the Pomos make beads to this day, which are to the common shell-beads as gold to silver. And when he had discovered the red alabaster at White Buttes, his hair and his tail dropped off his body, he stood up on his hind legs, and became a man again.

The interpretation of this legend is difficult, and its meaning mysterious. The Tahtoos have the same fable in a slightly different form, which circumstance throws some little light on its signification. From both taken together we gather darkly that there was once a memorable and terrible drought in this region, during which Eel River totally disappeared, and there was no water anywhere, except in Clear Lake, and a little in the spring at the head of Potter Valley, near the cairn in the pass. Both tribes account for the heap of stones in the same manner; and the simple fact that they resort to a legend to explain its existence, when it was so manifestly made to mark the boundary-line, indicates that it must have been heaped up hundreds of years ago. Mystery, like moss, always gathers upon anything that is ancient; and these fables, originated in explanation of so patent a metter, argue the high antiquity of the Indians. The Tahtoos, living at the head of Potter Valley, also have traditions of two monstrous reptiles, one of which was a hundred feet long and had a horn on its forehead, and the other long enough to reach around a mountain, where it died, leaving a circle of bones which it was death for any Indian to cross over. It is held that the Indians of Virginia had a fable of the mammoth, which is related by Jefferson; so it would seem that the Tahtoos may have arrived in the country at a time contemporaneous with the last of a species of saurians now extinct. These things go to confirm the theory of a great antiquity, which I ventured to found on the above legend. (35)

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. VII. The Meewocs

(36)

By far the largest nation, or group, in California, both in population and in extent of territory, is the Meewocs, whose ancient dominion extended from the snow-line of the Sierra to the San Joaquin River, and from the Cosumnes to the Fresno. When we reflect that the mountain valleys were thickly peopled east as far as the uppermost end of Yosemite (in summer, much further up), and consider the extent of the San Jaoquin plains--which to-day produce a thousand bushels of wheat for every white inhabitant, old and young, in some sections--then add to this the long and fish-thronged streams, the Mokelumne, the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne, the Merced, the Chowchilla, and the San Joaquin encircling all--along whose banks the Indians anciently dwelt in great numbers--we see what an area there was for a dense population. Even Feather Island, in the San Joaquin, contains the ruins of a village, constructed in their peculiar military style, consisting of many scores of dwellings. The fertile bottom-lands along the lower Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced, especially, are said to have been most thickly studded with villages; averaging each over twenty-five, between the San Joaquin and the foot-hills.

And yet, broadly extended as it was, and feeble or wholly dormant as was the national life, or consciousness of unity, this people possess a language more homogeneous than many another not half so widely ramified. An Indian may start from the extreme upper end of Yosemite, and travel with the sun 150 miles to the San Joaquin--a long distance to travel in California without encountering a new tongue--and still make himself understood, with little difficulty. Another may journey from the Cosumnes to the Fresno, crossing three rivers, which the timid race had no means of ferrying over save casual logs, and still he will hear the familiar numerals, with scarcely the change of a syllable, and he can squat down with a new-found acquaintance, and impart to him hour-long communications, with only about the usual supplement and bridging of gesture. There are, as always, many and rapid dialectic departures, but the root remains, and is quickly caught by the Indian of another dialect; while there are not so often whole cohorts of words swinging loose from the language, and passing into oblivion, as one journeys along. In the Neeshenam territory it is like the march of a regiment through a hostile country--every ten miles you go, there is a clean breach of a whole battalion of words, which are replaced by others totally different; but in the Meewoc, they keep their places better, though they change their uniforms often. For instance, north of the Stanislaus they call themselves Meewoc (Indians); south of it, to the Merced, Meewa; south of that, to the Fresno, Meewie. On the upper Merced, "river" is wakalla; on the upper Tuolumne, wakalumy; on the Stanislaus and Mokelumne, wakalumytoh--being undoubtedly the origin of the word "Mokelumne," as cossoom, or cossoomy (salmon), is of "Cosumnes." For the words "grizzly bear" there exist, in different dialects, all

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 10, pp. 322-333, 1873.

the following forms: oozoomite, osoamite, uhzoomite, uhzoomituh.

Their language is not lacking in words and phrases of greeting, which are full of Indian character. When one meets a stranger, he generally salutes him "Wooneh?" " whence do you come?" Sometimes it is "Weoh ucooh?" about equivalent to "how do you do?" How like the savage! With the infinite inquisitiveness and suspicion of the race, touching a stranger, he desires to know from what quarter he hails, whither he is bound, on what business etc., etc. After the stranger has answered the third or fourth question, he frequently volunteers the remark, "Haykangma," "I am hungry;" which seldom fails to procure as substantial a response as the larder will allow. Perhaps he will acknowledge it with "Coonee," "thank you;" more probably not. When the guest is ready to take his departure he never fails to say, "Wooksemussy," "I am going." To this the host replies. "Cotoellay," "you go ahead"--a complimentary expression which arose from the custom of walking single file.

Some of the idioms are curiously characteristic of that point-no-point style which savages have in common with children. Thus, hyem is "near;" and hyetkem is also "near," but not quite so near; and cotun is "away off." Yet, the latter may not be so very distant, after all; for tolleh is the bank of a river, and cotun tolleh is the opposite bank, though you could fling a stone across. Chuto is "good;" chutosekay is "very good."

While this is undoubtedly the largest, it is, also, probably the lowest nation in California; and it presents one of the most hopeless and saddening spectacles of heathen races. According to their own confession, to-day, in former times both sexes, and all ages, went absolutely naked. All of them, north of the Stanislaus at least, and probably many south also, not only married cousins, but herded together so indiscriminately in their wigwams, that not a few Americans believe and assert, to this day, the monstrous proposition, that sisters were frequently taken for wives. But this is mainly false. The Indians all deny it, emphatically; and not one of their accusers could produce an instance, having been deceived into the belief by the general circumstance above-mentioned. They eat all creatures that swim in the waters, all that fly through the air, and all that creep, crawl, or walk upon the earth, with, perhaps, a dozen exceptions. They have the most degraded and superstituous beliefs in wood-spirits, who produce those disastrous conflagrations to which California is subject; in water-spirits, who inhabit the rivers, consume the fish, and work all manner of evil and malignity upon men; and in fetichistic spirits, who assume the forms of owls and other birds, to render their existence a torment and a terror, from the baby-basket to the grave. In occasional specimens of noble physical stature they were not lacking, especially in Yosemite and other elevated valleys; but the utter weakness, puerility, and imbecility of their conceptions, and the unspeakable obscenity of some of their legends, almost surpass human belief. But the saddest and gloomiest thing connected with the Meewocs is the fact, that many of them--probably a majority of all who entertain any well-defined notions whatever on the subject, believe in the annihilation of the soul after death, escpecailly in the case of the wicked. When an Indian's friend departs the earth, he mourns him with that great and bitter sorrow of one who is without hope. He will live no more forever. All that he possessed is burned with him upon the funeral-pyre,

in order that nothing may remain to remind them afterward of one who is gone into black oblivion. So awful to them is the thought of one who is gone down to eternal nothingness, that his name is never afterward even whispered; if one of his friends is so unfortunate as to possess the same name, he changes it for another; and if, at any time, they are compelled to mention the departed, with bated breath and mournful softness they murmur simply "Itteh," "him." Himself, his identity, is gone; his name is lost; he is blotted out; itteh represents merely the being that once was. Like all the other tribes of sunny California, they are gay and jovial through their lives; but, while most of the others have a mitigation of the final terrors in the assured belief of an immortality in the "Happy Western Land," the Meewocs go down, with a grim and stolid sullenness, to the death of a dog, that will live no more. It is necessary to say, however, that not all entertain this belief; but it seems to prevail more especially south of the Merced, and among the more grave and thoughtful of these. Throughout the whole Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys one will occasionally meet an Indian who believes in annilhilation; but nowhere so many as among the Meewocs.

As to tribal distribution, the Meewocs north of the Stanislaus, like the Neeshenams, designate principally by the points of the compass. These are toomun, choomuch, hayzooit, and olowit (north, south, east, and west), from which are formed various tribal names--as Toomuns, Toomedocs, and Tamolecas; Choomuch, Choomwits, Choomedocs or Chimedocs, and Choomteyas; Olowits, Olowedocs, Oloweeyas, etc. Olowedocs is the name applied to all Indians living on the plains, as far west as Stockton.

But there are several names which are employed absolutely, and without any reference to direction. On the south bank of the Cosumnes are the Cawnees; on Sutter Creek, the Yulonees; on the Stanislaus and Tuolumne, the extensive tribe of Wallies; in Yosemite, the Awanees; on the south fork of the Merced, the Nootchoos; on the middle Merced, the Choomteyas; on the upper Chowchlla, the Hethtoyas; on the middle Chowchilla, the tribe that named the stream; and on the north bank of the Fresno, the Pohoneeche es. There were probably others besides these, especially on the plains; but they have been so long extinct, that their names are forgotten. Dr. Bunnell mentions the "Potoencies," but no Indian had ever heard of such a tribe; also, the "Honachees," which is probably a mistake for Monachees--a name applied, on King's River, to the Piutes.

The name "Wallie" has been the subject of no little discussion. Some assert that it is a word applied by the pioneers to the Indians, without any particular meaning; others, that it is an aboriginal word, denoting "friend." The latter theory probably had its origin from the fact that these Indians, on meeting each other, frequently cry out"Wallie! wallie!" As a matter of fact, it is derived from the word wallim, which means simply "down below;" and it appears to have been originated by the Yosemite Indians, and applied to the lower tribes with a slight feeling of contempt, for which there was some ground. The Indians on the Stanislaus and the Tuolumne use the term freely in conversing among themselves; but on the Merced it is not heard, except among the Americans. The Yosemite Indians despised the Wallies because they could not make bows (having no suitable timber), and had no pluck; the Wallies, in turn, affected to despise those north of the Stanislaus and down on the plains, because they married cousins.

Perhaps the only special features to be noted in their physiognomy, are the smallness of their heads, and the flatness of some of them on the sinciput, caused by their lying on the hard baby-basket when infants. I felt the heads of a village near Chinese Camp, and was surprised at the diminutive balls which lurked within their masses of hair, though perhaps others in the State would reveal the same feature. The Chief, Captain John, was at least seventy years old, yet his head was still perceptibly flattened on the back, and I could almost encircle it with my hands.

All the dwellers on the plains, and as far up on the mountains as the cedar-line, bought all their bows and most of their arrows from the upper mountaineers. An Indian is about ten days in making a bow, and it costs $3, $4, or $5, according to workmanship; an arrow, 12½ cents. Three kinds of money were employed in this traffic. White shell-beads, or rather buttons, pierced in the centre and strung together, were rated at $5 a yard; periwinkles, at $1 a yard; fancy marine shells, at various prices, from $3 to $10, or $15, according to their beauty.

The chief or headman of a village is little more than a master of ceremonies. When he decides to hold a dance in his village, he dispatches messengers to the neighboring rancherias, each bearing a string whereon is tied a certain number of knots. Every morning thereafter the invited chief unties one of the knots, and when the last but one is reached, they joyfully set forth for the dance--men, women, and children--all, without any exception.

Occasionally there arises a great orator or prophet, who wields a wide influence, and exerts it to introduce such reforms as seem to him desirable. Old Sam, of Jackson, was such a one. Sometimes he would set out on a speaking or lecturing tour, traveling (37) many miles in all directions, and speaking with great fervor and eloquence nearly all night, according to accounts. Shortly before I passed through that region, he had introduced two reforms (whether permanently or not, can not be here stated), at which the reader will probably smile, but which were certainly in the right direction. One was, that the Indians no longer tarred their heads in token of mourning, but painted their faces--paint being so much easier to scrape off. The other was, that, instead of holding an annual "cry," or Dance of Weeping, in memory of the dead, they should dance and chant dirges. In one of his speeches to his people, he is reported to have counseled them to live at peace with the Americans, to treat them kindly, and avoid quarrels whenever possible, for they were weak, and it was worse than useless to contend against their conquerors. He then diverged into remarks on household economy: "Do not waste cooked victuals. You never have too much, anyhow. The Americans do not waste their food. They work for it, and take care of it. They keep it in their houses, out of the rain. You let the squirrels get into your acorns. When you eat a piece of pie, you eat it up as far as the apple goes, then throw the crust into the fire. When you have a pancake left, you throw it to the dogs. Every family should keep only one dog. It is wasteful.

Typocksie, Chief of the Chimteyas, was a notable Indian in his generation, holding undisputed sovereignty in the valley of the Merced, from South Fork to the plains. Early every morning, as soon as the families had had time decently to prepare breakfast, he would step out before his wigwam and lift up his sonorous voice like a

Stentor, summoning the whole village to work in the gold-diggings; and himself went forth to share the labor of the humblest. Men, women, and children went out together, taking their dinners along, and the village was totally deserted until about three o'clock, (38) when they ended their labor for the day. Every one worked hard, inspired by the example of their great chieftain, the men making dives into the Merced of a minute or more, and bringing up the fat gravel, while the women and children washed it on shore. They got abundance of gold and lived in civilized luxury as long as Typocksie was alive. He is described by one who knew him well as a magnificent specimen of a savage, standing full six feet high, straight and sinewy, shiny-black as an Ethiopian, with eyes like an eagle's, a high forehead, and nostrils strongly walled, each of them showing a clean, bold ellipse. He died in 1857, and was buried in Rum Hollow with unparalledled pomp and splendor. Over 1,200 Indians were present at his funeral. After this grand old barbarian was gone, his tribe speedily went to the bad; their industry disappeared; their gold was gambled away; their fine clothes followed hard after it; dissension, disease, and death scattered them to the four winds.

Among the Meewocs, when a maiden is married, it is not her father who receives the presents made by the bridegroom, but her mother. Sometimes the bride is carried to the lodge of her husband on the shoulders of a stalwart brave, amid a joyous throng, singing songs, dancing, leaping, and whooping. In partial return for the presents given by the groom to his mother-in-law, his father-in-law gives the young couple various substantial articles, such as are needed in the scullery, to set them up in housekeeping. In fact, here, as generally throughout the State, it is a kind of established usage that the parents are to do everything for their children, and the latter nothing, until they marry. The children run wild and learn nothing useful but what they please. More than that, the Meewoc father often continues these presents of flesh and acorns to the young couple for several years after their marriage. And what is his reward? When he waxes old, he is treated little better than a slave, and has to shift pretty much for himself. This is too much the case among all peoples, civil or savage.

(39) In case of the birth of twins, one of them is invariably destroyed, though there seems to be no other form of infanticide. It is the universal sentiment that two babes are an excessive burden to the mother, and their ingenuity has never compassed the imprating of nutriment from a bottle. Mention is made of a squaw named Haoocheah, living near Murphy's, who, in 1858, gave birth to twins and destroyed one, with the approval of all her kindred.

Part of their physicians are men, and part women. Scarification and prolonged suction with the mouth are their staple methods. In case of colds and rheumatism, they apply California balm of Gilead, externally and internally, with good results. Stomachic affections and severe travail are treated with a plaster of hot ashes and moist earth spread on the stomach. They believe that their male physicians, who are more properly sorcerers, can sit on a mountain-top fifty miles distant from a man they wish to destroy, and compass his death by flipping poison toward him from their fingerends. The physician's prerogative is, that he must always be paid in advance; hence, a man seeking his services, brings his offering along--a fresh-slain deer, or so many yards

of shells, or something--and flings it down before him without a word, thus intimating that he desires the worth of that in medicine and treatment. The patient's prerogative is, that, if he dies, his friends may kill the doctor.

In the Acorn Dance, in autumn, the whole company join hands and dance in a circle, men and women alternating--a position of equality not often accorded to the gentle sex. They generally have to dance by themselves, or at least in the outer circle, behind their partners! Besides this anniversary or fixed dance, there are others, ordinary fandangos (calteh), for feasting and amusement. They resemble a civilized ball somewhat, inasmuch as the young men of the village giving the entertainment contribute to a purse wherewith to purchase a large quantity of rabbits, wild fowl, acorns, sweet roots, and other delicacies (nowadays, generally a bullock, sheep, flour, fruit, etc.). Then they select an open, sunny glade, far within some sequestered forest, where they will not be disturbed by intruders, and plant green branches of trees in the ground, forming a large circle. Grass and pine-straw are scattered within, to form at once a dancing-floor and a divan. Runners are then dispatched to all the villages in the vicinity to invite the people, and here they collect and spend several days--sometimes a week--gambling, feasting, and sleeping in the breezy shade by day; and by night dancing to lively tunes, with execrable and most industrious music, and wild, dithyrambic crooning of chants, and indescribable dances, now sweeping around in a ring beneath the overhanging pine-boughs, and now stationary in a kind of piton-rod dance, with rustling plumes and jingling beadery--at this day replaced by the rags they have got of civilization.

Every autumn brings around the Annual Mourning (nootyu); and occasionally, in case of a high personage, there is a special mourning, fixed by appointment a few months after his death. Both are alike. A whole village or several villages assemble together, generally in the evening, seat themselves on the ground in a circle, and engage in loud and demonstrative wailing, beating themselves and tearing their hair. The squaws wander off into the forest, wringing their arms piteously, beating the air, weeping with upturned eyes, and adjuring the departed ones of the year, whom they tenderly call "dear child," or "cousin," to return. Sometimes, during a sort of trance or frenzy of sorrow, a squaw will dance three or four hours in the same place without cessation, crooning a dismal noise. Others, with arms interlocked, walk to and fro in a beaten path for fours, chanting weird death-songs, with eldritch, inarticulate wailings--sad voicings of savage sorrow. On the Merced, the women do not apply pitch over the whole head, but only a small blotch under the ears, while the younger squaws singe their hair short. When some near relative chances to be absent at the time of the funeral, some article belonging to the deceased (frequently a hat, nowadays) is preserved from the general sacrifice of his effects, and retained until this person returns, that the sight of it may kindle his sorrow, and awaken in his bosom fresh and percing recollections of that being whom he will never more behold. On the lower Tuolumne, after dancing a frightful death-dance around the grave into which they have just lowered the body, they go out of mourning, by removing the pitch, until the Annual Mourning comes round, when they renew it. On the latter occasion, they fashion out of clothing and blankets a rude effigy to represent the deceased person or

persons, and carry it around the graves with doleful laments. Perchance the soul of the departed may have lost its way to the Happy Western Land, and be wandering sad and houseless on earth; but it will now joyfully enter the effigy, and, by the swift, bright flames, be started on its road afresh.

As soon as the Annual Mourning is over, they heat water and scour off the pitch; then all the relatives are at full liberty to engage in their ordinary pursuits, attend dances, etc., which before were interdicted. That solemn occasion itself too frequently winds up with a debauch of sensuality.

The oldest brother is entitled to his brother's widow, and he may even convey her to his wigwam on the way home from the funeral, if he is so disposed, though it would be accounted hardly less unseemly than among civilized people.

Though incremation very generally prevails among the Meewocs, the time never was when it was universal. Captain John states, that, long before they had ever seen any Europeans, the Indians high up in the mountains buried their dead, though his people, living about Chinese Camp, always burned, as low down on the Stanislaus as Robinson's Ferry, the action of the river has revealed long ranks of skeletons--three or four feet beneath the surface, doubled up, and covered with stones--of which none of the bones showed any charring.

In respect of legends, they relate one which is very remarkable. First, it is necessary to state that there is a lake, or an expansion of the river, some four miles long and from a half-mile to a mile wide, on the upper Tuolumne, directly north of Hatchatchie Valley. I know no name for it except the aboriginal one, Owyanuh (clearly a dialectic variation of awya, which denotes "lake"). Nat Screech, a veteran mountaineer and hunter, relates that he visited this region in 1850, and at that time there was a valley along the river, having the same dimensions that this lake now has. Again, in 1855, he happened to pass that way, and discovered that the lake had been formed as it now exists. He was totally at a loss to account for its origin; but subsequently he learned the Meewoc language, of the dialect spoken at Little Gap, and, while listening to the Indians one day, he overheard them casually refer to the formation of this lake in an (40) extraordinary manner. Upon being questioned, they stated that there had been a tremendous cataclysm in that valley, the bottom of it having fallen out apparently, whereby the entire valley was submerged in the waters of the Tuolumne. As nearly as he could ascertain from their imperfect methods of reckoning time, this occurred in 1851; and, in that year, while in the town of Sonora, Screech and many others remembered to have heard a huge explosion in that direction, which they then supposed was caused by a local earthquake.

On Drew's Ranch, Middle Fork of the Tuolumne, still lives an aged squaw, called Dischee, who was present when this remarkable event occurred. According to her account, the earth dropped in beneath their feet, and the waters of the river leaped up and came rushing upon them in a vast, roaring flood, almost perpendicular, like a wall of rock. The Indians were stricken dumb and motionless with terror by the

awful noise, but when they saw the waters coming, they escaped for life, though thirty or forty were overtaken and drowned. Another squaw, named Isabel, relates that the stubs of trees, which are still plainly visible deep down in the pellucid waters, are considered by the older and more superstitious Indians to be evil spirits, reaching up their arms to grasp them, and that they fear them greatly. The story of the origin of this Tuolumne lake, if true, is valuable, as going to corroborate Professor Whitney's theory of the formation of Yosemite Valley.

An Indian of Garrote narrated to me a legend of the creation of man and woman by the coyote, which contained a large amount of aboriginal dirt. Yet this story, with all its unclean particulars, was related by him with the most straightforward and profound gravity, though surrounded by his whole family. Most of their fables are pure, and some are rather pretty, but when they do verge into impurity, they become the most monstrous and revolting excrescences that ever grew out of the mind of man. Following is a fable told at Little Gap:

CREATION OF MAN.

After the coyote had finished all the work of the world and the inferior animals, he called a council of them to deliberate on the creation of man. They sat down in an open space in the forest, all in a circle, with the lion at the head. On his right sat the grizzly bear, next the brown bear, and so on around, according to rank, ending with the little mouse, which sat at the lion's left.

The lion was the first to speak; and he declared he should like to see a man created with a mighty voice, like himself, wherewith he could frighten all animals. For the rest, he would have him well covered with hair, terrible fangs in his jaws, strong talons, etc.

The grizzly bear said it was ridiculous to have such a voice as his neighbor, for he was always roaring with it, and scared away the very prey he wished to catch. He thought the man ought to have prodigious strength, and move about silently, but very swiftly when necessary, and be able to grip his meat without making any noise.

The buck said the man would look very foolish, in his way of thinking, unless he had a magnificent pair of horns on his head with which to fight. He also thought it was very absurd to roar so loudly, and he would pay less attention to the man's throat than he would to his ears and his eyes, for he would make the one like a spider's web, and the other like fire.

The mountain sheep protested he never could see what sense there was in such horns, spreading every way, only to get caught in the branches. If the man had horns neatly rolled up, they would be like a stone on each side of his head, giving weight, so that he could butt a great deal harder.

When it came the coyote's turn to speak, he declared all these were the stupidest speeches he ever listened to, and that he could hardly keep awake while such noodles and

nincompoops were talking. Every one of them wanted to make the man just like himself. They might as well take one of their own cubs and call it a man. As for himself, he very well knew that he was not the best animal that could be made, and he could make one a great deal better than himself. Of course, he would be like himself in having four legs, five fingers on each, etc. It was well enough to have a voice like the lion's, but it should also be as small as that of the little mouse sometimes. The grizzly bear also had some good points, one of which was the shape of his feet, by which he could stand up if he wished, and he was in favor of making the man's feet nearly the same. The grizzly was also happy in having no tail, for he had learned from his own experience that that organ served principally as a harbor for fleas. The buck's eyes and ears were pretty good, also--perhaps better than his own. Then there was the fish, which was naked, and which he envied, because hair was a burden most of the year; so he favored a man without hair. His claws ought to be as long as the eagle's, so that he could hold things in them. But, with all their separate gifts, they must acknowledge that there was no animal besides himself that had wit enough to supply the man; and he felt obliged, therefore, to make him like himself in that respect--cunning and crafty.

After the coyote had made an end, the beaver said that he had never heard such arrant twaddle in his life. No tail, indeed! He would make a man with a broad, flat tail, so that he could haul mud and sand on it.

The owl declared all the animals seemed to have lost their senses; none of them proposed to give man wings. For himself, he could not see of what use anything on earth would be to him without wings.

The mole said it was perfect folly to talk about wings, for with wings the poor man would be certain to fly up and crack his noddle against the sky. Besides, if he had eyes, he would be certain to get them singed against the sun; but without eyes, he could burrow in the cool, soft earth, and be happy.

Last of all, the little mouse squeaked out that he would make a man with eyes, of course, so he could see what he was eating; and as for burrowing in the ground, that was a humbug.

So they all disagreed, and the council broke up in a row. The coyote flew at the beaver, and nipped a piece out of his cheek; the owl jumped on the coyote's head, and commenced lifting his scalp; and so they all got to fighting. But finally they stopped, and taking each a lump of clay, they commenced molding a man according to their ideas; but the coyote began to make one like that he described. It was so late when they fell to work, that nightfall had come on before any one had finished his model, and they laid down and fell dead asleep. But the cunning coyote remained awake, and worked hard on his model all night. When all the other animals were fast asleep, he went slyly around and threw water on their models, and so spoiled them. In the morning, early, he finished his, and gave it life before the others could make new models; and so it was that man was created by the coyote.

YOSEMITE.

There is good reason for believing that, if the Indians could know how much more we have extracted from their words and legends than they ever put into them, they would be very much amused. All California Indian names which possess any significance whatever, are to be interpreted on the plainest, most obvious, and even the most prosaic principles; whereas, the grim walls of Yosemite have been made by White men to blossom with aboriginal poetry, like a page of "Lala Rookh." From the "Great Chief of the Valley," and "Goddess of the Valley," down to the "Cataract of Diamonds," the sumptuous imaginations of various discoverers have trailed through that wonderful gorge blazons of mythological heraldry and pageantry of demigods of more than oriental gorgeousness. It would be a thousand pities, truly, if the aborigines could not have succeeded in interpreting more poetically the meanings of the place than our countrymen have in such misearably bald appellations as "Nevada Fall," "Vernal Fall," and similar names; and whether they did or did not, they were not such maunderers as to perpetrate the melodramatic and dime-novel shams that have been fathered upon them.

In the first place, they never knew of any such locality on earth as Yosemite Valley. Second, there is not now, and never has been, anything in that valley which the Indians called Yosemite. Third, they never called Old Ephraim himself Yosemite. Lastly, there is no such word in the Meewoc language as Yosemite.

The valley has been known to the Indians from time immemorial as Awanee. True, this is only the name of one of the ancient villages which it contained; but this village was the metropolis of the valley, and gave its name by pre-eminence to the whole ot it; and, in accordance with the Indian custom, to the inhabitants of the same. In all the dialects north of the Stanislaus, the word for "grizzly bear" is oozoomite; at Little Gap, osoamite; in Yosemite, oozoomite; on the South Fork of the Merced, uhzoomituh. How this was ever corrupted into its present form, and applied to the whole valley, when there is only one rock known by this name to the Indians, is curious. Mr. J. M. Hutchings, in his "Guide Book," states that the pronunciation on the South Fork is "Yohamite;" and some years ago there was an acrid controversy between the partisans of that word and those of "Yosemite." Now, there is occasionally an Indian among the Meewocs who might be called a cockney, as he never can get the "haitches" right. Different ones will pronounce the word for "wood" susueh and huhueh; also, the word for "eye" hunta and shunta. But no one of at least a score that I asked ever gave other than one of the three pronunciations above set down.

Elsewhere in California, the aboriginal names have effected such slight lodgment in the atlases, that it is seldom worth while to spend any considerable time in seeking to set them right. Here it is different. Professor Whitney and Mr. Hutchings, in their works on the valley, both state that they derived their information concerning names, etc., from White men only. The Indians certainly have a right to be consulted in this department of knowledge; and if they differ from the interpreters, every right-thinking man will accept the statement of an intelligent savage as against a half-dozen White men. As for any connected, lucid account of his customs, he can not give it;

but if he does not know the single words of his own language, pray who does? Acting on this belief, I employed Choko (a dog), generally known as "Old Jim," and accounted the wisest native head in the valley, to go with me around it, and name in detail all the places. He is, or claims to be, one of the very few original Awanees now living; for a California Indian, he is exceptionally frank and communicative; and he is as full of talk and as truthful as he is shiftless--a kind of aboriginal Sam Lawson. He was even pig-headed in his persistency about certain little embellishments which White men had added to the valley legend, which he considered spurious, and which he would have none of. "White man too much lie," said he, when I tried, by way of experiment, to induce him to lend his countenance and authority to some of these extra-official touches. He little knew how miserably he was hacking down the gorgeous stories related by the guide-books; but I strongly suspect he is far better authority than they, and that the simple and even bald narrations he gave are nearer the truth than those of others. A magazine (41) article is no place for a dry list of names, neither is there space to give more than one of the legends.

The extreme narrowness of range of the California Indians' knowledge is aptly shown in their frequent lack of specific names. Thus, the Merced is Wakalla, which is simply "the river;" Yosemite Fall is Choloc, which is "the fall;" and Mirror Lake is Awya, which is "the lake." They knew so little of the great world that it was not necessary for them to designate which river or which lake.

The name Tutochanula is a permutative substantive, formed from the verb tultakana, which means "to creep like a measuring-worm;" and means also the worm itself. Hence this name may be interpreted "Measuring-worm Stone," or "Rock of Degrees;" and the story from which it originated is as follows:

LEGEND OF TUTOCHANULA.

There were once two little boys living in the valley, who went down to the river to swim. After paddling and splashing about to their hearts' content, they went on shore, and crept up on a huge bowlder that stood beside the water, on which they laid down in the warm sunshine to dry themselves. They soon fell asleep, and they slept so soundly that they never wakened more. Through sleeps, moons, and snows, winter and summer, they slumbered on. Meanwhile, the great rock whereon they slept was treacherously rising, day and night, little by little, until it soon bore them up beyond the sight of their friends, who sought them everywhere, weeping. Thus they were borne up, at last, beyond all human help or reach of human voice--lifted up, inch by inch, into the blue heavens--far up, far up, until their faces scraped the moon; and still they slumbered and slept, year after year, year after year. Then at length, upon a time, all the animals assembled together to bring down the little boys from the top of the mighty rock. Every animal made a spring up the face of the wall as far as he could leap. The little mouse could only jump up a hand-breadth; the rat, two hand-breadth; the raccoon, a little higher; and so on: the grizzly bear making a prodigious leap far up the wall, but falling back, in vain, like all the others. Last of all, the lion tried, and he jumped up higher than any other animal had; but he fell down flat on his back. Then came along an insignificant measuring-worm, which even the mouse could have crushed

by treading on it, and began to creep up the rock. Step by step, step by step, a little at a time, he measured his way up, until presently he was above the lion's jump; then, pretty soon, out of sight. So he crawled up, and up, and up, through many long sleeps, for about one whole snow, and at last he reached the top. Then he took the little boys, and came down the same way he went up, and brought them safe down to the ground. And so the rock was called after the measuring-worm (tultakana), Tutochanula.

This is not only a true Indian story, but it has a pretty meaning, being a kind of parallel to AEsop's fable of the hare and tortoise that ran a race. What all the great animals of the forest could not do, the despised measuring-worm accomplished, simply by patience and perseverance. It also has its value, as showing the Indian idea of the formation of Yosemite, and that they must have arrived in the valley after it had assumed its present from.

The extreme simplicity of the aboriginal names, in contrast with such pompous flummeries as "The Three Brothers" and "Royal Arches," is shown in a couple of instances. Next east of Cathedral Rock is a tall, sharp needle, unnamed by us, which the Indians call Pooseena Chukka, which means, "The squirrel and the acorn-cache." A single glance at it will show how easily the simple and wondering savages, on their first entrance into the great valley, as they were pointing out to one another the various objects, imagined here a squirrel nibbling at the bottom of an acorn-cache. The other instance is the Royal Arches, which they call Chockonee--that is, "a baby-basket." Literally, chokonee means a "dog-place," or "dog-house." There is a vast deal more resemblance to a baby-basket than there is to a royal arch, whatever that may be.

Ozoomite Lawatuh ("grizzly-bear skin") is their name for Glacier Rock, given on account of its grayish, grizzled appearance; and it is the only name in the valley from which its present appellation could have been formed by corruption.

There were nine villages in Yosemite, within the recollection of Choko, all of which he located with the greatest minuteness. Their names were as follow: Wahaka (foot of The Three Brothers), Saccaya, Hocoewedoc (site of Hutchings' Hotel), Coominee, Awanee (foot of Yosemite Fall), Machayto, Notomidoola, Laysamite, and Wisculla. There were formerly others, extending as far down as Bridal Veil Fall, which were destroyed in wars that occurred before the Americans came. At a low estimate, these nine villages must have contained 450 inhabitants. Dr. Bunnell indirectly states, that the valley was not occupied during the winter, and was used only as a summer resort, and as a stronghold or refuge in case of defeat elsewhere; but the three surviving Awanees agree in saying it was occupied every winter. This is quite possible; for Mr. Hutchings and others dwell there throughout the year, without inconvenience. Moreover, the assertion of the Indians is borne out by the locations of the villages themselves. With the exception of two on the south bank, they were all built as close to the north wall as the avalanches of snow and ice would permit, in order to get the benefit of the sunshine--just as Mr. Hutchings' winter cottage is, to-day. If they had been intended only for summer occupation, they would have been placed, according to Indian custom, near the river.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. VIII. The Modocs

Men best acquainted with this tribe, say that their true name is Modoc -- a word which originated with the Shasteecas, who applied it indefinitely to all wild Indians or enemies. Subsequently it was abridged to its present form, and narrowed in its use to the tribe now bearing it.

Their proper habitat is on the southern shore of Lower Klamath Lake, on Hot Creek, around Clear Lake, and along Lost River, in Oregon. They sometimes came out as far west as Butte Creek, in summer, to dig roots, and occasionally, though seldom, made an incursion into the unoccupied and disputed territory west and south of Goose Lake. Since the almost total destruction of the Shasteecas, the Hot Creek Modocs have been in the habit of coming down to the Shasta River every summer, to fish for salmon, which are not obtainable in their own waters. They generally arrive down about the 4th of July, so as to be in Yreka on that great occasion of gunpowder, cakes, and beer; and when that little city was so disastrously burned on the national anniversary of 1871, the Modocs were present, and several of them did yeoman's service in manning the engines.

The great plains around Goose Lake were densely inhabited of old, as is demonstrated by the number of stone mortars--fashioned with sharp point, to be inserted into the ground--which have been plowed up on Davis Creek and elsewhere; but within the historical period they have been deserted. The Indians assert, that, long ago, the Modocs, Piutes, and Pit River Indians contended for their possession many bloody battles, but none of them ever gained a permanent advantage, and at last they abandoned the ferocious and wasting struggle from sheer exhaustion, leaving nothing settled concerning the title to the land. Always afterward, even when the all-equalizing Americans had arrived, none of them ever ventured thither, except now and then a band of warriors, armed to the teeth, on a hunting or fishing excursion of a few days, slipping through with haste and with stealth. It had become a savage Golgotha, a place of skulls, through which they passed with shuddering and with bated breath. (43)

In physiognomy, the Modocs present more rugged and stolid strength of feature than the Shasteecas, or than the California Indians proper. Their cheekbones are rather large; hair remarkably thick and coarse; faces heavy and drowsy, much like the faces in Sacramento Valley, but not wrinkling so excessively in old age; eyes dullish, and frequently yellow where they should be white. Though living at a higher altitude than the Sahsteecas about Yreka, they are darker colored, probably because of their proximity to large bodies of water. Unlike all other tribes in the State, the men as well as the women paint themselves with various pigments formed from rotten wood, different kinds of earth, etc., making smears and blotches of color in most grotesque fashion.

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 10, pp. 535-545, 1873.

Taken altogether, they are rather a cloddish, indolent, ordinarily good-natured race, but treacherous at bottom, sullen when angered, and notorious for keeping Punic faith. Their bravery nobody can dispute. They are churlishly exclusive, having no reciprocity or cartel with other tribes, like the blithe-hearted, joyous Wintoons; inviting none to their dances, and receiving no invitations in return. In fact, they have hardly any merry-makings, like the unnumbered acorn, clover, pine-nut, and salmon dances of the southern tribes; but chiefly the gloomy and truculent orgies of war, of the scalp, and of death. They attained of old to a great infamy as slave-dealers, their principal victims being the timid, simple, joyous races of California, and especially those of Pit River, though now the latter have forgiven the ancient crime, and heartily wish them well in their fight with the American. They have a toughness of vitality which corresponds with their character. In 1847, the small-pox destroyed about 150 of the tribe; they were forever at war with the Shasteecas until the Whites intervened; they have run many a foolhardy tilt against the Americans; and yet, as a nation, they are probably increasing slowly today! In 1851, they were less numerous than the Shasteecas; now they number about 250, and the latter thirty-five or forty.

The squaw Matilda, often mentioned in the dispatches as one of the chief mediators, is a woman of no mean capacity. Living with an American, she keeps his house tight and snug as any White woman could, and whenever not occupied with her housefold cares, she is busy over her pencil and paper. She has a voluminous roll of sketches, partly copies, but principally original drawings. With a stump of a pencil and any casual scrap of paper, shw will strike off at sight an American, an Englishman, a German, a Chinaman, a Modoc, or any eccentric character she may chance to see; and her heads are wonderfully correct and graphic. If she had received an education, or enjoyed any privileges except those afforded by the rudest backwoods, she would have been heard of in the art world. Matilda is a woman of a strong, dark face, glittering eyes, slow and deliberate in speech, and of an iron will--a good type of her race.

For a foundation to his wigwam, the Modoc excavates a circular space from two to four feet deep, then makes over it a concial structure of puncheons, which is strongly braced up with timbers, frequently hewn and a foot square. The whole is warmly covered with earth, and an aperture left atop, to which the inhabitants ascend by a centre-pole. Both sexes dressed themselves in skins and furs, like the Oregon Indians, before they ever saw an American. For fala-dresses, they tanned large-sized skins, and inlaid them with brilliant-colored duck-scalps, sewed on in various figures, making very handsome, if rather evil-smelling, robes.

Fish are caught with gigs, pointed with horn or bone, and with various kinds of seines. They formerly had dug-outs, generally made from the fir, quite rude and unshapely concerns, compared with those of the lower Klamath, but substantial, and sometimes large enough to carry 1,800 pounds of merchandise. Across the bow of one of these canoes the seine was stretched, bellying back as the craft was propelled through the water, until the catch was sufficiently large, when it was lifted up, emptied, and then replaced for another draught.

In these canoes they also gather the wocus. This is an aquatic plant, with (44) a floating leaf very much like that of a pond-lily, in the centre of which is a pod resembling a poppy-head, full of farinaceous seeds. These are pulled in great quantities, and the seed thrashed out on shore, forming an excellent material for bread or panada. Americans sometimes gather and parch them, then eat them in a bowl of milk with a spoon--a dish which is very relishable. The Klamath lakes are the only waters, I believe, on which this singular plant is known to exist, and it has been well suggested, that, if transplanted to other swamps and lagoons of California, it might become a cereal almost as productive and nutritious as rice. It constitutes a large source of winter supply for the Modocs. Another vegetable product they depend on largely is the kice, or kace--a root about an inch long and as large as one's little finger, of a bitter-sweetish and pungent taste, something like ginseng. Early in June, they quit their warm winter-lodges, and scatter about in small parties and families, encamping in brushwood booths, for the purpose of gathering this root. They find it in moist, rich places, near the edge of swamps; and, with a little fire-hardened stick in her hand, and a basket, a squaw can root it out fast. It is washed and eaten raw (the children and men are munching it all day), or dried and sacked up for winter. An industrious woman will put away many bushels of it in the attic of the lodge. They also set much store by cammas, which is gathered and preserved in the same manner. Thus it will be seen that the Modocs are more properly "Diggers," though not generally classed as such, than the California Indians thus called.

In Lost River, desert stream though it is, the Modocs find a remarkable supply and variety of fish. There are black, silver-sided, and speckled trout, of which first two species specimens are taken weighing twenty-five pounds; buffalo fish, from five to twelve pounds; and very large, fine suckers--such only in name and appearance, for they are not bonier than common fishes. In spawning-time, the fish school up from Clear Lake in extraordinary numbers, so that the Indians have only to put a slight obstruction in the river, when they can literally shovel them out. But the salmon, king of the finny tribes, they have not. That royal fish ascends the Klamath only to the first rapids below the lake, for above there is no gravel suitable to spawn in. The Modocs smoke up small stores of fish for winter consumption, and that principally from the little, white lake-fish; for they return from their summer pilgramage to the Shasta empty-handed. From these facts may be learned the secret of the Modocs' strong attachment to the banks of Lost River.

The Modoc squaws make a beautiful fashion of baby-basket. It is of fine willow-work, a little longer than a baby, shaped like a cylinder with half of it cut away, and the ends rounded. It is intended to be set up against the wall or carried on the back; hence the infant is lashed perpendicularly in it, with his feet standing on one end, and the other arching over his head for a canopy. In one which I saw this canopy was supported by standards, spirally wrapped with gay-colored calico, with looped and scalloped hangings between; and the body of it being woven of the finest willows in variegated colors, and the little cub pinioned in it, neat, clean, with his nose wiped, and standing straight up as an arrow--it was quite a fashionable turnout. Let a squaw black her whole face below the eyes, including the nose, shining black; thrust a goose-quill three inches long through the septum of her nose, don her

close-fitting skull-cap, and start for town with her baby-basket lashed to her back; then she feels the pride of maternity strong within her. The little fellow is swaddled all around like a mummy, with nothing visible but his head, so that he can sleep standing. From the manner in which the tender skull is thus bandaged back, it often results that it grows backward and upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, as if it had been compressed between two boards. Among the Muckalucs, a closely related tribe, I have seen a man of fifty years whose forehead was all gone, the head sloping right back on a line with the nose. Yet his faculties seemed nowise impaired. Again, the basket is so shaped that the baby, when riding on his mother's back, seems to be inserted into a tiny pulpit. All this conspicuous pains-taking which the Modoc squaws expend on their baby-baskets is good; it is a hopeful thing. Not unfrequently a Digger woman will set her baby carelessly in the top of a conical basket--the same in which she carries her household effects--leaving it loose and liable to fall out. When she has a baby-basket, it is not ornamented; and one tribe contemptuously call it "the dog's nest."

The Modocs have a hereditary chieftainship, and they are something less democratic and independent than the California Indians proper. But their surly and intractable character reveals itself occasionally. Sconchin, the lineal and rightful Chief of the whole tribe, and perhaps the most conscientious and honest Modoc the Americans ever knew, together with the famous Laylake (after whom a branch of the nation is called), made a treaty of peace with Captain Jesse Walker in 1854, and again with the Government in 1864, and both of them he kept religously. He remained on the
(45) Klamath Reservation, as he had promised, and it was partly his fidelity to his pledges which finally brought about Captain Jack's secession and all the subsequent troubles of this year. In 1870, Captain Jack, a coward and a braggart, set up the standard of insurrection, and led away from the reservation all but a hundred of the Modocs, who remained and still remain loyal to their legitimate Chief. He had given no pledges for himself, and he declared that Sconchin had no authority to bind him.

It is sometimes asserted that the Modocs have improved in disposition since the American conquest. B. F. Dowell, for instance, states that, twenty years ago, they were all roving, hostile, barbarous savages; while now more than half of them are loyal, very kind, and many of them speak good English. This is a rank delusion, common to American egotism. Their "loyalty," as with a great majority of Indians, is simply fear; they are neither more nor less kind than they were as savages--if anything, less generous to each other; and experience gives painful proof of the fact that the younger and English-speaking generation are less truthful, less honest, and less virtuous than the old, simon-pure savages.

I will give an instance of conspicuous shabbiness in their modern treatment of one another. When Captain Jack revolted and left the reservation, he and his band went down to Lost River and engaged in gambling with Captain George and his Muckalucs (Klamath Lake Indians). The latter were successful, and eventually won twenty-odd ponies, besides other articles. When the time of reckoning came, Captain Jack flatly refused to give up the ponies, and proposed that they should try a shooting-match for them. Captain George had fewer followers than he, and they were not armed; so,

after much fierce jangling, he was forced to consent. Then Captain Jack turned bully, began to bluster like a pirate, openly threatened Captain George's life, and finally drove the ponies coolly off!

On the other hand, how admirable was the conduct of Sconchin, in contrast. He and his faithful hundred were afterward removed to the Yainax Reservation, and, in the spring of 1872, they departed on a two -months' leave of absence, to gather roots and fish. The day before I reached the reservation, Sconchin's furlough expired, and the old Chief mounted his horse and rode forty miles through the desert to get it renewed, though he knew well there was not a bayonet on the reservation, and that the whole matter was an unmitigated farce.

When going into battle, the Modocs generally strip themselves naked, and hideously besmear the front of their bodies with blood-colored streaks and splashes of paint. Every frontiersman knows and dreads the terrible significance of red paint when employed by an Indian; it is the black flag of savage warfare. Their women often go forth to battle with them. Alvy Boles relates the following story, which may possibly be a little apocryphal, though the accounts received from the front during the present was go to confirm it: In 1854, when Captain Judy was campaigning against the united (46) bands of the Modocs and Shasteecas, on the Klamath, north of Yreka, women were frequently seen among the Indians, fighting, and sometimes found among the dead. One day, the enemy came suddenly upon him, advancing rapdily over the brow of a hill, and filling the air with a perfect shower of arrows. But not a male barbarian was in sight. Before them, in solid line of battle, their women were moving to the charge, while the warriors slunk along behind them, discharging their arrows between. For a moment, the Americans were taken aback. Their traditional gallantry, not a whit diminished by residence on thr frontier, forbade them from firing on the tender sex. But what could be done? They could not shoot a bullet at a right angle over the women's heads, though they would doubtless have done that if they could. Then the gallant Captain gave the order, "Break down the breastworks!" It was done. In his report of the battle, Captain Judy mentioned that "a few squaws were killed by accident!"

One custom the Modocs have which is peculiar. In the morning, at day-break, before any one has issued from his wigwam, they all arise in their rude couches and join in an orison, a kind of chant intoned with that haunting and mournful cadence--that hoarse, long, wailing sound--which is so infinitely saddening in all the music of the American Indians. It would seem to be a kind of invocation to that Great Being (Komoose) whom the Modocs vaguely recognize as the Creator. This was related to me by N. B. Ball, a soldier under Captain Jesse Walker, who listened to it one morning with a strange feeling while he lay close along the brow of a hill before the battle, glancing down his gun-barrel and waiting for the daybreak to show the nick in the sights.

All the Modocs were absent from the reservation and widely scattered over the country, at their summer labors; hence, I ssw none of the chie fs, and did not get a perfectly satisfactory account of the tribe. But the Muckalucs, known to the

Americans as the Klamath Lake Indians, have the same language and the same customs, and their history will supplement the other. They divide themselves into two main bodies, the Eocskinnes and Blykinnes, which names mean respectively "lowlanders" and "uplanders." The Eocskinnes dwell around Klamath Lake, the Blykinnes on Sprague River. Though they have intermarried a good deal with the Modocs, giving rise to a border race called Combatwash, they have warred on them even more, and beaten them time out of mind. They are deadly hereditary enemies.

We have come, now, into the real Oregon races, who have produced great chiefs, mighty warriors, organizers of government, men of old renown. Perhaps the most celebrated of these was Cumtucne, who died about 1866. He was rather a peace-chief--that is, a great orator, prophet, and rain-maker. Not only among the Muckalucs and Modocs, but through all the surrounding tribes, he was known and dreaded, and Indians traveled two hundred miles to consult him. It was believed that he could poison water or food by his simple volition, and many other wonderful things could he perform. At the present time, Captain George is Chief of the Muckalucs, without a rival, and he can muster 250 warriors. He wields over his subjects an authority such as few, if any, Calfornia chieftains dare attempt. One one occasion, not long ago, two of them were somewhat the worse for fire-water; in consequence of which they were whooping and running riot, and not only refused obedience to Captain George, but insulted him. Thereupon, the despotic old savage coolly drew his bow and shot them both unto death, where they stood; and none of their relatives ever dared bring him to judgment. Among these, the Chief also assesses, arbitrarily, the number of ponies, or the amount of shells, which must be paid as blood-money, in case of murder.

There is a war-chief, and a peace-chief or medicine-man, besides a great number of petty local head-men, whom the two leaders keep well in hand. One of the principal functions of the medicine-man is to "give the people a good heart," which he does through the instumentality of a speech, sometimes protracted to a length of three hours. He has a repeater, who repeats every sentence after him, though he himself speaks with sufficient loudness to be heard.

As these Indians are braver and more despotic than their southern neighbors, so they are more virtuous--or were, in their native state. It was a primitive custom among them, to destroy any woman who had commerce with a foreigner; which can be affirmed of only two or three tribes in California. Polygamy is tolerated, and the women have not so much influence as among the Shasteecas, though they possess considerable. They participate freely in all the war-dances, and other Spartan exercises; they have most of the medical practice; and they conduct, in person, nearly all the quarrels or fights which arise out of jealousy or polygamic discord. In all that relates to medicine, midwifery, bathing, etc., they are notably modest. A whole family sometimes enjoy a sweat-bath together, in their small ovens, heated with hot stones, but it is conducted with perfect propriety. The Modocs enjoy a privilege which must render them the envy of civilized men; and that is, the privilege of killing their mothers-in-law. To prevent misapprehension, it is necessary to say, that this is not a common practice; but if an Indian resort to it, his liberty is nowise curtailed, nor his character sullied. A widow inherits no property from her deceased husband, merely retaining the baskets and personal

ornaments which she has herself made; and if any of his property is left unburned, it is divided among his relatives. So religiously do they destroy the possessions of the dead, that, some years ago, when an American named More, who had consorted with a Muckaluc woman, died, they burned up a large quantity of fence-rails he had lately split. To the backwoodsmen this seemed gratuitous, as rails cost a good deal of hard work. The dead are buried in a recumbent posture, and the relatives dance, in a wailing circle, around the open grave. A pile of stones, or a tent, is erected over it, to prevent wild animals from exhuming the body. When one dies at a distance, he is burned, for convenience of transportation, and his ashes are sacredly carried home, and scattered on the graves of his ancestors;for there is nothing for which the dying savage so earnestly pleads with his companions, as their promise to carryo him home (47) to rest; and nothing from which he so piteously adjures them to deliver him, as the dishonor of being buried in alien soil.

This nation were even worse than the Modocs in the rapacity and cruelty with which they prosecuted the slave-trade. To secure a supply of slaves, they generally made war on the timid and peaceful Indians of Pit River. Of the captives taken, they retained as many as they wished for their own service, and sold the remainder to the tribes about The Dalles and Des Chutes. It was by means of this barter that they first obtained a stock of ponies, which their northern neighbors had learned to use before themselves. These slaves, like all other property, were sacrificed upon the death of the owner, though the practice is now discontinued. The last instance when they attempted it was at the death of Captain George's daughter, from the effects of a burn, when they wished to immolate all her slaves; but the White intervened, and prevented it.

When a maiden arrives at womanhood, her father makes a kind of party in her honor. Her young companions assemble, and together they dance and sing wild, dithyrambic roundelays; improvised songs of the woods and the waters--as thus:

"Jumping echoes of the rock;
Squirrels turning somersaults;
Green leaves, dancing in the air;
Fishes, white as money-shells,
Running in the water, green, and deep, and still.
Hi-ho, hi-ho, hi-hay!
Hi-ho, hi-ho, hi-hay!"

This is the substance of one of the songs, as translated for me, and I have imitated the rhythmical movement as nearly as possible. For five consecutive nights, the maiden and her chosen companions, locked arm in arm, with wristlets and ankets of the chanize-bush, walk to and fro, on the same line, all night, rattling amulets of deers' toes, chanting and singing, continually. The Indians, occasionally, stand decorously by and look on; but, unlike the California Indians, they take no part in the exercises, and profane them by no obscene remarks. When the ceremony is ended, the father makes liberal presents to the maiden's friends who have attended her; sometimes, even, being obliged to sell a horse to enable him to carry out his generous impulses.

From various paragraphs before written, it will readily appear that these Indians are more attached to their children than most tribes in California. So poignant and so overwhelming is the grief of a father on losing his son, that he sometimes rushes away in midwinter, ascends the highest mountain, plunges himself in the snow, and fasts--weeping, and beating his breast. It would seem that, if his friends did not follow him and bring him back, he would perish.

They hold, that fire was once lost throughout all the world; but that the coyote and the wolf stole it, from some quarter, and restored it. The coyote had the secret principle of fire in his toenails, and he imparted it to the turtle, then carried him up into the mountains, where the turtle communicated it to the flints and trees; so that an Indian can now extract it by percussing the one or drilling the other. Blydel-knelokke (the Chief above) gave them, as they believe, all things that they possess, and taught them their uses and names. He showed their ancestors how to make elk-skin hats, and boots or leggings, and that they should pluck out their beards; and he instructed the squaws in the art of weaving skull-caps, etc. When an Indian walks on the high hills or mountains, he carefully refrains from displacing or rolling down any stones, because Blydelknelokke walks on the mountains, stepping from stone to stone, and he would be offended at the absence of a single one.

THE WOMAN OF STONE.

Before the Muckalucs fell from their first estate, they were a happy people. Blydelknelokke gave them freely all things to enjoy, without the toil of woman's hands. Pleasant roots had they, and all manner of flesh--of elk, of deer, of antelope, of fish--with many green and goodly herbs which the earth abundantly produces. All these things did they eat, without sweat, or toil, or chase. Their days were full of songs, and their nights of sweet love, and laughter, and the dance. Their medicines talked with the Chief on high, and their words were wise. No pestilence, no black death, nor blight, nor deadly pains, ever passed among their villages. Bur a maiden of the Muckalucs wrought an odious thing in the sight of men. In wrath and vengenace, Blydelknelokke slew her with his hammer, wherewith he created and fashioned the world. He smote her unto death, on the spot; but her guilty lover escaped. She was turned into stone, on the mountain-side, and the great hammer likewise, beside her. There they have lain through many, many, many snows, plainly visible on the mountain--an everlasting reminder to the unhappy Muckalucs of the folly and weakness of woman, and of the once happy estate which they lost forever through her wickedness. On the mountain, towering high, which they call "Naylix," just at the edge of the chafing and leaping waves of Upper Klamath Lake, is seen the gigantic form of the Woman of Stone, extending far up the slpe, and beside her head, the Hammer of Creation. And ever since that fatal day, the hapless Muckalucs have been condemned to labor and to pain--all because of the primal sin of woman.

There are some people whose egotism of race, or bigotry of religion, will never let them rest until they have demonstrated, to their own satisfaction, that all such legends as that above rehearsed are exotic, imported, conveyed to the Indians by some early missionary, or caught up by them from some recited Bible lesson, or

kitchen story. They will not accord to the Indian any inventive power whatever. Out upon such miserable cant! A man who will thus endeavor to filch away from the savage whatever he has that is characteristic, is more to be despised than the lowest barbarian. If anybody possesses the requisite ingenuity to hunt this story back into a distorted version of the tale of Eden, he is welcome to it. I envy him not the talent. Why not allow that the Indian sages also, in their meditations, may have grounded hard and fast on that old, old rock of shipwreck--"Whence came disease and death into the world?" And surely the Muckaluc legend is no more discreditable than the Hebrew, for both shoulder all the blame upon the woman--the one, upon her curiosity; the other, upon her frailty. The inventors of either attributed to her whatever they considered her besetting sin.

Concerning the reservation, the secession therefrom, and the subsequent and present troubles with the Modocs, a very brief and simple statement will suffice. In 1854, they ceded all their lands, by treaty, to the United States Government, and agreed to go upon the Klamath Reservation. In 1864, the substance of that treaty was renewed. This reservation is fifty by forty miles in extent, lying east of Upper Klamath Lake, and including the fertile and magnificent valley of Sprague River. It is only justice to the Modocs to say, that they never were permitted to live happily on this reservation. The Klamath Lake Indians--their bitter and hereditary enemies, and greatly outnumbering them--were placed on it with them, together with several hundred Piutes. The Klamath Lake Indians were still on their own ancestral soil, while the Modocs were not; and the former continually taunted them with that fact, flung at them as interlopers and beggars, hectored and bullied them, obstructed their fishing operations, insulted and beat their women whenever they could do it safely, and, in short, did everything that savages are so ingenious in doing to make another tribe miserable. Brave and honest old Sconchin bore it all like a Spartan, having regard to his promises, though the clamors and laments of his people dinned day and night in his ear, as the cries of Israel came up to Moses and Aaron in the desert. Only the presence of the troops prevented bloody outbreaks from occurring continually. But at last, as before stated, in 1870, Captain Jack--although a man of mean quality, a coward, and a thorough-paced rascal--won the majority of the people from old Sconchin by siding with them against the treaty; and, finally, presuming upon the imbecile rule of the reservation, boldly marched away from it, and returned to the Modocs' ancient home on Lost River. Some weak attempts were made to induce him to return; but, presently, the whole matter was dropped, and he and his followers were allowed to roam whither they would. To remedy the ineradicable hostility between the Modocs and the Klamath Lake Indians, a new set of reservation buildings was established on the eastern end of the reserve, in Sprague River Valley, and called "Yainax Reservation; to which the remaining 100 Modocs, still loyal to Sconchin, were removed. But, with fatuousness worthy of the Indian Bureau, 700 Klamath Lake Indians were also brought with them; and thus the old elements of discord were perpetuated.

There was a third band of the Modocs split off, numbering only about forty, called the "Hot Creek Modocs," who acknowledged neither the authority of Sconchin nor of Captain Jack. Ranging on Hot Creek, Lower Klamath Lake, and Butte Creek, under the quasi protectorate of Messrs. Fairchild and Dorris, they deported themselves with comparative propriety, and were quite inoffensive.

Meantime, for two or three years, Captain Jack and his renegades roamed, without let or hindrance, throughout the whole region along Lost River, Clear Lake, and the adjoining waters, and even penetrated, sometimes, as far east as Goose Lake, slaughtering certain cattle strayed away from the herds owned by settlers on the eastern shore of the lake. They drove with them everywhere their immense bands of ponies--over Government lands, over reservation lands, over claims of settlers--contemptuously indifferent to all complaints and remonstrances, and depasturing vast bodies of grass to no good purpose. Many of the residents of these claims were bachelors, necessarily absent a good part of the day herding their cattle; and into their cabins the Modocs would force their way, and commit petty depredations, or perpetrate unmentionable indecencies. If the settler left a wife behind him, they would compel her to serve them, fling water about the house, whoop, yell, bang the doors, snatch articles out of the cupboard, and behave generally with outrageous and abominable indecency. For several months, every summer, Sconchin's Indians would be furloughed from the reservation, and come down on Lost River and the lakes. They would also bring hundreds upon hundreds of ponies along, to graze, though leaving many behind upon the reservation; but, aside from this offense, they behaved well enough generally. It was the universal sentiment of the settlers, that they would make very little complaint over the loss of the pasturage; for that country is large enough, and rich enough in grass, heaven wot, to maintain all that will ever get into it for the next twenty years. But what they did vigorously protest against was, the promiscuous running to and fro of the impudent savages, and the intolerable pother they made in their families. As early as the summer of 1872, there was a fierce and menacing undercurrent of talk running among all the settlers of that region, especially on the Oregon side. It was evident, that there was needed only a slight occasion of mischief-doing to bring forth a bloody outbreak, or massacre.

On the part of the reservation, what were the manifestations? It was and is argued, that the altitude of the whole Klamath Reservation is so considerable as to preclude any useful cultivation of the cereals, and hence, notwithstanding the enormous dimensions of the reserve, it was necessary to furlough the Indians a good while every summer, to gather roots and fish outside of it. But no excuse was made, or could be made, for not bringing back Captain Jack--at least, during the winter. As things were managed in that latitude, the Indians were not at all to be blamed for wanting their annual furlough; for it was with them absolutely one of two things--dig roots, or starve. If they had had sense enough to keep cattle instead of ponies, they might have subsisted fatly on their flesh; but they had not, and there was no one to advise them. Yainax may be too frosty for the successful production of wheat, and require to import 40,000 pounds of flour a year; but it exhibits a fine, spacious filed of that cereal in an advanced stage of growth, and a new thrashing-machine. It is a good latitude for hotel-keeping, and Government rations are cheap to the traveler at fifty cents a meal, when there is no other stopping-place for sixty miles on one side, and twenty on the other. The Indian, with his one annual shirt and his stomach half-full of roots, on a frosty and nipping morning looks into the cozy dining-room and sees a pampered Chinaman serving a reservation family and guests (the travelers) with hot, greased cakes of Government flour. It would not answer to have an Indian in there cooking, for he might surreptitiously hand victuals out of the window to his countrymen, and the hotel larder be bankrupted.

But every intelligent reader knows, too well, the sickening story of the average Indian reservation. Who blames Captain Jack for not wanting to go back to it, if he could help himself--back to this accursed pest-house? It was a miracle of savage fidelity, that Sconchin voluntarily rode forty miles to get his furlough renewed. The Modocs were a chained tiger, tampered with by fools. They let him play to the end of his chain; they pulled it, they coaxed him, they threatened, they threw him crumbs, they let him go again. He snarled, and they coddled him. They begged him to come back; they advised him to come back; they sent agents to urge him to come back. From first to last, there has been brought to bear on the solution of this question a mixture of shilly-shally imbecility and paltering. The Modocs know a man's metal when they see him; they have done nothing, all their lives, but read faces. They know George Crook from another man. They are no dotards; they are no whiners. They judged the Great Father, in Washington, by his sons whom he sent; and the latter they caught, and cast them out of the vineyard, and slew them. I once overheard a poor, simple-witted Digger Indian telling his comrade about some terrible invention of the White man--evidently a repeating rifle. He wound up by saying, "When he shoot a man, he hit him same time before, behind." But the Modocs know which end of a Henry rifle the lead comes out of. I glory in that supreme audacity which armors its breast only with a little red paint against a sixteen-shooter. If men will fool with a chained tiger, and let him at large certain days, let them not squeal if they are bitten. The pity of it is--the grievous pity--that it was the settlers who were bitten, and not the reservation people. No doubt the Modocs are a cruel, revengeful, and implacable race; but they know the master, when they see him. Ah, for one day, for one hour, of George Crook! The blood of those poor murdered women and children lies not more upon the bloody-minded Modocs than it does upon the wretched, slabbering, paltering policy which let them loose. What the Modocs need, more than anything else, is that tremendous thrashing which one brave man gives another, and which they can understand; after that, impartial justice--no swindling, no foolery, no generosity.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. IX. The Yocuts

In the language of this nation, yocut is a collectuve word signifying "people" in the aggregate, while myee or nono denotes "man." As in the several other instances, it is necessary to adopt the former as a nucleus of classification, since these Indians have no distinctive national name.

In general terms, the Yocut dominion includes the Kern and Tulare basins, and the middle San Joaquin; stretching from the Fresno to Kern River Falls. More definitely, they occupy the San Joaquin from Whisky Creek down to the mouth of the Fresno; King's River from Pine Flat and Mill Creek to the mouth; all the minor streams which make into Tulare Lake, together with the shores of that lake; and the Kern River up as far as the falls. Americans have told me that they had traveled from the Fresno to Fort Tejon, and understood the Indians all the way; but at the fort they must have chanced to hear Indians brought from above to the reservation, for the language there indigenous is totally different from the Yocut.

In the Yocut nation there appears to be more political solidarity, more capacity in the petty tribes of being grouped into great and coherent masses, than in any other family of the true California Indians, except perhaps the Hoopas. This is particularly true of those living down on the plains, who display in their encampments a military precision and regularity which are remarkable. Every village consists of a single row of wigwams--conical or wedge-shaped, made of tule, and with just enough earth scooped out at the bottom to allow the Indian to sleep with his feet lower than his head--all in perfect alignment, and with a continuous brushwood awning stretching along the front. In one end-wigwam lives the village captain; in the other, the medicine-man, or sicero (Spanish, sortero?). In the mountains there is occasionally some approach to this military array, but on the plains it is universal. (48)

But it is more especially in their actual organization, and in the instances of great leaders who have arisen, that this quality is manifested. Every large natural division of territory, possessing a certain homogeneity, constitutes the domain of one tribe and acknowledges one chief--for instance, a river-valley from the snow-line down to the plains, or from the foot-hills to the lake; though nowadays this system has been disturbed by the Americans. In this domain every village has a captain, who stands to the central chief (the latter being distinguished by his long hair) in the same relation that a Governor of a State does to the President of the United States. At certain annual meetings and special councils, each captain reports to his chief the general condition of his village, as to morals, as to quarrels, as to the acorn-crop, etc. In return, the chief delivers a lengthy homily of advice and counsel; warns, instructs, and admonishes his subordinates; and, if necessary, berates soundly any delinquent. Both the chiefship

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 11, pp. 105-116, 1873.

and the captaincy are hereditary, unless the son is a fool; but the chief may designate any of his sons, or any other person, to succeed him. For instance, Santiago, the aged captain of the Tachees (at Kingston), had appointed his second son, Kootomats, over the head of his first-born, Cateh, because, as the latter naively acknowledged, "he was the smartest." Instances of this hierarchy exist yet: in Cheweenee, who is chief of all the villages in Squaw Valley; in Watooga, chief of the three upper villages on King's River; and in Sloaknitch, chief of all the Chookchancie villages.

The captain has no substantial authority, not even to appoint the time for a fandango or a special mourning; he can only request the chief to do it in his behalf. Nowadays, however, there are many villages which have broken away, and are entirely independent; their captains exercising such limited power as they can, without reference to any superior. But the chief sometimes wields a very considerable authority, as will be evinced in the following instances.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, Pascual consolidated all the Yocut villages on King's River, excepting only the one at the mouth, into a robust little kingdom, and he made his name feared and dreaded for many a score of miles around. He apprenticed out his subjects at will, adults as well as children, to the American ranchmen, on life-long indentures, which the former accounted as binding as the decrees of heaven.

(49) Nyackaway was a famous prophet of the Chookchancies, who died in 1854. It is said that his power was acknowledged from King's River as far north as Columbia, but this seems doubtful. Nyackaway had a lofty ambition, and he meditated great and beneficent designs for his people, but he was doomed to disappointment. He sought to mollify all those miserable janglings and that clannishness which have been so fatal to the California Indians; to reconcile the warring captains of villages and chiefs of tribes, and thereby harmonize them into one powerful nation, peaceful and happy at home, and feared by all their neighbors. But the question of a food-supply was one which this savage statesman, able and far-sighted as he was, could not master. In former times they had immense herds of elk and deer, and, sweeping across the plains on their swift mustangs, they could shoot down a fat bronco, bogged by the lake, and procure an abundant supply of meat. But now all these were gone. They had to scatter into families, and miserably grub for roots; the accursed feuds of the petty captains were eternally breaking out afresh. Nyackaway beheld one hope after another, one humane design after another, pass away. He exclaimed, in his melancholy, "I wish to live no longer," and died broken-hearted.

(50) Another notable characteristic of the Yocuts is the potent influence and the long peregrinations of their wizards, or rain-makers (tace). Caya, who lives at Woodville, is one instance; but the most remarkable is Hopoadno. Though living at Fort Tejon, and therefore not strictly a Yocut, he has, by his personal presence, by his eloquence, and by his cunning jugglery, made his authority recognized for two hundred miles northward. In 1870, the first of two successive years of drought, he made a pilgrimage from the fort as far up as King's River. At every centrally located village he made a pause, and dispatched runners to fetch in the Indians of all

the neighboring villages to listen to him. In long and elaborate harangues he would promise to bring rain on the dried-up earth and terminate the drought, if they would contribute liberally of their substance. But they were then incredulous, for he was as yet a man talking de bene esse, and they mostly laughed him to scorn; whereupon he would stalk out of the village in high dudgeon, denouncing woe upon their sinful heads, and threatening them with a second year of drought, worse than ever before. Sure enough, the enraged Hopoadno brought drought yet another year, and the Indians were smitten with remorse and terror, believing him endowed with superhuman power. When, next year, he made a second journey through the land, offerings were showered upon him, and the savages listened with trembling. He compelled them to pay him fifty cents apiece, and many gladly gave him more. Some waggish Americans, being relieved by the drought from the necessity of working their ranches, attended one of his harangues, and contributed a half-dollar each, telling him if he did not manufacture some rain they would kill him. And, sure enough, Hopoadno was right a second time; for in autumn the windows of heaven were opened, and the land had abundant rain. All the old generation of Indians were now confirmed in believing him a genuine wizard, and even the younger ones, imbued with American ideas, were troubled in their minds concerning him.

As to the implements and weapons of the Yocuts, there are some interesting particulars to be noted. The Indians on the plains, as everywhere in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, make no bows, but purchase them all from the mountaineers. This is because they have no cedar. This wood is extremely brittle when dry, and is then the poorest possible material for bows; but by anointing it every day with deer's marrow while it is drying, the Indian overcomes this quality, and renders it the best. The bow is taken from the white or sap-wood, the outside of the tree being also the outside of the bow. It is scraped and polished down with wonderful painstaking, so that it may bend evenly, and the ends are generally carved so as to point back slightly. Then the Indian takes a quantity of deer's sinew, splits it up with flint into small fibres, and glues them on the flat outside of the bow until it becomes hemispherical. These strips of sinew, being lapped around the end of the bow and doubled back a little, impart to it an amazing strength and elasticity. The glue is made by boiling deer and elk-bones, and combining the product with pitch. I saw a bow, thus carefully made, in the hands of a white-haired chief, and it was truly a magnificent weapon. It was about five feet long, smooth and shining--for whenever it becomes a little soiled the fastidious savage scrapes it slightly with flint, then anoints it afresh with marrow--and of such great strength that it would require a giant to bend it properly. For lack of skins, the owner carried it in a calico case. The string, composed of strands of sinew, was probably equal in strength to a half-inch rope of sea-grass. When not in use, the bow was unstrung, and the string tied around the left segment. To prevent the slightest lesion of its polished surface, the old hunter had slipped on the bow, where the string was tied around it, a short section of fur from a mountain-cat's tail.

Of arrows, the Indians living on the plains make a few for themselves, from button-willow, straight twigs of buckeye, and reeds; but the most durable come from the mountains. There are two sorts--war-arrows and game-arrows; the former furnished with flint heads, the latter not. The shaft of the war-arrow generally consists

of a single piece, but that of the game-arrow frequently contains two or three pieces, furnished with sockets so as to fit into each other. When the hunter, lurking behind the covert, beholds the quarry approaching, he quickly measures with his eye the probable length of the shot he will have to make, and if a long one, he couches the arrow with three pieces; but if a short one, with extraordinary dispatch he twitches it apart, takes out the middle section, clasps together the two end sections, and shoots. An arrow made of what we should account the frailest material, the tender shoot of a buckeye, and pointed with flint, has carried death to many a savage in battle. I have seen an Indian couch a game-arrow, which was pointed simply with a piece of arrow-wood, and drive it a half-inch into the body of an oak! An old hunter says he has seen a California Indian stand a full hundred paces from a hare, raise his long and polished bow, shoot a quick glance along the arrow, then send it whizzing through both the enormous ears of the animal, pinning him fast to a tree.

These Indians--at least those who choose to make them--like most California tribes, have always worn moccasins of a very rude construction, more properly called sandals. Their method of tanning was by means of brain-water. They dried the brain of a deer or an elk, reduced it to powder, put the powder into water, and in this decoction soaked the skins--a process which answered tolerably well. The graining was done with flints.

Their money consists of the usual shell-buttons, and a string of them reaching from the point of the middle finger to the elbow is valued at twenty-five cents. A section of bone, very white and polished, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, is sometimes strung on the string, and rates at a bit. They alwyas undervalue articles which they procure from Americans. For instance, goods which cost them at the store $5 they sell among themselves for $3.

They say that, in former times, they rubbed their acorns to flour on a stone like the Mexican metate--a suggestion of the mouse; but now they pound them up in mortars--a suggestion of the wiser coyote. In Coarse Gold Gulch, on one great bowlder, I counted eighty-six of these mortar-holes, an evidence of a former great density of population. For snaring quails, rabbits, and other small animals, they employ cords made of a kind of wild flax growing on the Sierra Nevada.

Manzanita-cider is manufactured by the Yocuts, of a quality greatly superior to the wretched stuff made by the Wintoons. After reducing the berries to flour by pounding, they carefully separate out all the seeds and skins, then soak the flour in water for a considerable space of time. A squaw then heaps it up in a little mound, with a crater in the centre, into which she pours a minute stream of water, allowing it to percolate through. In this manner she manufactures about a gallon an hour of a really delicious beverage--clear, cool, of a pale claret color, and richer than most apple-cider made in California.

In the mountain streams which discharge into Tulare Lake, the Yocuts catch lake-trout, chubs, and suckers. Sometimes they construct a weir across the river, with a narrow chute and a trap set in it; then go above and stretch a line of brushwood

from bank to bank, which they drag down-stream, driving the fish into the trap. A curious method is employed on Tule River and King's River. An Indian takes a funnel-shaped trap in his teeth and hands, buoys himself on a little log, then floats silently downs the rapids, holding the net open to receive the fish that happen to be shooting up. On Tulare Lake the savages construct very rude punts, mere troughs, of tule, in which they cruise timidly about the shores. There is a margin where the bottom is almost level and the waves run light; but the middle of the lake is said to be of a prodigious depth, and there the billows thrash themselves into an oceanic vastness.

About the lake a family will occasionally be found using a portable stone mortar. The Indians always admit that they did not manufacture these implements, but chanced upon them in digging or on the surface, and that they belonged to a race older and other than their own. But they sometimes have the ingenuity to improve upon them, by fastening a basket hopper around the top, to prevent the acorns from flying out. Around the lake and on King's River these mortars are remarkably numerous.

On Tule River I saw the process of basket-weaving. Instead of willow twigs for the framework or warp, the squaw takes the long stalks of rye-grass; and for the threads or woof, various barks and roots, split fine--pine-root for white, willow-bark for brown, and some unknown bark for black. She simply bends the stalk round and round, renewing it when necessary, and passes the thread over it and under the one beneath. For an awl she employs the sharpened thighbone of a hawk.

All the tribes of California have a method of gambling with pieces of bone wrapped in pellets of grass, but the Yocuts have another way, employed only by the women. It is a kind of dice-throwing, and is called oochous. For a dice, they take half of a large acorn or nut-shell, fill it level with pitch and pulverized charcoal, and inlay it with bits of bright-colored shells. For a dice-table they weave a very large, fine basket, almost flat, and ornamented with various devices woven in colors. Four squaws sit around it on mats to play, and a fifth keeps tally with sticks. There are eight dice, which the players scoop up in their hands and dash into the basket, counting the number which remain with the flat side uppermost. How many scores make a game, or how the parties are constituted, I could not discover, for they played right on and on without cessation, and with the utmost infatuation; neither could I by any means discern when one had forfeited her right to throw, and another gained it. The rapidity with which, at a single glance, they added up all the numbers was wonderful. After each throw the player would exclaim "yetne" (equivalent to "one-ne"), or "weatac," or "co-mi-eh," which words are simply a kind of sing-song or chanting. One old squaw, with scarcely a tooth in her head, one eye gone, her face all withered, but with a lower jaw as of iron, and features denoting a most resolute will--a reckless old gambler, and evidently a teacher to the others--after every throw would grab into the basket and whisk her hand across it, as if by the motion of the air to turn the dice over on the flat surfaces, and ejaculate "weatac!" It was amusing to see the savage energy with which this fierce, old, battered hag carried on the game.

The range of food consumed by the Yocuts is quite extensive. Around the lake they cut and dry the seed-stalks of a kind of flag, which has a head something

like a teasel, then thrash out the seed and make it into panada; also the wild-rye and sunflower. They eat grassnuts and the seeds of the same--a plant with a file-shaped stalk. In the mountains they used to fire the forests, and thereby catch great quantities of grasshoppers and caterpillars, already roasted, which they consumed with relish. But since about 1862, for some reason or other, the yield of grasshopper has been very limited. They are fond of a huge succulent worm, resembling the tobacco-worm, which is also roasted. Dogs are reared largely for the flesh they supply, which is accounted by them a special dainty, and which serves, like the farmer's chickens, as a kind of reserved supply when other meat is lacking.

Among the animals that are sacred to them is the rattlesnake (tayel), which they never destroy. A story is related of an Indian who captured one on the plains and tenderly carried it into the mountains, where he released it, that it might be less liable to the assaults of White men; and of another, who, seeing an American about to destroy one, scared it into a crevice of rock for safety. The coyote also moves among them with perfect impunity, for he is revered as the creator of the universe. Before the ruthless American came, these animals swarmed thick about every mountain rancheria, and they often would pursue the dogs right into the village. It is a singular fact that in several of the northern languages hiyu deonotes "dog," while in the Yocut, kiyu (Qy. ? Chinese kiuen) is "coyote." Indeed, to judge from his appearance to this day, the Indian dog is an animal in whose genealogy the coyote appears to have largely assisted. In the Wintoon language the word for "coyote" signifies "hill-dog."

As among all savages, the wizard or rain-maker is a person of mighty consequence, though he can be put to death for cause by a majority of the council. The wizard sometimes chews the seeds of the "jimson," which have the same effect upon him as opium, and he raves, maunders, and gives forth oracular sayings, which the savages regard as the utterances of one inspired. The Indians relate a story of one wizard who chewed too much "jimson," and yielded up the ghost.

(51) It is the custom of these jugglers to hold every spring the Rattlesnake Dance (tatulowis), which is a source of great revenue to the cunning rogues. They plant green boughs in a circle, inclosing a space fifty or sixty yards in diameter, wherein these performances are held, as well as most other Yocut dances. The great audience is congregated in the middle, while the wizards dance around the circle, next to the arboreal wall. Besmeared with numerous fantastical streaks of paint, and gorgeously topped with feathers, four of them caper around like circus-clowns, chasing each other, chanting, brandishing rattlesnakes, twining them about their arms, and suffering them to bite their hands. It is supposed that the jugglers have either plucked out the fangs of the snakes, or have allowed the reptiles to drink no water for a number of days beforehand, which is said to render them harmless. But the credulous savages believe the jugglers invulnerable, and eagerly crowd forward with their offerings, in return for which the wizards give them complete immunity and absolution from all rattlesnake bites for the space of one year. The younger Indians, somewhat indoctrinated in American ideas, have become skeptical concerning these dances, which they contemptuously term "skunk-meetings", to the great grief and scandal of their pious elders.

An old Indian, named Chuchuka, relates that many years ago there was a terrible plague, which raged on both sides of the Fresno, destroying thousands of people. According to his account, it was a black-tongue disease. Abundant evidences of his truthfulness have been discovered in those localities, in the shape of human bones. A man, named Holt, was digging a ditch on Ray's ranch, near Sand Creek, and found such an immense quantity of bones, about eighteen inches beneath the surface, that, after digging three hundred yards, he was forced to abandon the undertaking. On Hildreth's ranch, near the Pool of Water, a large boxful of bones was collected in making a garden.

Nowadays, from $20 to $30 in gold is paid for a wife, but this only for a virgin. For a widow, or a maiden suspected of being unchaste, no man will pay anything or make any presents. And it is due to the Yocuts to state, that a pioneer who has lived among them twenty-one years affirms that, before the arrival of the Americans, they were comparatively virtuous. Dr. E. B. Bateman, physician to the Tule River Reservation, gives me the information that both females and males, though bathing entirely separate, never enter the water without wearing at least cinctures about their waists; and this is corroborated by an old resident on King's River. Charles Maltby, agent of the above reservation, and well acquainted with aboriginal habits throughout the State, also affirms that the Yocuts are purer than their northern brethren; and that the Indians of southern California are less addicted to the infamous practice of selling the virtue of their women to Americans than those of the north. Though the language has a word for "prostitute," it has what is generally accounted a favorable indication, separate words for "woman" (mokella) and "wife" (mokee), also for "man" (nono) and "husband" (loweet).

Many years ago, the Indians dwelling on the lake about the mouth of King's River were carried away captives by the Spaniards, and taken to San Luis Obispo. After a long residence there, upon the breaking up of the missions, they returned to their native land; but meantime a new generation had grown up, to whom the old mission was their home. They yearned to return, and to this day they make an annual pilgrimage to San Luis Obispo, where they remain a month. They would by preference live there all their remaining days, only their children, born on the shores of Tulare Lake, will not consent. Some persons may jump at this as a convincing proof of the affection of the Indians for the old Jesuit padres; but it is a non sequitur, because the pilgrimage is easily enough accounted for by the California Indian's proverbial love for his birthplace, even as the children of Israel lusted for the flesh-pots of that Egypt which had scourged them.

ORIGIN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Once there was a time when there was nothing in the wide world but water. About the place where Tulare Lake now is, there was a pole standing far up out of the water, and on it perched a hawk and a crow. First, one of them would sit on it awhile, then the other would knock him off, and sit on it himself. Thus they sat on top of the pole above the waters for many generations. At length they wearied of the lonesomeness,

and they created the birds which prey on fish, such as the kingfisher, the duck , the eagle, the pelican, etc. Among them was a very small duck, which dived down to the bottom, picked up its beak full of mud, arose to the surface, died, and laid floating on the water. The hawk and the crow then fell to and gathered all the mud out of the duck's beak, and with it commenced the creation of the mountains.

They began at the place now called Tehatchaypah Pass, and the hawk made the eastern range, while the crow made the western. Little by little, as they dropped in bit after bit of the earth, these mighty mountains grew and heaved themselves athwart the waters, gradually stretching northward. It was a labor of many snows; but finally the workers met at Mount Shasta, and the task was finished. But behold! when they compared their mountains, it was found that the western portion was a great deal larger than the other. Then the hawk said to the crow, "How did this happen, you rascal? I warrant you stole some of the earth out of my bill, and that is why your mountain is the largest." It was a fact, and the crow laughed in his claws. Then the hawk went and got some Indian tobacco, and chewed it, which made him exceedingly wise. So he took hold of the mountains and slipped them round in a circle, putting the range he had made in place of the other; and that is the reason the Sierra Nevada is now larger than the Coast Range.

(52) This legend is of value, as showing the aboriginal notions of geography. To illustrate his meaning, the Indian who narrated the story drew in the sand a long ellipse, representing quite accurately the shape of the two great ranges. He was an Indian of ordinary intelligence, and had never traveled; so his information must have been shared by his tribe.

While I was in Coarse Gold Gulch, it was my good fortune to witness the great Dance for the Dead, or Dance of Weeping (Kotewachil), which was one of the most extraordinary human spectacles I ever beheld. It was not the regular annual mourning, but a special one, held in behalf of Colomusnim, a sub-chief of the Chookchancies, who had recently lost a sister; but it was in all respects as strange, as awful, and as imposing an exhibition of barbaric superstition and barbaric affection as is afforded by the formal anniversary. Not to my dying hour will the memory of that frightful midnight pageant be effaced.

It will be well to explain that, among the Yocuts, this Dance of Weeping is protracted nearly or quite a week. The first two or three nights--while they are waiting for the arrival of all the delegations and the late comers--are occupied only in speech-making, story-telling, jokes, etc., until a late hour; but during the last three nights they dance throughout the night until morning, and on the third night about daybreak they burn the offerings consecrated to the dead. This happened to be the first of the three last nights, hence no burning occurred; but in every other respect it was complete, and all the exercises were conducted with more energy and by fuller choruses than they would have been after the Indians had become exhausted.

When the Indian interpreter, Tueh, and myself entered the camp it was already an hour after nightfall; but there were yet no indications of a beginning of the dark orgies that were to be enacted. We found about three hundred Indians assembled, at a place remote from any American habitations, in a gloomy ravine, and encamped in open booths of brushwood running around three sides of a spacious quadrangle. This quadrangle had been swept and beaten hard for a dancing-floor, and near one of the inside corners there was a small circular embankment of earth like a circus-ring, with the sacred fire brightly burning in the centre. Colomusnim and his relatives, the chief mourners, occupied the corner-booths near this ring, and near by was Sloak-nitch, the head-chief of the Chookchancies, by whose authority this assembly had been convened. Here and there a fire burned with a staggering, sleepy blaze just outside the quadrangle, faintly gleaming through the booth; at intervals an Indian moved stealthily across the half-illuminated space within; while every now and then the atmosphere was made discordant and hideous, as indeed the whole night was, during the most solemn periods, by the yelping, snarling, and fighting of the accursed hordes of dogs.

For fully a half-hour we slowly sauntered and loitered about the quadrangle, conversing in undertones, but still nothing occurred to break the sombre silence, save the continually repeated scurries of yelps and howls from the abominable dogs. Now and then an Indian slowly passed across and sat down on the embankment, while others in silence occasionally fed the fire. But at last, from Colomusnim's quarter, there came up out of the darkness a long, wild, haunting wail, floating out through the silent night with an inexpressible mournfulness. After a few minutes, it was repeated. Soon another joined in, then another, and another--slowly, very slowly--until the whole quarter was united in a dirge-like, eldritch, dismal chorus. After about half an hour, the wailing ceased as slowly as it began, and there was profound, death-like silence, broken only by the often-renewed janglings of the dogs.

Some time elapsed before any further development occurred, and then Sloak-nitch, a little old man, but erect as an arrow, with a keen face and basilisk eyes, stepped forth into the quadrangle, and began to walk slowly to and fro around three sides, making the opening proclamation. He spoke in extremely short, jerky sentences, with much repetition, substantially as follows:

"Make ready for the mourning. Let all make ready. Everybody make ready. Prepare your offerings. Your offerings to the dead. Have them all ready. Show them to the mourners. Let them see your sympathy. The mourning comes on. It hastens. Everybody make ready," etc.

He continued thus about twenty minutes; then closed, and re-entered his booth, after which he took no further part in the proceedings except as a private person. By this time, the Indians had collected in considerable numbers, sitting on the embankment. They kept slowly coming forward until the circle was completed, and the fire was only visible shooting above their heads. A low hum of conversation began to buzz around it, as of gradually awaking activity. The slow piston-rod of aboriginal dignity was beginning to ply, the clatter of the machinery was slowly swelling up. Indians,

like Germans, must take their time. No woman had yet appeared on the scene. It was now quite ten o'clock, and we were getting impatient.

Presently, the herald--a short, stout Indian with a most voluble tongue--came out into the quadrangle with a very long staff, and paced slowly up and down the line of booths, proclaiming: "Prepare for the dance. Let all make ready. We are all friends. We are all one people. We were a great tribe once. Now we are small. All our hearts are as one. We have one heart. Make ready your offerings. The women have the most money. They have the most offerings. They give the most. Get ready the tobacco. Let us chew the tobacco," etc. This man spoke with an extraordinary amount of repetition. For instance, he would say: "The women--the women--the women--have the most--have the most--the most money--have the most money--the women--the women--have the most offerings--the most offerings--give the most--give the most--the women--the women--give the most." He spoke about as long as the headchief had; and while he was speaking, the savages were preparing a decoction of Indian tobacco by the sacred fire. When he ceased speaking, he took his place in the circle, and all began to sip and taste the tobacco, which seemed to be intended as a kind of mortification of the flesh. Sitting along on the embankment, while the nauseous mess was passing around in a basket, and others were tasting the boiled leaves, they sought to mitigate the bitter dose with jokes and laughter. For instance, one said: "Did you ever see the women gather tobacco for themselves?" This was intended as a jest, for no woman ever touches the weed, but nobody laughed at it. As the powerful emetic began to work out its inevitable effect, one after another arose from the circle, and passed slowly and silently into the outer darkness, whence there presently came up to our ears certain doleful and portentous sounds, painfully familiar to those who have journeyed much on the ocean. After all the Indians in the circle, except a few with strong stomachs, had gone forth and returned to their places, the hour going eleven o'clock, the herald passed around as before, making the third proclamation:

"Let all mourn and weep. O, weep for the dead. Think of the dead body lying in the grave. We sahll all die soon--all die. We were a great people once. We are weak and little now. Soon we shall all be gone. Be sorrowful in your hearts. O, let sorrow melt your hearts. Let your tears flow fast. We are one people. We are all friends. All our hearts are one heart."

For the last hour or so, the mourners and their friends and sympathizers, mostly women, had been collecting in Colomusnim's quarter, preparing their offerings. Occasionally, a long, solitary wail came up, trembling on the night-air.

At the close of the third proclamation, the death-dance and the mourning began--the Indians being crowded promiscuously in a great open booth. As they danced, they held aloft in their hands or on their heads the articles they intended to give in memory of the dead. It was a splendid exhibition of barbaric gewgaws. Glittering necklaces of rare marine shells; bits of American tapestry; baskets of the most intricate workmanship--on which they had toiled long months, perhaps years--circled and furred with hundreds of little quail-plumes, bespangled with beads, scalloped, festooned, and embroidered with

beadery until there was scarcely place for the handling; plumes, furs, shawls, etc. Colomusnim had a pretty plume of metallic-glistening raven's feathers in his hand. But the most remarkable article was a great plume, nearly six feet long, shaped like a parasol slightly opened, mostly of raven's feathers, but containing rare and brilliant spoils from all the birds of the forest, topped with a smaller plume or kind of coronet, and lavishly bedecked through all its length with bulbs, shell-clusters, circlets of feathers, dangling festoons--a magnificent bauble, towering far above all; its glittering spangles and nodding plume on plume, contrasted strangely with the tattered, howling savagery over which it gorgeously swayed and flaunted. Another woman had an image, very rudely constructed of shawls and clothing, to represent the dead sister.

The beholding of all these things--some of which had belonged to the dead woman--and the strong contagon of human sorrow, wrought the Indians into a frenzy. Widly they leaped and wailed; some flung themselves on the earth, and beat their breasts. There were continual exhortations to grief. Sloaknitch, sitting on the ground, poured forth burning and piercing words: "We have all one heart. All our hearts bleed with yours. Our eyes weep tears like a living spring. O, think of the poor dead woman in the grave." Colomusnim--a savage of a majestic presence, bating his garb--though a hesitating orator, was so broken with grief that his few sobbing words moved the listeners like a funeral knell. Beholding now and then an especial friend in the circle of sitters, he would run and fall upon his knees before him, bow his head to the earth, and give way to uncontrollable sorrow. Other mourners would do the same, presenting to the friend's gaze some object which had belonged to the lamented woman. The friend, if a man, would pour forth long condolences; if a woman, she would receive the mourner's head in her lap, tenderly stroke down the hair and unite in lamentation. Many eyes, both of men and women, of mourners and strangers, glistened in the flickering firelight with copious and genuine tears.

But amid all this heart-felt mourning, there were occasional manifestations of purely mechanical grief which were very laughable. The venerable Sloaknitch, although a gifted and thrilling orator, a savage Nestor, preserved a dry eye; but once in awhile he would arise in his place and lift his voice on high like a sand-hill crane, then presently sit down and calmly light a cigarette. After smoking awhile, he would stand up again and join in the mourning. Cigarettes were constantly being smoked. An Indian would take one out of his mouth, give a prolonged and most dolorous blast, and then take two or three whiffs again. Yet even these comical manifestations were so entirely in earnest, that nobody thought of laughing at the time; and, though one's sense of humor could not but make silent note of them the while, they were greatly overborne by the preponderance of real sorrow, by the spontaneous and unmistakable outpouring of grief. So far, even, from smiling at them, one might, without accusation of sentimental weakness, have dropped a tear at the spectacle of these poor creatures, weeping not more perhaps for the loved and lost than over their own miserable destiny of extermination.

These demonstrations continued for a very long time, and I began again to be impatient, believing that the principal occasion had passed. It appeared afterward that the Indians are required by their creed and custom to prolong the proceedings until

daybreak; hence this extreme deliberation. But at last, about one o'clock in the morning, upon some preconcerted signal,there was a sudden and tumultuous rushing from all quarters of the encampment, amid which the interpreter and myself were almost borne down. For the first time during the night the women appeared conspicuously upon the scene, thronged into the sacred circle, and quickly formed a ring around the fire--a single circle of maidens facing inward. The whole multitude of the populous camp crowded about, surging and jostling. A choir of male singers took their stations hard by, and commenced the death-song, though they were inaudible except to the nearest listeners. At the same instant the young women began their frightful dance, which consisted of two leaps on each foot alternately, causing the body to rock to and fro, and either hand was thrust out with the swaying, as if the offering it held were about to be consigned to the flames; while the breath was forced out with violence, in regular cadence, with a harsh and griding sound of "Heh!" The blaze of the sacred fire flamed redly out between the bodies of the dancers swaying in accord; while the disheveled locks of the leaping hags wildly snapping in the nightwind, the blood-curdling rasp of their breath in concert, and the frightful ululations and writhing of the mourners, conspired to produce a terrible effect. At the sight of this weird, awful, and lurid spectacle, which was swung into motion so suddenly, I felt all the blood creep and tingle in my veins. We were beholding now at last the great Dance for the Dead.

All the long remainder of that frenzied night--from one o'clock to five--those women leaped in the maddening dance, through smoke, choking dust, darkness, glaring light, cold, and burning heat, amid the unceasing wail of the multitude, not knowing or heeding aught of anything else on earth. Once in five or ten minutes, when the choir finished a chorus, there was a pause of a few seconds, but no dancer moved from her place for a moment. What wonder that only the strongest young maidens were chosen for the duty! What wonder that the men avoided this terrible ordeal!

About four o'clock in the morning, wearied with the din, and benumbed with the cold of the mountains, I crept away to a friendly blanket, and essayed to sleep. But it was in vain; for still through the night-air were borne to my ears the far-off crooning, the ululations, and that slow-pulsing, horrid "Heh!" of the leaping witches, with all the distant voices, each more distinct than ever before, of the mourning camp. The morning-star drew itself far up into the blue reaches of heaven, blinking in the cold, dry California air, and still all the mournful riot of that Walpurgis-night went on. Finally the rising sun made ruddy the eastern sky, but still there was no abatement.

Then slowly a soft curtain of oblivion was drawn over everything; the distant voices died away, and were still; the wailing was ended; the dancers ceased because they were weary. For half an hour, perhaps, I slept. Then awaking suddenly, I stood up in my blanket and looked down upon the camp, now broadly flooded by the level sun. It was as silent as the grave. Even the unresting dogs slept at last, and the Indian ponies ceased from browsing and stood still between the manzanita-bushes, to let the first sunshine warm and mellow their hides, on which the hair stood out straight. All that wonderful night seemed like the phantasmagoria of a fevered dream.

Before the sun was three-quarters of an hour high, that tireless herald was out again, going the rounds, shouting loudly to waken the heavy sleepers. In a few minutes the whole camp was in motion; not one Indian remained, although many eyelids moved like lead. The choir of singers took their places promptly, and a great company of men and women, bearing their offerings aloft as before, joined in a tumultuous rushround, yet all leaping in cadence, and with the same demoniacal "Heh!" of the breath in perfect unison. Every five minutes, upon the ceasing of the singers, all faced suddenly to the west, and ran forward a few paces with great clamor of lamentation. Those in the front ranks prostrated themselves, and bowed down their faces to the earth, while others stretched out their arms to the west, waving their offerings with imploring cries, as if vainly beckoning the departed spirits to return, or bidding them a last farewell. This is in accordance with their belief in a Happy Western Land. Upon the singers resuming, they would all rise and join again in the disorderly rush-round, raising a great cloud of dust. This lasted about an hour; then all was ended for the day, and the weary mourners betook themselves to their booths and to sleep.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. X. The Neeshenams

Perhaps this nation ought to be included with the Meidoos, of the Yuba and Feather rivers. Such is the classification of some of the pioneers, but they have seldom traveled through the length and breadth of the territory, and carefully noted the languages. I prefer to group all the tribes between Bear River and the Cosumnes as a separate nation, with the above name, for several reasons: (53)

1st. As you travel south from Chico, the Indians call themselves meidoo until you reach Bear River; but below that it is neeshenam, or sometimes mana, or maidec, all of which denote "men" or "Indians."

2d. The Meidoo and Neeshenam numerals are a good deal alike, but there is a more abrupt change at Bear River than anywhere else, and south of that stream they remain nearly uniform to the Cosumnes.

3d. South of Bear River the tribes are designated almost entirely by the points of the compass, while north of it they have fixed, specific names.

4th. The customs of the Neeshenams are different in important respects from those of the Meidoos, and especially in that very few of the former observe the great Annual Dance for the Dead.

As to language, the Meidoo shades away so gradually into the Neeshenam that it is extremely difficult to draw a line anywhere. But it must be drawn somewhere, because a vocabulary taken down on Feather River will lose three-fourths of its words before it reaches the Cosumnes. Even a vocabulary taken on Bear River will lose half or more of its words in going to the Cosumnes, which denotes, as is the fact, that the Neeshenam language varies greatly within itself. Indeed, it is probably less homogeneous and more thronged with dialects than any other tongue in California. Let an Indian go even from Georgetown to American Flat, or from Bear River to Auburn, and, with the exception of the numerals, he will not at first understand above one word in four or five, or six. But, with this small stock in common, and the same laws of grammar to guide them, they pick up each other's dialects with amazing rapidity. It is these wide variations which have caused some pioneers to believe that there is one tongue spoken on the plains around Sacramento, and another in the mountains; whereas they are as nearly identical as the mountain dialects are.

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 12, pp. 21-31, 1874.

So long as the numerals remain the same, I count it one language; and so long as this is the case, the Indians genrally learn each other's dialects; but when the numerals change utterly, they often find it easier to speak English together than to acquire another tongue. As to the southern boundary of the Neeshenam there is no doubt, for at the Cosumnes the language changes abruptly and totally.

LIke all others, the Neeshenams name every camp, spring, river, etc., but they very seldom use the name of a camp or village, as other nations do, to denote the inhabitants of it. Whatever Indians live next east of them they call easterners, and if there is a camp a little farther east, they vary the form. Thus they use Notos, Notonans, and Notoangcows, which may be rendered "easters," "easterns," and "easterners." So contracted are their journeyings and their knowledge, that they do not need a complicated system of names. If there are any people living twenty miles away, they are not aware of their existence. In consequence of this, it was almost impossible for me to learn any fixed names of tribes. There are the Poosoonas, at the mouth of American River, north side; the Quotoas, at Placerville; the Colomas, at Coloma; and the Wapumnies, near Latrobe. Indeed, I doubt if there is any considerable number of tribal names, for they are such a nomadic nation (within small limits) that they exist in a continual chaos. They move their camps so often that they have not even names for them, properly speaking--that is, no name separate and apart from that of the spring, bowlder, tree, creek, or what not, where they may happen at any particular time to be camping. Hence, in designating one another, they alwyas use the points of the compass--tosheem, como, noto, tei (north, south, east, west)--in various forms; and those living near Bear River always add cow (place), as Tawsingcow, Comoangcow; Notoangcow, Teingcow.

There are also some curious peculiarities in regard to personal names. One can very seldom learn an Indian's, and never a squaw's, Indian name, though they will tell their American titles readily enough. It is a greater breach of decorum to ask a squaw her name than it is among us to ask a lady her age. I have often made the attempt, and never yet have learned a squaw's Indian name from her own lips. A husband never calls his wife by name on any account, and it is said that divorces have been produced by no other provocation than that! It is amusing to note the resemblances between feminine human nature in the aboriginal and the civilized state. No squaw will reveal her own name, but she will tell all her neighbors' that she can think of! For the reason above given, many people believe that half the squaws have no names at all. So far is this from the truth, that everyone possesses at least one, and sometimes two or three. Hella Neoachechit was mentioned as an instance of two; and Haywalla Claygle Numnum, of three. As usual in California, a great majority of the names have no significance, being merely such collocations of sounds as are euphonious to their ears. If one has any meaning, it is generally the name of some animal, as Wowkly--a woman's name--which denotes "fox".

Following is a formidable list of villages which once lined the banks of Bear River, from the Sacramento up to the foot-hills--a list which shows that the population

must have been dense: Hametin-Woleyuh, Laylekeean, Talac, Intanto, Moolamchapa (long pond by the trees), Lidlepa, Solackeyu, Kaluplo, Pacanche, Shokumimleppe (wild-potato patch), Booshamool (this was near the California and Oregon Railroad crossing), Shootamool, Chuemduh, O'pelto, (the forks), Pulacatoo, Kapaka, Yokoalimduh, and Toanimbuttuc (little pine). The Sacramento River they call Nepem Sayoo (great river); Bear River, Nem Sayoo (little river); the plains, Tukudy; the timber land, Chapady; the foot-hills, Yamun; the Sierra Nevada, Nepem Yamun (great hills).

Both in their social customs and in their political organization, the Neeshenams must be ranked on a low grade--probably the lowest in the State. They had the misfortune to occupy the heart of the Sierra mining region, in consequence of which they have been miserably corrupted and destroyed. Indians in the mining districts, for reasons not necessary to specify, are always worse debauched than those in the agricultural regions. And the fact that most observers and writers have seen the Indians of the diggings more than any others, has contributed to bring the whole California race into unmerited opprobrium.

Yet the following facts bear witness to their low aboriginal estate: Robert Gordon, a responsible citizen of Auburn, states that, in 1849, he was surface-mining from Auburn as far up as the North Fork of Feather River; and that a great proportion of the men and women who entered his camp were costumed strictly after the fashion-plates of Eden. This was in a region pretty well up on the mountains, where the aborigines had not yet come in contact with either Spaniards or Americans. Both sexes and all ages moved about his camp, absolutely in puris naturalibus, with that perfect freedom and innocence which betoken unconsciousness of any impropriety. But these naive, unswathed mountaineers, according to the same excellent authority, were often of a magnificent physique--tall, sinewy fellows, who would have made the scale-beam kick at 180.

Most tribes in the State lay considerable emphasis on the formal establishment of marital relations, in their way--that is, by purchase--whether those relations are faithfully observed afterward or not. Bu the Neeshenams may be said to set up and dissolve the conjugal state almost as easily as do the brute beasts. No stipulated payment whatever is made for the wife. A man seeking to become a son-in-law is bound to cater (yaylin) or make presents to the family--which is to say, he will come along some day with a deer on his shoulder, perhaps, fling it off on the ground before the wigwam, and go his way without a single word being spoken. Some days later, whenever it pleases him, he will come and claim his bride, and lead her away with equal unceremoniousness. An incident which occurred will show the despotic and brutal manner in which these matters are managed. A man living on Wolf Creek, a tributary of Bear River, had performed the simple acts which entitled him to his wife, and the day had arrived when he determined to bring her home. But she loathed him, and when she saw him coming she fled from her father's wigwam, and sought refuge, trembling and weeping, with a motherly old widow who sympathized with her. The widow concealed her as well as she could, then hastened out to confront the pursuers. When they came up she told

them the girl had passed that way and escaped from the village. They hurried on in pursuit, but returned after a long search, baffled and angry, and asked the widow's little girl if she knew where the fugitive was. The child innocently told them she was hidden in her mother's wigwam. As soon as they had dragged her forth, they drew their bows and arrows and shot the widow to death in the middle of the village. They were not molested, for the general feeling of the Indians was that the bridegroom owned the girl, and that the widow, in concealing her, was guilty of kidnapping, for which the penalty is death.

The Neeshenams are the most nomadic of all California tribes. They shift their lodges perpetually, if it is only a rod, probably to give the vermin the slip; and always a death has occurred in one they abandon it. Nomadic habits among savages of a low grade are little better than death to the aged and infirm, for they can not readily follow, and the few poor conveniences and comforts which they collect around themselves when stationary have often to be abandoned. In fact, it would be hard for a tribe to devise a better way of ridding themselves of those whom they account burdensome. The spectacle which is sometimes presented among the mining towns, of poor, old, purblind, tattered wretches, perhaps laden with all they can carry, feebly tottering after the stronger ones, is a melancholy and pitiable one, indeed. But let it be remembered that this tribe is exceptionally restless, and that the California Indians generally are remarkable for their home-loving and home-keeping, even if not for their filial piety.

As for their political organization, like the snakes of Ireland, it can be described in three words--there is none. True, they have their hereditary captains, or head-men, in the villages, but their authority is the most shadowy thing in the world.

For murder, there is no punishment but individual revenge. That must be had within twelve moons after the murder, for there is a kind of statute of limitations which steps in then and forbids any further seeking of blood. They consider that the keenest and most bitter revenge which a man can take is, not to slay the murderer himself, but his dearest friend. This, however, is probably only the sentiment of casual Indians, though it would comport well with the subtle, Asiatic character of the race.

For kidnapping, as above mentioned, the punishment was death. It is related that a chief, named Bacallimpun, living near Bear River, in 1851, kidnapped a number of women from his own tribe and sold them to the Spaniards for infamous uses. On detecting him in his villanies, the Indians put him to death, and then hacked him into a thousand little pieces. They would throw an eye to one of his fellow-villagers, a finger-joint to another, a toe-joint to another, etc. It should, however, be borne in mind that the California Indians did not torture persons while alive.

For adultery with a foreigner the penalty was also death; and there are few other tribes in the State of whom this can be affirmed. In 1850, a squaw was sacrificed by her people on Dry Creek, near Georgetown, for this offense, committed with an American, though there was really no criminality on her part. The profanation of the

loathed foreigner was upon her, and all her tears and cries were of no avail.

They did not mark their boundaries by artificial signs, though they had them defined with the greatest strictness by springs (pokkan), hills (yamun), valleys (hunum-chuka), etc. They did not ordinarily destory a member of another tribe for trespassing on their territory, but if he caught fish or game, or gathered acorns on it, they demanded reparation in kind. They were frequently at war with the Piutes, whom they called Moanousies, and whom they greatly dreaded. The Piutes were always the aggressors, and came over armed with savage wooden knives, with which they slaughtered the feeble Californians (they seldom cared to take prisoners), and scalped the dead by cutting off a small round patch of hair on top of the head.

In war, upon coming into close quarters, the Neeshenams sought to stab the enemy under the arm, aiming at the heart. They took no scalps. When going into battle, they frequently waxed and twisted out the fore-hair of their heads into two devilish-looking horns, topped their heads with feathers, and painted their breasts black. I once heard an aged Indian describe with wonderful vividness a fight which his nation had by appointment with the Meidoos, many a long year ago, when they were yet so numerous that their hosts darkened all the plains beside the beautiful Yuba. They fought a great part of a summer-day, and, according to his account, there was a mighty deal of thwacking, prodding, and hustling, though it was not a very bloody affair at all. He killed a Meidoo, then presently he turned his back and ran away himself, and got a spear jabbed into his heel. He described both circumstances with the same simple honesty and remarkable vivacity, which showed he was telling the truth, and which contrasted so strongly with the boastful arrogance of the Algonquin, that never acknowledges defeat. Their male captives they tied to trees and shot to death without lingering torture, and the women they sometimes whipped and sometimes married.

There is a curious way of collecting debts practiced by them. When an Indian owes another, it is held to be in bad taste, if not positively insulting, for the creditor to dun the debtor, as the brutal Saxon does; so he devies a more delicate method. He prepares a certain number of little sticks, according to the amount of the debt, and paints a ring around the end of each. These he carries and tosses into the debtor's wigwam without a word, and goes his way; whereupon the other generally takes the hint, pays the debt, and destroys the sticks. It is reproach to any Indian to have these dunning-sticks thrown into his wigwam, and the creditor does not resort to it, except in case of a hard customer.

That their treatment of superannuated parents is not remarkable for tenderness may be gathered from the following fact; In 1858, there was an immense concourse of Indians at a place called Spenceville, some coming even from the Coast Range--the purpose of all being, as was then supposed, a concerted attack on the Americans. Preparatory to this gathering and what should follow it, numbers of them put to death the aged and infirm of their camps, who would have been an incumbrance, though it was said it was done at the instance of many of the victims themselves.

Being so nomadic in their habits, they have brought the savage field-commissary to perfection. They discovered the substantial principle of the famous Prussian pea-sausage long before the Pickelhauben did. When about to go on a journey, the squaws pack in their deep, conical baskets a quantity of acorn panada, made by processes heretofore described, which is food in as condensed a form as they could make it without scientific appliances. They generally start from camp rather late in the morning (the California Indians are poor travelers), and rest once or twice during the forenoon, always by a spring. Taking out some of this panada, they dilute it with large additions of water, making a cool, thick, rich porridge, which they drink from small baskets. In this manner a squaw will carry enough to last two persons a fortnight, and that while they are dancing--the hardest work an Indian does--nor will her burden exceed thirty pounds. About eleven o'clock, they call a halt for noon; then they do not break camp again until two, three, or even four o'clock, but march until nightfall, when started, or even long after.

As it was from the Neeshenams that Captain John A. Sutter procured most of his laborers, I wish here to make mention of a matter which falls properly within the scope of this narrative. It is related by several men who came here in 1849 and subsequently (there is to this day frequently a slight pique between the ante-forty-niners and the forty-niners, the land pioneers and the gold pioneers), that the captain was accustomed, in clover-time, to compel his slaves (as they call them) to go out into the clover-field for their rations. In view of the amount of labor they performed for him, this charge, if true, would be a grave one. But it is a fact abundantly substantiated that Indians who have been reared all their lives in American families, will, if permitted, in the season when the savor of the blossoms is wafted sweet as honey on the breeze, go afield for dinner, in preference to the most lickerish viands ever cooked.

I have been told by the Americans that they themselves had often eaten California clover, boiled and salted, and accounted it altogether a desirable mess of the season. Without doubt, then, this story is a true one; that is, Captain Sutter's Indians preferred to eat clover for a change and a relish, and he simply--let them do it. That he was a kind master to them, let the following document attest. It was shown to me by the owner of it, who had it wrapped in many folds of paper and inserted inside the lining of his hat, where he had carried it nearly ten years as a sacred treasure. He was said to have been one of the captain's majordomos, and to have had charge at one time of nearly 200 Indians:

> "The bearer of this, Tucollie, Chief of the Wapumney tribe, has presented himself before me, with the request to give him a certificate of his good behavior, and it is with pleasure that I comply with his wishes, as I know him over (22) twenty-two years as a good and honest Indian, therefore I can recommend him to the benevolence and kindness of my fellow-citizens, and particularly to those residing in his native country.
>
> Very respectfully,
>
> J. A. Sutter,
>
> Special Indian Agent.
>
> Hock Farm, August 11th, 1862."

Unlike several tribes in the northwest of the State, these are not misers, but quite the contrary, as are all the southern California Indians. They never hoard up shell-money, beads, trinkets, or anything of a merely factitious value, unless it is for the purpose of burning them in honor of some great chieftain on his funeral pyre. In a bountiful acorn-harvest they gather and store up in wicker granaries (sukin) sufficient to last them two or three years; but they use the surplus above the winter's supply to gamble on, and often gamble away even the provisions which are immediately necessary. No Indian is despised so much as one who is close-fisted; nothing is more certain than that, if an Indian comes along hungry, they will divide with him to the uttermost crumb.

The Indians immediately south of Bear River observe the following fixed dances. The most important is the First Grass Dance (Cammin, the generic word for "dance," hence the dance of the year), which is held in autumn or winter, after the rains have fully set in and started the grass. None but a resident of California can appreciate the joyfulness of the feeling which gives rise to this festival, when, after the long, weary summer of drought, the first cool rain commences trickling down on the parched plains and the naked foot-hills, and they clothe themselves again with a soft, pale green. Assembled in the sweat-house together, both men and women, they dance with such extraordinary enthusiasm and persistence that they sometimes fall exhausted, and lie in a trance for hours.

The next is the Second Grass Dance (Yomussy), which is celebrated in the spring, when the grass takes its second growth, after the dry season is well established, but before the clover has faded from its blossoming glory. Hence this is held in the open air--a fete champetre. Otherwise it is like the first; the dancers being in two concentric circles, the men in one, the women in the other--the former gaudily decorated with feathers, the latter more modestly with beads, etc. It continues three or four days, accompanied with plenty of good eating.

Then there is a dance held regularly in spring, called Wayda, which is observed to prevent the snakes from biting them during the ensuing summer. Though held for so momentous a purpose, it seems to be quite a sportive affair. A bevy of young maidens dance around two young men in succession, singing a very gay and lively chorus, and ever and anon they make a dash at him, catching him by the shoulders, laughing, stretching out their arms toward him, tantalizing him, etc. The point appears to be, that these girls constitute the two young men mock-priests, to be their champions against the snakes. After the dancing, a couple of old fellows go around among the women with baskets, soliciting presents of bread, fish, and other eatables, wherewith to pay the singers; and when the women are about to contribute, they are frequently seized themselves by the old fellows and dragged along sportively, to the vast amusement of the bystanders. But with all this fun-making and horse-play, they entertain a very genuine terror of rattlesnakes. When an Indian is bitten by one, or lacerated by a bear, they exclude him rigorously from camp for certain days, believing that the snake or the bear, having tasted his blood, will follow him to camp and play havoc.

There is not among the Neeshenams any secret society, or any organization other than the family; but there is something analogous to our modern spiritualism, table-rappings, etc. Indeed, spiritualism among the Indians long antedates the wonderful Fox sisters, and whatever we may offer them in this department of science at least, they can show us "a trick worth two of that." And, more than that, they make practical use of the spirits to most excellent purpose. When an Indian gets troublesome to manage, the chiefs invite him to the sweat-house some evening, a dance is held, then all the fires are extinguished, and the congregation sit profoundly still in the darkness. Presently, the gates of hell yawn open, and there issues forth a grim spectre, who rustles his pinions and feathers, raps and ramps over the floor, and then addresses the company in the best English, "Good evening, gentlemen." He speaks as many words in that language as he can command well, adds a little Spanish perhaps, then makes a lengthy discourse in Indian, and it always happens to fit excellently well upon the back of the unruly member. Most Indians are profoundly convinced of the genuineness of these apparitions, and that these grim familiars have the gift of tongues, also power to hang them by the neck in the apex of the lodge, or disembowel them instantly, if they do not make presents to the chiefs and look well to their p's and q's. All Americans are rigorously excluded from these proceedings, but a man named William Griffin, understanding the language well, overheard from the outside what was said and done.

There is a social gathering which may be called the soup-party, which answers to our dinner-party. The inhabitants of two or more villages meet at a designated place in the open country, bringing acorn-flour (and nowadays frequently wheat-flour) and a little salt, and baskets to cook and eat the soup in--nothing else. Nothing is <u>en regle</u> except the soup, an article something thicker than gruel and thinner than mush. After they have eaten a great quantity of this, the younger people amuse themselves in dancing, while the elders exchange the gossip and scandal of which the Indians are so excessively fond.

Among most California Indians it is usual for a man requiring the services of a medicine-man to pay him in advance; but these hold to the principle, "No cure, no fee." The benfit which the man of drugs renders his patient generally consists in sucking from him certain sticks and stones, which he alleges were lodged just under the skin, to his great detriment. When it is manifest to all beholders that the sufferer has been marked by Death for his own, and that he can not long survive, his friends and relatives collect around him in a circle, and stand awaiting the final event in awe-stricken silence. As his breath grows stertorous, showing that he is passing through the last grim struggle, one of them approaches reverently and kneels by his side. Holding his hand over the region of the heart, he counts its feeble pulsations, as they grow slower and weaker. When it ceases to beat, and all is ended, he turns to the waiting relatives and silently nods. Whereupon they commence the death dance, with frightful wails and ululations. Every family have their own burning-ground, and as soon as the corpse is cold, it is conveyed thither for incremation. Around Auburn, a devoted widow never speaks, on any occasion or upon any pretext, for several months, sometimes a year or more, after the death of her husband. Of this singular fact I had ocular demonstration. Elsewhere, as on the American River, she speaks only in a whisper for

several months. As you go down toward the Cosumnes, this custom disappears, and only the tarred head is observed. It is only fair to remark that the widow is generally more faithful to the memory of her husband than the widower to his wife's, and seldom disgraces human nature by remarrying in a week or two, as he not infrequently does.

Apropos, the following story. An Indian woman, living on Wolf Creek, lost her husband and went to live with her mother, who was also a widow. One day, before the customary period of mourning had expired, during which a widow is forbidden to do any work or attend a dance, her mother requested her to go down into the ravine and gather some clover. She went, accompanied by a young girl, one of her unmarried companions. Going afield with her basket, she was observed by an Indian named Roeno, her husband's brother, who watched where she went and for what purpose. He reported to his father, and by him was charged to follow and strike her dead. He did so, following her several hours, but he had no heart for the butcherly business; and he finally returned home without accomplishing his errand. His father upbraided him bitterly as a coward and an ingrate, for not avenging the insult to his brother's memory. Stung to madness by the paternal reproaches, in a moment of furious passion he rushed away, fell upon the offending widow, and smote her unto death.

When a mother dies, leaving a very young infant, custom allows the relatives to destroy it. This is generally done by the grandmother, aunt, or other near relative, who holds the poor innocent in her arms, and while it is seeking the maternal fountain, presses it to her breast until it is smothered. We must not judge them too harshly for this. They knew nothing of bottle-nurture, patent nipples, or any kind of milk whatever other than the human.

A touching story is related of old Captain Tom, of Auburn. His son Dick was an incorrigible rascal, and it finally fell out that he was arrested for something or other, tried, proved guilty, and sentenced to San Quentin for ten years. This was a terrible blow to Captain Tom, for he loved his boy, with all his wickedness. When Dick was mancled and taken away out of his sight, the old man turned away his head and wept. Dick became to him as one who is dead. Nevermore (for ten years to an Indian seems like eternity), nevermore should his old eyes behold him. The White man had bound his wrists and ankles with iron, carried him away to the uttermost ends of the earth, and buried him alive. He turned sadly away, and went back to his wigwam. Mingling their tears together, he and his family mourned for Dick as for one dead. Then they arose, gathered together all the things that had ever belonged to him, carried them out to the family burning-ground, erected a pyre, and placed them on it. Years ago, a brother to Dick had died while they were living in another place, and his ashes rested where they were burned. They were now brought and sprinkled over the pyre (for such a grievous calamity had never befallen the Indians before, that they should be compelled to burn one's possessions without his body to accompany it). They were sadly troubled to think how they should send Dick's clothing to him in the Happy We stern Land--or wherever else he was gone--and they thought, they hoped, if his brother's ashes were sprinkled on the pyre, perhaps his spirit might convey them. With these

feelings in their breasts, but with many tears and sad misgivings, they applied the torch, and prayed their son, whose ashes they had sprinkled on them, to waft the clothes and money quickly to poor Dick, in that unknown and undiscovered country to which the White man had conveyed him.

ORIGIN OF INCREMATION.

The moon and the coyote wrought together in creating all things that exist. The moon was good, but the coyote was bad. In making men and women, the moon wished to so fashion their souls that, when they died, they should return to the earth after two or three days, as he himself does when he dies. But the coyote was evil disposed, and he said that this should not be, but that, when men died, their friends should burn their bodies, and once a year make a great mourning for them. And the coyote prevailed. So, presently when a deer died, they burned his body, as the coyote had decreed, and after a year they made a great mourning for him. But the moon created the rattlesnake, and caused it to bite the coyote's son, that he died. Now, though the coyote had been willing to burn the deer's relations, he refused to burn his own son. Then the moon said unto him: "This is your own rule. You would have it so, and now your son shall be burned like the others." So he was burned, and after a year the coyote mourned for him. Thus the law was established over the coyote also, and, as he had dominion over men, it prevailed over men likewise.

This story is utterly worthless for itself, but it has its value, in that it shows there was a time when the California Indians did not burn their dead, as is also established by other traditions. It hints at the additional fact, that the Neeshenams to this day pay homage to the moon, consider it their benefactor in a hundred ways, and observe its changes for a hundred purposes.

THE BEAR AND THE DEER.

At first, all the animals lived on earth, but afterward the clover grew, and then they ate that also. There were no men yet, or rather, all men were yet in the forms of animals. One day the bear and the deer went out together to pick clover. The bear pretended to see a louse on the deer's neck, and the deer bent down her head to let the bear catch it, but the bear cut her head off, scratched out her eyes, and threw them into her basket among the clover. When she went home and emptied her basket, the deer's children saw the eyes, and knew they were their mother's. So they studied a plan of revenge.

On another day, when the bear was pounding earth in a mortar for food, as acorns are now pounded, the deer's two children enticed the bear's children away to play, and persuaded them to enter a cave beneath the great rock Oamlam (high rock) on Wolf Creek. Then they fastened them in with a stone, and made a fire which roasted them to death. When the bear came and found them, she thought they were asleep and

sweating, but it was the oil on their hair, and when she pawed them the hair came off. Whereupon, she flew into a great passion, tore them to pieces and devoured them.

Then she pursued the deer's two children to destroy them. She called out to them that she was their aunt and would do them good; but they fled and escaped up the great rock Oamlan, and it grew upward with them until the top of it was very high. The bear went round behind the rock and found a narrow rift where she could crawl up; but the deer's children saw her coming, and they had a stone red-hot, which they cast down her throat and slew her. Then they took this same stone and threw it to the north, and manzanita-berries fell down; to the east, and pine-nuts fell down; to the south, and one kind of acorns fell down; to the west, and another kind of acorns fell down. Thus they had now plenty of food of different kinds, and they ate earth no more.

After this, while they were yet on the rock, the deer's children thought to climb into heaven, it had grown so high. The big one made a ladder that reached the sky, and, with a bow and arrow, he shot a hole up through, so that the little one could climb up into heaven. But the little one was afraid, and cried. So the big one made tobacco and a pipe, and gave them to the little one to smoke as he went up the ladder, whereby the smoke concealed the world from him, and his heart was no longer afraid. And this is how smoking originated. So the little one climbed up through the hole into heaven, and went out of sight; but presently he returned down the ladder, and told his brother it was a good country above the sky, with plenty of sweet browse, and grass, and buds of trees, and pools of water, and flowers for them to sleep on. Upon that they both climbed the ladder and went above the sky.

Presently they saw their mother by a pool of water, cooking, and they knew it was she, because she had no eyes. Now, the big brother was a deer, but the little one was a sap-sucker. So these two made a wheel to ride on, that they might pursue their mother, for they were not well pleased to see her without eyes. But they were punished for this act of wickedness, for the wheel went contrary with them, turned aside, and plunged into a pool of water, so that they were drowned.

This story contains a considerable part of the Neeshenam cosmogony. In common with most California tribes, these Indians regard all animals, including men, as having a common original and being intimately related. Thus, the bear calls herself aunt to the deer's children, and one of the latter is a bird. In some vague, misty way, the coyote was the first of all; but whether as creator, or simply as a kind of protoplasm, the Indians are not clear. But it is certain that the Neeshenams anticipated Darwin by some centuries in the development theory, only substituting the coyote for the monkey. The fable generally runs that man was originally in the form of a coyote, but the Neeshenam version varies a little. As we have seen above, the moon and the coyote created all things, and a man was primarily a simple, straight, hairless, limbless mass of flesh, like an enormous earthworm. By and by, the moon split him at one end, so that he acquired a pair of legs. Then the same beneficent luminary split off a pair of arms from his body, split his toes and fingers, etc.

There is another tradition to the same effect substantially, and that is, that the time once was when men were on the same level with the beasts of the forest, and habitually devoured their own dead, as the coyote is said to do.

HILPMECONE AND OLEGANEE.

In the earliest days of the world, while there were yet few inhabitants upon it, there lived a man and his wife, named Hilpmecone and Oleganee. They loved each other with a love passing the love of brothers, and they were greatly happy in their lives. But at length it befell that the wife, Oleganee, fell sick, and, though her husband did all that love and tenderness could do, he saw her slowly fade away from before his eyes, and die. He dug a grave close beside his camp-fire (for the Neeshenams did no burn their dead then(, that he might daily and hourly weep above her silent dust. His grief knew no bounds. His life was now become a burden unto him; all the light was gone out of his eyes, and all this world was black and dreary. He wished to die, that he might follow his beloved and lamented Oleganee. In the bitterness of his grief, he fell into a trance, and the spirit of the dead Oleganee arose out of her grave, and came and stood beside her husband. When he awoke out of the trance and beheld the spirit of his wife, he cried aloud in the greatness of his grief, and would have embraced her. She beckoned to him in silence to follow her. Together they set out to seek the spirit land (ooshwooshe koom, literally, "the dance-house of ghosts"). They journeyed on through a great country and a darksome--a land that no man has seen and returned to report--until they came to a river that separated them from the spirit land. Over this river there was a bridge of but one small rope, so very small that a spider could hardly cross it. Here the spirit of Oleganee must bid farewell to her husband, and go over alone to the spirit land. When he saw her leaving him, in an agony of grief he stretched out his arms toward her and implored her to return.

If an Indian sees a ghost and it speaks to him, in that instant he dies. Hence, the spirit of the woman answered him not, lest he should die, but turned about and came back, and together they returned to this world. Upon reaching it, Oleganee turned again to go back to the spirit land, but again Hilpmecone cried out, and vainly stretched out his arms to stay her return. Then, at last, she spoke: "You have been to me a husband true and kind. You have gone with me to the border of the spirit land, whither you could not enter; and I have seen and know for myself all your love and sorrow. I now speak to you these words, that you may die, as you have desired, for no Indian can hear a ghost and live." Then he died in that self-same instant, and together they took their last departure for the land of spirits.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. XI. Various Tribes. Achomawi, Yana, Sierra Maidu

The Pit River Indians may be divided into three principal tribes--the Achomawes, in the Fall River basin; the Hamefcuttelies, in Big Valley; and the Astakaywas or Astakywich, in Hot Spring Valley. The first name is derived from achoma, "the river;" and the last from astakay, "hot spring." Another tribe on the south side of the river, opposite Fort Crook, are called Illmawes. Pit River is simply and preeminently "The River;" other streams have their special names. In accordance with that minuteness of geographical nomenclature so common in California, they are not content with designating the river as a whole, but every reach, every cataract, every bend, has a name to itself. Thus a little rapid above Burgettville is "Chotokeh;" the next bend below, "Lokalit," etc.

There is a remarkable difference between the physique one sees in Hot Spring Valley and that in Big Valley, only twenty miles below. It is partly caused by the meagre supply of aboriginal food in the former valley; partly the deplorable result of generations of slave-wars and slave-catching prosecuted against them by the Modocs and the Muckalucs, and partly the result of the awful scourging given them by General Crook, and the deportation of the heart of the tribe to a distant reservation. The Hot Spring Valley Indians are the most miserable, squalid, peaked-faced, mendicant, and mendacious wretches I ever saw in California. Frequently their teeth project forward into a point, and when their lips are closed, they are wrinkled tight over them like a drawn purse. When eating, there is often the same rapid, mumbling motion one may observe in the lips of a squirrel. Squatted on their haunches in their odious tatters, they grin, and grin, and lie. Nibbling at a piece of bony fish with those puckered, prehensile lips of theirs, they look like nothing in the world so much as a number of apes. Their faces are skinny, foreheads very low and retreating, bodies lank, and abdomens protuberant. I dismounted and stood fifteen minutes, watching a group of them eating one of those execrable Pit River suckers; and never in my life have I seen so saddening and so piteous a spectacle of the results which come from seizing out into bondage year after year all the comeliest maidens and bravest youths of a people. All the best young blood of the nation is filched out of it, and instead of physical advancement by the Darwinian principle of "selection," here is steady embrutement by the propagation of the worst.

But the tribe on the south fork (whom I did not see) were made of better stuff, besides which they ate plenty of fat deer out of the mountains, and escaped the slave-raids of the Modocs. It was these whose "nasty" fighting indirectly gave the name to Fort Damnation--a place well christened, where Crook got them at last against the wall. There is a high, steep canon into which they had escaped as a last resort, and,

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 12, pp. 412-424, 1874.

barricading themselves with shards of rock and debris, at the foot of the canon walls, they made it death for any man to show his face at the mounth of the canon. A subaltern officer came back to report the situation to his superior, and demurred against further fighting. To him said the grim soldier: "We were sent here to fight Indians. When you are all killed, I am going in there to fight them myself." Two detachments were sent out, and by making a long detour, they succeeded in reaching the brink of the canon on opposite sides. Then their bullets shot slanting down, and came crashing upon the heads of the savages, while plenty of leaden legcutters were slung up the canon with an infernal yelling, and the Indians found it getting hot. This was their last fight.

Let one remount at the Hot Spring, and ride an easy day's journey down to Big Valley, where the mountains helped to keep out the thieving Modoc slavers, and what an improvement in the forms we meet! The faces are broad and black and calm, and shining with an Ethiopian unctuousness; the foreheads are like a wall; in those solid, round-capped cheek-bones, standing over against one another so far apart, and in those massive lower jaws, there is unmistakable strength, bred in the bone through tranquil generations. They laugh with a large and placid laugh, which comes all the way up from their stomachs, soundless, but agitating their well-fed bodies with slow and gentle undulations. Here is a hearty and a lusty savagery which is pleasant to see.

There was one custom of the Pit River nation wherein they differed from all other California Indians, and that was their custom of digging pitfalls for the trapping of game. Selecting some trail where the deer passed frequently, they would, with no other implements than fire-hardened sticks, excavate pits ten or twelve feet deep, and carry all the earth away out of sight in baskets. Then they would cover the pits with thin layers of brushwood and grass, sprinkle earth over all, scatter dead leaves and twigs on the earth, restore the trail across it, and even print tracks in it with a deer's hoof; then back out and conceal their own tracks. Such an infinity of trouble would they give themselves to capture one deer--a fact which shows them to have been, as we otherwise know they were, indifferent hunters. These pitfalls were very numerous along the river banks, where the deer came down to drink; and the early settlers lost so many cattle in them, and fell in so often themselves, that they compelled the Indians to abandon the practice. It is these pits which named the river.

Mention has been made of the meagre diet enjoyed by the dwellers on the upper reaches of the river. They have very few pinon nuts, no acorns, no salmon (they do not ascend the Pit to the mounth of Fall River), no manzanita berries, no sunflower seeds, and very few rabbits or squirrels. They have what deer and sage-hens they can shoot or snare (which is little enough), grasshoppers, crickets--very large and juicy--cammas, the miserable suckers, and a few trout from the river, pine bark, a little clover, and the sickening, disgusting bear-berries. After the vast crystal volume of Fall River enters and overcomes the swampiness of the snaky Pit, and it begins to descend over rapids, there salmon are caught, although the Americans assert that salmon do not ascend above a certain tremendous cataract which is said to exist on the lower river. When the salmon season arrives, a band of aged priests or "medicines" abstain from fresh fish, flesh, or fowl for certain days, which they

believe will induce a heavy run and a bountiful catch. Even the women and children at this time, if they wish to eat fresh salmon, must carry it back in the forest out of sight of the river. Like the Meidoos, on the Sacramento, they call the salmon, by sitting in a circle on some overlooking promontory, while a venerable "medicine" stands in the midst and earnestly addresses the finny multitudes for two or three hours, urging them to ascend the river.

Probably the squaws in this nation occupy as degraded and servile a position as in any other tribe in the State. A man's daughters are considered simply as his property, his chattels, to be sold at pleasure. He owns them not only when maidens, but when widows--either the father or the brothers. A widow does not pass into the possession of her husband's brother, as in some tribes, but of her own brother, who sells her and her children to her second husband. An intelligent squaw told me they were often cruelly beaten, and had no redress. If a wife deserts her husband's lodge and goes back to her father, the husband may strike her dead if she refuses to return. A squaw is seldom held responsible for adultery, even with an American. Polygamy prevails when the man is rich enough to buy wives. Tyee John, for instance, had three. When a man marries, he gives presents to all the male members of his bride's family, but none to the female. Yet even here there were some mitigations to her position. A widow retains all the articles which she herself made, also sometimes a horse which she paid for out of her own earnings. A widower can not keep his wife's personal property, such as baskets, etc.; but her relatives come and take them away. Though a slave herself, bought and sold, her right to these little personal articles is inviolable. There are many female "medicines," and the rights and modesty of a woman in childbirth are sacredly respected, as they are not among civilized nations. Moreover, there is once in a while a good, healthy, natural instance of a thoroughly henpecked man. The Indians tell with great glee of a terrible termagant in the tribe, called "Old Squally." One day she quarreled with her husband when they were fishing, whereupon she faced him about toward the water, and kicked him into the same with violence, telling him to "go in swimming."

Not withstanding their occasional ebullitions of brutality toward women and children, they are a race with strong affections. William Burgett relates that he has frequently seen them carry the aged long distances on their backs, to bring them to a physician. An Indian employed by him once lost a cousin to whom he was much attached, and he wept and mourned for him daily for more than six months, refusing food to such a degree that he was reduced to a living skeleton. An aged Achomawe lost his wife, to whom he had been married probably half a century, and he tarred his face in mourning for her, as though he were a woman--an act totally unprecedented, and regarded by the Indians as evincing an extraordinary affection.

A woman speaking good English gave me some interesting glimpses of Indian social life on Pit River. An Achomawe mother seldom teaches her daughters any of the arts of barbaric housekeeping before their marriage. They learn them by imitation and experiment after they grow old enough to perceive the necessity thereof.

The parents are expected to establish a young couple in their lodge, provide them with the needful basketry, and furnish them with cooked food for some months, which indulgent parents sometimes continue for a year, or even longer, so that the young people have a more real honeymoon than is vouchsafed to most civilized people. As children are taught nothing, so they are never punished, but occasionally cuffed or banged. It is a wonder that they grow up with any virtue whatever, for the conversation of their elders in their presence is often of the filthiest description. But the children of savages far less often make wreck of body and soul than do those of the civilized, because when the great mystery of maturity confronts them, they know what it means and how to meet it. In case of the birth of twins, one is almost always destroyed, for the feeling is universal that two little mouths at once are too great a burden. But infanticide prevails in no other instance but this. It is a singular fact that the Indians have no word for "milk," generally. They never see it, for they never extract it from any animal, because that would seem to them a kind of sacrilege or robbery of the young. Hence, an Indian frequently sees this article for the first time among civilized people, and adopts the Spanish name for it. The squaws spend a good deal of time in visiting each other, when the conversation runs on their youngest children, on how many strings of shells Halomyche paid Sdemeldy for his daughter, on the last dance they--the squaws--had around the bloody head of a Modoc, etc.

Here, as among all other important tribes, I sought to get a vocabulary of words, but was obliged to come away without anything satisfactory. The language is so hopelessly consonantal, harsh, and sesquipedalian, so utterly unlike the sweet and simple languages of the Sacramento, that to reduce it to writing one must linger for weeks, and cause the Indians to repeat the words many times. The reader may wonder at this, but I have only to say, let him make the experiment. The personal pronouns show it to be a true Digger Indian language.

A mixed custom prevails as to the disposition of the dead. Mr. Burgett affirms that they burn only those bodies which died of an unknown disease, as a sanitary measure, burying all others in a sitting posture; but this imputes to them more philosophy and more freedom from superstition than they are entitled to, I opine. One fact is peculiar: the Illmawes never have burned the dead at any time in their history, though belonging to a nation that did. It is probable that burning prevailed amost exclusively before the Americans arrived. They believe that the spirits of the departed walk the earth, and behold the conduct of the living. The good reach the Happy Western Land quickly; the wicked go out on the same road, but walk forever and never reach it. To walk forever--perpetual motion!--could anything be a fitter painting of hell to the indolent California Indians?

(54) Some years ago, an aged chief related to a settler on Fall River an ancient tradition respecting an extraordinary phenomenon which once befell on Pit River. All the atmosphere was filled with ashes, so that the heavens were darkened and the sun was blotted out, and the Indians wept with fear and trembling as they who stand before great Death. The birds of the air were stilled, and all the sweet voices of nature were

hushed. This phenomenon continued for days, insomuch that some of the Indians attempted to find their way to another country by creeping along the ground, in hope of beholding the sun once more. After they had crept on their knees for many miles, the ashes began slowly to disappear, and the sun shone again, but at first it was like blood for color. This evidently refers to some volcanic eruption, and argues for the Indians a high antiquity.

LEGEND OF CREATION.

Our earth was created by the coyote and the eagle, or rather, the coyote began, and the eagle completed it. First, the coyote scratched it up with his paws out of nothingness, but the eagle complained that there were no mountains for him to perch on. The coyote had made hills, but they were not high enough, so the eagle fell to work on it and scratched up great ridges. When he flew over them his feathers dropped down, took root, and became trees, and his pin-feathers became bushes and plants. But in the creation of animals and man the coyote and the fox participated; the first being an evil spirit, the other good. They quarreled as to whether they should let men live always or not. The coyote said: "If they want to die, let them die;" but the fox said: "If they want to come back, let them come back." But nobody ever came back, for the coyote brought fire into the world, for the Indians were freezing. He journeyed far to the west, to a place where there was fire, stole some of it, and brought it home in his ears. He kindled a fire in the mountains, and the Indians saw the smoke of it, and went up and got fire; so they were warmed and comforted, and have kept it ever since.

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One of the most dreaded enemies of the great Wintoon nation was the little tribe called Nozes, or Noces--a whale pursued by a sword-fish. Though themselves inferior to the terrible Pacamallies, of Hat Creek, they were a constant terror to the effeminate dwellers in the rich and sweltering valley of the Sacramento, and kept them hemmed in all along from Battle Creek nearly up to Pit River, on a margin only about a mile wide. Indeed, with this fierce and restless little tribe forever on their flank, always ready to pounce upon them, it is singular that the Wintoons maintained such a long and narrow ribbon of villages on the east bank, isolated from the main body of their nation on the west bank, especially when they had no means of communication but rafts. Every year during the salmon season, June and July, their days were spent in dread and their nights in sleeplessness, on account of the tormenting Nozes, who were now making frequent dashes down on the river. Not content with the limited run of salmon up the creeks whose banks they occupied, they made forays under their celebrated chief, Polillis, on the Sacramento, and though coming for fish, they never neglected an opportunity to carry away women and children into the foot-hills for slaves. For several years before 1849, Major Reading, living on the west bank, was largely engaged in trapping for furs, and the Nozes gave his trappers endless harassment.

Round Mountain and the valleys of Oak Run and Clover Creek were their principal habitat, though it is pretty certain that they formerly extended as far south as Battle Creek. The handful of them still living can give no information on the subject, but the above are their territorial limits as described by the pioneers.

Though living at a little higher altitude than the Wintoons, they are not quite so tall as they, but are several shades lighter colored. They are rather under-sized, even for California Indians, and are quite a delicate, small-limbed, handsome race. With their hazel complexions, smooth, polished skins, smallish, ovoid faces, and lithe, well-knit frames, they present a race-type different from any other to be seen in California. Pweessy, the present chief, a very polite, innocent, little man, who had never been away from Oak Run in his life, as he stood in the hay-field at the head of his mowers, in his neat, well-fitting garments, leaning in a picturesque attitude on his scythe, presented a very pleasing view. His eye was soft and gentle, his voice was mild, his manners much more refined than is the wont of the hay-field, so that he seemed the farthest possible removed from his warlike progenitors whom the pioneers describe.

As the stature of the Nozes is short at best, so the children are slow in attaining it. They often remain mere dwarfs until they are ten or fifteen years old, when they start and shoot up suddenly eighteen inches or so. They have a reputation for honesty above their neighbors. A ranchman states that he has frequently known them to bring in strayed cattle on their own motion. They adapted themselves early to the necessities of labor and the usages of civilization. Many years ago--so early in the history of the State that they were obliged to content themselves, master and man, with the primitive repast of boiled wheat and beef--John Love had sometimes a hundred Nozes in his employment at once. And they wrought faithfully, as they do to-day.

As the Nozes were so early civilized, and are so nearly extinct, it is not easy to learn much concerning their aboriginal usages. The principal interest attaching to them is the question of their origin. There is an ancient tradition, related by themselves to Major Reading many years ago, that their ancestors came from a country very far toward the rising sun. They journeyed a great many moons, crossing forests, prairies, mountains, plains, deserts, and rivers so great, according to their description, that they could have been found nowhere else except in the interior of the continent. At length, they came to a delightful land, and to a timid and feeble folk, where they conquered for themselves a dwelling-place, and rested therein. The narrator of this story states that Major Reading once showed him an old flintlock musket which he had found in possession of the Nozes, and which had been so worn by being loaded with gravel that it was as thin as paper at the muzzle. It was not known how they could have obtained it, unless they had brought it with them from the Atlantic States; and it was Major Reading's conjecture that they were the descendants of the remnant of King Philip's tribe, of New England. I know not if this story is of any importance. Pweessy knew nothing whatever concerning it, but his information was very limited on all subjects. The one crucial test would be that of language. I have at hand nothing from which I can obtain a vocabulary of King Philip's nation. The Noze numerals are very peculiar in their formation, unlike anything I have found in California. For the benefit of anyone who may have the means of making a comparison, I subjoin them. All are accented upon the penult: One, pykeemona; two, omichemona; three, pulmichemona; four, taumemona; five, chemanmona; six, purhanmona; seven, chumeenamona; eight, taumhanmona; nine, peit-

schomatana; ten, hachhenmona.

In writing of the Mill Creek Indians, I am compelled for once to relax the rule observed in these papers, and to forego the aboriginal name. It is not known to any man living save themselves, and probably it will not be until the grave gives up its dead. If the Nozes appear to be foreign to California, these are doubly foreign. They seem likely to present a spectacle which is without a parallel in human history--that of a barbaric race resisting civilization with arms in their hands, to the last man, and the last squaw, and the last papoose. They were once a numerous and thrifty tribe; now there are only five of them left--two men, two women, and a child. No human eye ever beholds them, except now and then some lonely hunter, perhaps, prowling and crouching for days over the volcanic wastes and scraggy forests which they inhabit. Just at nightfall he may catch a glimpse of a fain campfire, with figures flitting about it; but before he can creep within rifle-range of it the figures have disappeared, the flame wastes slowly out, and he arrives only to find that the objects of his search have indeed been there before him, but are gone. They cooked there their hasty evening repast, but they will sleep somewhere else, with no camp-fire to guide a lurking enemy within reach. For days and weeks together they never touch the earth, stepping always from one volcanic stone to another. They never leave a broken twig or a disturbed leaf behind them. Probably no day of the year ever passes over their heads but some one of this doomed nation of five sits crouching on a hillock or in a tree-top, within easy eye-shot of his fellows; and not a hare can move upon the earth beneath, without its motions being heeded and recorded by the watcher's eye. There are men in and around Chico who have sworn a great oath of vengeance that these five Indians shall die a bloody death; but weeks, months, and years have passed away, and brought for their oaths no fulfillment. There is now wanting only a month of four years since they have ever been seen together so that their number could be certainly known. In February, 1870, some hunters had succeeded in capturing the two remaining squaws, whereupon they opened communication with the men, and promised them a safe-conduct and the release of their squaws, if they would come in and promise to abandon hostilities. The two men came in, bringing the child. It was the intention of the hunters, as one of them candidly avowed to me, to have seized them and secretly put the whole five out of existence. While they were in camp, one of the hunters conceived an absurd whimsey to weigh himself, and threw a rope over a limb for that purpose, at which the wily savages took fright, and they all bounded away like frightened deer and escaped. But they had remained long enough for an American as eagle-eyed as themselves to observe that one of the two warriors had a gunshot wound in one hand, and many others on his arm, forming an almost unbroken cicatrix from hand to elbow. Probably no White man's eyes will ever again behold them all together, alive.

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When they were more numerous than now they occupied both Mill Creek and Deer Creek; but nowadays they live wholly in the great volcanic terraces and low mountains west of Mill Creek Meadows. Down to 1858, they lived at peace with the Americans, but since that time they have waged unrelenting and ceaseless war--ceaseless except for a casual truce like that above mentioned, who have sworn an oath that

they shall die. All these seventeen years they have warred against the world and against fate. Expelled from the rich and teeming meadows which were their chosen home; hemmed in on these great, hot, volcanic table-lands, where nothing can live only a few stunted trees, and so destitute of water that this forms at once a security against civilized foes and their own constant menace of death--a region accursed of heaven, and spewed out even by the earth--they have seen one after another of the craven tribes bow the knee and make terms with the enemy, but still their voice has been stern and steady for war; still they have crouched and hovered in their almost disembodied life over these arid plains, until all are gone but five. Despite all their bloody and hellish treacheries, there is something sublime in this.

So far as their customs have been observed, they have some which are Californian, but more which are decidedly foreign. They burn the dead, and are remarkably fond of bathing.

On the other hand, the customs which are foreign to California are numerous and significant. First, they have no sweat-houses, and consequently no indoor dances, but only circular dances in the open. The sweat-house is the one capital shibboleth of a California Indian. Second, they did not erect the warm and heavily earthed lodges which the Indians of this State are so fond of, but mere brushwood shelters; and often they had no refuge at all but dens and caves. Third, they inflicted cruel and awful tortures on their captives, like the Algonquin races. Whatever abominations the indigenous tribes may have perpetrated on the dead, the torture of the living was foreign to California. Fourth, they had a mode of capturing deer which no other California tribe employed, so far as known. Taking the antlers of a buck when they were green and velvety, they split them open on the under side and removed the pith, which rendered them so light that an Indian could carry them on his head. Then he would dress himself in the skin, and go to meet the herd, or rather, thrust his head out from the bushes, taking care not to expose himself too much, and imitating the peculiar habit which a buck has of constantly groping about with his head, lifting it up and down, nibbling a little here and a little there. At a proper time he would shoot an arrow into one of them, and the stupid things would stare and step softly about, in their peering, inquisitive way, until a number of them were knocked over. Fifth, their unconquerable and undying determination to fight it out to the bitter end is not a California Indian trait. Sixth, their aboriginal habit of singeing or cropping off their hair within an inch of their heads contrasts strongly with the long locks of the Californians.

In view of all these circumstances, I am of opinion that, if Major Reading's conjecture has any foundation in fact, it was the Mill Creek Indians who migrated hither from the Atlantic slope, if any.

Several years ago, this tribe committed a massacre near Chico, and Sandy Young, a great old hunter of that country, with a companion, captured two squaws, a mother and a daughter, who promised to guide them to the camp of the murderers. They set out at nightfall in the dead of winter. It was sleeting, raining, and blowing that night

with great fury. But they pressed rapidly on, without halt or hesitation, for the squaws led the way boldly. From nightfall until long after midnight they held on their dreary trail, stumbling and floundering occasionally, but speaking scarcely a word; nor was there a moment's cessation in the execrable, bitter sleet and rain. At length they came to a creek which was swollen and booming. In the pitchy darkness it was manifestly impassable. They sounded it in various places, and could find no crossing. While the hunters were groping hither and thither, and shouting to each other above the raging of the torrent, the squaws disappeared. No hallooing could elicit a response from them. The two men considered themselves betrayed, and prepared for treachery. Suddenly there came floating out on the storm and the roaring a thin, young squeal. The party had been reinforced by one. The hunters then grasped the situation, and, laughing, set about collecting some dry stuff and making a fire. They were benumbed and half-frozen themselves, and supposed, of course, the women would come in as soon as they observed the fire. But no, they wanted no fire, or if they did, their aboriginal modesty would not allow them to resort to one under these circumstances. The grandmother took the new-born babe, amid the palpable blackness of darkness, the sleeting, and the yelling winds, and dipped it in the ice-cold creek. Again and again she dipped it, while now and then the hunters could hear its stout-lunged protest above the roaring. Not only did the infant survive this unparalleled treatment but it grew excellently well. In memory of the extraordinary circumstances under which it was ushered into this world, Young named it "Snowflake," and it is living to this day, a wild-eyed lad, in Tehama.

Lastly, we have the Meidoos, a large nation, extending from the Sacramento to the snow-line, anf from Big Chico Creek to Bear River. As usual in the case of an extensive nation, they have no name of general application, except that they all call themselves meidoo (people). Of separate tribes or villages there are very many. I give what I could collect, presuming that the same name generally applies to the village and to the inhabitants of it. We say New York, New Yorkers; but they seem sometimes to reverse our rule. Thus, there is a village on Chico Creek whose inhabitants are called Otakey, and the village itself Otakumne. Beginning on Feather River, we have, first, the Ollas, opposite the mouth of Bear River. Next above them, on the same side, are the Coolmehs, the Hoacks (usually spelled Hock) the Teeshums, and the Yubas, the latter being opposite the mouth of Yuba River. Next, on the left bank, are the Toamchas, and the Hoancuts (usually spelled Honcut), the latter being just below the mouth of Honcut Creek. Then, on the right bank again, are the Bocas, the Tychedas, the Biyous, and the Holoaloopis, the latter being opposite Oroville. The Tychedas had a very large town, and their chief was Yahilum. On Honcut Creek, as you go up, are the Totos and the Heltos; on Butte Creek, the Eskins; on Chico Creek, the Michoapdos. In Concow Valley, are the Concows, once a large and powerful tribe, and probably the best representatives of this nation. On the Yuba, at Nevada City are the Oostomas; lower down, the Panpacans. Bear River and all its tributaries were held by the Neeshenams, so that the real boundary between them and the Meidoos was on the plains, midway between Bear River and the Yuba.

They have two ingenious contrivances for snaring wild-fowl, that I have not seen elsewhere. One of them is a loosewoven net, which is stretched perpendicularly on two rods running parallel with the surface of the water. The lower rod is lifted up a few inches, so that the net is not taut, but hangs down in a fold or trough. When the ducks are flying low, almost skimming the water, they thrust their heads through the meshes of the net, while their bodies drop down into the fold, which prevents them from fluttering loose. The other contrivance is also a net, stretched on a frame projecting up out of the water in a shallow place. The Indian fastens decoy ducks close by the net, or sprinkles berries on the bottom, to attract the fowl. He has a string attached to the feame, and leading to the shore, where he sits holding the end of it behind the bushes. When the ducks are swimming about close to the net, he twitches it over them, and they thrust their heads up through it, which prevents them from diving or flying away. The Indian runs down quickly, treading at every step on the string, to hold the fowl securely until he can reach them. With either of these contribances they would sometimes snare a whole flock at once.

Of dances, the Meidoos have a large number, each being celebrated in its yearly season. One of the most important of these is the Acorn Dance (cameeny can-paywa lacoam, literally, "the all-eating dance"), which is observed in autumn, soon after the winter rains set in, to insure a bountiful crop of acorns the following year. Assembled together throughout their villages, from fifty to a hundred or more in a sweat-house, men, women, and children, they dance standing in two circles, the men in one, the women in the other. The former are decorated with all their wealth of feathers, the women with beads, etc. After a certain length of time the dance ceases, and two venerable, silver-haired priests come forward, with gorgeous head-dresses and long mantles of black eagle's feathers, and take their stations on opposite sides of one of the posts supporting the roof. Resting their chins on this, with their faces turned up toward heaven, each in turn makes solemn and earnest supplication to the spirits, chanting short sentences in their priestly language which is unknown to "the general," to which the other occasionally makes response. At longer intervals, the whole congregation respond "Ho!" equivalent to "amen," and there is a momentary pause of profound silence, during which a pin could be heard to fall. Then the dance is resumed, and the whole multitude join in it, while one keeps excellent time by stamping with his foot on a large, hollow slab. These exercises continue for many hours, and at intervals acorn-porridge is handed about, of which all partake liberally without leaving the dance-house. Of the religious character of these proceedings there can be no doubt.

Then there is the Clover Dance (haylin cameeny, literally, "the great dance") which is celebrated in the blossom-time of clover, in concentric circles, like the above, but out-doors, and not attended with anything that could be called religious ceremonies. The men often dance with an almost fanatic violence and persistence, until they are reeking with perspiration, and then plunge into cold water, or stretch themselves at full length on the ground in a manner that would insure a White man the rheumatism. Again, upon the ripening of manzanita berries comes the Manzanita Dance (weeducan cameeny, "the little dance"), which is about like that last described. Then there is

is the Great Spirit Dance (haylin kakeeny cameeny), which is held in propitiation of the prince of the demons. The reader must not for a moment confound this Great Spirit with the being so called by the Algonquin races, for he has nothing whatever to do with their cosmogony; he created nothing, is not a good spirit, nor even powerful except for evil, and is nothing more nor less than the chief of the imps or goblins supposed to haunt certain hills or other localities. The Dance for the Dead (tseepy cameeny, "weeping dance") is substantially the same as that described among the Yocuts. There is another dance called walinhoopy cameeny, which is held in the open air, at their pleasure, during the clover season. The maidens dance this alone in the evening. They join hands in a circle, and swing merrily around an old man seated upon the grass, chanting to a lively step; then presently they break the circle with screams and laughter, and flee in every direction. The young men waiting near pursue and capture each his mistress, and kindly, liberal Night draws her sable curtain over the scene.

Many of them believe in the annihilation of the soul, or, as Blind Charlie expressed it to me, "that they will never live any more." It is not annihilation pure and simple, of which the Indians are probably incapable of conceiving; but they think that many departed spirits enter into inanimate forms, as the mountains, trees, rocks, or into animals, especially the grizzly bear and rattlesnake. In this latter case it is simply transmigration.

They have a distinct and, possibly, aboriginal conception of a Great Man (haylin meidoo), who created the world and all its inhabitants. The earth was primarily a globe of molten matter, and from that the principle of fire ascends through the roots into the trunk and branches, whence the Indians can extract it by means of their drill. The Great Man created woman first and then cohabited with her, and from their issue the world was peopled. Lightning is the Great Man himself descending swiftly out of heaven, and rending the trees with his flaming arm. According to another and prettier fancy, thunder and lightning are two malignant spirits, struggling with all their fearful and incendiary power to destory mankind. The rainbow is a good spirit, mild and peaceful, which overcomes them with its gentle sway, mollifies their rage, and permits the human race to occupy the earth a little longer.

Besides the wholly unmeaning choruses which they have in common with all, they possess also some songs which are really entitled to the name, having a body of intelligible words and expressing sentiments. I heard an Indian at Oroville sing one, called "a song of rejoicing" (solem wuktem tulimshim), which was a schottish, and very pretty. But it was still prettier when played on the flute by an American, and I deeply regretted my inability to write down music from the ear. It was a most gay and tripping little sprite, sweet, and wild, and wayward, with bold dashes across an octave, and seeming to be wholly out of joint, because of having hardly any two consecutive notes on the same line. It was quite lengthy, requiring about two minutes in the playing. What would I not have given to be able to preserve for better musicians this sweet, weird piece of savage melody!

LEGEND OF THE FLOOD.

Of old the Indians abode tranquilly in the Sacramento Valley, and were happy. All on a sudden there was a mighty and swift rushing of waters, so that the whole valley became like the Big Water, which no man can measure. The Indians fled for their lives, but a great many were overtaken by the waters, and they slept beneath the waves. Also, the frogs and the salmon pursued swiftly after them, and they ate many Indians. Thus all the Indians were drowned but two, who escaped into the foothills. But the Great Man gave these two fertility and blessed them, so that the world was soon repeopled. From these two there sprung many tribes, even a mighty nation, and one man was chief over all this nation--a chief greatly known in the world, of large renown. Then he went out on a knoll overlooking the wide waters, and he knew that they covered fertile plains once inhabited by his ancestors. Nine sleeps he laid on the knoll, turning over and over in his mind the thoughts of these great waters, andhe strove to think how they came upon the land. Nine sleeps he laid without food, for he lived on his thoughts alone, and his mind was always thinking of this only: "How did this deep water cover the face of the world?" And at the end of nine sleeps he was changed. He was no more like himself before, for now no arrow could wound him. Though a thousand Indians should shoot at him, not one flint-pointed arrow would pierce his skin. He was like the Great Man in heaven, for no man could slay him forevermore. Then he spoke to the Great Man, and commanded him to let the water flow off from the plains which his ancestors had inhabited. The Great Man did this; He rent open the side of the mountain, and the water flowed away into the Big Water.

WOALOCKIE AND YOATOWEE.

Woalockie and Yoatowee were Concow Indians, brother and sister, and young children when their tribe first became acquainted with the Americans. One morning at daylight a foray was made on their native village, their parents put to flight, many were killed, and these children with others were carried away into captivity. The boy had, in ten minutes' time, torn away a hole in the chaparral, and hidden himself and his little sister therein so completely that they would not have been discovered, if their dog had not followed and revealed their hiding-place. By some good fortune they were not separated, but were carried, first, in a pair of huge saddlebags, made for the purpose, one suspended on each side of the horse, with their heads just peeping out; and afterward in a wagon, with a number of others, all snugly packed on the floor, and covered with deer-skins, bear-skins, and other peltries. In passing through a town, the wagon attracted suspicion, and was halted and slightly searched by the officers of the law, but nothing was discovered contraband. With the strange instinct of their race, the young captives did not cry out, or whimper, or move a muscle, but laid as still as young quails lie in the chaparral when the hawk is hovering overhead. The wagon was suffered to proceed, but in another town it was halted and searched again, more thoroughly, and the young Indians brought to light. For the vindication of the excellent majesty of American law, it was necessary that there should be a prosecution of the kidnapper, and he was gently mulcted in the

sum of $100, and the good citizens of the place took away his captives from him, and they became "apprenticed" unto them! It chanced that our little hero and heroine thus (57) passed into the possession of a great philanthropist of those regions, whose voice had often been mightily lifted up in denunciation of the infamies of this "Indian slave-trade." He kept them some time, and finally transferred them to a Negro barber in exchange for a stove, did this philanthropist! The barber did not keep them long, but sold them for twenty-five dollars apiece, the usual price of an Indian boy in those times. Thus they passed from one to another, until seven or eight years had elapsed and they were grown nearly to maturity; but they still remained unseparated.

At the end of this period they regained their liberty, and at once they set out together to return to their native valley. It was many days' journey for them, for they traveled afoot, but at last they arrived in sight of the village wherein they were born. By some means the news of their escape and return had preceded them, and the parents now learned for the first time that their long-lost children were still alive.

The wanderers now approach the village. They enter, and are guided by friends to the paternal wigwam, for there are many changes since they saw the village last. Ascending the earthen dome, they go down the well-worn ladder in the centre, and seat themselves without a word. The father and mother give one hasty glance at them, but no more, and not a word is uttered. What the exceeding great joy of their hearts is, heaven and themselves alone know; but from all the spectator can read in their stern, passionless faces, he would not know that they had ever borne any children, or mourned them for years with that great and unforgetting sorrow that savages sometimes know. An hour passes away, and still not a word is spoken, not even a single glance of recognition exchanged. The returned captives sit in motionless silence, while the father and mother move about the lodge on their various duties. An hour and a half is gone. The parents turn now and then a sudden and stolen look upon their waiting children. Two hours or more elapse. The glances become more frequent and bolder. It is now perhaps three hours since the captives entered, and yet not a whisper. But at last all the fullness of time of savage custom and savage etiquette is rounded and complete. The waiting hearts of the aged father and mother are full to bursting. Their eyes are filled with tears. They turn and call their children by name, they rush to them, they fall upon their necks, and together they mingle their tears, their strange outcries of joy, and their sobs.

To the reader this may seem extravagant and impossible, but, with the exception of minor particulars, it is a true story, illustrating a social custom of this most singular race. In receiving a guest the Concows frequently wait more than three hours before they address him. The substance of the above story was narrated to me by an American, who was an eye-witness of the captives' return.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. XII. The Wintoons

There is presented in this nation a fine illustration of the venerable saw, "Frangas non flectes." Ranking among the lower types of the race--superstitious and grossly sensual, though industrious and well-provisioned for savages; joyous, blithe-hearted, excessively fond of social dances and gayeties; averse to war and fighting, timid, peaceful, and gentle--they have nevertheless seen more heroic peoples melt away around them like the dew. With that toughness and tenacity of life which characterizes some of the lower orders of beings, they have lived on, and still possess their ancestral homes, while better and braver races have gone to oblivion. They early learned to let the Americans well alone, and they have dumbly and placidly beheld the latter sweep out of existence bold mountaineers who were wont of old to make their lives a terror. They have gone out widely from their ancient domain; they are found far up in the mountains on both sides of the Sacramento; they venture many miles up Pit River; and their broad black faces are even seen beside the distant Shasta and in Yreka, whither they have come to supplant the finical and dandy race of the Shasteecas, and take the benefit of the fishing-grounds the latter have lost by their folly and their fighting.

Their name Wintoon (accent the ultimate) denotes "Indians," or "people," and it is one of which they are somewhat proud, as it were "The People; the Chief People." This interpretation seems to be sustained by the fact that wintoo denotes "chief."

Generally speaking, they occupy the whole of the upper Sacramento and the upper Trinity. In designating the various tribes they always prefix the point of the compass, but they display much ingenuity in diversifying the terms, employing boss, lackee, soo, moc, kechl, yukie (house, tongue, nation, people, tribe, enemy), to avoid repetition. The nucleus, or centre of the nation, is on Cottonwood Creek, and here they are Dowpum Wintoons (Valley Indians). On Ruin River, a tributary of Cottonwood Creek, are the Nummocs (Western People). On Stony, Thomes, and Elder creeks, in the mountains and on the edge of the plains, are the Nome Lackees (Western Tongue or Talkers); on lower Stony Creek, are the Nooemocs (Southern People). The latter are much intermarried with the Noyukies (Southern Enemies), living at Jacinto, who belong to the great Patween nation. On lower Thomes and Elder creeks are the Pooemocs (Eastern People), who also lap over on the east side of the Sacramento, and extend along in a strip about a mile wide from Rock Creek (which they occupy) up about to the mouth of Pit River. All these tribes above mentioned were called in general, by the Cottonwood Indians, Norboss (South House, or Dwellers); and the latter, in turn, called the former Wi Lackees (North Talkers). Both sections called the Indians of Round Valley, over the mountains, Yukies, a name which the latter have

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 12, pp. 530-540, 1874.

adopted; sometimes, also, Nome Kechl (Western Tribe), which the Americans have corrupted into Nome Cult. The Nome Lackees were forever at war with their lowland neighbors, the Pooemocs, but were always obliged to confine themselves to the mountains and the upper plains, until after the Whites arrived. In 1855 they conquered, at last, and followed down the courses of the creeks which belonged to them, taking up their abode on their banks as far down as the river. The Wi Lackees who called themselves such (in distinction from the general appellation above mentioned) lived on both sides of the Sacramento, from Cottonwood to the mouth of the Pit. On McCloud's Fork are the Winnemims (North River Indians, from wi, winne, and mem, mim, "river"); and what few originally lived on Pit River were called Pooemims (East River Indians). On the extreme upper Sacramento and in Squaw Valley there was originally a mixed race, the result of intermarriage between the Wintoons and the Pit River tribes proper, who are called, by the Wintoons, Pooesoos.

In the Trinity River basin there is another large branch of this nation. On the extreme upper Trinity, reaching to Scott Mountain, are the Wi Kain Mocs (People up North). From Doublass City, or thereabout, down to Big Bar, formerly lived a tribe of Wintoons, called Tien-Tiens. This name is said to signify "Friends," and we can well believe it does, since these timid and peaceful Wintoons, living within reach of the incursions of the warlike and powerful Hoopaws, would be very likely to seek to avert peril by calling themselves "friends." On Hay Fork, as far down as Hyen Pum (High Hill), are the Normocs, or Norrelmocs. It is a singular fact that the two Wintoon names, Hetten Pum and Hetten Chow (usually written Ketten), still remain and have been adopted by the Americans, although they are attached to geographical points in a territory occupied by a nation totally distinct from the Wintoons. And it is still more singular that this nation last referred to bears a Wintoon name (Wi Lackee, not to be confounded with the Sacramento Wi Lackees), just as the Yukies do; whereas one would natually expect them to have names taken from their own languages. This results probably from the fact that the Wintoons were originally a sort of metropolitan tribe for the whole of northern California below the Klamath. Indeed, an intelligent pioneer, who had made himself well acquainted with their language, told me he was inclined to believe, from its richness in forms and synonyms, that the Wintoon had attained a much higher point of development than any other of the surrounding tongues, and might once have been, perhaps, a diplomatic or court language over a wide extent of territory, just as the Hoopaw is yet. The rich, broad, and beautiful valley of the Cottonwood is a natural centre or nucleu for leagues upon leagues of the hilly, barren wastes that surround it, being to this day a chosen place of reunion for all the scattered and wasted tribes of the Wintoons--"a Mecca of the mind"--and we can easily believe that, in the by-gone days of their barbarian glory and their greatness, it may have witnessed vast assemblages of gay revelers, and the transaction of mighty affairs of state with savage, solemn pomp.

The physiognomy of the Wintoons differs in nothing from that of the Patweens, which will be described somewhat minutely in a subsequent paper. In the matter of dress, a fashionable young woman sometimes makes for herself a very pretty habit, which consists simply of a broad girdle of deer-skin, the lower edge slit into long fringe,

with a polished pine-nut on the end of each strand, while the upper rim and other portions are studded with brilliant shells. An old Wintoon wife occasionally appears in the light and airy costume of a grass rope wound around once or twice. The squaws all tattoo three narrow pinnate leaves, one falling from each corner of the mouth, and one between.

They are as remarkable as all California Indians for their fondness for being in, and their daily lavatory use of, cold water. They are almost amphibious, or were before they were pestered with clothing. Merely to get a drink, they would wade in, and dip or toss the water up with their hands. They would dive many feet for clams, remain down twice as long as an American could, and rise to the surface with one or two in each hand and one in the mouth. Though I have never given special attention to the curious shellmounds that occur in this State, I have often thought they might have been originated by an ancient race of divers like these Wintoons. I am not aware that the latter accumulate the shells in heaps, but they are seen in small piles scattered about their river camps. In ancient times two rival camps or villages might have striven to collect each the larger heap, as to-day two hunting or fishing parties will carry their friendly contention to the verge of foolhardiness to secure the greater amount ofgame or fish.

For a fishing-station the Wintoon ties together two stout limbs in a cross, plants this in deep water, then lays a pole out to it from the shore. Standing here, silent and motionless as a statue, with spear poised in the air, he often looks down upon so great a multitude of black-backed salmon, slowly warping to and fro in the gentle current, that he could not possibly thrust the spear down without transfixing one or more. At times he constructs a booth out over the water, but not nearly so gracefully and dextrously as the Cahroc on the Klamath. His spear is very long and slender, often fifteen feet long, with a joint of deer's bone at the end about three inches long, fashioned with a socket to fit on to the main spear, to which it is also fastened by a string tied around its middle. The Indian aims to drive the spear quite through the fish, whereupon this movable joint comes loose, turns sideways, and thus holds the fish securely, flouncing at the end of the string. The construction of this spear shows a good knowledge of the gamy, resolute salmon; the string at the end allows him to play and exhaust himself, while a stiff spear would be broken or wrenched out of him. A party of six Indians on McCloud's Fork speared over 500 in one night, which would, at a moderate calculation, give 500 pounds of fish to each spearman. In view of this, though an exceptional case, who will doubt that the ancient population of California may have doubled or trebled its present White population? When the fisherman is done in the morning, he lays his fish head to tail alternately, from the largest down to the smallest, runs two sharp twigs through them, takes them on his back like a great mantle--the longest overlapping his shoulders at both sides, the shortest dangling at his heels, perhaps--bows forward under his heavy burden, and goes off with the point of his spear cutting strange hieroglyphics in the sand far behind him. To his credit, be it recorded, he generally also performs the labor of disemboweling and hanging the salmon on the bushes to dry, instead of compelling his squaw to do it. I have seen a bushel-basketful of salmon roe in a camp. This is the highest luxury the Indian mind can conceive of.

Manzanita berries are prepared in three ways. They are gathered when very dry and floury; a squaw places a quantity in a basket, sits down on the ground before it, puts her legs on top of the basket to steady it, then beats the berries with a stone pestle. The beaten mass is put on a round mat in small quantities at a time, and the mat inclined in various directions to allow the seeds to roll off. The flour thus obtained is cooked in a basket or in a little sand-pool with heated stones, and yields a panada that is very sweet and nutritious, or a thinner porridge which is eaten with the shaggy knob of a deer's tail. In the hot summer months they make a decoction by soaking the mashed berries in cold water, and this also is imbibed from the deer's tail. It is the acme of hospitality in a paterfamilias to take that utensil from his own mouth and hand it to his guest.

Clover is eaten in great quantities in the season of blossoms. You will sometimes see a whole village squatted in the lush clover meadow, snipping it off by hooking the forefinger around it, and making it into little balls. After a long winter on short commons they are sometimes fain to allay the pangs of hunger by filling their stomachs with the sweet inner bark of the yellow pine. But the seasons formerly furnished them a very convenient and liberal rotation. Earliest and always was the bark of trees, then the eagerly awaited clover, then roots and wild potatoes, next salmon (about June and July), now wild oats and grass-seeds, then manzanita berries, then pinon-nuts; last, acorns finishing the harvest of the year, with game and vermin of many kinds at many seasons. Thus did the genial climate offer them an almost uninterrupted succession.

When the Wintoons were at peace with the mountain tribes, they carried on considerable traffic with them, exchanging dried salmon, clams, and shell-money for bows, acorns, and manzanita berries. Most of their arrows they made themselves, but good bow timber grows only in the mountains. Nowadays they manufacture arrowheads with incredible painstaking from thick, brown whisky bottles, which are very deadly, but are principally used for fancy purposes, for gambling, and the like.

When a girl arrives at maturity, about the age of twelve or fourteen, her village friends hold a dance in her honor, which may be called the Puberty Dance (bath-less chuna), to which all the surrounding villages are invited. First, as a preparation for this festivity, the maiden is compelled to abstain rigidly from animal food for the space of three days, and to allowance herself on acorn porridge. During this time she is banished from camp, and lives alone in a distant booth, and it is death to any person to touch or even to approach her. At the expiration of the three days, she partakes of a sacred broth or porridge, called chlup, which is prepared from buckeyes in the manner following: The buckeyes are roasted underground a considerable time to extract the poison, then are boiled to a pulp in small sand-pools with hot stones. The eating of this prepares her for subsequent participation in the dance, and consecrates her to the duties of womanhood. The invited tribes now begin to arrive, and the dance comes on. As each village or deputation from it arrives on the summit of a hill overlooking the scene, they form in line, two or three abreast, or in single file, then dance down the hill and around the village, crooning strange, weird chants. When all the deputations are collected, which may not be for two or three days, they unite in a

grand dance, passing around the village in solid marching order, chanting many choruses the while. One of these choruses, used by the Nummocs, is as follows:

"Hen-no way-ai,
Hen-no way-ai,
Hen-no."

In conclusion of the ceremonies, the chief takes the maiden by the hand, and together they dance down the line, while the company sing songs improvised for the occasion. I tried to procure the Indian words of one of these songs, but could not, because there is no fixed form. All the interpreter, David Baker, could do was to give me the substance of a refrain or sentiment very often heard, which I have cast into a form to indicate, as nearly as possible, the numerous repetitions and the rhythm or movement of these performances:

"Thou art a girl no more,
Thou art a girl no more,
The chief, the chief,
The chief, the chief,
Honors thee
In the dance, in the dance,
In the long and double line
Of the dance--
Dance, dance,
Dance, dance."

Sometimes the songs are not so chaste and innocuous as the above, but are grossly obscene. Every Indian utters such sentiments as he chooses in his song, though, strange to relate, they keep perfect time. But the women, it should be added, utter nothing impure on these occasions.

The Wintoons have a remarkable fondness for social dances and merry-makings. Whenever the harvest of field, forest, or waters is abundant, the heralds are kept running lively, and the dance goes right merrily, first in one village, then in another. When a chief decides on holding one, he dispatches the fleetest-footed man in his camp, who runs with all his might to the next, where a fresh man takes up the message and bears it forward. The news of a death is carried in the same manner, and spreads with wonderful rapidity. When I was on the extreme upper Sacramento, an Indian died on Cow Creek, fifty miles below, toward midnight, and the next morning at sunrise it was known to the Indians that I talked with. As soon as the appointed day for a dance arrives, every man, woman, and child sets out; even the decrepit are carried along; the squaws load their deep, conical baskets full of acorn panada; and they stay as long as it lasts at the usual rate of consumption, for feasting is nothing, but the dance is everything. And the number of choruses they have is wonderful--all stored away in the memory. I can give only two more, which sounded very pretty when sung in a low, soft voice by

an Indian girl and her sister. The first is a Nummoc dance-song:

"Me-e hen-nay,
Me-o hen-nay,
Hoo-i-ker hoo-nay-hay,
Hoo-i-ker hoo-nay-hay,
Me-e-e."

The other is a Nome Lackee social song:

"Hilly shoo min-an,
Hilly eevey wick-o-yeh,
Hi-ho-ho,
Hi-ho-ho,
Hi-ho-ho."

These songs are truly sweet and charming at first, but when they are repeated fifty or sixty times, they become slightly wearisome.

Among the numerous dances they observe is the Pine-nut Dance, celebrated when the pinon-nuts are fit to gather; and the Clover Dance in the spring, an occasion of great rejoicing. Then there is a War Dance, not much observed by this peaceful people; and the Scalp Dance (hup chuna). At the latter, a scalp was hoisted on top of a pole, on the head of an effigy made of grass in the human figure. As each village came to the top of a hill, they formed in line, danced down and around the pole, chanting and whooping; and after all had assembled, they danced around it in unison, yelling and discharging arrows at the effigy. That village was counted victorious that lodged the most arrows in it. Between the Nummocs and the Norboss tribes there existed a traditional and immemorial friendship, and they occupied a kind of informal relation of cartel. This cartel found its chief expression in an occasional great Gift Dance (dooryoopoody). There is a pole planted in the ground, near which stands a herald, or master of ceremonies, with feathers in his hair, dancing and chanting continuously. The visitors come to the top of a hill, dance down it as usual, then around the pole, and, as the herald mentions each name in succession, the person deposits his gift at the foot of the pole. Of course, a return-dance is celebrated soon after at the village of the other tribe; and always on these occasions there is displayed a great rivalry of generosity, each striving to outdo the other. An Indian who refuses to join in the Gift Dance is despised as a base, contemptible niggard.

Among the Wintoons the Indians generally do not pay for their wives, but simply "take up with them;" though the chief usually has the comeliest maiden selected for himself, and gives her parents money. Hence the marriage relation is extremely loose and easily sundered. The chief may have two or more wives, but if one of his subjects attempts to introduce into his lodge a second partner of his bosom, there generally results a tragic scene. The two women dispute for the supremacy, frequently in

a regular duel with sharp stones, seconded by their respective friends. They maul each other's faces with savage fury, and if one is knocked down, her friends raise her to her feet, and the brutal combat is renewed, until one or the other is driven from the wigwam. The husband stands by and looks placidly on, and when all is over he accepts the situation, retaining in his lodge the wife who has conquered the territory. But if his heart follows the beaten one, he will presently abandon the victress, and with the other seeks a new and distant abode. It is very seldom that an Indian expels his wife. In a moment of frenzied passion he will strike her dead, or, as above, ignominiously slink away with another. A wife thus abandoned, and having a young child, is justified by her friends in destroying it, on the ground that she has no supporter. A child orphaned by its father's desertion is called "the devil's own" (lolchebus, from lolchet, "the devil").

For most diseases, the "medicine" sucks the affected part until it is black-and blue. For a headache they bleed themselves with flints, or beat their noses until the blood flows copiously. Their practice in midwifery, though not a proper subject for description in this place, is sometimes terribly severe but effectual, and altogether more sensible than civilized methods, so far as natural appearances are concerned. During accouchement the woman remains in a lodge remote from camp, and no man is allowed to see or even approach near her.

When death becomes inevitable, they contemplate it without terror. There is a strange, morbid sentiment among them, which sometimes causes an aged woman to wear wound around her for months the rope wherewith she is to be wrapped when a corpse. There seems also to be in this act a piteous plea for a little span of toleration; or perhaps the poor old wretch, bitterly conscious that she has outlived her beauty, and her usefulness as a slave, seeks thus to remind her relatives, impatient for release, that she will burden them now only a little longer. When dead, the body is doubled up and wrapped with grass-ropes, skins, mats, and the like, into a ball. A wealthy Indian will have enough strings of shell-money passed under one shoulder and over the other to make the corpse nearly round. All the possessions of the departed that can be conveniently got into the grave are cast in; nowadays including knives and forks, vinegar cruets, old whisky bottles, oyster cans, etc. In the case of an industrious squaw, several bushels of acorns will be poured over her in the grave. All is cast out of sight and out of mind, and whatever can not be buried is burned. When an Indian of rank departs this life, his wigwam is burned down. Squaws with tarry faces dance on the new rounded grave, with their arms now uplifted, now wildly wrung and waved toward the west; while their cries and ululations are mournful to hear. The name of the dead is never mentioned more, forever and ever. He has gone to the sky, he has ascended (olleh hon hara) and gone to the Happy Western Land. Standing beneath the blue, broad vault of heaven, little groups of mourners, with bated breath and whispering voices, will point out to one another imaginary "spirit-roads" (clesh yemmel) among the stars. With vague longings and futile questionings they seek to solve the time-old mystery of death and the grave. But the name is heard no more on earth. If some one in a group of merry talkers, assembled to while a weary hour and patter the gossip of the

campody, inadvertently mentions the name, another in a hoarse whisper cries out, "Kedatcheda!" ("It is a dead person!") and straightway there falls upon all an awful silence. No words can describe the shuddering and heart-sickening terror which seizes upon them at the utterance of that fearful word.

Wicked Indians' ghosts (it would be difficult to determine exactly what is a wicked Indian) return into the grizzly bear, for that is the most evil and odious animal they can conceive of. Hence they will not partake of the flesh of a grizzly, lest they should absorb some wicked soul. The strongest cursing with which a Wintoon can curse another is, "May the grizzly bear eat you!" or, "May the grizzly bear bite your father's head off!" On the contrary, a black bear is lucky and a sacred beast. In former times, the Yukies used to carry black bear-skins over the mountains and sell them to the Nome Lackees at $20 or $30 apiece, to be buried in. Whenever a member of a village is so fortunate as to kill one, they celebrate the Black Bear Dance, at which the lucky hunter is a hero. They suspend the hide and dance around it in a circle, beating it with their fists as if tanning it; then they send it to a neighboring village, that they may do likewise.

There is a word for the Almighty sometimes heard among them--Nome-klestowa--which, as nearly as it can be analyzed, signifies "Great Spirit of the West." It is a singular fact that this is the only instance in California where the word for the Supreme Being denotes "spirit"--it is everywhere else "man." Thus the Trinity Wintoons say, Boheemy Weeta, ("The Great Man"). They have nothing that can be considered a religious ceremony, unless it is the dance in the sweat-house, wherein they act in an extraordinary manner, running around naked, leaping and whooping like demons in the execrable smudge, and heat, and stench, until they are reeking with perspiration, when they clamber up the centre-pole and run and plunge neck and heels into the water. Some fall in a swoon, like the plantation negroes in a revival, and lie unconscious for two of three days. I can not believe this is a religious frenzy, but simply the exhaustion resulting from their savage passion for the dance, combined, perhaps, with asphyxia brought on by the hellish stink of the sweat-house.

The Trinity Wintoons have a few customs different from those of the main body. For instance, the Tien-Tiens take no scalps, wherein they resemble rather their neighbors, the Hoopaws, with whom they are intermarried. All of them, admonished by the lesson that Nature herself obeys in constructing her ancient Gothic, the pine, to resist the snow, build lodges sharply conical, composed of bark and poles, whence they have freer ventilation, and the features of their occupants are not so drawn and smoke-burnt in old age as those of the dwellers in the Dutch ovens of the lowlands. Being mountaineers, they are less sensual and adulterous than the tribes on the Sacramento, and are more faithful in marriage. A miner of '49 told me that the Normocs of Hay Fork were anciently a splendid race, tall and well formed, and that they might almost be called a race of Anaks, not a few weighing 200 and 220 pounds. It appears that these mountaineers added the sling to their weapons, and that their lusty arms could hurl a pebbly out of it farther and with more deadly effect than they

could project an arrow. There are miners living yet on the Fork who have had painful demonstration of this fact made on their own persons. They construct long lines of brush-wood fence converging to a point, or merely tie a slip of bark from tree to tree. When the deer approaches the bark and perceives thereon the smell of human touch, it does not vault over, but flings back and passes along to go around it. Thus it is conducted on until it finally passes through the aperture prepared, and thrusts its head into the snare.

Among the Normocs I saw a squaw who had had executed on her cheeks the only representation of a living object which I ever saw done in tattooing. It was a couple (58) of bird's-wings, one on each cheek, done in blue, bottom-edge up, the butt of the wing at the corner of the mouth, and the tip near the ear. It was quite well wrought, both in correctness of form and in delicateness of execution; not only separate feathers, but even the filaments of the vane, being finely pricked in.

Since the paper on the Neeshenams was written, I have had an opportunity to witness and otherwise learn some of the numerous games with which old and young, men and women, amuse themselves. All of them except one, perhaps, are very simple, and several are quite puerile; but they all comport well with the blithe-hearted, simple-minded, joyous temper of the people--so fond of gayeties, so fond of gambling--who originated them.

Shooting at a target with bow and arrow, which is called hayooto, is a favorite diversion of men and boys. A triangular wicket about two feet high is set up, and under it is placed a wooden ball which forms the target. The contestants stand about fifty yards distant. In the hadangcow ollomweoh (shooting at long range), there is no ball, and the wicket is higher. The men stand several hundred yards off, sometimes a quarter of a mile, so that the wicket is not visible. He is victor who lodges most arrows withing the wicket. Frequently an arrow flies high and wide of the mark, so that it is lost. This long-range shooting is to give them skill against the day of battle.

The poscaw hukumtoh compeh (tossing the ball) is a boys' game. They employ a round wooden ball, a buckeye, or something, standing at three bases or corners, and toss it around from one to the other. If two of them start to exchange corners, and the third "crosses out" or hits either of them, he scores one, and they count up to a certain number, which completes the game. Little boys and girls play cheewee oidoi tokopeh (catching clover in the mouth). A large number of them stand in a circle, a few paces apart, and toss from one to the other a pellet of green clover, which must be caught in the mouth. This game produces a vast deal of merriment among the little shavers, and he who laughs loudest, and consequently has his mouth open widest, is most likely to catch the clover, which he is then entitled to eat. As a variation, one will stand with his eyes shut and mouth open, while another fires wads at the port-hole, or occasionally harder substances, and he is not particular whether he hits the mouth, the nose, or some other portion of his physiognomy.

The most common mode of gambling (heeli), used by both men and women, is conducted by means of four longish spuds of bone or wood, which are wrapped in pellets of grass and held in the hand, while the opposite party guesses which hand contains them. These spuds are carved from several materials, but the Indians call them bones. Thus, they have the phrases, "polloam heeli heen," "toanem heeli heen," "dupem heeli heen," "giah heeli heen," which mean respectively to gamble with buckeye bones, pine bones, deer bones, and cougar bones. There is a subtle difference in their minds in the quality of the game, according to the kind of bones employed, but what it is I can not discern. This game, with slight variations, prevails pretty much all over California; and as I had opportunity of seeing it on a much larger scale on Gualala Creek, the description will be reserved for that place. The sootoh is the same game substantially, only the pieces are shaken in the hand without being wrapped in grass.

The ha is a game of dice, played by men or women, two, three, or four together. The dice, four in number, consist of two acorns split lengthwise into halves, with the outsides scraped and painted red or black. They are shaken in the hands and thrown into a wide, flat basket, woven in ornamental patterns, sometimes worth $25. One paint and three whites, or vice versa, score nothing; two of each, score one; four alike, score four. The thrower keeps on throwing until he makes a blank throw, when another takes the dice. When all the players have stood their turn, the one who has scored most takes the stakes, which in this game are generally small, say a "bit." As the Indians say, "This is a quick game, and with good luck one can very soon break another."

The teekel-teekel is also a gambling game, for two men, played with a bit of wood or a pebble, which is shaken in the hand, and then the hand closed upon it. The opponent guesses which finger (a thumb is a finger with them) it is under, and scores one if he hits, or the other socres if he misses. They keep tally with eight counters.

The teekel is almost the only really robust and athletic game they use, and is played by a large company of men and boys. The piece is made of rawhide, or nowadays of strong cloth, and is shaped like a small dumb-bell. It is laid in the centre of a wide, level space of ground, in a furrow hollowed out a few inches in depth. Two parallel lines are drawn equidistant from it, a few paces apart, and along these lines the opposing parties, equal in strength, range themselves. Each player is equipped with a slight, strong staff, from four to six feet long. The two champions of the parties take their stations on opposite sides of the ball, which is then thrown into the air, caught on the staff of one or the other, and hurled by him in the direction of his antagonist's goal. With this send-off there ensues a wild chase and a hustle, pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, each party striving to bowl the piece over the other's goal. These goals are several hundred yards apart, affording room for a good deal of lively work; and the players often race up and down the champaign, with varying fortunes, until they are dead blown and perspiring like top-sawyers.

There is a performance which may appropriately be described here, though it is not a game, but a sort of public entertainment. The Indians call it "learning the rules," but that gives only a partial and indefinite idea of the whole. It occurs every spring, just before the trees put forth their leaves, sometimes in one village, sometimes in another. It combines jugglery, spiritual manifestations, ventriloquy, concerts, and perhaps other features. White men are excluded, but I was smuggled in after night-fall by the friendly Pownglo. An Indian who is celebrated as a magician makes his appointment for the year some time in advance, and there are generally deputations present from the vicinal villages. The performances continue uninterruptedly for eight days, or rather nights, and that, too, all night, for they are as interminable as a Chinese drama. This magician is called Kakeen-noskit (Spirit dweller), of Kakeen-maidec (Spirit-man). There is generally a novitiate present, who has been practicing the black art for years, and has now arrived at sufficient skill to be initiated. The magician, as stated, carries forward the performances all night, but during the day-time he sleeps, rousing near meridian to take the only repast he allows himself in twenty-four hours. There is also a repeater, frequently a boy of good voice, whose function is to repeat after him all his utterances. The repeater and the novitiate are allowed to eat twice a day. In this case, the repeater, being a boy, got sore hungered and fagged out by the long-drawn exercises, and he ran away. A dose of raw acorn-flour and water was administered to him, which was considered a specific against any desire to run away.

The great round dance-house is gorgeously decorated for this occasion; with black bear-skins hanging from the roof; with streamers and festoons of different lengths, some of them twelve feet long, all made of yellow-hammers' feathers; and with a pair of garlands (yoccol) encircling the whole house. The upper garland, passing around about at the height of one's head, consists of many kinds of acorns, alternating at short intervals on a string with brilliant wild-duck feathers. The lower one, at the floor, is composed of various plants, savory herbs, mints, leaves, etc. It is death to any person, in passing underneath the garland, to touch it; he must bow his head, and walk circumspectly.

When eveing comes on, men, women, and children assemble in the dance-house, the fire is put out, all lights are extinguished, and darkness reigns profound. Exactly what the magician does nobody knows; of course, I could not see him, and the interpreter dared not interrupt him by explaining to me. He sits cross-legged like a tailor, one Indian holds down his knees, another embraces him tight in his arms, yet he melts out of their gripe like an insubstantial vision. He goes through the roof where there is no orifice. His voice, or somebody's voice, floats about the rafters, or wells up from the ground. There are mysterious thumpings in the air.

The Indians regard all these things with that impenetrable and impervious solemnity with which they accept everything especially intended for their amusement. They doze awhile, then they sit up awhile, and listen to the interminable goings-on. Now and then a bright point of fire in the pitchy darkness, like a red monkey's eye,

reveals a cigarrito burning. The Indian is absolutely the most nil admirari being in the world. Nothing surprises him. He believes everything, and--gambles, or would if it were not dark. "It is the wind," he says. "The spirit-man can't go through the roof where there is no hole!"-- but he did do it.

Occasionally there is a break, and then the women contribute their quota to the proceedings by "singing the garland." First, there is a jingling overture, repeated many times:

"Oo-way-way-toan-hi;"

Then follows:

"Taleem yoccol woyatoh;" (quoties vis).

Then:

"Hollewoh yoccol woyatoh;" (quoties vis).

The first means, "The feather garland waves;" the second, "The leafy garland waves." Thus they sing the various ornaments of the house in succession, giving a verse to each; and when they have exhausted the list of all the flags, bear-skins, etc., the magician resumes.

The credulous Powng lo paid the spirit-man $3 American money, and twenty painted arrows trimmed with yellow-hammers' feathers, worth $15--making $18 for his eight nights' entertainment. John, the novitiate, paid him $10; others, various amounts.

But now he is gone from our gaze. The dance-house is deserted and silent. The yoccols are hid on the hill. If any rash American should look on them, they would blast his eyes. If he should touch one, his bowels would turn to acorns within him.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS*

No. XIII -- The Patweens

On the middle and lower Sacramento, west side, there is one of the largest nations of the State; yet its members have no common government, not even a name for themselves. They have a common language, with little divergence of dialects for so great an area as it embraces, and substantially common customs; but so little community of feeling that the petty subdivisions have often been at the bitterest feud. For the sake of convenience and as a nucleus of classification, I have taken a word which they all employ --patween, signifying "Indian," or, in some dialects, more properly "person."

Antonio, chief of the Chenposels -- a very intelligent and well-traveled Indian -- gave me the following geographical statement, which I found correct, so far as I went: In Long, Indian, Bear, and Cortina valleys, all along the Sacramento, from Jacinto to Suisun inclusive, on Cache and Puta creeks, and in Napa Valley, the same language is spoken, which any Indian of this nation can understand throughout. Strangely, too, the Patween language laps over the Sacramento, reaching in a very narrow belt along the east side, from a point a few miles below the mouth of Stony Creek, down nearly to the mouth of Feather River. In the head of Napa Valley, from Calistoga Hot Springs to the Geysers, inclusive, are the Ashochemies (Wappos), a separate tribe; and in Pope and Coyote valleys was spoken still another language. (59)

The various tribes were distributed as follows: On the bay named after them, the Suisuns, whose celebrated chief was Solano. In Lagoon Valley were the Malaccas; on Ulatus Creek and about Vacaville, the Olulatos; on Puta Creek, the Lewytos. (These last three names were given to me by a Spaniard, and I could find no Indians living by whom to verify them, further than that the aboriginal name of Puta Creek was Lewy.) Napa Valley was named for its aboriginal inhabitants. On lower Puta Creek the Indians were called by the Spaniards, on account of their licentiousness, Putos, and the stream, Rio de los Putos. On upper, middle, and lower Cache Creek respectively are the Olposels, Chenposels, and Weelacksels (all three names accented on the first syllable), which signify "upper tribe," "lower tribe," and "tribe on the plains." In Long Valley, just east of Clear Lake, are the Lolsels or Loldlas. Lol denotes "Indian tobacco," and sel is a locative ending; hence the name means "wild-tobacco place," applied first to the valley, then to the people in it. At Knight's Landing are the Yodetables; in Cortina Valley, the Wicosels (north tribe). At Colusa are the Corusies (corrupted to the present form), whose most celebrated chiefs were Sioc and Hookileh. At Jacinto was a little tribe whose name I do not know, and on Stony Creek the Patweens intermarried with the Wintoons, and were called by the latter Noyukies.

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 13, pp. 542-550, 1874.

If all the vast plains from Stony Creek to Suisun had been inhabited by Indians, the population would have been very great; but for several more or less obvious reasons they were not. In winter there was too much water on them; in summer none at all, and the aborigines had no means of procuring an artificial supply. More than that, there was no wood; and the portions overflowed in the rainy season breed millions of accursed gnats in the early summer which render human life a burden and a weariness. Hence they were compelled to live beside the water-courses, except during limited periods in the winter, when they established hunting-camps out on the plains. Nor could they even dwell beside the Sacramento, save on those low bluffs, as at Colusa, where the tule swamps do not approach the river. At a point about four miles below Colusa there are indications, in the shape of circular excavations, that they once had somewhat substantial dwellings far from water; yet these may have been only permanent hunting-camps. They also had temporary camps in winter along the edge of the tule swamps, for the purpose of hunting wild fowl.

But along the streams the population was dense. General Bidwell states that, in 1849, the village of the Corusies contained at least 1,000 inhabitants. In Spring Valley, on the Estes Rancho, a cellar was lately dug, which revealed a layer of bones six or eight feet below the sruface, lying so thick that they formed a white stratum all round the sides of the cellar. At Vacaville great numbers of bones have been discovered in various excavations. Senor Pina, who was in the country ten years before the discovery of gold, states that on Puta Creek the Indians lived in multitudes. They had an almost boundless extent of plains whereon to hunt game andgather grass-seed; before the streams were muddied, salmon swarmed there by myriads; and the broad tule swamps in winter were noisy with quacking and screaming water-fowl.

In addition to the modes of gathering and preparing food heretofore described, the Patweens had some different processes. On the plains they gathered the seed of a plant called "yellow-blossom" (probably Ranunculus Californicus), crushed it into flour with stones, then put it into baskets with coals of fire, and agitated it until the chaff was all burned out and the flour scorched, then made it into pinole or bread as black as charcoal. The seed of the wild sunflower, alfilerilla, clover, and bunch-grass was treated much in the same manner. The Corusies, and probably others, had an ingenious way of capturing wild fowl. They set decoy-ducks, carved and painted very life-like, and when the living birds approached, they rose from concealment and scared them in such a manner that they flew into nets stretched above the water. The Suisuns fashioned clumsy rafts of tule, with which they cruised about in pursuit of waterfowl. When wild clover came into blossom they frequently ate it so greedily as to become distressingly inflated with gas (a condition which, when superinduced in cattle by the same cause, the farmer calls "hooven"), and amusing scenes ensued. One remedy was a decoction of soap-root administered internally, and judicious squaw-mothers generally kept a quantity of it ready brewed for any indescretion on the part of their children. The most frequent treatment, however, was to lay the sufferer on his back, grease his belly, and let a friend tread it. A gentler way was to

knead him. The Spaniards assert that the Solano plains were well covered with wild oats as early as 1838, but the Indians did not make extensive use of them then. It was only later that they came to understand their value. Along the Sacramento lowlands they gathered many blackberries.

On the plains the adult males and all children up to ten or twelve -- or about the age of puberty -- went naked, while the women wore only a narrow slip of deer-skin around the waist. In the mountains, where it was somewhat cooler, the women made for themselves short petticoats from the inner bark of the cotton-wood. In making a wigwam, they excavated about two feet, banked up the earth outside enough to keep out the water, and threw the remainder on the roof. In a lodge thus covered, a mere handful of sprigs would heat the air agreeably all day. In the mountains, where wood was more plenty, they frequently put on no covering of earth. Some have thought that the mountain lodges were made more sharply conical to sustain the weight of snow in winter. In the Sierra this consideration might have had its influence, but hardly in the Coast Range. The simplest explanation is, that the Indians used that material which was nearest to hand.

Among the Lolsels, the bride frequently remains in her father's house, and the husband comes to live with her, whereupon half of the purchase-money is returned to him. It is often the case that two or three families live in one wigwam. They are very clannish, especially the mountain tribes, and family influence is all-potent. That and wealth create the chief with such limited power as he possesses. For instance, among the Lolsels the chief was Clitey, but his brother at one time became more powerful than he through his family alliances, created an insurrection, involved the tribe in civil war, and expelled Clitey and his adherents -- nearly half the tribe -- from Long Valley to the head of Clear Lake. They remained there several years, but when the Americans arrived they intervened and procured a reconciliation. A man who is wealthy sometimes purchases "relatives," in order to augment his family influence; and one who has none at all does the same to secure himself protection. This clannishness begets conspiracies, feuds, and secret assassinations. The members of a powerful family among the Corusies have been known to assemble in secret sessions, during which they appeared to determine on the death of some one who was considered dangerous, for immediately afterward he was shadowed and soon disappeared. The Lolsels and Chenposels were noted for the savage vendettas that prevailed among them, and which have been prosecuted even to this day.

No scalps were taken from the slain in battle, but the victors often decapitated the most beautiful maiden they had captured, and one held up the bloody head in his hand for his comrades to shoot at, to taunt and exasperate the vanquished. Men who had quarreled about a woman or any other matter, if they did not get satisfaction in vociferous cursing, would fight a duel with bows and arrows.

These Indians undoubtedly committed infanticide before the arrival of the

Americans, but less frequently than now. When a Corusie woman died, leaving an infant very young, the relatives shook it to death in a skin or blanket. They did this even with a half-breed child. Occasionally a squaw destroyed her babe when she was deserted by her husband and had no relatives. The sentiment is universal among the California Indians that it is the father who must support the children, and this sentiment justifies the act here mentioned. The maternal instinct was generally as strong in the savage bosom as with a civilized woman. In Long Valley a squaw who was about to give birth to an infant was so strongly threatened by its American father that she consented to destroy it. But the neighbors interfered, collected a sum of money and a quantity of supplies, and presented them to her on condition that she should preserve its life, to which she gladly consented. Afterward they bought the child of her for $10, and it lived with one of the purchasers eighteen years. When he was quite young, the boy stole a pair of shoes from his guardian, and the latter tried in vain to make him confess the theft. He then told him the Great Spirit would write on a piece of paper and tell him how wicked this boy was. He held a piece of white paper close to the fire (he had written on it with skimmed milk), and in a few seconds there appeared words on it. The boy was greatly terrified, confessed the theft, and after that grew up to be an ornament to his race.

Parents are very easy-going with their children, and never systematically punish them. They teach them to swim when a week old by holding them on their hands in the water. I have seen a father coddle and teeter his baby in a fit of the mulligrubs for an hour with the greatest patience; then carry him down to the river, laughing good-naturedly; gently dip the little, brown, smooth-skinned nugget in the waves all over, and then lay him on the moist, warm sand. The treatment was no less effectual than harmless, for it stopped the perverse, persistent squalling at once.

The Patweens present the traditional California Indian physique, and I had good opportunities among them to make studies of it. There is a broadly ovoid face, in youth almost round, and in old age assuming nearly the outlines of a bow-kite. The forehead is low, disproportionately wide, thickly covered with stiff, bristly hair at the corners, and often having a sharp point of hair growing down in the middle toward the nose; not retreating, but keeping well up toward a perpendicular with the chin, and frequently having the arch over the eye so strongly developed as to be a sharp ridge. The ciliary hairs sparse, very seldom spanning across the nose. Beard and mustache very thin, often almost totally wanting, and carefully plucked out. The head small, often found to be startlingly small when the fingers are thrust into the shock of coarse hair enveloping it. It is so depressed that the diameter between the temples, judging by the eye, is as great as that from base to crown, if not greater. This gives the forehead its great width. Small as the skull actually is, when a widow has worn tar in mourning, and then shaved her poll to remove it, the hair, growing out straight and stiff for two or three inches, gives her the appearance of having an enormous head. The eyes well-sized in youth, often large and lustrous, but at a great age becoming smoke-burnt and reduced to mere points, or else swollen, bleared, and

disgusting. No incurvation of the eye-slit, as in the east-Asian races. Probably there is no feature so characteristic in this race as the nose. So slightly is it developed at the root and so broad at the nostrils, that it outlines upon the face a nearly equilateral triangle. Perfectly straight like the Grecian, it is yet so depressed at the root that it seems to issue from the face on a levle with the pupils of the eyes. Owing to the great lateral development of the nares, their longer axes frequently incline so much as to form nearly one and the same continuous line. In this case the outer axial line of the nose is generally foreshortened, so that the eye of the beholder is directed into the openings of the nostrils -- a repulsive spectacle. The color varies from a dull brassy or brassy-bronze to hazel, brown , and almost jet-black. In young women the breasts are full and round, but after they have borne children they hang far down, flabby and hideous. This may be partly accounted for from the fact that they wear no dresses to assist in staying them up. In walking, the Indian throws more weight on the toes than an American, which is probably due to his stealthy, cat-like habits. There is a tendency to walk pigeon-toed, especially when barefoot, but it is by no means universal. As to the body, the most noticeable feature is the excessive obesity of youth, and the total, almost unaccountable, collapse in advancing years. This is attributable in part to the watery and insubstantial nature of their food, into which so little grain or flesh enters; and it is this phenomenal shrinkage which causes them to become so hideously wrinkled and repulsive. I have seen nonagenarians who, it seemed to me, would scarcely weigh sixty pounds. Their frames are small, although the skull is exceptionally thick; their hands and feet might well be the envy of a belle, being so small as to seem out of all proportion to the gross bodies seen in youth, and coming to their proper relative size only when age has s stripped off the puffy mass of fat. It is due to the smallness of the frame that the inevitable collapse is so utter and astonishing. An aged squaw of the Sacramento, with her hair closely cropped; the wrinkles actually gathered in folds on her face, and smutched, together with the hair, with a coating of tar; her face so little and weazen, and her blinking pin-head eyes, is probably the most odious-looking of all human beings. On the other hand, take a Patween girl of the mountains, at first climacteric when she is just gliding out of the uncomfortable obesity of youth, her complexion a soft creamy hazel, her wide eyes dreamy and idle, and she presents not an unattractive picture of vacuous, facile, and voluptuous beauty. California herself is a type of her children; at one time in the year one of the most gorgeous lands the sun looks down upon; at another, the most shrunken and withered.

In connection with the above, I will present some extracts from an article entitled "The Chinese and Japanese: A Comparison of their Physical Types," by Ed. Madier de Montjoie, published in the Revue Scientifique de la France et de l'Etranger, of January 10th, 1874, and translated for the New York Medical Record, of March 16th. I will simply premise that a great portion of the foregoing description was written many months before this article was published:

> "Finally, I will add that in China, to a moderate extent, and particularly in Japan, there are brown complexions so copper-

> colored as to approach almost the color of oxide of iron, or of red ochre, and which remind me of the Indians whom I have seen in North America. In China we find, by way of exception, although frequently, heads of such an exaggerated ovoid shape that, were it not for the height of the nose, they would remind us of the Aztecs...In adding that in the great mass of Redskins the root of the nose is scarcely developed, and that although in Japan and China the absence of the prominence of the nose, as far as to the inferior half, is the universal rule, it seemed to me that in Japan this rule is a little less universal in this sense, that we sometimes find a slight prominence of the nose on a level with the iris, especially in the individuals of light complexion...Redskins have, like the Chinese and Japanese, well-rounded, almost feminine forms, combined with the greatest athletic development. They have, like the Chinese, the pectoral muscles very little developed; the muscles of the arm less powerful than those of the leg. Their nose, much more bony, more curved than that of a very large majority of the Chinese, differs less from that of many Japanese; the contour in every respect more ovoid...I have said that among all individuals of the yellow race the pectoral muscles are little developed. I beg you to remember that these muscles pass around, under the arm, upon the back. These muscles sustain the breast of of the female, and maintain it in its place. It is the weakness of these muscles and their small development which seems to me to explain the admirable roundness of the mammae among all the yellow oriental women, and its frightful flabbiness as soon as they are old. At these two periods of life, the bosoms of the women of the yellow race are very beautiful, and afterward extremely ugly. The same is true of the women of the Redskins... Finally, permit me, in conclusion, to explain myself in a familiar manner. My formula is the result of long experience, and because it is not scientific many not find favor: An individual who can wear bow-glasses easily does not belong to the pure yellow race."

In this article, M. de Montjoie is led into some capital errors from the fact that, whatever portion of North America he visited, he appears to have seen only the copper-colored aborigines, and no California Indians, who are by no means copper-colored, but brown or yellow. Having also seen only the haughty, aquiline beaks of the Algonquin races, and not the straight noses of California, he appears to lay undue stress upon the exceptional cases in Japan where the nose developed prominence in the inferior half. Aside from these few points where M. de Montjoie goes out of his way to catch at casual resemblances between the orientals, especially the Japanese, and

the Redskins (whom he took to be alone representative of America), the article is extremely interesting and valuable for the unmistakable analogies which it points out between the Chinese and the Californians.

In Long Valley I saw a phenomenon in physiology. Clitey, the chief, eighty years old, perhaps, was turning white in spots. The process had been going forward slowly for several years, not by any sloughing off, but by an imperceptible change from black to a soft, delicate white. The old captain appeared to be rather proud of the change than otherwise, hoping eventually to become a White man. When asked by the interpreter, J. F. Hanson, where he expected to go after death, he replied that he did not know, but he intended to follow the Americans wherever they went.

From the foregoing account it will be guessed that the Patweens rank among the lowest of the race. Antonio told me that his people who could not speak English had no name or conception whatever of a Supreme Being, and never mentioned the subject, and that they never spoke of religion, a future state, or anything of the kind. But this must be taken cum grano salis. The Lolsels speak of a divinity whom they call Kemmy Salto, which signifies literally, "The White Man of the Sky;" but this is too manifestly a modern invention, made to please their patron, Mr. Hanson. Neither is there any ceremony that can be called religious. They have dances or merry-makings (ponoh) in celebration of a good harvest of acorns or wild oats, or a plentiful catch of fish, accompanied with feasting, in which latter respect they, as well as all the Sacramento and Sierra tribes, differ from those of the Coast Range. The Coast Range nations, especially from Eel River northward, partake of only ordinary messes on these occasions, and have moral harrangues by the chiefs; but the eastern nations make feasting the prominent matter. There is a ceremony of raising the dead, and another one of raising the devil; but both are employed for sordid purposes, the farthest removed from religious feeling. When the dead are to be raised, there is first a noisy powwow in the sweathouse, and then a number of muffled forms appear, before whom the women pass in procession in the darkness, with fear, and trembling, and weeping, and deposit gifts in their hands. This ceremony was formerly observed merely to assist them in keeping the women in due subjection; but in these days it enables the men, without using coercion, to extort from their female relatives the infamous gains of that prostitution to which they have driven them. In raising the devil there is a still greater ado. About the time of harvest, they go out and kindle fires all on the hills around at night; they whoop, halloo, and circle together; as if driving in game to the valley; finally they chase the fiend up a tree, and throw shell-money underneath it to hire him to take himself off. Sometimes he makes for the sweathouse, fantastically dressed, and with harlequin nimbleness capers about it awhile, then bows his head low and shoots into the entrance backward. He has now got possession of their stronghold, and, literally speaking, the devil is to pay. Presently, they summon courage to follow him in, and for awhile there prevails the silence of the grave, when a pin could be heard to drop. Then they fling down money before him, and dart out with the greatest agility. After a proper length of time, he

steals out by a trap-door, strips off his diabolical toggery, and re-appears as a human being. The only object of this egregious foolery appears to be simply to assist them in maintaining their influence over the squaws.

A widow wears tar on her head as long as she is in mourning, sometimes two or three years, sometimes as many weeks. When she removes it, it is understood that she wishes to remarry; but if an Indian makes advances toward her before the removal, she considers herself insulted, and weeps.

The knowledge of medicine is a secret with the craft; to learn it a young disciple pays his teacher all that he possesses, and begins life without anything. But he quickly reimburses himself from his patients, charging them from $10 to $20 for a single dose. For a felon, a Corusie doctor split a live frog and bound one portion on the affected part, which cured the same. When a person is manifestly sick unto death, the Corusies sometimes wind ropes tightly around him to terminate his sufferings. They have the sweat-house heat and the cold plunge afterward, as usual. This, and sucking or scarification, and a few simples culled from the fields and forests, with divers incantations, constitute their materia medica.

A mixed usage prevails in disposing of the dead, but most are buried. Those living near Clear Lake are somewhat influenced by their western neighbors in favor of cremation, but on the plains burial was and is all but universal. The Corusies thrust the head between the knees, wrap the body with bark and skins, and bury it on its side in a round grave. Previous to interment, the body is laid in state outside of the sweat-house, and then each of the relatives in turn passes around it, wailing and mourning, and calling upon the deceased with many fond, endearing terms; then ascends the dome of the sweat-house, smites his breast, faces toward the setting sun, and waves the departed spirit a long, last farewell: for they believe it had gone to the Happy Western Land.

Of legends, there are not many to relate. It is a nation not very ingenious or fertile, though occasionally there is a clever head. An old chief in Napa Valley was once pestered with questions about the origin of things by some Americans of that description who appear to think the aborigines know more touching earthquakes, floods, volcanoes, and various telluric phenomena than our own scientists. Turning, he pointed to the mountains, and asked, "You see those mountains?" He was informed that they saw them. "Well, I'm not so old as they." Then he pointed to the foot-hills and asked, "You see those foothills?" Again, he was informed that they saw them. "Well," he added with simple gravity, "I'm older than they."

The Corusies hold that, in the beginning of all things, there was nothing but a great turtle cruising about in the limitless waters, but he dived down and brought up earth with which he created the world. The Lewytos related that there was once a great sea all over the Sacramento Valley, and an earthquake rent open the Golden Gate

and drained it. This earthquake destroyed all men but one, who mated with a crow and so repeopled the world. The Chenposels account as follows for the origin of Clear Lake: Before anything was created, the old frog and the old badger lived alone together. The badger wanted a drink, and the frog gnawed into a tree, sucked out and swallowed the sap, and discharged it into a hollow place. He created other frogs to assist him, and together they finally made the lake. Then he created the little flat-white-fish, and it swum down Cache Creek and turned into the great salmon, pike, sturgeon, and whatever other mightly fishes there are in the waters. The Chenposels also relate this: (60)

THE GREAT FIRE.

There was once a man who loved two women, and wished to marry them. Now, these two women were magpies (atchatch), but they loved him not, and laughed his wooing to scorn. Then he fell into a rage and cursed these two women who were magpies, and went far away to the north. There he set the world on fire; then made for himself a tule boat, wherein he escaped to the sea, and was never heard of more. But the fire which he had kindled burned with a great burning. It ate its way south with terrible swiftness, licking up all things that were on the earth -- men, trees, rocks, animals, water, and even the ground itself. But the old coyote saw the burning and the smoke of it from his place far in the south, and he ran with all his might to put it out. He took two little boys in a sack on his back, and ran north like the wind. So fast did he run that he gave out just as he got to the fire, and dropped the two little boys. But he took Indian sugar (honey-dew) in his mouth, chewed it up, spat it on the fire and so put it out. Now the fire was out, but the coyote was very thirsty, and there was no water. Then he took Indian sugar again, chewed it up, dug a hole in the ground in the bottom of the creek, spat the sugar into it, covered it up, and it turned into water, and the earth had water again. But the two little boys cried because they were lonesome, for there was nobody left on earth. Then the coyote made a sweat-house, and split out a great number of little sticks, which he laid in the sweat-house over night. In the morning they were all turned to men and women; so the two little boys had company, and the earth was repeopled.

I deem it probable that this legend has reference to that ancient, vast eruption of lava from the north, recently described by Professor Le Conte, which spread over so great a portion of northern California. There is a Pit River legend much to the same effect.

The subject of shell-money possesses some interest, and as I have had opportunities of studying it most among the Neeshenams of Bear River, I shall speak of it as it is there seen. Their common white money is called hawock, and is made of the bivalve shell known as Pachydesma crassatelloides, found on the coast in southern California. It is now manufactured extensively by Americans with machinery,

and sold to the aborigines. But the latter, in making it for themselves, before they had iron impelments, used flint. It is cut into flat, round disks or buttons, varying in thickness according to the shell, and from a quarter-inch to an inch in width. These are strung on a string made from the inner fibre of the bark of a kind of milk-weed (Apocynum), and generally all the pieces on a string are of the same size and value. The largest pieces on a string are usually estimated at twenty-five cents, and the smallest at five cents, though different Indians place different values on them. They are subject to all the evils of a "fluctuating currency." Thus, a string containing 177 pieces was sold for $7.00; but an Indian, knowing my desire to secure a specimen, charged me fifty cents for an inch button. The old Indians sometimes have several hundred dollars' worth of this shell-money laid by, on which they gamble. The younger or civilized ones, and Americans living in the vicinity of rancherias, while they do not esteem it at all for itself, often have it for use among the old Indians. Thus, I have known a White man buy a pony for $15 gold, and sell it to an Indian for $40 shell-money. By keeping this latter he could exchange it with Indians for gold or silver, in small quantities at a time, dollar for dollar. An Americanized Indian, although knowing he can buy nothing with it from the store, sometimes has the bulk of his wealth in this shape, to remove from himself the temptation to squander it all at once, as he would if it were gold. When he wants a little spending-money, he can exchange it at any time with an old Indian who has American money.

This may be considered their silver or common circulating medium, while that which answers to gold among us is made of the red-backed ear-shell (Haliotis rufescens), and is called uhllo. (Mr. R.E.C. Stearns, to whose kindness I am indebted for the identification of the shells, suggests that this word is corrupted from the Spanish aulon. This is possible, although the Indians accent the first syllable, and give it a sound somewhere between uh and the German ö). This money is in oblong pieces, varying from an inch to two inches in length and about one-third as wide, being cut out in such size as the curvature of the shell will permit. Two small holes are drilled near the end of each piece, and they are by these attached to a string, hanging edge to edge, and are worn on gala-days as a necklace. Being polished and brilliantly colored, they form an ornament very seductive to the savages' eyes. The larger pieces generally rate at $1 each, and a string of ten -- the usual number-- at $10. But they are too large for convenient use, and the Indians generally seek to exchange them for the less ornamental white buttons.

ABORIGINAL BOTANY*

As employed in this paper the word, "botany" is somewhat loosely comprehensive, and is used for the lack of a better. Under it are included all the forms of the vegetable world which the aborigines use for medicine, food, textile fabrics, ornaments, etc. Among savages, of course, there is no systematic classification of botanical knowledge. Every oak, pine and grass has its separate name; the Indian never groups individuals together, except occasionally, by adding one of the words cha, doo, popo, com, wi, back, (tree, bush, grass, seed, root, leaf) or something of that sort. But it is not for a moment to be supposed that the Indian is a superficial observer; he takes careful note of the forms and qualities of everything that grows on the face of the earth. True, he ascribes marvelous and impossible qualities to some plants--frequently those which do not grow in his neighborhood--but that does not blind him to their real properties. And as his perceptions of individual differentations is nice and minute, so his nomenclature is remarkably full. I assert without hesitation that an average intelligent Indian, even if not a medicine-man, knows a much greater catalogue of names than nine-tenths of Americans. Nothing escapes him--he has a name for everything. And, indeed, there is reason. In times of great scarcity they are driven by the sore pangs of hunger to test everything that the soil produces, if perchance they may find something that will appease the gnawings of appetite. They therefore know the properties of all herbs, shrubs, roots, leaves, whether they are poisonous or nutritive, whether purgative, astringent , sedative, or what not, or without any active principle. And they have often found out these things by bitter experience in their own persons. It is surprising what a number of roots, leaves, berries, and nuts the squaw will discover. She will go out in the spring with nothing but a fire-hardened stick, and in an hour she will pick a breakfast of green stuff, into which there may enter fifteen or twenty ingredients, though, of course, they are seldom reduced to this extremity nowadays. Her eye will be arrested by a minute plant that will yield her only a bulbous root as large as a large pea, but which the American would have passed unnoticed. The women are generally best acquainted with the edible matters; while the old men are the authority as to the medicines.

There are seventy-three vegetable substances mentioned in this paper. I am indebted to the kindness of Professor H. N. Bolander, who identified for me many plants that I was unable to determine. There are a few specimens which are so scarce, nowadays, owing to the ravages of stock, or so difficult to find in flower, that it was impossible to give their scientific names.

I will take this occasion to say that there are many substances popularly called "Indian medicines" which are humbugs, and which have been fathered upon the aborigines by patent-medicine men. Whatever is set down in this paper has been learned from the Indians themselves.

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* Proceedings, California Academy of Sciences Vol. 5, pp. 373-379, 1875.

In regard to medicinal herbs and plants, their usages are peculiar and sometimes amusing. As the practice of medicine amongthem is a source of great profit and prestige, it is sought to be invested with mystery. The medicines always are crafty men, keen observers, reticent. An old doctor always clothes his art with a great deal of superstition, secrecy, and pompous solemnity. In answer to impertinent young questioners, he says his simples do not grow anywhere in that neighborhood; he is obliged to purchase them from tribes living at a great distance. I have known an old doctor and his wife, both as full of guile and subtlety as an egg is of meat, who always arose at the dead of night, crept stealthily out of camp, and gathered their potent herbs, roots, etc., then returned before any one was stirring, and concealed them.

(61) The Indians referred to in this paper are the Neeshenams, of Bear River, and the flora is that of the extreme lower foothills of Placer County. Their general name for "medicine" is wenneh, which denotes "good"; but they frequently use the word "medicine," even among themselves.

To begin with the oaks, the species which produces their favorite acorns is the Quercus Gamelii, Indian name, chacow. They generally select those trees which have a free, coarse bark and large acorns. About the middle of October the harvest begins, when the Indian, armed with a long, slender pole, ascends the tree and beats off the nuts. A tree which has been well stripped looks as if it had been scorged in a mighty hail storm. The old men generally assist in carrying them home in their deep, conical baskets, and there the squaw's duties commence. Holding an acorn on a stone, she gives it a slight tap with a stone pestle called sooneh, to crack the shell, which she strips off rapidly. They are then dried and beaten to powder in small hollows on top of some great rock. The flour is soaked a few hours in a large hollow scooped in the sand, the water draining off and carrying away the bitterness; after which it is cooked into a kind of mush in baskets by means of hot stones, or baked as bread underground. The acorn which stands second in favor is that of the burr-oak (Q. lobata--Indian, lowh). In Placer County this oak seems to be more properly Q. Douglassi, as its branchlets are erect and rigid. There is an oak which they call shuheh, which seems to be something like a cross between the white and burr-oaks, having very white and coarsely rimose bark, and glabrous, shining, deeply sinuate leaves. But Professor Bolander pronouces this also Quercus Gambelii. The live oak is haha; Q. Wislizenia, hammut; the black oak, (Q. Sonomensis) hanchu. The acorns of these last are eaten only when they can procure no others. There is one other very small species called cheepis, found growing in the mountains; but I cannot determine from their description whether it is the chinquapin or the whortleberry oak.

The nut-pine or silver-pine is toan, toanem cha. It is a great favorite with them, the most useful tree they have, and they always regret to see an American cutting one down. The nuts are a choice article of food; and, burned and beaten to powder, or crushed up raw and spread on in a plaster, they form their specific for a burn or a scald. The pitch, and the mistletoe which grows on this pine, are very valuable, in their estimation, for coughs, colds, and rheumatism. They set them

afire, making a dense smudge, and then the patient, wrapped in a blanket, squats over it or stands on all-fours over it, and works and shuffles his blanket, so as to make the smoke circulate all through it, and come in contact with every portion of his body. When an Indian has an arrow-wound, or wound or sore of any kind, he smears it with the pitch of this tree, and renews it when it wears off. In the spring, if food is scarce, they eat the buds on the ends of the limbs, the inner bark, and the core of the cone, (taeh) which is something like a cabbage-stalk when green. The cone-core and bunch-grass are boiled together for a hair-dye. They are as proud of their black hair as the Chinese; and when an old chief who is somewhat vain of his personal appearance, or one of the dandies of the tribe, finds his hair growing gray, he has his squaw boil up a decoction of this kind, and he sops his bleaching locks in it. The tar shindac, which is worn by widows in mourning, is made of hot pitc h and burned acorns, powdered; it is removed by means of soap-root and hot water.

(In adding the word for "tree," or "bush," they generally suffix the syllable em, thus: toan, toanem cha; paddit, padditem doo.)

Chippa is the willow, the long twigs of which are used both for arrows and basket-making. In making an arrow, the hunter employs a rude kind of turning-lathe, a couple of sticks held in the hand, between which the twig intended for the arrow is tightly clamped and twisted around, which rubs off the bark and the alburnum, and makes it round. The long, straight shoots of the buckeye, poaloh, poalem doo, are used for the same purpose. For the woof in basket-making they employ the wood of the redbud, (Cercis occidentalis--paddit) which is split up with flints or the finger-nails into fine strings, used substantially as thread. The willow twig is passed round and round the basket, the butt of one lapping the twig of the other, while the redbud strings are sewn over the upper and under the lower.

Cotoh is the manzanita. Its berries are a favorite article of food, and are eaten raw, or pounded into flour in a basket, the seeds separated out, and the flour made into mush, or sacked and laid away for winter. They also make quite an agreeable article of cider from them, by soaking the flour in water several hours, and then draining it off.

Alder is shootoom; poison oak is cheetoc. They are less easily poisoned by the latter than Americans; their children handle it a great deal while little. They eat the leaves, both as a preventive, and as a cure for its effects; though it sometimes poisons them internally. The women use the leaves freely in cooking; they lay them over a pile of roots or a batch of acorn bread, then lay on hot stones and earth. The bright red berries of the California holly (Photinea arbutifolia--yoalus) are eaten with relish; also, the berries of the elder, nock, and wild grapes--peemen. They call a grapevine a bush--Peemenem doo.

Soap-root, howh, is used for poisoning fish. They pound up the root fine, and mix it into pools where the fish and minnows have no way of escape, and at the

same time stir up the bottom until the water becomes muddy. The minnows thrust their heads out of the water stupefied, and are easily scooped up. Buck-eyes are used in the same manner. Soap-root is also used to heal and cleanse old sores, being heated and laid on hot. Both soap-root and buckeyes are eaten in times of great scarcity; they are roasted under ground thirty-six hours or more, to extract the poison.

For toothache, the remedy is the root of the California buckthorn (Frangula Californica--luhum doo). It is heated as hot as can be borne, placed in the mouth against the offending member, and tightly gripped between the teeth. Several sorts of mints, heesuh, are used in a tea or decoction for colds or coughs. Ague is believed to be cured by a decoction of the little mullen, (Eremocarpus setigerus--badah) which grows on black adobe land in autumn. Colic is treated with a tea made from a greenish-gray lichen, (Parmelia saxicola--wahattac) found growing on stones. For rheumatism, they take the leaves and stems of a parasite vine (Galium--sheshem) which grows up in the middle of the chapparral bush, heat or burn them, and clap them hot on the place.

Yellow-dock, heet, is a valuable specific in their pharmacopœia. In case of acute pain of any description, the root is heated hot, and pressed upon the spot. In the spring, the leaf is eaten boiled, for greens, together with clover and many other things.

Bunch-grass, boopuh, is the subject of superstition. They believe that the long, slender stalks of it, discharged as arrows from a little bow against a pregnant woman, will produce a miscarriage; also, that they will hasten the time of maturity in a maiden. There is another thing, which they call wocoamah, probably wild parsnip, which they believe to be a deadly poison. It will produce nose-bleed, and the people who keep it in their houses will surely die. I will here state that I cannot discover that the Indians ever used poisons to any considerable extent to rid themselves of enemies; if they did, it was the old medicine men, and they keep the matter a secret. The Indians profess to stand in great and perpetual dread of being poisoned by one another; and no one will taste anything handed to him by one who is not a member of his family, unless the other tastes it first; but they imagine a hundred cases of poisoning where one actually occurs.

Of grasses, they eat the seed of the wild oat, (tootootem com) but very sparingly. Wild clover, cheewee; alfilleria, battis; and a kind of grass growing in wet places; (Melica--holl) are all eaten raw when young and tender, or boiled for greens.

There are two kinds of mushrooms which they consider edible. The one of which they are fondest is called poolcut, and is a little round ball, from the size of a marble to that of a black walnut, round underground in chaparral and pine thickets. They eat it raw with great relish, or roast it on the ashes. Another kind is the wachuh, which grows in the ordinary form, brown on the upper side, chocolate-colored and deeply ribbed underneath, and easily peeled. It is eaten boiled.

Higher up in the mountains they find a root looking somewhat like a cork, a piece of which they sometimes wear suspended to their clothing as a charm. It is called chook or champoo. Indians of other tribes in the State invest different species of Angelica with talismanic attributes.

Under the popular name of grass-nut there is included a large number of plants with a small, round, bulbous root, all of which, with on exception, the Indians eat with much satisfaction. They are generally pried out of the ground with a sharp stick and eaten raw on the spot; but sometimes the women collect a quantity in a basket and make a roast in the ashes, or boil them. Most of them are by no means disagreeable to the civilized taste. There is the beaver-tail grass-nut, (Cyclobothra--wallic) the turkey-pea, (Sanicula luberosa--luen) the purple-flowered grass-nut, (Brodioea congesta--oakow) the tule grass-nut, (coah) a small bulb, with a single, wiry, cylindrical stalk, growing in wet places, which I could not identify; the climbing grass-nut, (Brodiœa volubilis--oampoom wi) sometimes planted by Americans for ornaments; the little soap-root, (Chlorogalum divaricatum--poyum) the wild garlic, (Allium--cooeeh) the eight-leafed garlic, (shal) the five-leafed garlic, (inshal) and the three-leafed garlic, (wookwe) the yellow-blossom grass-nut (Calliproa lutea--ustuh); the long-leafed grass-nut (Brodiœa congesta, although the Indians have a different name for it from that mentioned just above, namely, yoang wi) the white-flowered grass-nut (Hesperoscordium lacteum-yowak wi); and the wild onion (Allium cepa--chan.) There is one other grass-nut, with a black bulb, (Anticlea--haccul) which the Indians consider poison, although it probably contains no more poison than other members of the liliaceous family.

The list of greens which they eat in the spring is also quite extensive. Besides the grasses and the yellow dock above mentioned, there is the mask-flower, (Mimulus luteus--pooshum) two species of the Angelica, (hen and oamshu) which are difficult to determine; the California poppy, (Escholtzia Californica--tapoo) either either boiled or roasted with hot stones, and then laid in water; the rock-lettuce, (Echeveris lanceolata--pittitac) eaten raw; the wild lettuce, (Claytonia perfoliata--yau) and a species of Sanicula,(mancoo) the root of which, long and slightly tuberose, is also eaten. Of the wild lettuce a curious fact is to be noted. The Indians living in the mountains, about at the elevation of Auburn, gather it and lay it in quantities near the nests of certain large red ants, which have the habit of building conical heaps over their holes. After the ants have circulated all through it, they take it up, shake them off, and eat it with relish. They say the ants, in running over it, impart a sour taste to it, and make it as good as if it had vinegar on it. I never witnessed this done, but I have been told of it, at different times, by different Indians whom I have never known to deceive me.

Of seeds, they eat the following: A kind of coarse, wild grass, (Promus virens--dodoh) a species of yellow-blooming, tarry-smelling weed, (Madaria--coamduc) the seeds of which are as rich as butter; the yellow-blossom or crowfoot, (Ranunculus Californicus--tiss) of which the seed is gathered by sweeping through

it a long-handled basket or a gourd; a little weed which grows thick in ravines, (Blennosperma Californicum -- poll) gathered the same way; also a weed (sheeoo) with little white blossoms distributed all along the stalks, which are thickly covered with minute prickles -- I know not what it is. All these seeds are generally parches a little, and then beaten to flour, and eaten without further cooking, or made into bread or mush. The dry, parched flour of the crowfoot seed has that peculiar, rich taste of parched corn.

There is an umbelliferous plant, (shokum) the root of which the Indians esteem very highly for food; more highly than any other, it being their nearest equivalent to potatoes. I know not if it is the true cammas; I think it is at least a species of it. It grows on rocky hill-sides, blossoms in June and July, has an extremely delicate, fringe-like leaf, and a root about an inch long and a quarter as thick, sweetish-pungent and agreeable to the taste. In Penn Valley, Nevada county, they gather large quantities of it.

They are acquainted with the Yerba santa, but attach no particular value to it.

Around old camps and corrals there is found a wild tobacco, (Nicotiana plumbaginifolia - pan) which they smoke with great satisfaction. They gather the leaves and dry them in the sun in a rude fashion, then cut them up fine. It has a pungent peppery taste in the pipe, but is better than nine-tenths of the Chinese-made cigars. It is smoked in a wooden or stone pipe, which is constructed of a single straight piece, the bowl being simply a continuation of the stem, enlarged. I saw one made of soapstone, about six inches long, five inches of it being the bowl, which was nearly an inch wide at the extremity, so that it would hold enough to last half an hour. It was quite a handsome piece of workmanship, perfectly round and smooth, tapering evenly down to a bulb, which was inserted in the mouth. The tobacco-pipe is called panemcoolah.

There are two plants used for textile purposes. One is a kind of tule-grass, or small bulrush, (Juncun - doccun) which they hetcheled with flints or with their finger-nails, bleached, and wove into breech-cloths. For strings, cords, and nets, they used the inner bark of the lowland milk-weed (Asclepias - poo). When it is dry, the Indian takes both ends of a stalk in his hands, passes it through his mouth, and crushes it with his teeth, or else passes it over a stone while he gently taps it with another; then strips off the bark and twists it into strands, then into cords. The rock milk-weed, (campoo) has a medicinal value; they use the root for the toothache, the same way the root of the buckthorn is used.

It is necessary to state that most of the medicines above mentioned are of the class which the women are allowed to become acquainted with and to employ. There are several other substances which are more rare and valuable, or at least

they deem them more valuable, and which the medicine-men alone know anything about. They are found far up in the mountains or in other localities, and may be called the medicines of commerce, having a tolerably well-settled value in shell-money. I regret that I was generally unable to secure sufficiently complete specimens to determine them. For instance, there is a root (luhno) which I should call Seneca snake-root, but of which I could procure only a little piece. A root about as large as a pipe-stem, and four inches long, is worth about a dollar. A decoction of it is used for diarrhea, that scorge of aboriginal life; also for venereal diseases. There is a bush (chapum) found in the mountains, with a very pale tea-green bark, and minute golden specks on the small limbs, which is probably California sassafras, and which is very highly esteemed for coughs and colds, a tea of the bark being given. Another root, (pallic) spignet from its appearance, is made into a tea and drunk for diarrhea; this also is very valuable. There is still another, (litway) found on the Truckee, which is good for the dropsy.

Although it is not strictly germain to the topic, I may be permitted to state that the Indians have names for all the internal organs of the human body; and their ideas of their functions, and of the operations of medicine, are at least as respectable as those of the Chinese.

ABORIGINES OF CALIFORNIA*

An Indo-Chinese Study

A very intelligent lady, who had lived with her husband many years amid the placers of the Sierra Nevada, once related to me the following incident: In the ever-memorable red-letter days of " '49 and the spring of '50," when the Chinese were yet a new apparition on this coast, the California Indians were greatly puzzled what to make of them. They scrutinized them sharply from queue to slippers, noted that they invariably had black hair and black eyes, like themselves, nearly as broad cheek-bones, and faces which, though lighter than their own, were darker than those of the malditos Americanos; but they could understand nothing they said. They therefore hit upon a plan to find out what manner of men they were, which presents some novel features as a mode of elucidating ethnological questions, but will be remembered by students of Guizot's History of Civilization, as one form of the judgment of God. When ever they caught a son of Shem in a sequestered place, where his outcries could not bring others to his rescue, they soused him into the water. If he sank and drowned, they acknowledged him as a brother Indian; but if he managed somehow to scramble out, they repudiated him, and gave him a mauling.

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This story is probably apocryphal, for I have never been able to find a second person to confirm it; and yet there is a fact well authenticated which lends it some little color of probability. This fact is, that the Concow tribe, living formerly in the vicinity of Chico, believe to this day that the Chinamen in California are "dead Indians come back to life." They are not good Indians, fo course, but bad ones, who, in the spirit-world from which they have just returned, had their language confounded as a penalty for wickedness done in the body in a previous state of existence, so that they cannot now be understood by their bretheren. Of the existence of this notion there is no doubt, for the matter was fully expounded to me by one of the "Big Indians" of that tribe, on the Round Valley Reservation, who believed it himself.

But, for the most part, the mere whimseys of the Indians are neither here nor there, in a rational inquiry into their genesis.

From the day of that amazing old book, called, I believe, The Star of the East, which nobody now reads, down to the times of Herr Platzmann, the question of the origin of the American aborigines has been a target; and I may therefore be permitted to have my fling at it with the rest. The California Indians, only, none others. It would probably be accounted first in order, to consider the probabilities of a Chinese or Japanese junk drifting or sailing across the wide Pacific, in the early days of navigation, bringing hither living, human freight, male and female after their kind.

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* Atlantic Monthly 33: 313-323, 1874.

It is not the purpose of this paper to attempt anything of that sort, for it were a task as bootless as the cruise of the Lost Galleon, in quest of the day which slipped out of the almanac into the Pacific. Concerning the ancient voyaging of the Chinese, we have little information that is more definite than the statement that Powang, in the thirtieth year of Yaon, "set sail on a star-lit log to discover new regions." In an introductory chapter to The Natural Wealth of California, Cronise has collected a great number of citations from old Spanish and other authors, touching this matter; traditions of ornaments found in Peru, known to have been made by an English artisan in the army of Gengis-Khan; of a Japanese junk stranded long ago on the Oregon coast; of articles of Mongolian workmanship discovered in the Aztec temples of Mexico, etc. I have read none of the originals from which these quotations are drawn. The Lower California Indians, a century and a half ago, used to relate to the Spanish padres fables of an ancient banquet held somewhere in the vague North, at which their ancestors fell to deadly quarrel; and part were thrust out, and wandered to their present habitat, where they tarried and multiplied. To this day, the dwellers about the mouth of the Columbia exhibit to the tourist hollow cylinders of bees-wax, which are occasionally throw out by the Pacific in a great storm, and which are supposed to be the candles used by the Japanese priests, from which the wicks have rotted out. Newspaper readers have probably not forgotten that, in the autumn of 1871, three Japanese sailors were rescued from a junk, off the Alaskan coast, after having drifted helpless at sea for nine months. Once more, an American whaler was broken up on the north coast of Kamtchatka, some time before the disastrous engorgement of ice-floes in the fall of 1871, which went near to destroy the whole Arctic whaling-fleet, and which New Bedford, at least, has not forgotten. After living some months in Kamtchatka, they were brought off by a vessel which was a member of that doomed fleet, though they fimally escaped alive to Honolulu, and their adventures were briefly narrated in a journal of that city. Among other things they related that, when they were out on one of their hunting excursions with the Kamtchatkans, they fell in with savages who had come over from the American side in quest of game.

All these particulars, whether wholly legendary, semi-historical, or of recent and undisputed occurrence, are not without significance, as showing how the Asiatics might have got on this side centuries ago. But they build up nothing satisfactory, nothing absolute. They are scarcely of equal value with internal evidence furnished by the Indians themselves. During a recent pedestrian journey of many hundred miles through the State, evidence of the latter sort accumulated in my hand to an extent which was very gratifying.

First in order, though perhaps of secondary importance, a general comparison between the Canton Chinaman and the typical California Indian, say of Russian River Valley.[1] Canton lies in 23° 7' north latitude, Healdsburg in about 38° 30'

1. The name "Digger" is opprobrious and unjust, equally as much as it is to describe all Chinamen as rat-eaters. The principal root which the Indians dig is cammas, but

but snow and ice are prectically unknown in either, and the Indians about the latter, in their aboriginal state, found it necessary to wear nothing more than a girdle of raw-hide or of braided grass about the loins. They differ in color nearly in the proportion of old brass to old bronze, though I have seen Canton Chinamen quite as swarthy as the average Indian. But the Indian's cuticle has an oleaginous sleekness, especially in the summer heats, while the Chinaman's tint is dusty or scorched-looking. Both have coarse, black, straight hair, the Chinese being the lanker on account of its length. The Indians cut off their hair, but it is a singular fact that, in describing their Deity, under whatever name, they invariably ascribe to him long hair, as the Chinese wore it before 1627 A.D.[2] The Mongolian oblique eyelids, sloping inward, are not noticeable in the Indian. The latter's cheekbones are a trifle broader, giving his face in old age something more of angularity, but the nose is less depressed at the root than in the Chinese, and the nare less dilated. Both races, in youth (especially the females), are inclined to extreme fatness, which makes the faces of the aged alike odiously and repulsively wrinkled, with a simian aspect which is startling. The Chinaman is very industrious, the savage indolent and phlegmatic. He has no word in his language for "lazy," and borrows it from the Spanish -- an instance of a quality known only by its opposite, which the Indian does not possess. It is an indisputable and lamentable fact of history, that human nature is constitutionally lazy. On this basis, therefore, these two diverse facts are reducible to the following statement in proportion: The immense former harvests of wild oats, and the countless myriads of salmon, coupled with the sparse population, were to the Indian's easy indolence, as the moderate yields of China and its vast populations are to its inhabitants' enforced industry. And yet I have seen a fancy work-basket on which a squaw had wrought at intervals for three years, and on which she had expended the plumes of eighty quails, and the scarlet down of over one hundred and fifty woodpeckers; and a veteran pioneer informed me such baskets were formerly numerous among them. As farm laborers the Indians are at least equal to Chinamen, for a California Indian has an almost Ethiopian endurance of the sunshine, but the Chinaman get under an umbrella. It is the testimony of Southern planters who have had experience with both, that the Indians are something inferior to the negroes in endurance, but quite their equals in docility and domesticity.

There is a notable resemblance to the Chinese in their former fruitfulness, and their capacity to mass dense populations. There are official statistics at the Hoopa Reservation, showing that in 1870 there were sixty-seven and one half Indians to the square mile, for forty miles along the lower Klamath. I have heard several pioneers estimate the aboriginal population of Round Valley at various figures, all the way from five thousand to twenty thousand; but taking even the lowest estimate, there would still have been an Indian to every four acres, or one hundred and sixty to the square mile.

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that does not constitute a fourth part of their food. A more appropriate name would be "Wild-Oat People," which they call themselves in Potter Valley, that cereal having been, next to acorns, their great stable in former times.

2. Williams The Middle Kingdom, ii. p. 30.

Kelsey, the discoverer of it, says that when he looked down from the mountains into that peerless valley, the whole vast round of it was spangled with Indian camp-fires, even as the heaven above with stars. True, there were many salmon streams, and a wide circumjacent area of mast-bearing forest, of which they held usufructuary possession, while living entirely on the prairie of the valley. A pioneer pointed out to me on Van Dusen's Fork the site of an Indian city which contained one thousand inhabitants in 1850, according to his estimate. Near Sanel, on Russian River, I have wandered over the ruins of an old Indian town which was laid out with perfect regularity, averaging eight blocks wide and twenty deep. Each wigwam constituted a block, but, owing to their patriarchal system, contained from ten to twenty inmates. The former prevalence of infanticide points unmistakably to the same over-fruitfulness and over-population which are pleaded for the atrocity in China.

Again, they are alike in their harmless character and peaceable temper, for either people will jangle endlessly among themselves, with strange, voluble oaths, without ever coming even to fisticuffs. In avarice they are one people, for there is no crime known to the Indian, how heinous and atrocious soever it be, and hardly any to the Chinaman, for which money will not buy the offender off scot-free. In fondness for dancing they are diverse, for the California Indians have a hundred dances and one acorn porridge, while the Chinese almost never dance, and for a very good reason, as stated by Williams:[1] "In tumbling and balancing, the Chinese are almost unequaled, but one would almost as soon think of associating music and medicine, as that Chinese music should be accompanied by quadrilles and cotillons, or that men with shoes like pattens could lead off women with feet like hoofs, through the turns and mazes of a waltz or fandango."

But both have a notable fondness for music. The Chinese make a horrible noise, but they greatly delight in it, and keep good time at least. In their multifarious dances, the Indians have wooden or bone whistles, on which they blow sincere, but most monotonous blasts, and though each chants an entirely independent roundelay, in the recitative, all uniting occasionally in the chorus, they keep time wonderfully well, always having a chorister to beat time, either with a split twig on the hand, or by stamping. That is to say, both races have a good notion of time, but not of melody. It is the testimony of the Reservation agents, that the California Indian children pick up our Sunday-school melodies with the facility of the Southern pickaninnies, humming them over and over agian through the week, to the great weariness of their elders. Again, the Chinese and Indians are alike in their unmentionable abonimations, and in their dark and revolting cruelties, such as infanticide. There are at least three tribes living about the mouth of Russian River who confess to the existence of this atrocity among them, and this before they had the excuse of that overpowering melancholy which has come over them in view of the sad and miserable fate inevitable since the advent of the Americans. On the other hand, in the treatment of the very aged,

1. Op. Cit. ii. p. 173.

they are as different as darkness from light. The Chinaman is proverbial the world over for his filial piety, while some tribes of Indians (at least the Gallinomeros) put their infirm and helpless parents to death by strangulation. A poor old wretch is thrown down on his back and securely held, while a stick is placed across his throat, and two Indians sit on the ends of it until he ceases to breathe. Now, it is a proposition as true in morals as in metaphysics, that the greater includes the less. It is difficult to comprehend why any people capable of sacrificing their own offspring, should not also destroy the aged, who are no longer able to add to the family wealth, and are only a burden on the family resources. It is my belief that the Chinaman's reverence for age is not founded on filial affection, but rather on a superstition, a worship, to be accounted for by the exceptional and extraordinary influence of the teachings of Confucious for twenty-three centuries. If there is one article in their credo more vital than another, it is that the souls of deceased ancestors are potent in heaven or in hades, to consign their posterity on earth to either. All the Chinaman's hopes of future felicity in the pure country of Buddha, and all his possibilities of avoiding the Bloody Pond of hell, are inseparably conditioned on devotion to his ancestors. In other words, in his infanticide and his parricide, the savage is simply consistent, while the Chinaman shows his real character in the former, and is deterred from the latter only by a hoary superstition, by what I will venture to call his patrolatry. There will be occasion further on, in making note of other similitudes, to show how the untutored savage is always greatly and thoroughly consistent, while the Chinese, -- the fruit of forty centuries of the most hollow-hearted, glozing, and hypocritical civilization that ever existed, -- from the top of his head, to the dust beneath his feet, is a most chameleon-spotted contradiction.

But, barring this outrageous inhumanity to the aged while living, the savage shows a notable resemblance to the celestial, in the reverence with which he cherishes the memory of the dead. Among the Cahrocs the petchiarey, the simple mention of a deceased father's name, is a deadly insult, which, though it may be compounded for with money, like all other crimes, is ranked with willful murder, and in default of the demanded blood-money, it can be atoned for only with death. Substantially the same is true of many other tribes. When I asked Tacho-colly, tatterdemalion chief of the Ta-ah-tens, to give me the words for "father," etc., he shook his head mournfully and said, "All dead, all dead; no good." The poor savage could not distinguish between the proper names of those relatives and the abstract words; and the utter sadness of his tones was most touching. So among the Wintoons, the name of a dead person may not even be spoken in a whisper. Let a merry circle of talkers be pattering glibly the gossip of the campoody, speaking gayly of their friends and their doings, and let some one in the circle, with bated breath and the very soul of horror in his eyes, suddenly whisper that dreadful word kedatcheda ("It is a dead person!"), and straightway the whole assembly becomes silent, hushed, and awe-struck, as if they had heard a voice dropping out of heaven. The tribes that bury the dead generally bury them close beside their lodges, where they watch and tend them with faithful vigilance, and more than once I have been silently but stenously beckoned away from even looking at the graves. They

refrain from mentioning the names of the dead, as they have often explained to me, that they may rest peacefully in the grave.

In the gentle, harmless, sociable quality of their daily moods, the California Indians are like the Chinese again. But in their capacity for religious frenzy, they rather resemble the African races, and in their wonderful endurance of penitential fastings on certain occasions, and of self-lacerations and other mortifications of the flesh, they are rather the counterpart of the Hindoo, for the Chinese are impatient of these things. Being savages, they have the savage virtue of hospitality developed to a degree of wastelessness, which the Chinamen have not. For the same reason, they are more truthful and honorable in their dealings, than a nation who are obliged to truckle hourly to infamous officials. They are deplorably alike in their thievishness; and above all things else do they resemble each other in that sly, secretive, close-mouthed quality, which, on the one hand, will make a stabbed Chinese swear to his last breath that he committed suicide, and on the other, makes the California Indian the hardest of all savages to learn about. Lastly, they are both grossly licentious, in both sexes. The Chinese classical literature is said to be pure, compared with that of Greece and Rome; but among the common people, as among the Indians, there are songs and expressions in constant use which are unspeakably vile.

At this stage, let me assume for convenience what will be approximately proved further on, namely, that the Gallinomero tribe, living in the vicinity of Healdsburg on the lower reaches of Russian River, are the connecting link between California and China; and that their habitat marks the probable site of the earliest Chinese colony in America. Furthermore, that this coast was peopled by two migrations: one, of Tungusic tribes coming by Behring's Straits, or at least by a passage much to the north of California; and the other, of the Chinese, coming probably from about Canton across the Pacific; and that the dividing line between these two independent migrations in discernible to this day about on the meridian of Mont Shasta and the Klamath River. This for the sake of comparing the Indians north and south of this assumed line.

1. Probably the most important of the difference is that, north of this line and on the Klamath, the languages are conspicuously harsh, guttural, and abounding in such hard, consonantal combinations as ks, tsk, ps, sk, etc., as seen in the following words in the Yreka and Modoc languages: Ksup, tsesup, skalgiss, niswatska, snawatska (five, father , mine, man, woman). Also these from the Euroc on the lower Klamath: mepche, muluthl, metska, corr-ke-cork (tongue, head, foot, ten). On the contrary, south of this line, the languages are harmonious and musical, like the Chinese, and indeed, as will be demonstrated further on, some of them seem to sacrifice nearly all syntax to the demands of euphony. As you cross the Mount Shasta watershed and begin to descend the Sacramento, or as you come below the Klamath west of the Coast Range, the transition is very abrupt, much more abrupt than can be explained by the very gradual softening of the climate. I know nothing of the Tungusic languages from actual study, and only presume to compare with them the vocables of

these seven tribes in extreme Northern California, on account of the resemblance of many of them to the geographical names around Lake Baikal in Irkutsk, and in Kamtchatka.

2. The deep, circular cellar (not a cellar proper, but part of the dwelling), which is found in the lodges north of Mount Shasta and on the Klamath, indicating a long residence of the makers' ancestors in a rigorous climate, and agrees with the known habits of the North Asian tribes to-day. But directly come come south of the line above mentioned, this subterranean feature ceases abruptly, the wigwam being built on the surface, with only a hollow crooped out sufficiently to bank out the rain in a storm. This change, too, is quite too sudden to be explained by the greater warmth of the climate. On the Klamath and north of it, the sweat-house, or sudatory, is wholly underground, but south of it everywhere, it is wholly above, though covered with a layer of earth.

3. Among the Indians of north of Mount Shasta, including seven tribes within California, a great majority of the powwows, or physicians, are women, and the sex has influence accordingly; but south they are almost totally excluded from the medical profession, and are in other regards treated more in accordance with Chinese notions.

4. These seven tribes north of the line, and more especially the Oregon Indians, are notably fond of horses; while the typical California Indian, like the Chinaman, basely kills the noble beast and consumes the flesh, and displays no liking for horsemanship until you go far enough south to find a touch of Spanish blood in his veins, and the long influence of Spanish teaching and example. In other words, these few northern tribes, though now settled and tranquil, show their North Asian, semi-nomadic origin, while the California Indian's ancestors appear to have been peaceful, domestic, and plodding.

5. In leaving the Yrekas, Cahrocs, etc., and crossing over the Mount Shasta divide, among the Wintoons of Sacramento Valley, you transfer yourself suddenly from a people of wit and valor to one of cowardice. These few northern tribes, together with the Oregon Indians, are as superior to the representative California Indians as are the Manchoos and the fierce and cruel hordes of Gengis-Khan to the Chinese.

A general comparison having already been made between the Chinese and the California aborginals, it remains now to note some points of special resemblance. First, I will describe a great anniversary observed by the Concow tribe, whose habitat extends between Chico and Marysville. It is called the Dance for the Dead, and corresponds somewhat to the All-Souls' Day of the Catholics. I know not if the tribe regulate the precise day by any savage ephemeris, but it always occurs toward the last of August, beginning in the evening and lasting until daybreak. They bring together a

great quantity of clothing, food, beads, bows and arrows, baskets, and whatsoever other things they believe the dead reauire in another world, and hang them on espaliers planted in the ground in a semicircle around a fire. On the opposite side, or hard by, are the graves. Habited in their usual garments, -- if anything more sordid than common, -- they seat themselves on the graves, men and squaws together, as the twilight closes in around them, and begin a mournful wailing, crying, and ululation for the dead. After a time they arise and form a circle around the fire, between it and the semicircle of poles, and commence a solemn dance, accompanied by that hoarse, deathly rattle of the Indian shout, which sounds so eldritch and so terrible to the civilized ear. Heavily the dancing and the singing go on from hour to hour, and now and then a pound or two of provisions, a string of beads, or some small article is taken from the espaliers and cast into the flames. All through the black and sultry night the funereal dance goes on with cessation; wilder and more frantic grows the chanting, swifter becomes the motion of the dancers , and faster and faster the sacrificial offerings to the dead are hurled upon the blazing heap. The savage transports wax amain. With frenzied yells and whoops they leap in the flickering shadows like demons -- a weird, awful, and lurid spectacle. Now some squaw, if not restrained, would fling herself headlong into the burning mass. Another one will lie down and calmly sleep amid the extraordinary commotion for two hours, then arise and join more wildly than before in the frightful orgies. But still the espaliers are not half emptied, and as the morning stars grow dim, and daybreak is close at hand, with one frantic rush, yelling, they tear down the resideu of the clothing and whirl it into the flames, lest daylight should arrive before the ghosts' year-long hunger is satisfied.

Two trustworthy Americans who witnessed this ceremony in the August of 1871, on Round Valley Reservation, gave me, as their careful estimate, that the Indians destroyed $2000 worth of property. One of them, to test their earnestness, offered an Indian $60 for a pair of blankets he was about to cast into the flames; but the frenzied savage, otherwise so avaricious, hurled him aside with a yell of execration, and dashed the blankets into the fire.

I now subjoin the following description of a Chinese observance:[1] "There is another festival in August, connected with this, called shau i, or 'burning clothes,' at which pieces of paper folded in the form of jackets, trousers, gowns, and other garments, are burned for the use of the suffering ghosts, besides a large quantity of paper money. Paper houses with proper furniture, and puppets to represent household servants, are likewise made; and Medhurst adds 'that writings are drawn up and signed in the presence of witnesses, to certify the conveyance of the property, stipulating that, on its arrival in hades, it shall be duly made over to the individuals specified in the bond; the houses, servants, clothes, money, and all, are then burned with the bond, the the worshippers feeling confident that their friends obtain the benefit of what they have sent them.' " The Indian in his savagery has kept the old honesty of his soul, and the fullness of the sacrifice as it was when he left China long ages by-gone, burning to the

1. Williams, op. cit. iil p. 275.

dead the best of his best; but the pettifogging and perfidious Chinaman, grown civilized enough to perceive the folly of the matter, yet not daring to abandon it, thinks to delude the gods, and the spirits of his ancestors, by burning to thim paper clothing and paper money. Sir John Davis very well calls this a "wise economy."

The name of the Concows also demands attention. I do not know the meaning of the first syllable, but cow or chow prevails among several tribes in this vicinity, and is found in the geography in Hetten Chow (miscalled by the whited Ketten Chow), in which it signifies "place." Now, the proper Chinese name of Canton is Kwang Chow, which is interpreted "wide city." But chow means properly a division of the empire which Williams renders by "district," though in the early history of the language it probably meant simply "region," or "place." From these facts, above described, I am led to believe that we have in "Concow" a lineal descendant of "Kwang Chow," and in the tribe the posterity of the ancient Cantonese.

The Concows are not along in feeding the spirits of the departed. Both the Yokias and the Sanels go every day, for a year, to some place hallowed by the memory of the dead, and there sprinkle pinole on the ground. The Sanel mother repairs daily to the spont where her infant was burned, weeping, and scatters the pinole while she leaps or dances to a wild, weird measure that means nothing: --

"Hel-lel-leely,
Hel-lel-lo,
Hel-lel-loo."

So, when a Yokia mother has lost her babe, she visits da some place where her little one played, and with sad and piteous wailing and vain calling upon it to return, milks her breasts into the air.

But there is another feature of this Dance for the Dead which the Concows use that is still more remarkable. Though occurring in August, it marks their New Year, and is therefore seized upon as a proper time for settling their accounts, wiping out all old debts, and making a clean ledger for the coming year. So, amid all these frenzied orgies and ululations about the fire, while the air is filled with the stench of burning and fizzing woolens, those Indians who are not presently engaged in the dance may be seen squatted all about the fire in twos, busily computing and reckoning their scores, tying and untying their rosaries, counting off beads, etc. On this eventful night, too, are made the marriage contracts for the year. These things I state on the authority of Messrs. P.G. Tuttle and F.A. Gibson, the latter being chief clerk of the reservation.

The white fillet worn by the Chinese in mourning is preserved by the Yokias in the following manner: They first cut the hair off close to the head, then mingle the ashed of the burned body with pitch, making a white tar or unguent, with which they

smear a band about two inches wide all around the edge of the head, so that at a distance it resembles a white chaplet.

Cremation is by no means universal among the Indians, neither is interment in China, as is shown by the sections of the Book of Rites forbidding incineration. Cremation seems to be largely influenced by the variations of California climate. Thus, in the hot western foothills of the Sierra Nevada it extends as far north as Lower Klamath Lake (lat. 42°), while in the cooler Coast Range it reaches only to the sources of the Russian River (39° 30') though it extends down the warm valley of Eel River nearly to the foot of Humboldt Bay (40° 30'). In those regions where a mixed practice prevails it is a general rule, though not without exceptions, that the mountain tribes bury and the valley tribes burn. But the most significant fact of all is observed in the practice of those, not Romanized, who yet have been persuaded by the whites to abandon cremation. Thus, for instance, the Rios (so called by the Spanish), living at the mouth of Russian River, in quitting their ancient custom, recurred, not to the American usage, but to the Chinese. That is, instead of laying the body horizontally in the grave, they place it in the posture it would occupy when sitting in a chair, with the head pointing upward, and this substantially is the usage of nearly all the tribes who practiced burial from the first. In the southern provinces of China the grave is generally made in the shape of the Greek letter Ω; the Indians usually dig it round. In the province of Fuhkien in South China (from which part the ancestors of the Indians appear to have come), a piece of silver is placed in the mouth of the corpse. Not long ago, on the occasion of the death of a rich Sanel chief, two gold coins were put in his mouth, as he lay on the funeral pyre (this is given on the testimony of a worthy farmer, Mr. Willard, who witnessed it), and other smaller coins were placed in his ears, in his hands, on his breast, etc., which, together with the other property burned, were estimated at $500 value. The California Indians are worthy of their State in one regard at least; they are no niggards. And it is this extraordinary regard for the dead, coupled with their indifference and even cruelty to the living, which stamps them so strongly as of Chinese origin.

Other proofs, such as the almost universal belief in a Happy Western Land beyond the sea, awaiting the good, and transmigration of souls or even annihilation (some of the Concows have this notion) in reserve for the wicked; their strong yearning to be burned or buried each in his native valley; the practice followed by some tribes of beheading the slain instead of scalping them; their pantheism, or rather, what may be called their pandemonism; the frequent convertibility of the words for "God" and "heaven" -- all of which point towards China -- must be passed over with a bare mention, in order that space may be left for the last and greatest evidence of all, that of grammar and language.

With a Chinese vocabulary of about two thousand words on my knee, and an intelligent Indian before me, I would cause him to speak in his own tongue while I noted the Chinese analogues. Groping about over the State with this magnet in my hand, I

touched the languages with it here and there, to see if it betrayed any attractions. Now and then a Chinese word appeared, but they were not numerous. After many weeks, coming over from Eel River to Russian River, among a different family of tribes, I saw the number was increasing.

As above premised, it is the Gallinomero language, which prevails along Russian River for about fifteen miles below Healdsburg, that seems to be the connecting link between California and China. My teachers in this tongue were the chiefs Ventura, Andres, and Pintino, of whom the former spoke Spanish, and the latter English and Spanish. One rule of grammar after another and one word after another came to sight, bearing a marked resemblance to the Chinese. After getting some preliminary insight into the language, I devoted several days to a more careful study of Summers' Grammar, then prepared a new list of words and phrases, and returning, found that the unwitting savages sometimes almost spoke in Chinese.

First, I append a table of numerals, in the Mandarin dialect of the Chinese and the Gallinomero respectively: --

	Chinese	Gallinomero
One,	yih,	chah.
Two,	ar,	aco.
Three,	san,	misibbo.
Four,	se,	metah.
Five,	wu,	tooshuh.
Six,	luh,	lancha.
Seven,	tsih,	latco.
Eight,	pah,	conetah.
Nine,	kiu,	chahco.
Ten,	shih,	chasuto.

It is unjust to judge the words as they stand in this category, without any reference to the changes they may have suffered during the uncomputed period of their separation. Let us take the word messibo, for instance, and examine it a little. In the first place, the syllable me is only a dialectic prefix, for the Pomo for "three" is sibbo. Second "b" is convertible with "m," as we see in the formation of the pronominal adjective webakey from the pronoun wemo. Third, san in the Mandarin dialect becomes sam in the Canton dialect, as seen in the well-known word for "whisky" (samshoo, thrice fired). Hence we have, finally, the two words sam and simmo, which are less unlike than they at first appeared. It is quite as probable that the latter is derived from the former as that "eight" is derived from ashtan. By a similar process the two words for "four" become se and sa. In the Canton dialect "one" is yat, and "ten" is shap, which bear a closer resemblance to the Indian words than do the Manchurian. If we possessed all the dialectic changes and historic facts, as we have those intervening between Sanskrit and English, we might be able to prove these

two sets of numerals almost identical, though not quite, for, as the reader will notice, the Indian has no single word for "eight," but uses "twice four" instead.

I have before me a list of thirty-six words, not including the numerals, in all of which the resemblance to the Chinese is marked, and in some approaches so near to identity that I fear I shall seem to prove too much. This is not the proper place where to give the entire list, and a few examples must suffice. Thus, do or make, Chinese, tso; Indian tseena. Fire, ho, oho. Dog, kinen, hiyu. Log, nu-teu, moosu. Outside, wai-teu, wayto. Day, jih, majih. There, na-le, male. Say, hwa, kwa. Strength, che-lih, cha, etc. The Chinese locative adverbs, as "here," etc., all end in the syllable le; so do the Indian. The Indian for "this" and "that" is the same: namely, mamo; the Chinese for "that" is na. Here is manifestly the same radical, but the syllable mo is retained in the Indian, while it has been dropped in Chinese, except in the words for "thus" and "what" that is che-mo and shin-mo. There is another Chinese root for "that," namely, ki or ku (now obsolete except in the book language), which has an unmistakable parallel in the Indian ka, also now no longer used except in composite or agglutinated words, as ameka (amaka), "Is that you?" (the common form of Indian salutation). But perhaps the most remarkable parallelism is found in the mode of forming the reflexive pronouns ending in "self." The Chinese adds the syllable ke, and the Gallinomero key, which are pronounced very nearly alike. Thus, wo and ah are the respective words for "I," and from the first the Chinese forms wo-ke, "myself," and the Indian chackey. In the oblique cases the identity of these pronominal roots becomes manifest, as wo-ki-tih, "of myself," for which the corresponding Indian is owkey, the two letters of the root being simply reversed. This word owkey also denotes "mine," while the Chinese is wo-tih. The identity of the other pronouns is also easily shown. The Chinese for "you" is ne; the Indian is ama; in the accusative, meto. So also ta; Indian, hamo or wemo, "he." The Indian has retained the syllable mo, above mentioned, which the Chinese has dropped from all words of this class except two.

A few illustrations will make good the assertion that the Gallinomero today utters now and then a short sentence which the Emperor Tung Chi could almost understand. He says of his arrow, tseena owkey, "I make it for myself;" the Chinese says, tso tih-wo-ke. The Indian says, male bata moosu, "There is a large log;" the Chinaman, na-le ta mu-teu. The Indian, mamo hiyu owkey, "That dog is mine;" the Chinaman, na kinen wo-tih. The Indian, meto chaduna benta, "I will see you today;" the Chinaman, ne chau-siun kin-tien, etc. Thus, the Chinese for "great" is ta, while the Indian is bata; but in agglutinated words the true radical appears, as atata (ata ta), "great house," which is the Indian for "people" or "clan," the Gallinomeros being patriarchal in their social organization.

After all the verbal resemblances and analogies have been taken note of, there still remains the more important evidence of grammatical structure. This part of my article must necessarily be abridged.

Nouns. The languages are alike in that there are no endings to denote either gender, number, or case. They are dissimilar in that every substantive in Indian has an independent meaning; but there is another California language, the Concow, which bears a very interesting resemblance to the Chinese in its dual system of nouns. I am not accquainted with it, but am told by a gentleman who understands it, that there are many words, as in Chinese, which are unintelligible when spoken alone, even to a Concow, and acquire significance only by being spoken in couples.

Verbs. As in Chinese, there are no irregular forms; no endings to denote mood, voice, number , or person (except in the imperative, which has three persons); and the tenses are indicated by the agglutination of another verb to the radical. There are only two oblique tenses, the imperfect and future, which are denoted by forms equivalent to the following expressions, "lovedo," imperfect, and "lovewant," future. The simple verb may mean either "to love," "loving," "love," or "lovely." The adverb "not" is interpolated into the verb, as if we should write "transnotgress."

Pronouns. There is a trace of the Chinese usage which requires a different form of the pronoun to be used, according to the social rank of the person addressed. The honorary syllable me or jin is prefixed to the name of everything or everybody belonging to the chief, and sometimes a different and longer word is used in his honor. The multitude of the pronominal forms also seems to be a relic of the same custom. The Indian uses expressions equivalent to all these: "Ihand," "my hand," "mehand," and "myhand." He also has this form, "(I) strikeyou," and this, "(I) youlove!' A relative or participial clause is formed by agglutination, as in Chinese; thus, "manhousein," for "the man who is in the house."

Adjectives. All adjectives are really substantives. Thus, "good," "goodness," "well," "very," are all denoted by the same word. Comparison is made by means of particles.

Prepositions. As in Chinese, the preposition is incorporated into the verb, so that the same word, for instance, signifies "in" and "to be in." In adverbs proper this barbaric language is really richer than the Chinese. Of conjunctions there are none whatever.

The two cardinal principles which govern the Gallinomero in constructing sentences are euphony and brevity. After no little diligent study of the language, I can discover no fixed order of words whatever which the savage will not at any time violate, if necessary, to construct a mellifluous and harmonic sentence. Sound rules as absolutely in the language as in Chinese, but in a different manner; in Chinese sound gives the meaning, in this language is gives the syntax. But there is another feature in which they agree more closely, and that is, in their love of dualism or parallelism. For instance, the chief will say to his tribe, "If we wish to build a wigwam, we must all work. If we wish to build a wigwam, we must work hard," etc.

What, then, are the final conclusions from the whole survey? Of fifteen or sixteen vocabularies and sets of numerals which I have taken down, that of the Gallinomeros approaches closest to the Chinese; and the resemblance shades away from valley to valley, from dialect to dialect, as you penetrate the State southward, eastward, or northward; and ceases abruptly near Mount Shasta, as you enter among those tribes which I have very imperfectly sought to prove are the result of another and more northerly migration. Assuming a point on the lower Russian River, say Healdsburg, as the focus or seat of the original Chinese colony, we find the etymological lines radiating over the State in every direction, and the Chinese analogues constantly growing fewer as one goes outward. Let a few examples suffice. In the Canton dialect "one" is yat; in Healdsburg, chah; on upper Eel River, clyhy; in the extreme north of California, chlah. In Chinese "dog" is kinen; in Healdsburg, hiyu; at Red Bluff, chumeh; on the lower Klamath, mego kumuh; at Marysville, shumeh; on the upper Trinity, shetel, where it has almost lost its identity. The Chinese for "log" is mu-teu; at Healdsburg, moosu; in Potter Valley, mahsoo, etc. But the pronouns, which are perhaps more unchangeable than any other words, are so nearly alike in the various dialects of the State as to prove a common Turanian origin. Thus, Chinese for "you" is ne; at Healdsburg, ama; elsewhere, me, mai, na no, nine mick, etc.

As a fianal general proposition, therefore, which it does not seem too bold to deduce from the premises, etymological and other, above recited, we may set down Healdsburg as the approximate site of a Chinese colony planted in the far past, voluntarily or involuntarily, which sperad into the interior, south, east, and north, meeting an earlier Tunguisic migration near Mount Shasta, that is, on the southernmost of the great watersheds between the Columbia and the Sacramento. This would make the California Indians proper, and possibly also the Arizonian and Mexican Aztecs, of Chinese origin; and the Indians of Oregon, the Plains, and the Atlantic States, Tungusic.

THE CALIFORNIA ABORIGINES*

In the Atlantic Monthly, of March, 1874, there was published an article entitled "Aborigines of California," in which I presented facts tending to show that these aborgines are descended from the Chinese. The conclusions which were arrived at in that paper have been questioned, on the ground that, however great may be their likeness to the Celestials, they cannot be descended from them since they have no pottery, no hieroglyphics, and no monuments; and the time never has been in the historical period when the Chinese were without these. It is argued that no people could lose the art of pottery, or even if they lost the art itself, that the pottery would remain, being almost indestrubtible. It is not intended to rehearse in this paper the arguments there presented in favor of a Chinese origin, but merely to offer some facts and suggestions as to these Indians and their predecessors on this coast. (63)

The Voy Collection, in the University Museum, contains a large number of pre-aboriginal stone implements; but there is no link to connect the race who made them with the present one except per deterins. In fact, since the California Indians of today have no monuments or pottery, there is no link except those of language, customs, etc., to connect them with any race; hence the consideration of monuments and the like is pretty much eliminated from the discussion, as between them and the Chinese. Even if the very few remains found to-day served to prove that a pre-aboriginal race brought the ceramic art from China and practiced it here, it would still remain to show that that people were the ancestors of the California Indians. There is a gap somewhere, which cannot be passed except per soltum.

The simple fact of the almost total lack of ceramic remains, and the character of the relics found in the Alameda and other shell mounds, show that the present race must either have supplanted or or descended from one which was little more advanced than themselves. The few and simple stone implements used by the California Indians resemble, in their main purpose and design, those of the extince races exhumed in the shell-mounds, only they are conspicuously ruder and simpler. Take the stone mortars, for instance. The pre-aboriginal mortar is carefully dressed on the outside, and has three general shapes: either flattish and round, or shaped like a duck's egg, with the bowl on the side, or with the bowl in a large end, and the small end inserted into the ground. But the Indian takes a small bowlder of trap or greenstone, and bears out a hollow in it, leaving the outside rough. Whenever one is seen in possession of a mortar dressed on the outside, he will acknowledge that he did not make it, but found it; in other words, it is preaboriginal. The pre-aborigines used handsomely dressed pestles, evenly tapered to the upper end, or else a uniform cylinder for about three-fourths of the length, with the remaining fourth also uniform, but smaller, for a hand-hold; but the squaw nowadays picks up a long, slender cobble from the brook. The pre-aborigines fought with heavy knives, or swords, carved

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* Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences (for 1873-74) 5: 392-396, 1875.

out of jasper or obsidian, which were, probably, used as daggers rather than swords; that is, the combatants sought to pierce each other with the point, instead of dealing blows with the edge. The Indians of to-day fight with rough stones, such as they pick up, choosing those which are long and sharp-pointed; and their constant aim is to strike each other in the face with the points, just as their predecessors or ancestors probably did with their carved knives. The pre-aborigines made, out of sandstone or other soft stones, a small and almost perfect sphere, as an acorn-sheller; but the squaw nowadays simply selects a smooth cobble from the brook for this purpose. In the collection of A.W. Chase, Esq., of the U.S. Coast Survey, there are spindle whorls of stone, some of them found in mounds made by extinct tribes, and others found amoth the Klamath River Indians and the Nome Lackees, all of which bear a close resemblance; and, in this instance, there is no perceptible deterioration in the workmanship. I strongly suspect, however, if the Indians possessing these implements had been closely questioned, they would have acknowledged that they found them, and did not make them, just as they acknowledge in regard of the superior stone mortars and pestles. That is, they are really indebted to their ancestors for them. Near Freestone, Sonoma County, I saw in possession of its finder, what was probably a spindle whorl of pottery -- the only instance of the kind I know of. In regard to tobacco-pipes, the deterioration is not so manifest, for I have seen soapstone pipes of as handsome workmanship as any obtained from the mounds. But I still think there is deterioration shown, in the fact that the Indians nowadays use so many wooden pipes of the rudest construction; though we have no means of showing that their ancestors did not use equally poor ones, since their wooden pipes, if they had any, have perished. Then again, as to the shell-mounds themselves. I am of opinion that they are merely the accumulations ofa race of men who dived for clams, as the Wintoons of the upper Sacramento do to this day, to a limited extent. In other words, the Wintoons and other tribes are descended from a people who are more energetic and industrious than themselves.

Langsdorff and La Perouse both mention that they saw many Indians with magnificent beards, but now they are almost totally destitute of beards. Whether the ever-increasing drought and dessication of the Pacific Coast, which have swept away the ancient forests, have also destroyed the ancient forests, have also destroyed the beards of the aborigines, is a question I am not competent to determine.

The two "Village Sentinels," as the Eurocs call them, at the mouth of the Klamath, and the human head carved in stone near the Geysers, seem to be relics of a former idolatry; and indeed the legends connected with the latter state that their ancestors were idolaters. Their religion now, if they can be said to have any, is a near approach to fetichism; that is, the worship of animals, such as the coyote, the white owl, the black eagle, etc. Fetichism is a lower form of religion than idolatry.

There are two legends -- one among the Cahrocs of the Klamaths, and one among the Pallegawanaps of Kern River--which, in my opinion, are undoubtedly a

corrupted version of some old zodiac-myth, and therefore point to a remotely semi-civilized origin for their narrators.

I might extend these instances and comparisons, but it is not necessary. The California Indians, like their predecessors, belong unmistakable to the Stone Age; and the fact that they have degenerated from a higher to a lower grade in that age, argues strongly that their ancestors, after crossing the sea, might have degenerated from the Bronze Age or the Iron Age of China.

For this reason, I am disposed to believe that the California Indians have simply deteriorated from what we (perhaps erroneously) call a pre-aboriginal race; and ultimately, from the Chinese. Instances are not wanting where a people have retrograded from civilization almost to barbarism in the course of many centuries. Witness the Fellahs, who are supposed to be descended directly from the ancient Egyptians. China itself, with all its vast populations, has stood still for twenty centuries; and a colony from it wandering into a new land, where the abundance of nature and the genial climate invited them to relax the efforts which a crowded community had necessitated for the maintenance of life, might degenerate to a low point without difficulty. When the Chinese of to-day come to this land of plenty, how poor are the dwellings and implements they construct for themselves, compared with those they used in China. How poor our own, compared with those we made in the East!

I do not forget that the Indians, almost with one accord, attribute these superior stone implements to a race older and other than their own. There is also a Neestenaw legend which cannot be very well explained, except on the supposition of a reference to an earlier race of cannibals, from whom their forefathers suffered grewsome damage. On the other hand, they all insist that their progenitors were created from the soil where they now live (to take all their accounts, there must have been a hundred of these "special creations" in California); so that their legends are not consistent.

The theory of degeneration above advanced, is quite in accord with the climatic changes and the deforestation which have taken place on this coast, even within the historical period. We know, from the statements of Biscayno and other early Spanish explorers, that extensive forests were flourishing near San Diego and Monterey, three hundred years ago, where now there are none. Biscayno says the natives of Santa Catalina Island had large wooden canoes, capable of sea voyages, whereas that island is now comparatively treeless. Fossil remains have been discovered in Southern California and Arizona, which indicate that there were once heavy forests where now are barren, wind-swept plains. Ruins of great walled cities, and large systems of irrigating ditches, in Arizona and New Mexico, on the Gila, Little Colorado, De Chaco, San Juan, and other streams, plainly show that these regions once contained an agricultural population, who were ultimately driven out by the ever-increasing drought and the failure of the streams. The great sequoias, on the high

Sierra, may perhaps, be the last lingerers of a gigantic race of forest trees, which the changed climatic conditions of California have destroyed from the plains.

We know that the deforestation of Babylonia, Assyria, Palestine, and Greece, has been accompanied by a corresponding deterioration of the inhabitants, and it may have been, also, largely the cause of it.

While there is nothing to show that the present race of California Indians are descended from an agricultural people, like the New Mexican Pueblos, there is much to show that their predecessors were superior to them, and that their predecessors were also their ancestors. The California Indians are simply a poor copy of the people whom we usually call pre-aborigines; but the copy follows the original so closely that there can be little doubt that that it is a copy made by transmission.

In New Mexico, there is a large and powerful tribe called the Navajoes. There are good evidences that they are descended from the Hoopaws of this State, and that they have migrated, within comparatively recent times, from the Trinity or the Klamath. Of these evidences I will here mention only one -- the similarity of their numerals, as shown in the following table:

	Hoopaw.	Navajoe.
One	Chlah.	Kli.
Two	Nach.	Nahkee.
Three	Tach.	Tah.
Four	Tinckh.	Dteen.
Five	Chwolch.	Estlahh.
Six	Hostan.	Hostons.
Seven	Ochkit.	Susett.
Eight	Cahnem.	Seepee.
Nine	Nocostah.	Nastyy.
Ten	Minchlah.	Niznahh.

The Navajoes to-day are superior to the Hoopaws, perhaps not in prowess, but certainly in the arts of peace. They possess the arts of weaving and pottery, which the Hoopaws know nothing about; but it is considered probable that they acquired those arts from the Pueblo Indians since their migrations. Hence, the Navajoes offer no argument against the theory of degeneration. If they carried those arts with them from California, they powerfully confirm the theory, so far as the Hoopaws are concerned.

I offer this paper, not as an exhaustive treatise on this subject, but as giving some facts and theories which I hope others, more capable, will work out more fully.

CALIFORNIAN INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS. *

(64)

There are several ideas which the reader who is acquainted only with the Atlantic tribes must divest his mind of, in taking up the study of the Californian Indians. Among them is the idea of the "Great Spirit" for these people are realistic, and seek to personify every thing; also, that of the "Happy Hunting Grounds," for the indolent Californian, reared in his balmy clime, knows nothing of the fierce joy of the Dacotah hunter, but believes in a heaven of Hedonic ease and luxury. The reader must also lay aside the copper color, the haughty aquiline features, and the gorgeous barbaric ornamentation of the person. Our warrior doomed to death shows, indeed, the same stern immobility of feature as the Iroquois or Pawnee, but he has often the physiognomy of the born humorist, with eyes absolutely dancing and sparkling with mischief. The reader must lay aside the gory scalp-lock (for the most part), the torture of the captive at the stake, the red war-paint of terrible import (the Californians used black), the tomahawk, the totem, and the calumet.

It is a humble and lowly race which we approach, one of the lowest on earth; but I am greatly mistaken if the history of their lives does not teach a more wholesome and salutary lesson -- a lesson of ways of barbaric plenty and providence, of simple pleasure, and of the capacities of unprogressive savagery to fill out the measure of human happiness, and to mass dense populations -- than may be learned from the more romantic story of the Algonquins. Perhaps it is too much to ask anyone to believe that there are regions of California which supported more Indians than they ever will White men. But if those who peruse this paper shall lay it aside, with the conviction that the cause of our savage's extinction does <u>not</u> "lie within the savage himself," and that the White man does <u>not</u> come to "take the place which the aborigines have practically vacated," I shall be content. Civilization is a great deal better than savagry; but in order to demonstrate that fact it is not necessary to assert, Wood does in his great work, <u>Uncivilized Races of Men</u>, that savagery was accommodatingly destroying itself while yet the White man was afar off. Ranker heresy never was uttered, at least so far as the Californian Indians are concerned. It is not well to seek to shift upon the shoulders of the Almighty (through the savages whom He made) the burden of the responsibility which attaches to our own race. Let it not be thought that this article will attempt to gloze or to conceal anything in the character or conduct of the aborigines. While they had fewer vices than our own race, they committed more frequently the blackest of crimes. Revenge, treacher, cruelty, assassination -- these are the dark side of their life; <u>but in this category there was nothing ever perpetrated by the Californian Indians which has not been matched by acts of individual frontiersmen.</u> This I can substantiate by the voluntary and even exulting admissions of dozens of the latter themselves. As above remarked, the torture of captives was not one of their customs. Infanticide was probably more frequent than among us, being almost always

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* Overland Monthly, Vol. 14, No. 4, pp. 297-309, 1875.

practiced in the case of twins, and often in the case of a very young infant being left motherless; but we must judge them leniently for this, as they knew nothing of any artificial means of nourishment. Their occasional parricide, done in cold blood, but often at the instance of the decrepit parents themselves, stands perhaps without a parallel with us.

There are seven distinct styles of wigwams found in California, made by different tribes, according as one kind of material or another is more abundant in a given locality. Wood, earth, and different sorts of thatch are the materials employed. In wooded regions, poles, puncheons, and the great slabs of bark furnished by certain trees are used, and the structure (except on the Klamath River and Clear Lake) bears a general resemblance to the traditional Indian wigwam; but on the vast treeless plains they use only enough timber to make a rude frame-work, and this is covered with a heavy layer of earth, dome-shaped. In a house of this kind a mere handful of twigs or grass will heat the atmosphere comfortably all day. The tribes that live in thatch - huts generally burn them every year to destroy the vermin. As soon as the dry season sets in most Indians quit their warmer habitations, having to fear from rain, and live in wickiups, which are brush-wood booths -- often nothing but a flat roof without sides. These are situated upon little knolls close beside the few living streams; and here they live a delightful, free-and-easy, joyous, indolent life through the long, cloudless summer, roving along the creek in the deep shade of the willows, gathering roots and berries, or spearing salmon, or lying prone in the shade of some great live-oak and drowsing their idle lives away. Although the Californian Indians probably lived as peaceably together as any tribes on the continent, they were careful to place their camps or villages as to prevent surprise. In the mountains they generally selected a sheltered open cove, where an enemy could not easily approach within bow-shot without being discovered, and where there was a knoll in the cove to afford good drainage in the drenching rains of winter. The Piutes of Nevada made their camps on hill-tops, compelling the squaws to bring up water in willow jugs; and Kit Carson used to say that the reason so many emigrants were killed in early days was because they would camp by the water, where the savages could pounce down upon them. But the Californians were either more considerate for their squaws, or less fearful of their enemies.

A few words will suffice to describe one of these knoll-built hamlets in the foot-hills. In front is the stream, whose bed is a dense jungle of willows and aquatic weeds; while back of the village the low rounded hills spread away in the arid sweltering air, tawny-colored and crisped in the pitiless drought, with here and there a wisp of faded poison-oak, or a clump of evergreen chaparral, or a low, leaden-green, thin-haired silver-pine, scarcely able to cast a shadow in the blinding glare of a Californian summer. Crowning the knoll the dome-shaped dance-house swells broadly up -- a barbaric temple and hot air bath in one -- in the middle of the hamlet, and an Indian is occasionally seen crawling on all-fours into or out of the low arched entrance; hard by which stands a solitary white-oak that swings its circling shadow

over the village. Half-a-dozen conical smoke-blackened lodges are scattered over the knoll, each with its open side on the north to protect the inmates from the sunshine; and rude wickiups stretch raggedly from one to another, or are thrown out as wings on either side. One or more acorn-granaries of wicker-work stand round each lodge, much like hogsheads in shape and size, either on the ground or mounted on posts as high as one's head -- full of acorns and capped with thatch.

Drowse, drowse, mope, is the order of the hour. All through the long hot days there is not a sound in the hamlet, unless it is the eternal thump, thump, of some squaw pounding acorns. Within the heavily earthed dance-house it is cool and dark, and here the men lie on the earth-floor, with their heads pillowed on the low bank round the sides; but the women do not enter, for it is forbidden to them to go in except on festival days. They and the children find the coolest places they can outside. While the belles of the camp are sleeping off the effects of the last dance, the old crones are condemned to that one unceasing toil of the Californian squaw, pounding of acorns; and they may be seen in the hottest weather sitting bareheaded on top of some great rock, lifting the heavy stone pestle in both hands hour after hour. When night comes on -- cool, clear, and delicious -- likely as not the whole camp will dance all night, for they are as nocturnal in their activities as Negroes.

In physique, as above remarked, they differ materially from the traditional Algonquin type. The figure is a trifle shorter and stouter, especially in youth; the color is not coppery, but varies from yellow and hazel to dark brown and even jet black. The nose lacks the bold aquiline curve, but is depressed, and issues from the face almost on a line with the pupils of the eyes, so that if an Indian should wear spectacles the glasses would have to be connected by a straight bar.

Physically the Californian Indians are superior to the Chinese. There is no better proof of this than the wages they receive, for in a free and open market like ours a thing will always eventually fetch what it is worth. Chinamen on the railway receive $1, and their board -- the whole equal to $1.25 or $1.50. But on the northern ranches the Indian has $1.50 or $2 a day and his board, or $1 a day when employed by the year. Farmers trust Indians with valuable teams and complicated agricultural machinery far more than they do the Chinese; they often admit them to their own table, but never a Chinaman. And the Indians endures the hot and heavy work of the ranch better than even the Canton Chinaman, who comes from a hot climate, but wants an umbrella over his head. In a square stand-up fight the Indian will thrash the Mongol's head off. In short, he has a better body every way you take him. The valley Indians are more willing to labor and are more moral than the mountain Indians, because the latter have better opportunities to hunt game, and can pick up small change and old clothes about the mining camps.

There is a common belief among the prejudiced and ignorant that the Indians are such enormous eaters as to overbalance their superior value as laborers over the

their superior value as laborers over the Chinese. This is untrue. It is the almost universal testimony of those who have employed them and observed their habits to any purpose, that when they first come in from the rancheria, with their stomachs distended from eating the innutritious aboriginal food, for a day or two they eat voraciously until they become sated on our richer diet; and after that they consume no more than an American performing the same labor.

I am inclined to attribute something of the mental weakness of the Californian aborigines to the excessive amount of fish which they consumed in their native state. It is generally accounted that fish is rich in brain-food, but it is an indisputable fact that the grossest superstitions and lowest intellects in the race are found along the sea-coast.

Another erroneous impression generally prevails among Americans as to their physique, because they have seen only the wretched remnants of the race, the inferior lowlanders, whereas the nobler and more valorous mountaineers were early cut off. I have seen many hundreds of them, and I should estimate the average weight of the adult male at 145 pounds, and the height at five feet six inches. Old pioneers, especially on the upper waters of the Trinity and the higher foot-hills of the Sierra, have fequently spoken with enthusiasm of giants whom they had seen in early days, weighing 180, 200, even 250 pounds; tall, fine fellows, not gross, but sinewy; magnificent specimens of free and fighting men. On the other hand, the desiccation of body in old age, especially in the women, is something phenomenal. In a wigwam near Temecula I have seen an aged man who certainly would not have weighed over fifty pounds, so extraordinarily was he wasted and shrunken. Many others have nearly equaled him. This fact accounts for the repulsively wrinkled appearance of the aged -- that which has made them odious in the eyes of superficial writers and fastidious tourists. There is probably no other race so excessively fat in youth, and so wasted in old age.

Although they are filthy in their personal habits, yet of the many hundreds I have seen there was not one who still observed the aboriginal mode of life that had not beautiful white teeth and a sweet breath. This is doubtless due to the fact that, before they became civilized, they ate their food cold. When they learn to drink hot coffee and eat hot bread, they are liable to toothache and offensive breath, like ourselves. There is another singular and apparently paradoxical fact about their habits of body. Though so generally uncleanly about their lodges and clothing, there is no people, unless it was the ancient Romans, who bathe oftener than they. Their hot-air bath is the same thing as the Turkish bath; only the one is luxury of savages and the other of Sybarites. They were almost amphibious, and rival the Kankas yet in their capacity to endure prolonged submergence. They had no clothing to put off and on, and they were always splashing in the water. They never neglected the cold morning bath, and many do not to this day, although pestered with clothing. And never, since the fatal hour when Adam and Eve tied about them the fig-leaves in Eden, has clothing been a

symbol so freighted with evil import as to these people. On excessively hot days they would lay off the miserable rags which hampered and galled their limbs; and then would come colds, coughs, croups, and quick comsumption, which swept them off by thousands.

It has been said that the two cardinal tests of national greatness are war and women -- prowess in one, and progress in the other. Tested by this standard, the Californian Indians seem to fall short. They certainly were not a martial race, as is shown by the total absence of the shield, and the extreme paucity of their warlike weapons, which consisted only of bows and arrows, very rude spears, and stones and clubs picked up on the battle-field. It is unjust to them to compare their war-record with that of the Algonquins. Let it not be forgotten that these latter tribes gained their reputation for valor, such as it is, through two long and bloody centuries, wherein they contended, almost always in superior force, with weak border settlements, hampered with families and enfeebled by the malarial fevers which always beset new openings in the forest. Let it be remembered, on the other hand, after the republic had matured its vast strength and developed its magnificent resources, it poured out higher a hundred thousand of the picked young men of the nation, unencumbered with women and children, armed with the deadliest weapons of modern invention, and animated with that fierce energy which the boundless lust for gold inspired in the Americans; pitting them against a race reared in an indolent climate, and in a land where there was scarcely even wood for weapons. They were, one might almost say, blown into the air by the suddenness and the fierceness of the explosion. Never before in history has a people been swept away with such terrible swiftness, or so appalled into utter and unwhispering silence forever and forever, as were the Californian Indians by those hundred thousand of the best blood of the nation. They were struck dumb; they fled from all the streams, and camped in the inaccessible hills, where the miners would have no temptation to follow them; they crouched in terror under the walls of the garrisoned forts, or gathered round the old pioneers, who had lived among them and now shielded them from the miners as well as they could. If they remained in their villages, and a party of miners came up, they prostrated themselves on the ground and allowed them to trample on their bodies, to show how absolute was their submission. And well they might. If they complained audibly that the miners muddied the streams so that they could not see to spear salmon, or stole a pack-mule, in less than twenty days there might not be a soul of the tribe living.

It is not to this record that we should go, but rather back to those manuscript histories of the old Spaniards, every whit as brave and as adventurous as ourselves, who for two generations battled often and gallantly with, and were frequently disasterously beaten by, "los bravos Indios," as the devout chroniclers of the Missions were forced against their will to call them. The pioneer Spaniards relate that at the first sight of horsemen they would flee and conceal themselves in great terror; but this was an unaccustomed spectacle, which might have appalled stouter hearts than theirs; and this fact is not to be taken as a criterion of their courage. It is true also that their

battles among themselves, more especially among the lowlanders of the interior -- battles generally fought by appointment on the open plain -- were characterized by a good deal of puerile kind of thumping, hustling, and beating, or shooting at long range, accompanied with much voluble Homeric cursing; but the brave mountaineers of the Coast Range inflicted on the Spaniards many a terrible beating. It is only necessary to mention the names of Marin, Sonoma, Quintin, Solano, Colorado, Calpello, Captain Jack, and the stubborn fights of the Big Plains, around Blue Rock, at Bloody Rock, on Eel River, and on the middle Trinity, to recall to memory some heroic episodes. And it is much to the credit of the Californian Indians, and not at all to be set down to the account of cowardice, that they did not indulge in that fiendish cruelty of torture which the Algonquin races practiced on pr isoners of war. They did not generally make slaves of female captives, but destroyed them at once.

But if on the first count they must be allowed to rank rather inferior, on the second I think they were superior to the Algonquin races, as also to the Oregon Indians. For the very reason that they wer not a martial race, but rather peaceable, domestic, fond of social dances, and well provisioned (for savages), they did not make such abject slaves of the women, were far less addicted to polygamy (the Klamaths were monogamists), and consequently shared the work of squaws more than did the Atlantic Indians. The husband always builds the lodge; catches the fish and game, and brings it home; assists liberally in gathering acorns and berries, and brings in a considerable portion of the fuel. He good-naturedly tends the baby for hours together, and in fact "helps about the house" just about as much as the average Western farmer, and if the squaws only had mills for grinding acor -- their one incessant labor -- their lot would be no harder than that of the American frontiersman's wife, except when moving camp. The young boy is never taught to pierce his mother's flesh with an arrow, to show him his superiority over her, as among the Apaches and Iroquois; though he afterward slays his wife or mother-in-law, especially the latter, if angry, with very little compunction. There is one fact more significant than any other, and that is the almost universal prevalence, under various forms, of a kind of secret league among men, and the practice of diabolical orgies, for the purpose of terrorizing the women into obedience. It shows how they were continually struggling up toward equality, and what desperate expedients their lords were compelled to resort to, to keep them in due subjection.

The total absence of barbarous and bloody initiations of young men into secret societies, was a good feature of their life. They show sufficient capacity to endure prolonged and even severe self-imposed penances or ordeals, but these seldom take any other form than fasting, and that principally among the northern tribes. In their liability to intense religious frenzy, or rather, perhaps, a mere nervous exaltation resulting from their passionate devotion to the dance, they equal the African races. The same religious bent of mind reveals itself in the strange crooning chants which they intone while gambling.

As they were not a race of warriors, so they were not a race of hunters.

They have extremely few weapons of the chase, but develop extraordinary ingenuity in making a multitude of snares, traps, etc. At least four-fifths of their diet was derived from the vegetable kingdom.

If there is one great and fatal weakness in the Californian Indians, it is their lack of breadth and strength of character; hence their incapacity to organize wide-reaching, powerful, federative governments. They are infinitely cunning, shrewd, selfish, intriguing; but they are quite lacking in grasp, in vigor, and boldness. Since they have mingled with Americans they have developed a Chinese imitativeness; and they take rapidly to the small uses of civilization; but they have no large force, no inventiveness. On the reservations the children learn so quickly to sing Sunday-school songs and to print or write letters, that one wonders they had no system of hieroglyphics. Their history is deficient in mighty captains and great orators. But I venture the assertion that no Indians on the continent have learned to copy after civilization in so short a time. I shall give a few instances. Shasta Frank, a Wintoon, born and bred a savage, was a perfect gentleman in the neatness and elegance of his dress, in his manner, and in his speech. For instance, having inadvertently said "setting," he instantly corrected himself with "sitting." He gave me a brief account of his language, which delighted me by its accuracy, clearness, and philosophic insight. I was told of another Wintoon who had become a book-keeper, and was getting a good salary as such. Matilda, a Modoc woman, living in the wildest regions of the frontier, showed me a portfolio of sketches, made by herself with a common pencil on letter envelopes and such casual scraps of paper, which were really remarkable for their correctness. She would strike off at first sight an American, an Englishman, a German, a Chinaman, or any odd or eccentric face she chanced to see, with a fidelity and expressiveness that were quite amusing. On the Tule River Reservation the squaws learned to make lace and embroidery, and once when the Government annuity goods were brought, they turned from them with contempt and disgust. The pioneers acknowledge that they speedily acquire a subtleness in cheating at cards which outwits themselves, and would have done honor to Ah Sin.

There is a curious feature of aboriginal character which is manifested more particularly in their games. An Indian seems to be very little chagrined by defeat. I have often watched young men and boys, both in native and American games, and have never failed to remark that singularly careless good-nature with which everything is carried forward. American boys will contend strenously and even fight for nice points in the game, down to a finger's breadth in the position of a marble; but Indian youths are gaily indifferent, jolly, easy, and never quarrel. They appear to be just as well pleased and they laugh just as heartily when beaten as when victorious. Everything goes on with a limp and jelly-like hilarity which makes it extremely stupid to an American to watch their contests very long. When engaged in an athletic game, it is true they exert themselves to their utmost and accomplish truly wonderful feats of and bottom; but they do all this purely for the physical enjoyment, not for the joy of conquest at all, as far as anybody can perceive. They never brag, never exult. An

Indian will gamble twenty hours at a sitting, losing piece after piece of his property, to his last shirt, and emerge naked as he was born; yet he exhibits no concern; he passed through it all and comes out with the same easy stoicism. There is not a tremor in his voice, not a muscle quivers, his face never blanches; when he takes off the shirt his laugh is just as vacuously cheerful and untainted with bitterness as it was when he began. He borrows another, throws himself on his face, and in five minutes he sleeps the untroubled, dreamless sleep of an infant. It is difficult for a White man to comprehend how one can be so absorbed in the process and so indifferent to the result.

They have another notable defect in their character -- a lack of poetry, of romance. Though a very joyous and blithe-hearted race, they are patient, plodding, and prosaic to a degree. This is shown in their names, personal and geographical, the great majority of which mean nothing at all, and when they do have a signification it is of the plainest kind. The burden of their whole traditional literature consists of petty fables about animals, though some of these display a quaint humor and an aptness that would not do discredit to AEsop. And it must always be borne in mind that they are forbidden by their religious ideas to speak of the dead, which fact may partly account for the almost total lack of human interest in their legends.

There are not wanting instances which show that they have a sense of humor which the grave taciturn Algonquin did not possess. The Neeshenams, of Bear River, have several cant or slang names for the Americans, which they use among themselves with great glee. One is the word boh, "road" -- hence perhaps derivatively, "road-maker," or "roadster" -- which they apply to us in a humorous sense because we make so many roads, which to the light-footed Indian seems very absurd, indeed. Perhaps as common an appellation as any is choopup, "red" or "red-faced." Here we have a reversal of the traditional "pale-face" of the Eastern dime-novel. But the name they give us that amuses them most is wohah, which is formed from the "whoa-haw" which they heard the early immigrants use so much in driving their oxen. Let an Indian see an American coming up the road and cry out to his fellows, "There comes a wohah," at the same time swinging his arm as if driving oxen, and it will produce convulsive laughter. A Chinaman they call choly-ee, which means "shaved head." I have seen women laugh until the tears rolled down their cheeks at an American trying to speak their language.

Felicitously characteristic of one feature of Indian life, as well as humorous in itself, was the remark of an observing old man: "Injun make a little fire and set close to him; White man make a big fire and set 'way off."

Frequently their humor is of the kind that may be called unconscious, and is not the less pleasing on that account. At a "big cry," or annual mourning for the dead, I have seen them stand and lift up their voices like sand-hill cranes with great lamentation, then calmly sit down with dry eyes and smoke a cigarette, after finishing which they began again da capo.

They are great thieves, whenever it is safe to be so. Like ill-mannered White people -- to use the mildest phrasing -- they are fond of borrowing small articles -- knives, pipes, pencils, and the like -- which they will presently insert into their pockets, hoping the owner may forget to ask for them. One means of protection which old pioneers advised me to take, was, in journeying anywhither, always to keep at my tongue's-end the names of several prominent citizens of the vicinity, to impress the savages with the belief that I was well acquainted there, had plenty of friends, and ample means of redress if they did me any wrong. They are strongly attached to their homes, and they have learned by tough experience, that if they commit any thievery it will be the worse for them, and that it will go hard but the Whites will burn their rancherias and requite the stealing double. Hence they are proverbially honest in their own neighborhood; but a stranger in the gates who seems to be without friends may lose the very blankets off him in the night. They resemble the fox, which never steals near its nest.

The northern tribes, resembling rather the Oregon Indians, are much the most miserly, and given to hoarding up treasures -- shell-money, white deer-skins, and the like -- which, when not burned with their bodies, they bequeath by nuncupative will to their children; and they never do the smallest service for an American without expecting payment. I have known them even refuse to give the numerals and other words in their language unless paid for it. The southern Californian tribes never drive such petty bargains as this.

The government which originally prevailed among them may be called the rule of the gift-givers. Except among the tribes north of Mount Shasta, prowess counts for little, while wealth and family influence are towers of strength. The origin of government is something like this: We shall suppose there is a secession, and a village springs into independent existence. A large round dance-house is built, and the prominent men entertain their friends in it in a succession of feasts, which are very bald affairs so far as the viands are concerned. They make presents to their followers according to their wealth -- shell-money, bows and arrows, etc. Always at these gatherings there is a great deal of petty bickering and quarreling. The more earnest and grave old men of the tribe notice these matters; they observe the aspirant whose personal influence is most successful in keeping order among the young fellows. He is finally pitched on as the leader, and on a certain day he is informally proclaimed in the dance-house, and makes a talk to them, wearing or displaying all his beadery. If he has not enough to enable him to make a suitable appearance, his freinds lend him a few strings, and they are returned to them after the proclamation. But his powers are extremely limited, for these Indians are quite democratic. He can proclaim, with the old Roman pretor, do dico, but he can not add addico; he can state the law or the custom and give his opinion, but he can seldom, if ever, pronounce judgement. There is much clannishness among them, especially in the northern part of the State, resulting in fierce and wasting family or tribal feuds; in the south there are not so many bloody vendettas, but a great deal of a less fatal kind of quarreling.

Though not by any means a warlike people, and therefore generally laying very little stress on the taking of scalps or the torture of captives, they have the usual treachery, revengefulness, and capacity for rancorous hate of all savages. I know of an instance where a girl lost her mother, brother, aunt, and cousin, all murdered at various times by members of her own tribe, and that before they became acquainted with Americans, and while they were living in "primitive innocence." There are individual Indians who have so refined upon the art of retaliation as to hold that the terriblest of all revenges is, not to slay the one himself, but rather his dearest relation or friend. But there is some mitigation to these savage horrors in the fact that many tribes have a kind of statute of limitations, which forbids the avenging of blood after the lapse of a year.

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary by false friends and weak maundering philanthropists, the Californian Indians are a grossly licentious race; none more so, perhaps. There is no word in all the languages I have examined that has the meaning of "mercenary prostitute," because such a creature was unknown to them; but among the unmarried of both sexes there is very little or no restraint. And this freedom is so much a matter of course that there is no reproach attaching to it, so that their young women are notable for their modest and child-like demeanor. If a married woman, however, is seen even walking in the forest with another man than her husband, she is chastised by him; a repetition of the offense is generally visited with speedy death. Brothers and sisters scrupulously avoid living alone together. A mother-in-law is not allowed to live alone with her son-in-law, etc. To the Indian's mind the opportunity of evil implies the commission of evil; he can not comprehend the case of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, or else he is totally incredulous. Many tribes discountenance the intermarriage of cousins, which they say is "poison."

But while they thus carefully avoid the appearance of evil, the daily conversation of most of them, even in the presence of their wives and children, is as foul as that of the lowest White men when alone together. It is a marvel that their children grow up with any virtue whatever. Yet they far less often make shipwreck of body and soul than do the children of the civilized, because when the great mystery of maturity confronts them, they know what it means and how to meet it. Marriage frequently takes place at the age of twelve or fourteen. Parents desire to marry their children young to remove them from temptation, and they willingly provide them with food for a year or two, sometimes even longer, so that they have a more real honeymoon than most civilized couples. Since the advent of the Americans the husband often traffics in his wife's honor for gain, and even forces her to infamy when she is unwilling, though in the early days he would have slain her, without pity and without remorse, for the same offense.

In making the following assertion, I do so aware that it may be stoutly challenged. With the exception, perhaps, of a few tribes in the northern part of the State, I am thoroughly convinced that a great majority of the Californian Indians had

no conception whatever of a Supreme Being. True, nearly all of them now speak of a Great Man, the Old Man Above, the Great One Above, and the like; but they have the word, and nothing more. This is manifestly a modern graft upon their ideas, because this being takes no part or lot in their affairs, is never mentioned in the real and genuine aboriginal mythology or cosmogony, creates nothing, upholds nothing. They all believe in a future state, but there is no conception of a God involved in their Happy Western Land. They have heard of the White man's God, and some have taken enough trouble in the matter to translate His name into their own language, as Pokoh, Loosh, Sha, Comoose, Kemmysalto, etc., but with that their interest ceases. It is an ideal not assimilated, and to become assimilated the whole of their ancient system of legends would have to be overthrown. By long acquaintance one may become so familiar with even a Californian Indian as to be able to penetrate his most secret ideas; yet when you ask him to give some account of this being, he can tell nothing, because he knows nothing. "He is the Big Man Above" -- that is the extent of his knowledge. But ask him to tell you about the creation of the world, of man, of fire, and of the animals, and his interest is aroused; instantly this fabulous being disappears, and the coyote comes forward. The coyote did everything. That is what his father told him, and his father's father told him. If this Great Man had any existence in early days, why does He not appear sometimes in the real aboriginal legends? Not once does he appear. It is no argument against this theory that these names of the Supreme Being above given are pure Indian words. There are pure Indian words in many languages for such terms as "wheat," "rye," "iron," "gun," "ox," "horse," and twenty other things which they never heard of until they saw Europeans. They are very quick to invent names for new objects. Therefore, I affirm, without hesitation, that there is no Indian equivalent for God, not even an idol. There are numerous spirits, chiefly bad, some in human form, some dwelling in beasts and birds, having names which they generally refuse to reveal to mortals, and haunting chiefly the hills and forests, sometimes remaining in the Happy Western Land. Some of these spirits are those of wicked Indians returned to earth; others appear to be self-existent. There are great and potent spirits, bearing rule over many of their kind; and there are inferiors. There is a Great Spirit (haylin kakeeny, in the Neeshenam language), but he is no such being as the Great Spirit of the Algonquins; he is simple a king over the imps. All these spirits are to be propitiated, and their wrath averted. There is not one in a thousand from whom the Indians expect any active assistance; if they can only secure their non-interference, all will go well. To the Californian Indian, great Nature is kindly in her moods, and workings, but these malign spirits constantly thwart her beneficent designs, and bring trouble upon her children. Nature was the Indian's god, the only god he knew; and the coyote was his minister. This cunning beast made the world and all that therein is.

Most, though not all, tribes of the Californians practice cremation, and they believe that the liberated spirit ascends in the smoke of the funeral pyre to dwell forever in the Happy Western Land. They have a rooted aversion to burial, because they hold that the soul can not be freed from its earthly tabernacle except by fire; hence the greatest insult they can offer to a dead person or his friends is to "hole" him. Sometimes the scenes which occur at these burnings are hideous, awful, and appalling

beyond description; as when, dancing with demoniac ululations round the fire, they pierce the seething, blistering corpse with poles to facilitate the egress of the spirit. Many tribes have an annual mourning in honor of the dead, during which they burn various articles -- clothing, food, baskets, etc. -- which they think are wafted to their departed friends in the ascending smoke.

In his admirable work, Uncivilized Races of Men, Mr. J.G. Wood says: "I have already shown that we can introduce no vice in which the savage is not profoundly versed, and feel sure that the cause of extinction lies within the savage himself, and ought not to be attributed to the White man, who comes to take the place which the savage has practically vacated." Of other savages I am not prepared to speak, but of the Californians this is untrue. They smoked tobacco only to a very limited extent, never chewed it, and were never drunk, because they had no artificial beverage except Manzanita cider, and that in extremely limited quantities, unfermented, for a brief season of the year. They had the vice of gambling much more than we, but as shown above, it had no injurious effect on their health. Great and violent paroxysms of anger were almost unknown; they made no such senseless use as we do of ice-water, and of hot, heavy, and strongly seasoned food. They had not even the vice of gluttony, except after an enforced fast, which was seldom, because their plain and simple food was easily procured and kept in stores. Licentiousness was universal, but mercenary prostitution was absolutely unknown; hence there were none of those appalling maladies which destroyed so many thousands on their first acquaintance with Americans.

Next, as to the second part of his remark, that the White man "comes to take the place which the savage has practically vacated." Let us see to what extent the Indians had "vacated" California before the Americans came. Government statistics show that there were sixty-seven and a half Indians to the square mile for forty miles along the lower Klamath in 1870. Before the Whites came doubtless there were 100, but we shall take the former figure. Let us suppose there were 6,000 miles of streams in the State yielding salmon; that would give a population of 405,000. In all oak forests acorns yielded at least four-seventh of their subsistence, fish perhaps two-sevenths; on the treeless plains the proportion of fish was considerably larger, and various seeds supplied the place of acorns. There are far more acorns in the Sierra and Coast Range than on the Klamath, and all the interior rivers formerly yielded salmon nearly as abundantly as that river. I think 300,000 might be added to the above figure, in consideration of the greater fertility of central and southern California; this would give 705,000 Indians in the entire State.

Let us take certain limited areas. The pioneers estimate the aboriginal population of Round Valley, when they first visited it, all the way from 5,000 (Kelsey) to 20,000 (Potter). One thousand White people in it would be considered a very fair population, if indeed it did not crowd it; there are not above 450 in it yet. Mr. Christy estimates that there were from 300 to 500 Indians in Coyote Valley, near Ukiah; now there are eight White families there, and they think they have none too much elbow-room.

General Bidwell stated to me that in 1849 there were at least 1,000 souls in the village of the Corusies (Colusa). Mr. Robinson pointed out to me the site of a village on Van Dusen's Fork, which he thought contained 1,000 people in 1850. Several other instances might be adduced, if necessary. I saw enough in California to convince me that there is many a valley which once contained more Indians than it will of Whites for the next century at least. The aborigines drew their supplies from wide areas of mast -bearing forest and the wonderful abundance of the streams; the Whites depend chiefly on the valley itself; hence, on the wide unwatered plains, now yielding vast quantities of cereals under cultivation, the mass of the civilized population will be, whereas the natives found their choicest spots in the forest-locked valleys.

The very prevalence of the aboriginal crime of infanticide points to an over-fruitfulness and an overpopulation.

That they were equal to Europeans in steady, bread-winning strength, nobody claims, for they lived largely on vegetable food, and that of a quality inferior to bread and beans. But as athletes they were superior, and they were emphatically a healthy, long-lived race; at least, there were and are many who attain a great age. In trials of skill they used to shoot arrows a quarter of a mile, or drive them a half-inch into a green oak. I knew a herald on the upper Sacramento to run about fifty miles between ten or eleven o'clock and sunrise in September; another in Long Valley, near Clear Lake, ran about twelve miles in a little over an hour. The strength of their lungs is shown by the fact that they will remain under water twice as long as a White man in diving for mussels, or for gravel in the gold-bearing rivers. The extraordinary treatment their women undergo in childbirth at the hands of the midwives shows remarkable endurance. No White person can dance, as they do, all night for days together, sometimes for weeks. Their uniformly sweet breath and beautiful white teeth (so long as they continue to live in the aboriginal way) are evidences of good health. Smoked fish and jerked venison are eaten without further preparation, and there is a considerable amount of green stuff consumed raw in the spring; but four-fifths of their food is cooked and then eaten cold. An Indian is as irregular in his times of eating as a horse or an ox, which may have an injurious effect on his health, or it may not. If an Indian can keep free from disease he lasts a long time; but when disease gets hold of him he goes off pretty easy, for their medicines amount to nothing. True, they were subject at times to frightful pestilences, as that of 1833, which destroyed a great portion of the inhabitants of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; but they rapidly repopulated the waste ground, for, twenty years later, General Fremont and Captain Sutter found tens of thousands there to fight or to feed.

But, after all, let no romantic reader be deceived, and long to escape from the hollow mockeries and the vain pomps and ambitions of civilization, and mingle in the free wild life of the savage. It is one of the greatest delusions that ever existed. Of all vacuous, droning, dreary lives that ever the mind of man conceived, this is the chief. To spend days, weeks, and months in doing nothing -- absolutely nothing! To

pass long hours in silence, so saturated with sleep that one can sleep no more, sitting and brushing off the flies! Kindly Nature, what beneficence thou hast displayed in endowing the savage with the illimitable power of doing nothing, and of being happy in doing it! Savages are not more sociable and talkative than civilized people, but less so; they talk very fast when some matter excites them, but for the most part they are lethargic and silent. I lived nearly two years in sufficient proximity to them, and I give it as the result of my deliberate and extended observations that they sleep -- day and night together -- from fourteen to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Their necessities are as great now as in ancient times, if not greater; hence it is fair to presume that they are following out their aboriginal habits.

My romantic friends, let us go to bed.

CENTENNIAL MISSION TO THE INDIANS OF WESTERN NEVADA AND CALIFORNIA. *

Itinerary.

Under date of August 21, 1875, I was appointed by the Honorable Secretary of the Interior a "special commissioner to make a collection of Indian manufactures, &c., illustrative of Indian life, character, and habits on the eastern slope of the Sierras and also in California, for the Centennial Exhibition of 1876." (65)

Proceeding on my mission as soon as possible, I arrived at Pyramid Lake Indian reservation, Nevada, September 19, 1875, and remained there four days. This reservation is in charge of the Rev. C.A. Bateman, of the Baptist Church, and contains about 700 Indians, most of whom were absent, by permission, collecting articles of aboriginal food, principally pine-nuts. The reservation, aside from the desert wastes, contains about 1,500 acres of irrigable land at the head of the lake. The soil is of a light, sandy character, and is difficult of irrigation, on account of the length of the ditch required, and the consequent evaporation and seepage of the water.

The Indians on this reservation belong to the nation commonly known as the Piutes, (they pronounce it in three syllables, Pi-u-tes;) but in their own language this branch of them is known as "Cooyuweeweit," from cooyuwee, a species of sucker which formerly constituted their principal food-supply. They were not an aggressively warlike race, though in an early day they gave the white settlers considerable trouble, and fought with them some bloody battles. They lived in conical-shaped lodges, constructed of tule and bound with willow wands; they also made of the same material rude rafts, consisting of three bundles of tule lashed firmly together, with which they navigated the lake for fishing purposes. They caught fish with nets of milkweed fiber, with hooks of bone and greasewood fastened to throw-lines, and with bone or horn spears, principally with the latter. To this day the quantity of fish which they take by the latter means is sometimes remarkable. I saw two Indians come in with two large horse-loads, at least 200 pounds, the product of twenty-four hours' labor. In winter Wadsworth affords a ready market for all the fish offered, and a single Indian has been known to sell $25 worth of fish per day for a short time. They were good hunters; but their bows and arrows (partly owing to lack of material) are decidedly inferior to those of the California Indians. They caught a great many hares with nets; and they ate ground-squirrels and ground-hogs; also grasshoppers, crickets, and some other species of insects. I also collected about twenty kinds of seeds and roots which they consumed in their season. The suckers from the lake constituted certainly one-half of their food, game perhaps a quarter, and vegetable products, principally pine-nuts, another quarter.

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* Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution (for 1876), 1877.

The men wore breech-cloths of rawhide, deer-skin leggings (in winter) reaching to the groins, and moccasins; the women, waisbands or short petticoats of milkweed fiber, moccasins, long deer-skin dresses, (in winter,) and skull-caps of willow-work.

The Piutes are a well-formed race, with bolder features than those of the typical California Indian, noses more prominent at the root, complexion lighter, and less tendency in youth to superfluous fat. Some of them are wonderfully agile dancers. Most of their games are sedentary, and they are all, both men and women, fatuously fond of gambling. They enjoy practical jokes keenly, and some of their games are comical and produce much laughter. The work of their women is less severe than that of the acorn-eating tribes of California, and they always were and still are much more chaste than the latter.

The present condition of the Piutes is not satisfactory. The prevalence of ophthalmia and blindness among them, owing partly to change of habit and food, partly to filth and venereal disease, partly to unknown causes, is alarming and disgusting. The four reservations in Nevada are without a surgeon, while each of the three in California has one. As above noted, many of them earn large amounts of money in the season by catching and selling fish; but professional gamblers of their own race come down from Virginia City and Carson and play cards with them until the greater portion of it is absorbed. The isolation of the reservation prevents bad white men from visiting it to any extent; on the other hand, the few whites owning hay-ranches along the Truckee set them a poor example of thrift and industry, and, as the agent and his subordinates. The enormous amount of sawdust formerly thrown into the Upper Truckee was destructive to the fish; and, on the other hand, the citizens complained that the agent, or the Indians, by his permission, built fish-dams in the river, which totally prevented the fish from ascending from the lake to points where they would be accessible to the settlers. The irrigating appliances have not been managed well; a number of ditches have been constructed or attempted at various times; which began too low down to give the water sufficient elevation to irrigate any considerable amount of territory. Consequently the amount of cereals produced (no vegetables are raised) has been small, and the supply precarious; and the Indians have had to replenish their larders largely from their own resources -- from their earnings in the fisheries or from aboriginal products. I judge that not more than half of their yearly consumption has been produced on the reservation.

Many of these Indians labor willingly for the whites, and they frequently solicit and obtain permission to go off the reserve and hire themselves to the ranchmen about Reno and in Carson Valley, or to work in the lumber-mills and chutes, for which they receive from $1 to $2 or $2.50 a day, according to the season and the emergency. Indeed, a very large proportion of the very small amount of agricultural labor done in Nevada is performed by the Piutes. In the towns and mining camps many are employed in washing clothes or washing dishes. A Piute man dislikes to wash

clothes, but he will wash dishes quite readily.

The disposition of the whites toward these unfortunate people is generally friendly. Indeed, with the indiscriminate generosity characteristic of the Pacific Coast, there is too much readiness to give them cast-off clothing and fragmentary victuals from hotels and restaurants, instead of furnishing them an opportunity of turning an honest penny by labor. Consequently, numbers of them are seen about the streets of most towns in Western Nevada, in a condition of filth and raggedness, incessantly playing cards -- a nuisance and an eyesore.

Hard by, in the suburbs of the town, they have their wretched habitations, consisting chiefly of sage-brush piled up in a circle, and from these they come to town early in the morning, and return at nightfall.

From Pyramid Lake I returned to the railroad, went to Reno, and thence to Susanville, Lassen County, California, arriving there October 6th. There are only a few Indians around this town, and all these belong to Big Meadows and Indian Valley, the aboriginal inhabitants of Honey Lake Valley being now extinct. The line between the Piutes and the California Indians was near the north end of Honey Lake; nowadays the Californians range freely wherever they will, but no Piute dares show himself near Susanville, for, on account of their early atrocities, there are a number of men in the town who have taken an oath to shoot a Piute on sight. The Indians near Susanville are nearly related in language and customs to the tribe living on the Sacramento from Chico to the Cosumnes River, and do not require further description here.

Returning to Reno on the 11th, I remained there and in Carson City three days, to collect articles from the Washoes, though I did not have good success, for they are poor in aboriginal objects. There are a lower race in every respect than the Piutes. They are undoubtedly an offshoot from the California Indians, (being related to them in language,) and colonized Western Nevada by crossing the Sierra from California; but were afterward driven back toward the mountains by the Piutes, who seem to be later arrivals. Their habitat is confined to the Upper Truckee and Carson Rivers, and Lake Tahoe, Sierra Valley, and a few smaller summit valleys north of the latter, though these elevated localities were occupied only in the summer. They were allowed by the Piutes to descend the two rivers for fishing purposes, for a limited season, to a point below their proper boundaries. Although a race of mountaineers, they are darker than the Piutes, shorter in stature, and feebler in a battle. Even in winter they seldom had anything that could be called a house, as they lived in a pile of sage-brush, built up hollow and protected on the windward side with skins and blankets. Along the stream, for fishing purposes, they set willow poles in the ground, bend them over, and covered the frame with thatch.

As to their relations with the whites, the remarks above made of the Piutes apply here. They have no reservation, and there are not over 200 of them, a wretched remnant.

On the 15th I left Virginia City for Walker River reservation, and reached it on the afternoon of the next day. There are about as many Indians on this as on Pyramid Lake reservation, but as it is only a subagency it is under the control of a farmer, Mr. George Frasier, who reports to Rev. C.A. Bateman quarterly. The land on this reserve is almost totally incapable of irrigation; at least nothing in that line is attempted except a small garden, which is cultivated by the post-trader. Neither are there any cattle belonging to the reservation, though a great part of it is grazed over by stock belonging to citizens. Notwithstanding these drawbacks the Indians are in a more satisfactory condition than those at Pyramid Lake; they are less exposed to corrupting influences, and are less diseased, and more contented. They are good hunters, and every autumn after the pine-nut harvest is ended they have a custom of organizing a grand rabbit-hunt or drive, in which nearly the whole tribe participate, and hundreds of hares are caught or shot; their flesh is dried for winter consumption, and the pelts are cut into narrow strips and dried to be made into blankets for winter use. This branch of the Piutes is called "Ahgyweit" or "Ahgy-tecitteh," (trout-eaters,) from ahgy. This fish is a very important article of their food. Pine-nuts rank second in importance. Every tribe has its own pine-nut district, on which it is unlawful for another to encroach; for instance, the Carson River Piutes are entitled to all the pine-nuts on Como Hills; those on Lower Walker River to the product of Pine-nut Valley, &c. They frequently cache their supplies in the gravel of a high knoll or hill; it rains so little in Nevada that they receive no detriment.

In the winter and spring they dwell on the high gravelly headlands or the mesas to excape the flooding of the streams and the gnats and mosquitoes; but toward autumn they are accustomed to remove down to the lowlands and make their rude wickiups of brushwood among the shading willows and cottonwoods.

As I said above, the Piute women are accounted comparatively virtuous. Theft also is not so common as among the California Indians. Frontiersmen relate that if they happened to come upon a white man's camp during his absence they would sit down and patiently await his return, lest, if anything should chance to be missing, their tracks might accuse them and bring them to grief, though innocent.

Returning from Walker River to Virginia City and Carson, on the 25th I left the latter for Lone Pine, in Inyo County, California. On the 27th I reached Independence and remained two days. All the Indians in Owen's River Valley belong to the Piute nation distinctly, though there never was any solidarity or community of feeling in this nation, and the different sections or tribes were sometimes at bitter feud with each other. They have the same general habits as the Piutes of Walker and Pyramid Lakes, but are perhaps somewhat lower in the scale of intelligence and morality. In the case of the Washoes we have a tribe who have crossed the summit of the Sierra Nevada, migrating eastward; but here we find that the Piutes of Inyo County, locally called Monos, (or by the California Indians Monachees,) have crossed the sierra in the opposite direction, and pushed their invasion of California nearly down to the edge of the great San Joaquin

plains.

Among the articles composing their food-supply are the edible worms or larvae found on the shores of Owen's Lake, and which spring from the eggs of a fly belonging to the genus Ephydra, but whose species does not seem to have been yet determined. Some are eaten raw, and are of a rank and oleaginous taste; others are made into soup. Among other things it is said that these Indians formerly ate a kind of mush or panada made from the seeds of the jimson weed, (Datura meteloides,) from which the poison was extracted by long steaming under ground. They also ate snakes of different kinds. The reptile was, while yet alive, impaled lengthwise on a stick and held writhing over the fire until broiled.

I collected here a few fragments of pottery made by a prehistoric race; and there are several inscriptions at different points from Bishop Creek to Owen's Lake, and in the canons east of this lake, reaching within 15 miles of Death Valley, perhaps half a dozen in number, and some of them scattered along several miles on the canon walls. I got a copy of one of them, and Dr. O. Loew, of Lieutenant Wheeler's party, showed me another, in which he thinks he has detected five Chinese characters. In my copy, however, there was nothing of this sort. These inscriptions are said to be largely geographical, depicting rivers, mountains, canons, &c.

After a couple of days in Lone Pine, I left, on the 30th, for Bakersfield, where I arrived November 1st. After a delay of two days, I proceeded to Tule River reservation, reaching it November 4th. I found this reserve in charge of Rev. J. B. Vosburgh, of the Methodist Church, and on it about 300 Indians, classified as Tules, Tejons, and Manaches, (Monachees.) The two first named, as revealed by their language, are substantially the same; the third (of whom I believe there are now none on the reservation) belong to the Piutes. The Tules, living along Tule River, cannot be said to have any general name. Every village has its special designation. The Tejons, living at Fort Tejon, have also a number of villages or camps, but are known as Tinnlinie, (Coyote Holes, the name of the locality). All the Indians from Fresno River to Fort Tejon speak substantially the same language, and are one nation, so far as one can use the word among the California Indians; but they have no solidarity whatever, and, for lack of a comprehensive name, I shall call them "Yokuts" -- a word which denotes people or Indians.

The tribes on King's River construct a peculiar kind of lodge. It is made of tule in the shape of a tent, with two sides to the roof and two gable-ends, and a number of them are set along in a row, side to side, and a continuous awning of brushwood is built along the front. The captain of the band occupies one end lodge, and the medicine-man the other. This sort of a village at a distance bears striking resemblance to a military encampment. This is only where tule is plenty. In the mountains the conical hut of poles or the thatched willow-pole lodge is found.

Acorns constitute the principal staple of their vegetable food. They are gathered in autumn in large quantities and cached on the spot, or in the vicinity of their dwellings in granaries made of wicker-work about the size and shape of a hogs-head, and thatched with grass or tule. These are set in the forks of a tree or on forked stakes planted in the grounds, so as to be above the reach of rodents and other animals. Salmon are caught in the Fresno and San Joaquin with a number of different nets, weirs, bone-spears, &c. A booth is sometimes built over the water and closely roofed in with brushwood so as to be dark, and the fisherman, lying on his face and peering down through a hole, readily sees the fish passing beneath and transfixes it with a spear. In King's River, and in the other streams making into Tulare Lake as well as in the lake, were caught lake-trout, chubs, and suckers. Sometimes in catching fish in a running stream, the fisherman takes a kind of basket-trap in his mouth, and silently floating down the current, catches the fish as they ascend. On the lakes and sloughs, and on lower Kern River, they employed a species of canoe made of tule, with flat triangular bottom and flat sides, with a sharp prow, and about 10 feet long. Their original clothing is almost totally disused, and specimens of it are so difficult to obtain; but it was exceedingly scanty, and consisted chiefly of breech-cloths for both sexes, with hareskin robes for winter-wear or for bedding. In summer the men and children went quite naked.

These Indians have been subject for many years to the influence of the Spanish missions on the coast, and they have acquired from the Mexicans all the arts and tricks of horsemanship, while many of them are skillful vaqueros. The men have learned to make fancy bridles and whips of horse-hair -- girdles, sashes, and the like; and the women execute very beautiful embroidery for shirts and feminine garments; and they look with contempt on some of the coarse annuity goods which are distributed among them. They are housed far better than the Indians of any other California or Nevada reservation, in comfortable, though ill-lighted, structures of adobe, and they have clean-swept floors, clean bedding, with bedsteads to keep them off the ground, plenty of clothing for the climate, and apparently enough to eat. If the reservation belonged to the Government (it is leased) so that it could have, as it has not now, control of the irrigating appliances, these Indians would be very well established; but as it is, they feel restless and uncertain, and do not make as good "improvements" as they would if they felt more sure of their future.

With the industries they have acquired also some of the vices of the Mexicans, and murders are much too frequent on the reservation; the Indians are fond of horse-racing, gambling, and drinking; and in this they are encouraged by bad men in the vicinity, who sell them liquor. Indeed, the sentiment of the whole community is hostile to the reservation rather than other wise, so that the agent cannot procure conviction and punishment for this offense.

Leaving this reservation on the 8th of November, I went to San Francisco, where I was unavoidably delayed until the 17th. Thence I went to Ukiah City,

Mendocino County, and proceeded on to Round Valley reservation, which is under the control of Rev. J. L. Burchard, of the Methodist Church. It is at present inhabited by about 950 Indians. Mr. Burchard, I am happy to state, is a very efficient officer, has a pretty thorough comprehension of the aboriginal nature, and has accomplished reforms and improvements which are quite remarkable. I visited this reservation something like four years ago; and I am consequently enabled to make comparisons and state progress; and I can say that the latter has been very creditable, especially in the department of manners and morals. Mr. Burchard has thoroughly eradicated that most universal and persistent of all savage vices -- gambling; by removal of the garrison, and by his vigorous measures in forbidding the women from visiting town, and bad whites from coming on the reservation, he has greatly abated social vice and the consequent disease; all plural wives have been put away, and most of the Indians have been married by the forms of the church; no profane language is heard, the Sabbath is well observed, and stealing is much less frequent. A church is organized, numbering about 130 members, who are regarded as intelligent and sincere Christians; there are frequent prayer-meetings and Sunday schools, in which the Indians take an active part; there are five men licensed to exhort. The whole reservation has been consolidated into a little confederacy with a form at least of independent government; the chiefs of the tribes constitute a senate, and two delegates from each tribe make up a house of representatives -- both together being "the congress of the Round Valley United States Indian reservation." They meet about once a month, and listen to the reading of, and vote upon, laws for the regulation of their every-day affairs. There is an Indian judge, who hears and summarily disposes of all cased brought before him; also an Indian marshal, who makes arrests and imprisons the culprits according to the findings and sentence of the judge. The Indians take considerable interest in all these proceedings; but whether they would long maintain the church, the Sunday-school, and the "congress," if left to themselves, may well be questioned. Their material condition is not so good as their moral and spiritual. There are very few lumber cabins on the reserve, although the Government owns a saw-mill on it. The majority of them still sleep on the ground, and you will frequently see a good bedstead shoved aside, and the perverse old aborigine making his bed on the earth, as his ancestors did before him. They have not been taught to make floors and chimneys to any considerable extent. Most of the rancherias are built on low ground in the valley, and one at least on an old Indian burying-ground, so that the exhalations are unhealthy and productive of disease. In their native state the Indians, though there was a large population in the valley, always placed their lodges around the edge of it, on the first little bench of the foot-hills, where the atmosphere is salubrious. They would build there now, if it were made convenient for them to do so.

The long-standing differences with the settlers in the vicinity, and the consequent restriction of the area of the reservation, have not a little impaired its usefulness and unsettled the minds of the Indians. They have long been looking forward to the time when they should receive land in severalty, whereon they could build their own houses, cultivate a few acres, keep some stock, and live a somewhat independent

and assured life like white men. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The Indians are unable to comprehend the intricate and complicated processes of government; and they do not understand, when they were promised land so long ago, why the Great Father does not take it away from the citizens and give it to them; and they are weary and sick of hearing promises which are never fulfilled. Nothing but the strong influence of Agent Burchard over them, and the faith and courage of the more intelligent among them, have succeeded in preventing ourbreaks and collisions between the Indians and the trespassing settlers.

Leaving this reservation December 6th, I returned to Ukiah City, and remained until the 11th.

All the Indians of Russian River Valley may be grouped into one nation and called the Pomos, being closely related in language; but they are, as usual, divided into a great number of petty bands and villages. For the most part they construct a lodge of willow poles, set in the ground and bent over, forming an immense round or elliptical frame, which is covered with thatch. It is often large enough to contain several families, who dwell together in the patriarchal fashion. These huts are abandoned in the spring, when the inhabitants betake themselves to open wickiups for the dry season; in the fall, when they return, they burn down these last year's structures and erect new ones on the ashes. This is their way of cleaning house. In the summer they live right among the willows where the shade is thickest, often with nothing but a few pieces of brushwood tied overhead. On the coast, where the redwood is found, a common style of wigwam is conical-shaped, and composed entirely of enormous slabs of redwood bark. They use about the same articles of aboriginal food as the Tules and Tejons above described, acorns and salmon constituting the staples.

Russian River Valley, the most beautiful and picturesque in the State, once contained a dense population, as is evinced by the ruins of ancient towns and by the testimony of the earliest pioneers. The old Indian town of Sanel, situated near the American town of the same name, once contained, judging by the regular streets laid out at right angles, and the numerous assembly halls which are indicated by the large circular embankments, 1,500 inhabitants. In 1847 it still numbered about 500 souls, though it had been subjected already several years to the proselyting raids of the Spaniards. But now they are reduced to a wretched remnant, and some tribes are nearly or quite extinct. Occasionally a ranchman has twenty or thirty "bound" to him under the laws of the State, and they live on his ranch in a state of dependence, doing occasional small service, forming a reserve force for the neighborhood exigencies in harvest, and receiving cast-off clothing and remnants of unserviceable or unmarketable food from the ranchman's granaries and cellar. He allows them to cultivate a small patch of land by the side of the stream, where it can easily be irrigated, on which they produce squashes, watermelons, and a little corn. Two of the staple crops of Russian River Valley are hops and potatoes, and in the season of harvest of these two products hundreds of Indians, old and young, get remunerative employment on the

ranches. Farmers sometimes send long distances to Round Valley reservation, and apply to the agent for a score or more of Indians for this purpose; and a short leave of absence is granted them, if not inconsistent with the interests of the reserve.

Returning to San Francisco, I was again delayed a few days, and left the city on the 18th of December for Hoopa Valley reservation, via Sacramento and Redding, at that time the quickest route. I reached the reservation, after some hardships, December 24th, and remained only two days. This reservation contains about 700 Indians, and is in charge of Indians belonging here, but more than one-third of them were in the mountains, frightened away by the rumor that they were to be removed forcibly from this reservation, and transferred to Round Valley.

The majority of the Indians here are Hoopas; most of the remaining are called Redwoods, and are closely related to the former in language and customs. Both of these and the two tribes on the Klamath River, as well as some others in Northern California, seem to belong to the Athabascan races rather than to the California Indians. They are a much finer people than the latter, lighter in color, faces more oval, cheek-bones not so broad and prominent. A very interesting discovery is that the Hoopa language is very closely related to the Navajo of New Mexico. There is very little doubt that the vigorous and warlike tribes of Arizona, Nevada and Oregon migrated southward from some unknown source in the North, and on the great Shasta plains on the north of Mount Shasta, encountered, centuries ago, tribes belonging properly to those known to-day as the California Indians, whom they eventually drove out to the south of the great mountain or else exterminated. This is not the place for giving in detail the facts which sustain this conjecture. At the time when the gold-hunters arrived in the country, this southward migration was still going slowly forward, the more vigorous northern race beating back the southern; and the Wylackies, the vanguard of the migration, had nearly reached the headwaters of Eel River, having, within the American period, displaced a tribe on Mad River, and driven them as homeless vagabonds over into the Sacramento Valley. Consequently we find among the Hoopas and the Klamath River tribes evidences of a northern origin. They excavate inside of their house a cellar or pit four or five feet deep which points to a long occupation by their progenitors of a much more rigorous climate than the Californian. The sweat-house (used also as a club-house and assembly-hall) is wholly underground. They are better hunters and bolder watermen than their southern neighbors; their women are more virtuous; their men less generous and hospitable, and more avaricious.

The arable land on this reservation (about 700 acres) is barely sufficient in extent for the maintenance of its present inhabitants, and as it has to be cropped every year without intermission, to do this, the soil is steadity deteriorating, and a few years more must witness its total exhaustion, when the Indians will have to be dispersed. Ill management by previous agents has dissipated a considerable part of the resources of the reservation. The herds have been sacrificed, the soil has been depleted, and the Indians who ever think of the future behold the approach of the time when they must disperse to the mountains, or submit to eviction, or be exterminated. The first of

these alternatives would not be wholly unwelcome to them; but a great majority of them would choose war, and would wage it relentlessly rather than submit to the second. The citizens of this region know this well, and they are unalterably opposed to any attempts at removal of the Indians. There is a vast reserve of salmon-fishing grounds on the Klamath and Trinity Rivers, as well as acorn-bearing forests along their banks, which will not for years, if ever, be occupied by the whites to anything near their capacity for sustaining population; which are so useless for civilized dwellers and so congenial and productive to savages, that it would be a pity ever to remove either the Klamaths or the Hoopas to any other region. All the Indians in the upper half of California could be healthfully lodged and bountifully fed along the Klamath River, and that almost wholly on the aboriginal products.

I returned to San Francisco January 7th, 1876, and was detained there until the 20th, at which time I was enabled to start for home.

I will conclude this itinerary with a few words on the California Indians in general. Physically considered, they are superior to the Chinese, at least to those brought over to America. There is no better proof of this than the wages they receive for labor, for in a free open market like ours a thing will always eventually bring what it is worth. Chinamen on the railroad receive $1 a day and board themselves; Indians working in gangs on public roads receive 75 cents a day, sometimes $1, and their board -- the whole equal to $1.25 or $1.50. But on the northern ranches the Indian has $1.50 to $2 a day and his board, or $1 a day when employed by the year. Farmers trust Indians with valuable teams and complicated agricultural machinery far more than they do the Chinese. The Indian endures the hot and heavy work of the ranch better than even the Canton Chinaman, who comes from a hot climate, but wants an umbrella over his head. In a fight between the Chinaman and the Indian, the Indian will always be the victor.

The Valley Indians are more willing to labor and are more moral than the Mountain Indians, because the latter have better opportunities to hunt game and can pick up small change and old clothes about the mining camps.

An erroneous impression generally prevails as to the physique of the California Indians, because the Americans have seen only the wretched remnants of the race, the inferior lowlanders, whereas the nobler and more valorous mountaineers were early cut off. Old pioneers, especially on the upper waters of the Trinity and the higher foothills of the Sierra, have frequently spoken with enthusiasm of giants they have seen in early days, weighing 180, 200, and even 250 pounds; tall, fine fellows, not gross, but sinewy, magnificent specimens of free and fighting savagery. On the other hand, the desiccation of body in old age, especially in the women, is something phenomenal. In a wigwam near Temecula I have seen an aged man who certainly would not have weighed over 50 pounds, so extraordinarily was he wasted and shrunken; many others have nearly equaled him. This fact accounts for the repulsively

wrinkled appearance of the aged, that which has made them so odious in the eye of superficial writers and fastidious tourists. There is probably no other race so excessively fat in youth, and so wrinkled in old age.

The California Indians are rapidly wasting away, and all, except perhaps a few of the Mission Indians, are practically beggars and vagabonds on the face of the earth. They are not gypsies at all, for they are attached to the place of their birth, and never willingly leave it except for a brief period. By a great majority of the people they are looked upon as cumberers of the ground. They are allowed camping grounds, it is true, but these are grudgingly given. The great ranchers of the plains permit them to glean wheat in their harvest-fields; but in the mountains, where the farmers are poorer, they frequently forbid them even from gathering the acorns which are their staff of life. The general sentiment toward them is one of pity, mixed with one of impatient tolerance or open disgust; they are felt to be in the way. They ought to be all gathered on the reservations, where they could be thoroughly segregated from the whites and kindly cared for. It does not come within my province to make recommendations as to the locality of these reservations, or the best manner of collecting the Indians or providing of them after collected; but if this should be desired, I could give decided opinions on these question.

THE LIFE AND CULTURE OF THE WASHO AND PAIUTES*

The Wash-o

(66)

Geographically the Wash-o belong in Nevada but their language seems rather to connect them with the California Indians, although the resemblances are few and unsatisfactory. From the vocabularies at my command I have collated the following words:

English	Washo	Miwok
Dog	shu-ku	chu-ku
Hair	tai-yus	yu-seh
Face	mass	ma-Ka-suh
Earth	it-teh	to-tet
		Pit River
Tooth	tsa-tsa	it-sah
Body	shu	chush-tih
Chest	tsi-ko-gus	ku-kus
		Win-tun
Leg	mai-up	mai (foot)

The Washo pronoun of the second person is mi, and this form prevails throughout nearly all the California languages. While it is necessary to admit that these resemblances form a slender basis of comparison; on the other hand, they have no linguistic affinities with the Pai-u-te at all.

Physically, their leanings are decidedly toward California. Though a race of mountaineers, they are dark in complexion, nose depressed at the root, stature short and stout; the Paiute are taller, lighter-colored, and their nose prominent, though straight. They are also inferior in prowess to the Paiute, who have always been a terror to them; and their habits and customs resemble the Californian much more than the Paiute. If there were no other way of distinguishing them, the Washo men wore their hair in one queue, the Paiute in two.

I am inclined to believe that the Washo colonized Western Nevada from California, migrating eastward over the summit of the Sierra; and that at a period subsequent to this the Paiute arrived on the ground, expelled them from the lowlands above the sinks of the Truckee and the Carson, and drove them into the mountains on the upper reaches of the rivers above named. There seems to be evidence of this in the fact that they allow the Washo, during the fishing season, to descend the Truckee

* Ethnohistory, Vol. 17, No. 3-4, pp. 119-122, 135-138, 1970.

to a point much below their recognized boundary line.

When the Americans arrived in the country the habitat of the Washo was as follows: the Truckee River down to the Truckee Meadows (Reno). These large and rich meadows, so valuable in this desert country as a resort for game, were always in dispute between them and the Paiute. In the fishing season, as above remarked, they were allowed by the Paiute to descend the Truckee to Clark's Station, eighteen miles below the Meadows. They occupied Carson River down to the first large canyon below Carson City. Besides this, they held Lake Tahoe, Sierra Valley, and certain other summit valleys up to the first range south of Honey Lake, though they resorted to these elevated valleys only in the summer, or on hunting excursions in the winter. Within the American period it is said they have never visited Lake Tahoe; they have a superstitious terror of that lake on account of the lightness of its waters and the fact that a man drowning in it never rises to the surface.

Their own name for themselves is that given above. They call the Paiute Bal-loh; the California Indians Do-bi-muss; California itself, Tang-li; Washoe Valley, Tsa-tau; Truckee River Valley, at Reno, Ta-pe-u-meh; Sierra Valley, Moh-tsin. To denote the tribes living in these valleys respectively they add to each word tang-an (house). These were the designations given to me on Carson River; this stream is called Wat-tah, which is also the general name for "river." "Down the river" is tau-al-loh; "up the river" hang-al-loh.

They are not only a lower race than the Paiute in prowess and in physique, but also in virtue; their women are less chaste than their eastern neighbors, and in this respect they resemble the California women.

There is very little ingenuity or invention or enterprise among them. Their basket work is less diversified, abundant and ornate than the Paiute. Along the streams where they can get a supple of willows they construct huts of slender poles planted in the ground and bent over, forming a dome-shaped frame which is thatched. But they frequently had, even in winter, nothing that could properly be called a house. On the open desert they pulled and stacked together a quantity of sagebrush, making a circular, hollow heap, which was defended on the windward side with skins and hare-skin blankets. In this wretched enclosure, with a fire in the center, they passed the days and nights, lying around close to the wall to escape the snow which blew over or sifted through. Fortunately, however, the fall of snow is light in most of their territory. They have often been decried and derided for their miserable dwellings, when as a matter of fact, in the almost rainless climate of Nevada they need no other for eight or nine months of the year, and on the deserts they had no better material of which to build if they had needed them. For summer use a slight circle of sagebrush, with shades of cloth or skins hoisted overhead, suffices.

I was much interested in their fire-making apparatus. It consists simply of

a joint of cane (Andropogon), filled with charcoal dust, which is turned rapidly between the hands in a stick of pine furnished with shallow holes to receive the end of the cane. The charcoal dust serves a very good purpose as tinder, in catching the first spark that is elicited. On the end of the firestick is a lump of pitch and red earth mixed together which answers instead of beeswax about the household.

Another implement which I procured is also of some interest, and that is the punch for making arrow-heads. They take a piece of buck-thorn about six inches long, and as large as one's little finger, make it of a uniform thickness throughout, and lash it firmly to a wooden handle about eighteen inches in length. Holding this in the right hand, with the handle between the right arm and the body, the operator brings it to bear upon the flake of flint, which is held in the left hand between the thumb and fingers. The motion is simply one of punching; a minute particle of flint is spalled off with each thrust, and the flake is frequently reversed, so that it is reduced symmetrically. The tool here described comes into play only after the flint has been roughly blocked out by blows with a hammer or with another cobble-stone.

There are no weapons used for warlike weapons but the bow and arrow. A warrior going to battle decorates his person with white and red paint, and provides himself with about three hundred arrows. This number being considered one day's supply of ammunition. They fight mostly in the open plains; the battle is joined at daylight, and last until one or the other side have expended all their arrows or lost so many men that they become panic-stricken. They very seldom come to close quarters (an Indian readily shoots 500 yards and hits his man), and the battle is fought through without any strategy or tactics. One day generally ends it, if they even hold out so long, but sometimes the combatants rest on their arms, sentinels are stationed, and during the night if an Indian is seen passing before the camp-fire, instantly he becomes a target for half a dozen arrows; and at daybreak they are up and at it again. Captives are never taken, if men; if women and children, they are sometimes.

The average price of a Washo wife is twenty-five dollars in American gold; this is equivalent to five hare-skin blankets, or one large grizzly-bear skin or two small ones. She cannot properly be said to be purchased, but the happy Benedick is expected to make his father-in-law presents to the above amounts. Adultry is not uncommon, and produces fighting; divorces are easy and informal. Polygamy is allowed. Infanticide is never perpetuated on any pretext. Murder is never compounded by the payment of money, as among the avaricious tribes of Northern California; there must be blood for blood.

Amusements among them were very few and primitive. The principal festival of the year was the Pine-nut Dance, celebrated at the ripening of that highly esteemed edible. It was a simple dance in a circle, hand joined in hand, a man and a woman alternately.

Vague accounts have reached me of weird nocturnal dances held by the Washo in celebration of certain mystic rites in propitiation and honor of the spirits; but I had not sufficient acquaintance with this tribe to be able to penetrate their mysteries. Captain Joe denied that they have any belief in spirits whatever, but this must be attributed to their unwillingness to converse with strangers on certain topics.

A bad Indian sometimes returns to earth in the form of a Kingfisher (?), a large bird with white head and tail.

They believe that all creatures and things were brought from the western country by the Old Coyote.

In their medical practice the principal remedial agent resorted to is suction with the mouth. They do not use the sweat-house. Their medicines are few in number and of uncertain application. When an Indian dies, they forthwith abandon the house wherein the death occurred. Their practice in disposing of the dead has been much mooted, some holding that they observed burial; others incremation; still others that they carried them into the forest (where one was accessible) and lifted them aloft in the trees. Captian Joe made this distinction: bury good Indians, but burn the wicked, together with all their worldly effects. This is probably the correct statement. Near the town of Truckee they have been observed to have figures of human beings drawn in relief in the sand, above the graves; and they go once a year and freshen up the images, pluck up the weeds, restore the outlines, etc. This same custom has been observed among the Paiutes.

In the chapter on the Paiute will be found a number of statements as to articles of food and medicine which will apply equally to the Washo.

The Southern Paiute

The Paiute of Inyo County, California and Southwestern Nevada are so different from those above described that I shall here write down separately all the authentic facts I obtained concerning them. They are darker and shorter in stature than the Northern Paiute, being apparently a little mixed in blood with the California Indians. Still, they are unmistakably to be classed as Paiute because of their language. There is one branch of them who are commonly called Monos (or, by the California Indians, originally, Mo-na-chi), who invaded the domain of the Californians, crossing the summit onto the headwaters of King's River and the San Joaquin, and following down those streams to points about fifteen miles from the plains. At an early day they were taken by Government Agents and placed on Reservations in the Tulare and Kern Valleys, but in 1868 they suffered heavy losses from the measles, and, becoming frightened, they returned to Owen's River. After a time they gradually

returned and now they occupy substantially their old habitat.

I did not go east to Death Valley and the Panamint Mountains, but I learned from a vocabulary taken by Dr. O. Lowe, of Lieutenant Wheeler's party, that the Panamint Indians are Paiute. Following down the eastern slope of the Sierra, I discovered linguistic traces of the Paiutes as far south as Tehatchaypah (Tehatchapi) Pass, and found that a branch of them had once occupied the large and beautiful plateau in this pass; but that they are now extinct. Thus it was that the aggressive and mountain-toughened race of the Paiute, bordering on the Californians all along the eastern slope of the Sierra, (except where the Washo are interposed) wherever there was an inviting pass poured through from their deserts to the rich forests of plains fo California.

Lieutenant W. W. Witherspoon of Camp Independence, who has paid considerable attention to the habits of the Paiute, and to whom I am under obligation for facts, entertains the opinion mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, that the name of this people signifies "Water Utes." Certainly the name is more applicable to this branch of them than to the northern, for the former generally have their camps or villages near the few springs which are found in their arid country.

The inferior animals find these springs as grateful and as indispensable as do the human inhabitants, and birds especially resort to them in large numbers to slake their thirst. The savages have only to utilize this circumstance to secure a valuable food supply. They construct very small booths of brushwood, tight and dark, large enough only for one man, near these springs, wherein the fowler crouches with bow and arrows or with a long pole having on the end of it a string furnished with a loop. The birds alighting on the margin of the pool or on perches placed for them, are easily shot or snared one by one and drawn in (the arrows being provided with strings) without frightening away the others. A skillful fowler will often secure scores of them from a single flock. I have seen this kind of contrivance also on Tule River, where the Monachi had doubtless introduced it, as I never saw it eslewhere in California.

The extremely low state of the industrial arts among the Paiute of Inyo County may be judged by a couple of illustrations. For needles or awls they employ the thorns of the "niggerhead cactus;" and for pipes they use sections of cane (Andropogon). These last they have about six inches long, and fill them with fire and tobacco within an inch or two of the end which is inserted in the mouth. They might perhaps more properly be called cigarettes; they last only for two or three smokes.

A first born child is almost always named for its father or mother or some near relative; afterward it acquires a sobriquet from some event in the individual history. Children are betrothed by their parents when very young, sometimes when unborn, this contract being subordinated, of course, to the contingencies of sex. Lieutenant Witherspoon mentions an instance of betrothal where the boy was only four or five and the girl only one or two. On arriving at maturity the young man has to

purchase his wife from her father, according to the regulations for such cases made and provided. A Paiute Chief who had been doing service as a United States scout, when pay-day came around and he was put in possession of a snug little roll of greenbacks, instead of throwing it away on bad tobacco and worse whiskey, like his white comrades prudently invested $50 of it in a new wife.

It was mentioned above that the Pyramid Lake Paiute have no sweat-house; I could not discover any, nor did they know of the existence of any. But here the influence of the Californians seems to have been felt somewhat; there is a large and fine sweat-house in Wheeler's Canyon, at the east of Owen's River, though it is not used for an assembly hall or a dance house, as in northern California.

They have a curious way of treating their doctors. When one of them has been so unfortunate as to lose three patients in succession, he is put to death by stoning or clubbing. Yo-wo-wik-kuh was the name of an old doctor in Mason Valley who was killed in 1872 for this offense. He had lost two patients and was attending a third who lay at the point of death. The relatives were closely and sternly watching him, but the veteran Hippocrates, fortifying himself in his professional pride and hoping against hope, continued to wage the unequal warfare against double Death.

With all his aged and waning strength he plied his eldritch arts, dancing and shouting, sucking the insensible body of the moribund Indian, puking and retching and foaming at the mouth, wailing through his savage chants, now shaking his rattle and howling, and now bowing down again to suck the filthy patient, until he perceived that the death-rattle was already in his throat. Then, too late, he abandoned the desperate case and his professional pride together and fled for his life. But the avengers of blood were already mounting their horses. They followed swiftly in pursuit, they hunted him down, with stones and clubs they struck him to the earth, and cut off his head then.

A doctor at Camp Independence familiarly known as Joe Bowers explained this custom in this way: a Paiute medicine man receives his fee in advance, and in case he either can not or will not refund it, he is to be killed if this happens three times.

Lieutenant Witherspoon thinks they are moon-worshippers. He mentions an instance where, on a march, he entered an Indian village in Saline Valley just as the moon was rising, and saw a large number of them standing on their houses or the hillocks in the vicinity, all facing the moon. They stood in perfect silence, but were executing certain genuflexions and gestures of address. He describes the scene as quite impressive -- the moon rising in solemn splendor, such as only this climate can display, and shimmering with a mellow half-light over the sagebrush-spotted desert, while the dusky savages on sandhills are performing their mystic pantomime.

Great annual open-air dances are held in celebration of a good pine-nut harvest, or on similar occasions, and offerings are burned to the spirits. They are held in various places in turn; for instance, this year on Owen's River, the next in Salinas Valley, then the White Mountains, then at Denton, etc.

The influence and example of the California Indians seem to be shown in the custom of incremation, which has a certain prevalence. It is explained by their sages and medicines that only those who are good and die a natural death are to be honored with a burial, but the bad, and those who die of an unknown disease or are bewitched are to be burned. The same usage obtains on Carson River: an instance is mentioned where three Indians who died of an obscure disease were abandoned to the beasts of prey.

There are numerous places in Owen's Valley and in the vicinity where the rocks have markings or paintings and hieroglyphics scratched or cut, some of which are explicable and others are not. For instance, on the eastern slope of the Inyo Range, a few miles above the town of Independence, there are, in two caves, some red cross-marks enclosed in circles which were made by Paiute hunters to indicate the spot where they performed certain exploits, as the killing of a mountain sheep, etc. On the western slope of the same range, at a point about opposite the mouth of George's Creek, there are some white marks which the Indians say were made to show the elevation of a great flood which once occurred there.

I will make brief mention of a number of others, on the authority of Dr. S. C. George, an early pioneer of the valley, who named the Inyo Mountains and some other localities, and J. J. More, Esq., sheriff of Inyo County. On the west side of the Inyo Range, above Independence and about opposite Hot Springs, there are paintings on the slate rocks representing animals, etc. On Bishop Creek, about twenty miles south of Benton, close beside the stage road, there are hieroglyphics cut in the rocks, in imitation of animals. In Fourteenmile Canyon, near Death Valley, about sixty miles a little north of east from the lower end of Owen's Lake, there are hieroglyphics cut high up on the limestone and sandstone walls, representing geography, lakes, rivers, etc., also animals. They are said to extend along the canyon walls for several miles. Near Little Owen's Lake there are others like those last described. I am also informed by Dr. Loew that about five miles southeast of Benton, in the valley of Black Lake, there is still another inscription, which he has himself seen, and in which he recognized five Chinese characters.

Opposite the town of Independence, on the summit of the Inyo Mountains, is a natural pillar of stone, fifty or sixty feet high, which is known as the "Paiute Monument." It is called by the Indians "Win-ni-du-mah," which they interpret "big rock." There is a tradition (related to the American pioneers, though the Indians of to-day do not seem to know of it) that a great chief was once buried under this rock, or at the foot of it, and that he left the Indians a dying legacy of good advice and an illustrious example which he charged them to follow for all time.

NOTES

1. Powers' evaluation of the reservations is not overdrawn. Compare with the assessment made by J. Ross Browne, a federal appointee, in Crusoe's Island: a Ramble in the Footsteps of Alexander Selkirk, with Sketches of Adventure in California and Washoe. Harper, New York, 1867, pp. 284-308.

2. Powers here gives us a description of the conditions of fieldwork in 1872, as well as the attitudes of his informants.

3. Powers' simple and direct method proved to be generally effective as far as distinguishing language stocks or families, but it did not always indicate dialects or tribes. In Powers' Tribes of California (1877: Appendix, pp. 439-613) is an extensive collection of vocabularies, many of them recorded by Powers, which are divided by J.W. Powell, who organized the Appendix, into 13 "families." Powell, using this sample of 80 words lists failed to identify Yurok and Wishosk (Wiyot) as being related; Wintun-Mutsun-Yokuts-Maidu as related; and Shasta-Achomawi as related languages. For sketch histories of linguistic classification in California see R.F. Heizer, Language, Territories and Names of California Indian Tribes (University of California Press, 1966) and W. Shipley, "California" (in Current Trends in Linguistics, No. 10, pp. 1046-1078, 1974).

4. The names of California Indian groups number in the thousands. This abundance is partly due to confusion over assigning as tribal names the names of villages or small village communities (also called "tribelets"). And, since every tribe was named by its neighbors, the number is thereby multiplied. A majority of the designations of California tribal groups have been listed and identified in F.W. Hodge, Handbook of North American Indians (Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30, Part 1, 1907; Part II, 1910). To locate the standard form of the name the reader should begin by consulting the "synonymy" which starts on p. 1021 of Part II. Useful also is the "General Index" in Kroeber's Handbook, pp. 973-995 which will guide the reader to standard names of tribal groups.

5. Powers' thumbnail sketch of Karok personality is remarkably close to that which A.L. Kroeber ("Yurok National Character," University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology 47: 236-240, 1959) draws for their downstream neighbors, the Yurok. This series is cited hereafter by its acronym: UCPAAE.

6. Allicocheek (Alequa, Indian; tsik, money) is the curved white shell of Dentalium indianorum secured in trade from tribes to the north along the coast.

7. While quite abbreviated, this is an accurate description of the operation of native law in northwestern California through the payment of blood money to satisfy a killing. For more details see A.L. Kroeber (Handbook of the Indians of California. Bureau of

American Ethnology, Bulletin 78: Chap. 2, 1925). This volume is cited hereafter as Handbook.

8. This is an accurate description of the system of bride purchase which prevailed not only among the Cahroc (Karok), but also the neighboring Hupa, Yurok and Tolowa. See Kroeber Handbook: 28-32.

9. This description is a fairly standard one as regards the assignment of work to one sex or the other. For details see N. Willoughby, "Division of Labor Among the Indians of California." University of California Archaeological Survey, Report No. 60: 7-79, 1963.

10. For the institution of the sweathouse and the ritual as well as secular activities connected with it in northwestern California, see Kroeber, Handbook: 80-83. Powers' "Lapitean" is a printer's error for Lafitau (J. F.) whose Moeurs des sauvages ameriquains, comparees aux moeurs des premiers temps. (Paris, 1724, 2 vols.) was once widely read and quoted.

11. Powers correctly observed that men did not sleep at night in the plank dwelling houses where their wives and children stayed, but rather in the sweathouse. This practice had the effect of reducing, perhaps wholly preventing, pregnancies except during the summer so that children were born in the spring. P.E. Goddard (Life and Culture of the Hupa. UCPAAE 1: 50, 1904), and A. L. Kroeber (Handbook: 44) record this custom for the Hupa, Yurok and Sierra Miwok. Some early observers (e.g. C. Meyer in 1851) interpret this as evidence of a rutting season like that of lower animals.

12. This is the World Renewal ceremony practiced by a number of northwestern California tribes. The fullest account of this cult system is by A. L. Kroeber and E. W. Gifford, World Renewal (University of California Anthropological Records 13, 1949). This series is cited hereafter as UC-AR.

13. The ritual cutting by men of tree limbs to be used as firewood in the sweathouse was first noted by George Gibbs in 1851 who originally thought the trimmed trees were "signal or telegraph" trees (R. F. Heizer, ed. George Gibbs' Journal of Redick McKee's Expedition through Northwestern California in 1851. Archaeological Research Facility, 1972: 59-60, note 60), but later learned their true nature (R. F. Heizer, ed. Observations on the Indians of the Klamath River and Humboldt Bay. Archaeological Research Facility, 1973: 8, note 16). Kroeber (Handbook: 41) discusses this ritual tree-trimming.

14. Shamans or curing doctors have the ability to extract from the body of a sick person the intrusive object which is causing pain. The use of an emetic is not otherwise known to me to be reported.

15. This is wholly consistent with northwestern California Indian ideas of the intelligence of salmon and of the required ceremonial purity of equipment employed in catching this fish.

16. Powers is probably incorrect in suggesting that the picket fences enclosing graves was a feature copied from the Americans. J. Goldsborough Bruff in 1850 saw and sketched such graves at Trinidad Bay.

17. This is a reference to the 1870 Ghost Dance introduced to the Karok in 1871. For a commentary on Powers' story of Klamath Jim see C. DuBois, The 1870 Ghost Dance. UC-AR 3(1), 1939: 15-16.

18. For a full survey of fishing methods and appliances in this area see A. L. Kroeber and S.A. Barrett, Fishing Among the Indians of Northwestern California (UC-AR 21 (1), 1960.

19. Se Note 8, supra.

20. This carved wooden figure, a sketch of which is given elsewhere by Powers (Tribes of California, 1877: Fig. 4) is explained as "a plank erected by a murderer to draw to itself the curses wished upon him by the relatives of his victim. It might be very slightly shaped in silhouette to suggest a human being" by A. L. Kroeber (Yurok Speech Usages," in Culture and History, S. Diamond, ed. Columbia University Press, 1960: 997).

21. On these see P.E. Goddard, "Wayside Shrines in Northwestern California." American Anthropologist 15: 702-702, 1913.

22. On the number and sites of Yurok villages see A. L. Kroeber (Handbook: 8-13) and T. T. Waterman. (Yurok Geography. UCPAAE 16 (5), 1920). A newer calculation of the relationship of native population numbers to salmon streams is by M.A. Baumhoff (Ecological Determinants of Aboriginal California Populations. UCPAAE 49 (2), 1963).

23. It is remarkable that Powers recognized that the Wappo and Yuki languages were related. In this same paragraph Wy-Tackee is a misprint for Wy-Lackee (i.e. Wailaki).

24. The Yuki physical type is highly distinctive. See E.W. Gifford ("Californian Indian Types." Natural History 26: 50-60, 1926).

25. Powers' estimate of 1,520,000 Indians in California before 1769 (the year of first Spanish settlement) is surely too large. Baumhoff (cited in Note 22) gives 6,880 for the population of the Yuki tribes who occupied not only Round Valley but also a portion of Eel River. The wild oats (Avena) are undoubtedly a European plant introduced to California along with agriculture after the establishment of the missions. We thus see that the basis for Powers' computation was not a very solid one.

When J.W. Powell agreed to publish Powers' Tribes of California he attempted to get Powers to reduce his revised population estimate of 705,000 which had been published in 1875 (S. Powers, "Californian Indian Characteristics." Overland Monthly 14: 297-309, 1875). Having reduced his 1872 estimate by fifty percent Powers refused to go further in this direction, and in November, 1876 wrote to Powell, saying "...I have waded too many rivers and climbed too many mountains to abate one jot of my opinions or beliefs for any carpet-knight who wields a compiling-pen of the _____ or _____. If any critic, sitting in his comfortable parlor in New York, and reading about the sparse aboriginal populations of the cold forests of the Atlantic States, can overthrow any of my conclusions with a dash of his pen, what is the use of the book at all?" (S. Powers, Tribes of California, 1877: 2-3). The figure of 705,000 is the one Powers used in Tribes of California (p. 416).

26. A Green Corn Dance to celebrate the maize crop (probably on the Round Valley Reservation) may be an introduced feature, or an adaptation of the aboriginal First Acorn rite.

27. Powers' account of Round Valley Reservation is not exaggerated. Compare with J. Ross Browne (cited in Note 1, supra).

28. After U.S. Grant took office as President he instituted what came to be known as the "Quaker Policy" where Indian Agents were selected from sectarian denominations. The California Superintendency was awarded to the Episcopalians. Reservation affairs do not seem to have been much improved by this move, as can be judged by reading the Annual Reports of the Commissioner on Indian Affairs, 1869-1881. See also L. Tatum, Our Red Brothers and the Peace Policy of President Ulysses S. Grant (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1971).

29. So far as I know this incident is not otherwise supported by reliable historical or ethnographic record. Since suicide was not a practice among aboriginal Californians the story sounds odd.

30. On Pomo dialects and tribelets see O.C. Stewart (Notes on Pomo Ethnogeography. UCPAAE 40(2), 1943).

31. "Kaipomo" is a Pomo word meaning Valley People (Kroeber, Handbook 154) and refers to the tribe called Kato or Cahto which spoke an Athabascan language. Despite Powers' clear statement that they are not Pomo, P.E. Goddard ("The Kato Pomo Not Pomo." American Anthropologist 5: 375-376, 1903) felt it necessary to finally clear up the confusion.

32. California Indian tattooing is usually confined to the face, especially the chin area. Tattoos such as described by Burleigh to Powers was definitely not Californian. In Spanish times some Nootka and Koniag were brought to California, baptized, and

became residents of the missions. These northerners made liberal use of tattooing elaborate crest designs on the body, and if the Burleigh report is true, the fallen warrior may have been such a former mission neophyte, who, after secularization, went to live with the Pomo. Or, he could have been a person formerly attached to the Russian colony at Ross, situated in the territory of the Southwestern Pomo who after 1841 when the Russians abandoned California, took up residence with the Pomo.

33. The game is described by later ethnographers as shinny. See E. M. Loeb (Pomo Folkways, UCPAAE 19(2), 1926: 217-218).

34. Despite the Indian report there can be no question over the fact that wild oats (Avena) were introduced to the New World after its discovery by Europeans. It is barely possible that oats, as weeds, spread northward from Mexico in advance of the first Spaniards to enter California by land in 1769.

35. There is no evidence, of course, that this speculation has any real basis.

36. In this statement Powers is in disagreement with A. L. Kroeber (Cultural and Natural Areas of Native North America. UCPAAE 38, 1939: Table 7) where the Valley and Foothill Yokuts population is given as 18,000 and the Plains and Foothill Miwok at 9,000.

37. The story of Old Sam is interesting. He may have been a thinking person who was trying to guide his tribal mates into a better accomodation with the whites. Such a person is unlikely to have been much listened to in aboriginal times before the Gold Rush brought such devastation on the native societies.

38. Here again we may see the emergence of a strong leader who was able to hold his people together in the difficult times of the Gold Rush.

39. The killing of one of a pair of twins was widely practiced by California Indians.

40. This may be a credible native report of an earthquake which formed a particular geographical feature. Others are reported which are clearly imaginary, the best known of which is the Costanoan myth that San Francisco Bay was originally a freshwater lake which was opened to the sea by an earthquake which formed the Golden Gate.

41. Powers does provide this list in his Tribes of California (1877: Chap. 34).

42. For a thorough list of native occupation spots in Yosemite Valley see C. Hart Merriam "Indian Village and Camp Sites in Yosemite Valley." (Sierra Club Bulletin 10: 202-209, 1917).

43. For a description of this area by Powers see "A Pony Ride on Pit River." Overland Monthly 13: 342-351, 1874.

44. A detailed account of the gathering of this plant is by F. B. Colville, "Wokas, a Primitive Food of the Klamath Indians," Report of the U. S. National Museum 1902: 725-739.

45. These are events connected with the Modoc War which broke out in November, 1872. For details see R. Dillon, Burnt-Out Fires. Prentice-Hall, 1973.

46. More correctly, Captain Henry M. Judah of the 4th Infantry, stationed at Fort Jones.

47. Powers is completely correct in saying this. It is attested for nearly every California tribe that the bodies of persons dying away from home are cremated and the ashes returned for burial in the village where the individual lived.

48. In this estimate A. L. Kroeber (Handbook: 474) agrees when he says, "The Yokuts are unique among the California natives in one respect. They are divided into true tribes. Each has a name, a dialect, and a territory."

49. The Yokuts "prophet," Nayackaway, seems somewhat like Old Sam, mentioned above (see Note 37).

50. Yokuts rainmakers (or perhaps better, weather controllers). See F. Riddell, "Notes on Yokuts Weather Shamanism and the Rattlesnake Ceremony." Southwest Museum Masterkey 29: 94-98, 1955.

51. The Rattlesnake Ceremony is described in more detail by Kroeber (Handbook: 504-506),

52. These little "sand maps" are described in more detail in R. F. Heizer, "Aboriginal California and Great Basin Cartography." University of California Archaeological Survey. Report No. 41: 1-9, 1958.

53. The Nishinam (i.e. Nisenan) are the Southern Maidu. See R. L. Beals, Ethnology of the Nisenan. UCPAAE 31 (6), 1933.

54. Since this is an area of vulcanism, it is possible that the myth reflects some actual incident of an eruption in the past. Compare Note 40.

55. The Nozes are better known as the Yana.

56. The Mill Creeks are the southernmost of the Yana people, named Yahi. Ishi was a Yahi, and this little sketch of the last survivors may refer to his immediate ancestors.

57. On the capturing of Indian children and "apprenticing" them to white masters under the "Act for the Government and Protection of Indians" of 1850, see R. F. Heizer

and A. J. Almquist, The Other Californians. University of California Press, 1971: 39-58, 212-215.

58. By 1871 or 1872 when Powers made this observation, it is quite possible that some Caucasion tattoo expert had applied this design to the cheeks of an Indian woman. There is no indication that such designs were part of the aboriginal practices.

59. Patwin occupancy of the left (i.e. east) bank of the Sacramento River is supported by Kroeber, The Patwin and Their Neighbors. UCPAAE 29(4), 1932: map at end.

60. An early version of this myth is by H. B. D., "Tradition of the California Indians." Hesperian Magazine 3: 326, 1859.

61. The ethnobotanical study of the Nisenan presented here is the first one ever published for a California tribe. It also appears in Tribes of California (1877: 419-427). Readers wishing to check Powers' botanical identifications and native names will find a list in Beals (op. cit. in Note 53), pp. 352-353 useful. Powers was the first California ethnobotanist. In addition to the Nisenan study, he did a similar one for the Yokuts in 1875 which is printed in Tribes of California (1877: 427-431) and another for the Northern Paiute of Pyramid and Walker Lakes, Nevada (Powers 1970: 138-140).

62. At the outset, it can be said that there is no apparent merit in Powers' argument (summarized in the last paragraph) that there was anciently established a Chinese colony near Healdsburg and the people later spread out from this spot in all directions. There is no clear hint in his earlier writings, reprinted here, that he held this idea. It is possible that having concluded his 1871 and 1872 field researches and written the 13 articles for the Overland Monthly, and with the hope or prospect of organizing these into a book, he believed that he should offer some theory on the origin of the California Indians. To merely say that they were part of the larger American Indian population may have seemed to him unsatisfactory. In any case, this article postdates the tribal sketches published in the Overland Monthly, and is apparently an effort by him to propose a theory of Indian origins.

The "Indo-Chinese Study" was objected to, it seems, according to what he says in a following article printed in Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences in 1875, and in which he defends his Chinese origin hypothesis by referring to prehistoric artifacts from California which are of forms no longer made by the recent tribes.

The 1874 "Indo-Chinese Study" does not appear in Tribes of California (1877), either because Powers felt it was not defensible, or possibly because Powell did not think it was appropriate.

63. In this article, written as an answer to critics of his Atlantic Monthly article of 1874, Powers cites archaeological materials to prove that the California Indians have "degenerated" from a more developed culture of earlier times.

In Tribes of California (1877) there appears in Chapter XXXIX entitled "Supplementary Facts" much of the present article, but with the omission of all references to his Indo-Chinese origin theory.

Even though we cannot give much credit to Powers' theory or even to its defense, it is nevertheless a fact that in so proposing and arguing, Powers became the first person to offer an anthropological theory in California.

64. Here we have a third article written after the publication of the numbered Overland Monthly series. There can be little doubt that Powers wrote this article for inclusion in his forthcoming volume Tribes of California. It is an effort to summarize what he had learned and to present it as a general review of California Indians in a manner which would set it apart from the tribal sketches which had earlier appeared in the same journal. Portions of this article appear in different places in Tribes.

What we see here is the reporter's objective evaluation of California Indians and their cultures -- the good along with the bad.

It is in this article that he amends his population estimate for California Indians to a figure of 705,000 -- the number he decided upon and which appeared (over Powell's objections) in the Tribes volume.

65. Although this article deals partly with the Indians of Nevada, it is reprinted here in its entirety. As Powers explains in the opening paragraph, his appointment as Special Commissioner in 1875 gave him an opportunity to continue his earlier studies of 1871-72. Some of what he reports here was included in the Tribes manuscript not long before its publication.

In the last paragraph, it may seem that Powers is angling for a post with the Indian Bureau, but if so this never came to pass.

66. Here are reprinted those portions of Powers' second report of 1875 dealing with California Indians which remained unpublished until it was discovered by D. and C. Fowler and printed in Ethnohistory 17: 117-149, 1970.

As pointed out earlier, little of this (or the content of the Smithsonian Institution Annual Report for 1876 article) got into the Tribes volume which lacks separate chapters on the Washo and the Paiute of Inyo County.

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TERRITORIES OF LINGUISTIC STOCKS AS IDENTIFIED BY S. POWERS (1877).

APPENDIX 1: STEPHEN POWERS, AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH*

Was born in Washington County, Ohio, in 1840, the son of a farmer. Graduated at Michigan University in 1863. Soon after graduation entered the service of the Cincinnati Commercial as an army correspondent. Continued in that service until the close of the war, during which I witnessed (at a safe distance) the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, the three battles about Atlanta, and the battle of Nashville. Afterward traveled extensively through the Southern States, reporting the first series of Reconstruction Conventions; and subsequently testified before the Senate Reconstruction Committee on that section of it presided over by Senator Williams of Oregon.

Went to Europe in 1866, as a correspondent of various papers, principally of the New York Times. Made a pedestrian tour through Prussia and was arrested at Naumberg as an Austrian spy, but released the same day. Arrived on the battlefield of Custozza just after the battle was concluded, but in time to report the same. Remained in Europe, principally in Germany, fifteen months.

Started from Raleigh, N.C., January 1, 1868, and walked to Charleston, S.C., thence to Savannah, Georgia. Here taking leave of the Atlantic Ocean, I walked across the continent and arrived upon the shore of the Pacific at San Buenaventura, October 14; thence to San Francisco, arriving November 3. This journey of about 3,600 miles was accomplished wholly on foot, and occupied a little over ten months. It was not a remarkable feat in any respect, as the only qualities required were health and persistence; at no time did I accomplish over forty miles a day, generally only twenty or twenty-five. I subsequently wrote and published a book containing an account of this journey, entitled "Afoot and Alone;" but it had a very limited sale, and I have long ago consigned it to oblivion without regret.

As a mode of travel I cannot recommed such an extended pedestrian tour, except in one particular. As a means of stamping, and as it were, burning the geography of a region upon the tablets of the memory so that it will never perish, there is nothing equal to the process of toiling wearily over it, day after day, month after month, on foot. There is a line crossing the Southern United States and territories, from sea to sea, with all the rivers, forests, hills, mountains, valleys, deserts, springs, bowlders which it intersects, so graven upon my memory as with a pen of iron, that the picture of them will survive among the latest recollections of my life. It was the one capital fault of my book that it was written too soon after the termination of the journey, while the impression of all these wearisome minutiae was yet so vivid that it obscured the general view, the general results, and made the book a tedious record of the mere surface of the various regions transversed, as if it had been a transcript from some hodometer, daily wound up and set a-going. If I had waited six or eight years, until the memory of the journey had become hazed over by long recedence

* From a manuscript in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. By permission of James D. Hart, Director.

into the past, and all the multitude of special views had softened and blended into a single picture, so that I might have generalized upon it, the book might possible have possessed some value.

And yet, strange as it may appear, when I arrived in San Francisco, so buoyant were my spirits, so penetrated was I with the almost passionate joy of seeing constantly new men and new lands, that I seriously contemplated walking across Asia and Europe, so passing on foot around the globe. And indeed there never was a period of equal length in my life that passed so happily away as the ten months of that grand lonely walk from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The savage, sullen deserts, and the vast plains of Arizona, the trackless prairies of Texas, the many-colored mountains of California -- all these have for me an inexpressible fascination, and I sometimes long with a great and almost homesick longing to go back and wander again, free and glad, as then. Nothing so quickens the senses, so intensifies the enjoyment of the wonderful color-glory of California and the gorgeous celestial phenomena of Arizona, as to stroll on foot among them. I can truly say, with Wordsworth:

"The tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm."

Since my arrival in California I have traveled some thousands of miles, in the summers of 1871 and 1872, partly on foot and partly on horseback, collecting material for a book on the California Indians. That book is now in manuscript form, nearly ready for publication. A large portion of it was published in the Overland Monthly, and one chapter in the Atlantic Monthly.

On October, 1873, was elected a corresponding member of the California Academy of Sciences.

Am at present the owner of a small ranch near Sheridan, Placer County, engaged in rearing Angora goats.

Have done or attempted many things in my life. Have published books, and herded sheep in San Luis Obispo; have managed a large farm in Ohio, and put my luck to the touch at mining in Placer; have been a private tutor in Greek, reported battles in Georgia and Italy, plowed with oxen in Texas, and camped with Indians in Sis-Kiyou. I seem to myself to have done nothing well, unless it is that I have demonstrated well the folly of aimless and purposeless vagabondizing. If any young man in quest of a vocation should chance upon this sketch, I would most earnestly impress upon him the following piece of advice:

Find out early in life what you can do well, then do that with your might, and do that while life endures. It is better, far better, to do something well than to make many experiments in seeking to discover what you can do best.