

CHAPTER II

THE KATZIE BOOK OF GENESIS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The son now turned back to his father.

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

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

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

"Thus did the winds make their appearance. They are sma'k'wəc and his family transformed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Probably a mythical bird.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Nevertheless, I will go with you.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Swaneset crept nearer and intercepted one of the exchanges.

“His blind victim said to her companion: ‘Did you receive the onions?’

“ ‘No,’ answered the other.

“ ‘Oh, but I felt your hand.’

“ ‘I held out my hand, but nothing touched it. Never mind, take some of my onions.’

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

“And he answered: ‘Yes, grandmother. It is I, Swaneset.’

“Both women stretched out their hands to him passionately.

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

“ ‘Yes, my grandmothers. I will help you.’

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

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

“ ‘Yes.’

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

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

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

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

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

" 'Yes.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, you may marry them.'

"So Swaneset took both girls as his wives.

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

" 'I have never made one yet.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'No, our side has finished.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" 'No,' lied Swaneset.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Has he a wife and family?'

"'Yes.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Khaals smiled. ‘Do you eat every kind of fish from the river?’

“‘No, only the small fish.’

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

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

“‘Yes, I catch them at night, quite easily, when they draw in to the shallows.’

“‘Only at night?’

“‘Yes.’

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

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

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

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

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

“‘Yes, at evening.’

“‘Do you prefer the small fish?’

“‘Yes.’

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

“‘Yes, I stab the fish with a two-pronged spear.’

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

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

“‘Yes, it cries all night.’

“‘Do you love it?’

“‘No, I am tired of it. I cannot sleep at night because of its crying.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Yes, I do.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Then why are you lying down?"

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

"What kind of weapon was it?"

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

"Rise and come outside."

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

pe'lexən examined it. 'Yes, this is the very point. Where did you find it?'

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ ‘ Yes, I have been trying for a long time to get possession of it. ’

“ ‘ Is that your own feather you are wearing? And does your brother try to snatch it away from you? ’

“ ‘ Yes, that is the game we play. ’

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

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

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

“ ‘ Yes, we have nothing else to eat. ’

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

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

“ ‘ Yes, ’ they answered laughing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Yes, chief, I am working.'

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

"'Yes, I am waiting for Khaals.'

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

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

"'Is that point sharp yet?'

"'Yes, but not sharp enough.'

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

"'They are firm,' he said.

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

"'No.'

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

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

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

"'Yes.'

"'What do you eat?'

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

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

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

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

“ ‘I am trying to find out where Khaals is.’

“ ‘You are doing right. You see that little slough?’

“ ‘Of course, I see it.’

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

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

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

“Khaals now approached the houses of the Indians and said to their leader *θe’ḥactən*: ‘I have travelled all through this country creating animals and fish for your use. Will you learn if I teach you how to capture them?’

“And *θe’ḥactən* answered: ‘If you will make before our eyes some weapon that will enable us to capture them, we will then be able to make weapons for ourselves.’

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

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

“Khaals now left *θe’ḥactən* and his people and continued on to *sq^wa’m’q^wəm’əx^w*, the present-day Indian reserve at the entrance to Pitt Lake. Here the people were very foolish, for they did nothing all the time but swim, even women with little babies on their backs. Khaals accosted the only man who was on shore, saying, ‘Do your companions spend all their time swimming in the water?’

“ ‘That is all they do.’

“ ‘What do you eat?’

“ ‘Sometimes nothing, sometimes a little food that we obtain from the river. At night we sleep on the rocks.’

“ ‘Have you no homes?’

“ ‘No.’

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

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

“ ‘We have no homes.’

“ ‘What do you eat?’

“ ‘We eat anything that grows on the mountain, and anything that is washed ashore by the waves.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Yes.'

"'Where is your home?'

"'We have no home.'

"'What do you eat?'

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

"'But why do you sit here always?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ ‘Never mind,’ Khaals answered. ‘I shall leave you now.’ As he turned away he raised his right hand over the children sunning themselves on the rock. ‘You children shall remain here as long as the earth exists. You shall bear witness to my deeds, to those who come hereafter.’ The children changed to stones which stand there to this day, resembling children sunning themselves on a rock. We call them *səmone’t* (children of high birth).

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

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

“ ‘What will you do to him?’

“ ‘I shall kill him.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sturgeon became very numerous in Pitt Lake after Khaals had passed, and *θe'tactən's* three brothers, *nixne'xələq*, *syəlti'm*, and *syə'yk'wəł*, spent most of their time fishing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Probably the *k'w'ik'w'ix'a'b'š* of the Pitchuck River.—W. S.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER III

NATURE AND MAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

* See Appendix III [cf. also Suttles, *op. cit.*, p. 29].

† "Good and bad alike go back, though now the missionaries teach us otherwise."—*Old Pierre*.

‡ See Appendix IV.