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.

---

* 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.