# 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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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.