

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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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 mouth 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 mouth 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."

Notwithstanding 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 banded. 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 Ilmawes never have burned the dead at any time in their history, though belonging to a nation that did. It is probable that burning prevailed almost 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.

One of the most dreaded enemies of the great Winton 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 Wintons 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, che-manmona; 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 faint 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.

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, and 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 Holoaloois, 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 frame, 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 contrivances 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 meidoq), 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 destroy 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 re-peopled. 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, and he 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 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.