Captain Jacobsen's Journey

along the

North-West Coast of America

in 1881–1883

for the purpose of

ethnological collection and enquiry
with a description of personal experiences,
edited for German readers

by

A. Woldt.

With maps and numerous woodcuts made from photographs and from ethnographic objects to be found in the Royal Museums at Berlin.

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Preface.

With every passing year, the warning from ethnology grows louder and more strident that the waves of our modern culture are flooding and destroying all the vestiges left on this Earth by the primitive, natural peoples. The customs and practices, the sagas and memories, the weapons and utensils of the uncivilised races are disappearing at a terrifying pace, and soon a whole new season of growth will take hold of the great tree of humanity, while the history of its earlier development lies before us like a dark, unsolved riddle. Scholarship, philosophy, medicine and natural science must bow to this one fact: that soon all ethnological material will vanish.

Humanity must invest every energy in the endeavour to collect, as the most valuable testimonies to its existence, all the products of ethnological development, for these are the only records which will later serve to write the "Book of Humans". Sadly, however, we watch open-eyed as the Sibylline Books are burnt, one after the next.

The museums of *ethnology* are rightly the appointed institutes from whom the call must emanate to salvage what remains to be salvaged. The director of the Berlin museum which goes by this name, *Professor Bastian*, perhaps most qualified of all to utter such a plea, by dint of his extensive knowledge of the globe, has long since rightly uttered the call far and wide. After every one of his journeys, which span the world, this call has reverberated louder and more wistfully.

Never, since humanity first trod the Earth, has there been a greater or more momentous revolution than now. The cultural epochs unleashed by the dawn of the Stone and Iron Age were certainly prodigious, and yet they seem paltry now compared with the era, no longer very distant, when the whole Earth will be inhabited by sons of modern culture, and every trace of the past will be obliterated.

Any aid, from whichever quarter, which mitigates the plight of scholarship in these present times is ten, nay, a hundred times more precious, for we must save what will otherwise irrevocably be lost at the last, most perilous hour of danger. The modern states, duty-bound to foster the sciences, have likewise engaged in selfless fulfilment of these great tasks by founding museums and institutes, by dispatching travellers and purchasing collections, but the field is too large, the time too short, to complete all the work that must be done with the resources available. Humanity itself must intervene, supporting science with labour and other means.

Thanks to the recognition of this fact, we are currently in the fortunate position in these parts, with the aid of such private sacrifice, to celebrate a well-wrought victory and, at the same time, to welcome the biggest ethnological collection ever assembled by human hand.

When, a few years ago, the ethnologists' repeated warning resonated with particular force, the urgent ardour of Prof. Bastian prompted a number of men whose positions in life are far removed from the study of anthropology and ethnology to establish an *"Aid Committee for the Procurement of Ethnological Collections for the Royal Museum in Berlin"*. The banker *J. Richter* in Berlin, together with Messrs *A. von Lecoq*, *Emil Hecker*, *Wilh. Maurer*, *Gerson von Bleichröde*r, *V. Weisbac*h, *M. L. Goldberger, Carl Franc*k*e and J. B. Dotti*, set up this committee under the chairmanship of the former, advancing the funds for the journey of

two-and-a-half years undertaken by Capt. *J. A. Jacobsen* to British Columbia and Alaska from July 1881 until the end of 1883, the principal outcome of which can be described as the collection and purchase of 6–7000 ethnographical objects.

The few months which Capt. *Jacobsen* required earlier this year to unpack and register this collection in the Berlin museum were spent by the undersigned in arranging the contents of the diaries kept by *Jacobsen* during his journey to compile the following modest little work, believing it appropriate to draw as closely as possible on the original.

Jacobsen, a child of Europe's high north, has been accustomed since his young days to the rigours of the Arctic, and was thus able to withstand the rigours of a 180-day sledge ride in Alaska. A mariner since youth, he endured his daring trips by canoe along the coast of British Columbia, again without grave mishap. He travelled not as a specialised scholar, but as a plain collector and trader, who, without great attention to the scientific worth of the ethnographic objects he found along his way, simply bought and bartered for whatever could be had, and in this manner acquired items of the greatest value.

The magnificent scientific worth of the collection he made will be described for the world of scholarship by the publications to be made by the directors of the *Museum of Ethnology in Berlin*. One of these disquisitions has already appeared under the title: *America's North-West Coast*: Latest Findings from Ethnological Journeys. From the Collections of the Royal Museums in Berlin. Edited by the directors of the Department of Ethnology. With 5 chromolithographs and 8 collotypes. Folio folder. Published by A. Asher & Co., Berlin (price 50 marks); a second will soon follow.

Meetings of the Berlin Anthropological Society and the Geography Society in Berlin have already, on several occasions, emphasised the great scientific significance of *Jacobsen's* journey.

The purpose of the little work below is not t examine the material collected by *Jacobsen* from a scholarly perspective, tempting as it was – inter alia – to draw and underscore the many parallels suggested by *Jacobsen's* journey between, for example, the Eskimos of Greenland, Labrador and Alaska. In its present form, nevertheless, this book should offer scholars a not insubstantial quantity of extremely valuable material, which we owe to *Jacobsen's* sharp, uninhibited powers of observation. However, the work will surely also appeal to another, broader readership on account of its extremely interesting, often riveting content, arising now at an Indian hearth, now in an Eskimo's semi-subterranean home, now in the kagsit with its smell of blubber and sweat, now in the biting frost of Arctic mountain peaks, and now darting across the sea, set down by *Jacobsen* with unflinching composure. The publisher has done his bit, through splendid appointment, to disseminate this work more broadly, as a glimpse of the whole reveals. Finally, it remains for me to extend warm gratitude to the brothers *Dr Arthur* and *Dr Aurel Krause* of Berlin, as leading experts in the territories of British Columbia visited by *Jacobsen*, for taking the trouble to correct the spelling of names.

After a brief sojourn in Berlin, Capt. *J. A. Jacobsen* set off into the world, once again at the expense of the Aid Committee, this time eastwards, right across Europe and Asia, to travel the Amur region. The instructions and the scientific direction for this journey originated, as on the first occasion, from Prof. *Bastian*.

Berlin, July 1884

A. Woldt.

I.

To San Francisco. *Gutte & Frank*. *Admiral Rosenthal*, German consul. The package boat "Dacota". Colourful passengers on board. Chinese between decks. Many whales. Cape Flattery, north-western tip of the United States. North America's islands as a bridge between peoples. Strait of Juan de Fuca. Sawmills. Landing at Victoria. A Redskin hub. Main western post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Traders. *Mr Charles*, principal agent. An encouraging reception from *Mr Monroe*. First bearings. The famous port of Esquimalt. A Chinese burial site with offerings of food and drink. First visit among Indians. Primeval forest by moonlight. Sturdy giant trees two hundred feet tall. Burning trees. First ethnographic transaction. Chinook Jargon, language of trade on America's north-western coast. Old *Meares*. Employment terms and devaluation. The smallest coin. An Indian burial ground. Wooden burial boxes. The old steamer "Grapler", a former gunboat. Indian men and girls on board. Rural, traditional. *Mr Cunningham*. Strait of Georgia. Diverse fauna. Picturesque settings for Indian villages. Flathead Indians. Quakult Indians. Indian shell middens. Heraldic house poles. Departure Bay. Alert Bay.

On Wednesday, the 27th of July 1881, I was commissioned by Director *Bastian* in Berlin, on behalf of the Ethnological Collections of the Royal Museum at Berlin, to undertake a journey of several years to the north-west coast of North America in order to collect and procure ethnographic objects. The financial resources required had been advanced by a number of self-sacrificing men who had come together to form an *"Ethnological Aid Committee"* chaired by the banker *Mr J. Richter* in Berlin.

The very next day I set out for Hamburg, travelling from there to New York on the steamer "Australia" and from there on the Central-Pacific Railroad via Chicago, Omaha, Ogden and Sacramento to my next destination, San Francisco, which I reached on

the 26th of August. The colourful bustle of nations in the famous capital of California, the future queen of world trade on the Pacific shore, makes a deep, lasting impression on anyone visiting this curious hub of the New World's western coast for the first time. According to the instructions given to me, San Francisco was to serve as the point of departure and conclusion for the various expeditions which I was asked to carry out on behalf of the museum, and so I needed to establish a firm connection here. This was offered to me in the amiable personage of *Mr Frank* of the company *Gutte & Frank*, to whom I had been equipped since Berlin with letters of recommendation; I was equally gratified by an exceptionally forthcoming reception granted me by the Imperial German consul, *Admiral Rosenthal*. *Mr Frank* was so kind, during the four days of my stay in San Francisco, to assist me with the purchase of such goods and items of barter as I required in order to trade with the northern Indian tribes, for which we drew on the experienced advice of a friend of his who had lived for many years on the north-west coast. At the same time, I concluded an agreement with the above-named company to the effect that it would dispatch my collections to Europe.

My instructions at this point were to travel, first, about the *Queen Charlotte Islands*, which lie about 15 degrees of latitude north of San Francisco on the west coast of North America, there to collect and make purchases. As no route is plied from San Francisco to that archipelago, I was obliged to begin by taking the regular shipping to the town of *Victoria* on Vancouver Island, where regular transportation terminates, and from there to continue my journey upon my own initiative as the opportunity arose.

On 30 August, I sailed on the fine, handsome packet boat *"Dacota"* through the Golden Gate towards my first-named destination, Victoria. One passes the time famously on board these magnificent, towering paddle steamers, which, like almost all pass-

enger boats in America, resemble floating hotels and are fitted with every comfort.

Every age and almost every nationality was represented among the passengers. Here, a wealthy French Canadian returning to his gold mine on the Stikine River in Alaska was treating the male contingent to the choicest and best items obtainable from the steward; there, a Scottish globetrotter hoping to retire in Victoria with his wife "for the time being" was gathering material for his travel reports; further along, the merry good cheer of a group of farmers from the northern districts, who had taken a pleasure tour to San Francisco with their wives and daughters and were now returning home, accorded little with the silent, serious conduct of a merchant from New York, who was hoping after the failure of his enterprises to seek new happiness and a new fortune in Alaska. For almost the entire day, the bright melodies of national songs echoed from the lounge, while the youngsters tirelessly sang and the ladies conversed about the latest fashions, which they were just bringing back from San Francisco. Numerous pig-tailed subjects of the Heavenly Kingdom loitered about between decks, attracting attention with the humble importunacy peculiar to them; they had returned but recently from their home in Eastern Asia to work for a few years as navvies on the Canadian-Pacific Railway. Other compatriots of theirs, already more acclimatised, were on an expedition to prospect for gold, which would eventually extend as far as the Mackenzie River.

The weather was quite glorious and so the voyage was of incomparable beauty. We kept such distance from the Californian coast that we could just discern its craggy headlands; the water of the Pacific Ocean was splendidly blue, and flocks of seagulls constantly circled the ship in gracious flight. Towards the end of the three-day crossing, as we found ourselves opposite the Columbia River estuary, we encountered a very great shoal of whales. They

were beasts 40-50 feet long, animating the surface of the sea as far as the eye could see, while our vessel ploughed for several hours through their playground. It was an extremely interesting sight to observe the various positions of these giants among mammals; now the dark head rose a little above the foaming water, now the tail stretched high into the air, and the whole monster plunged vertically into the deep.

Cape Flattery Indians.

The entire crowd of whales was ordered into groups of three, four or even six; so great was their number that I have never seen so many at once, not even in my Norwegian home near Tromsö. As far as could be discerned, the animals ranked among those known to the English as hump-backs.

Before that day was out, we passed Cape Flattery, the north-western tip of the United States, and now we found ourselves at the entrance to that wonderful island world which stretches northwards just off the entire north-western coast of North America and builds that significant bridge to Asia across which, it appears, so many different links have been forged between the peoples. The extraordinary importance of this particular part of the planet's surface for comparative ethnological study is all too evident.

The "Dacota" changed course towards the east, up the Juan de Fuca Strait, which is about ten English miles wide. The shipping in these straits is very significant; we met several big ships loaded with timber or coal, whose cargo originated from the big sawmills established close by and from the coal mines, and was destined for California, Chile, even Australia. On the 3rd of September 1881, we touched land in the port of Victoria.

The streets of this town teem with Indians of all kinds, for Victoria is the biggest gathering place and central hub on the west coast for the Redskins. This is where the Hudson's Bay Company has its principal western post; from here is dispatches its agents, the traders, stocked up with goods for barter, to the north as far as Alaska, and to the east as far as the Rocky Mountains, supplying its numerous fixed outposts along the coast and further inland with the provisions they require; from here, this company sends the furs and skins etc. it buys via Cape Horn to London, receiving by the inverse route the manufactured goods and colonial produce needed from Europe. To Victoria, therefore, the Indian with skins of sea and land animals to exchange treks every year; to this place comes the native seeking work, the fisherman seeking employment at one of the fish canning factories.

The great influence wielded by the Hudson's Bay Company, so favourable to my plans with regard to the Indians, was my reason for handing a letter of recommendation to its second-in-command

in Victoria, *Mr Monroe,* for its principal agent, *Mr Charles*, was travelling in British Columbia at the time. The reception I enjoyed was most conducive and encouraging. The next opportunity available to me to travel further north was a ship which would be heading along the coast a week later. Impatient as I was, I needed to compose myself, and hence I used my time in the capital of British Columbia to acquire some provisional bearings among the Indians and to acquaint myself with Victoria and the surrounding area. Like many western towns, Victoria originally owed its great boom to the discovery of gold mines, but later, once these rich arteries were exhausted, its development declined somewhat, until recently, as a consequence of the tremendous expansion in trade and fishing. a substantial recovery set in, and it will be all the more lasting on this occasion, for Victoria is the terminal for the Canadian-Pacific Railway now under construction and already boasts a track across Vancouver Island to Nanaimo. The harbour at Esquimalt, some three English miles from Victoria, which offers adequate protection even to the biggest ships and therefore serves as a base for the English gunboats, has already enjoyed a reputation for some time.

During a little outing, which I undertook in the company of a compatriot to the churchyard near Victoria, we also visited the Chinese burial ground, which, as Victoria also has a Chinese quarter with several thousand inhabitants, is quite extensive. The site had already been visited in the early morning by relatives of the departed Chinese, who had put down food and drinks as offerings for the dead; lighted wax candles of various colours had been affixed everywhere to the graves. At one of the graves a little obelisk had been built, its interior constituting a kind of oven, in which many colourful papers covered in Chinese writing had been burnt. I made my first visit to Indians, in the company of a German from Victoria, at an Indian encampment in Saanich 20 English miles distant. We drove by moonlight on a fairly good track through magnificent

primeval forest. Sturdy giant trees, namely spruce, fir and red cedar, pushed their trunks up to 200 feet, if not higher, into the fine, clear air, smothered in different shades of green; now and then, a burning tree lit up the surrounding area like a torch; here and there, country dwellings appeared by the wayside in clearings, while numerous herds of game, consisting for the most part of red and wapiti deer, could be heard in the bush. The encampment, which we reached towards midnight, belonged to the Cowichan Indians, with whom I immediately initiated a trade.

My companion, like almost everyone who has lived on the coast of British Columbia for a few years, understood the Chinook Jargon, an international pidgin which has evolved gradually from reciprocal trading relations along the west coast. It is said that in the last century a merchant from China by the name of *Meares* sent his ships to the tribe of the Chinook Indians north of the Columbia River to procure the skins of sea otters. In the course of this, a pidgin was formed, taking as its basis the Chinook language, to which were added a considerable number of Chinese, Hawaiian and English expressions. As trade later expanded, and the Hudson's Bay Company joined in, the Chinook Jargon also absorbed many French terms. Nowadays this hotch-potch is so widely spoken that sometimes even whites on the coast rely on it entirely to converse. It seems that the Chinook Indians, who have all but died out except for a few families, are the linguistic kindred of the west coast inhabitants of Vancouver Island. My first trade was not an outstanding success, despite consistent application of the Chinook Jargon, as most of the young people in the Indian encampment had moved on to the Fraser River to catch salmon for the fish canning factories there. During the fish season, the workers earn on average 50–60 dollars per month. The monetary devaluation in these areas has reached quite a high level, for everything is so expensive there that by and large a dollar will only acquire as much as a mark in

Germany. The smallest viable coin in Victoria is the 10 cent piece (= 45 pfennigs), whereas many Indians outside the towns regard the quarter dollar, or 25 cent piece, as the smallest coin. As a travelling companion, an Indian in this area earns 1½ to 2 dollars a day, whereas a white man earns 2½ to 3 dollars a day as well as free board. Towards daybreak, we arrived back in Victoria from our trip after a quite delightful journey through primeval forest bathed in the brightest moonlight.

I used the two days left before my departure to visit the Indians of various tribes currently in town and to purchase from them as many ethnological objects as possible. Most of these people had already left for their homes, having sold their hunted game, it being late in the season, and so there were no longer many Redskins in Victoria. Since I had heard that there was an old Indian burial ground near the town, I drove out there. The place lay on a small island, and so I had to leave the horse and cart on the shore and cross over on a boat, which I found after a long search. The Indians here usually bury their dead above the ground in wooden boxes, so it was not hard to find the graves. The bodies, most wrapped in blankets, were in various stages of decay; only on a few of the burial crates did I find grave goods in the form of broken clay pipes. In one place, a little wooden house with a pointed roof had been constructed; this tiny building was just big enough inside to contain three burial boxes with the bodies of a chief and his wife and daughter. The return trip from the island to the shore proved almost fateful to myself and my companion, as a storm had since blown up and, for all our extremely arduous rowing, drove us off course by almost a mile.

As the Hudson's Bay Company steamer "Otter" had set sail for the Queen Charlotte Islands two days before my arrival in Victoria, there was no prospect of a direct passage for the next three weeks; I therefore chose to make the journey on the little old coas-

ter “Grapler”, a vessel which had once seen better days as an English gunboat. She was eking out her final years not in peace, but in the service of a private trading company in Victoria, until she succeeded – in the autumn of 1882, a year after my sojourn – in retiring forever from her numerous disasters in a glorious conflagration halfway through a voyage, taking most of her passengers, mostly Chinese and a few whites, with her to her grave. We left Victoria on the 10th of September at 6 o’clock in the evening. From spring until autumn, the good ship “Grapler”, as well as she could in the light of her unstable condition, maintained the connection with *Fort Wrangell*, some eight parallels further north and already part of the territory of Alaska, calling in along the route at every coastal base of significance to trade, and occasionally dropping anchor in shallows, too, as far as it could be managed. Things were quite hickeldy-pickeldy on board during our journey, as we had many Indians among the passengers seeking to return home from Victoria. There were also many Indian girls on board who, following a custom regarded by many tribes as honourable, had for their part made use of Victoria during the summer as a great El Dorado and centre of money-making, and who were now returning with their pockets full to feed themselves up for the next year’s season by feasting on fish and fish oil back home and joining the winter’s celebration dances. Among the white passengers, I must remember with particular gratitude *Mr Cunningham*, a former Irish missionary of whom life’s vicissitudes had made a well-heeled coastal trader and part-owner of Fort Essington and who, his spouse being Indian, enjoyed great influence among the Indians far and wide along the coast. He promised to offer me a sample of the latter, and so he did.

Our journey took us from Vancouver Island and mainland British Columbia up the Strait of Georgia, past countless islands big and small, all covered in forests to the very edge. There is a

great wealth of fauna in these islands, in particular red deer, wapiti stags, black bears, mountain goats, wolves, and furry creatures such as beavers, martens, racoons, and also many land and water birds, ducks, geese, gulls; the sea is inhabited by various species of salmon and cat shark, shoals of herring, etc. The magnificent scenery is interrupted now and then by an Indian village in its picturesque setting on the island shore, while mainland America is scarcely visible far off. The Indians who inhabit the long eastern coast of Vancouver Island belong in the southern half to the Flatheads, in the northern half to the Quakult Indians. The villages of these tribes bear a certain resemblance to those of the other Indian tribes reaching up into Alaska.

In general a village is composed of 4, 6–12 houses, each house inhabited on average by 4–6 families of 6–10 individuals each. The houses are built of cedar planks and stand close to the shore, usually 30–50 paces from the sea. Almost every house has a wooden platform facing the water, 4–8 feet above the high water mark. This platform serves as a meeting-place for the men of the house, who spend a part of the day squatting here with their faces turned towards the sea. It is most interesting to observe how the shell middens in a village emerge from these platforms, as the many sea shells discarded during meals are tossed onto the beach, where, mounting gradually, they form interlocking piles. Among the Quakults and further north among all Indian tribes, one sees before almost every house a so-called heraldic pole, i.e. a pole sometimes up to 60 feet tall carved of a single piece which, in a manner of speaking, is the owner’s title deed in sculptural form. I shall return to this later.

On the first morning after setting sail, we loaded coal in Departure Bay, the site of one of the biggest coal mines in British Columbia. Then, at noon on the following day, we landed at a big Indian village in Alert Bay. It was here that *Mr Cunningham* redeemed his pledge. While the “Grapler” moored for one hour, he

went quickly from house to house with me and a few passengers calling to the Quakult Indians, who belong there to the Namgis tribe, to quickly bring out everything they had for sale. He assisted personally with the selection and ultimately weighed down himself, us and a few Indians with a great quantity of purchased ethnographic objects. Then we hastened as fast as we could back to the ship, whose bell had already rung twice to signal departure.

II.

Charlotte Sound. New ethnological territory. The region of the northern Indians. The four main tribes: Bella-Bella, Tsimshian, Haida and Tlingit. Milbanke Sound. The Indian village Bella-Bella. Inside the Indian houses. Woollen blankets as west coast currency. Indian wealth of 3000 blankets. The Indians asleep. A chief's chair. Indian culinary secrets. A chief's staff. The Indian village Chinaman's Hat. Bears compete for the salmon. Fish oil. Catching fish. The biggest lip plug on the west coast. Indian women dispute status. The cedar as the "coconut palm" of north-western Indians. A universal application for cedar. Fort Essington. A splendid dancing blanket of mountain goat hair. Christian-Indian prayer and thanksgiving. *Mrs Cunningham* as a Tsimshian preacher. Indian lament. The big heathen Tsimshian village Ketkatle. The four tribal deities. Tribal law. *Dr Powell*. Hunting and fishing. Adventure with a sea lion. Storm and rain. The halibut that got away. Duck hunt. Shellfish catch. Octopus as an Indian delicacy. Culinary recipe. Five human skulls as remnants of a brandy battle. Crossing forty miles of open sea. The Queen Charlotte Islands. Skidegate Inlet.

Leaving Alert Bay, we entered Queen Charlotte Sound; as we did so, we put behind us Vancouver Island and the ethnological territory constituted by the maze of islands in that area. A fairly broad strip of open sea leads to the next islands to the north, which lie off the mainland, and thus to a new ethnological territory. We now entered the region of the more northerly Indians, who compared with their southern brothers stand out for their higher culture, stronger development, greater artistic skill, more weightier intelligence and outstanding desire to work. There are four main tribes: the Bella-Bella, the Tsimshian, the Haida and the Tlingit, who inhabit the entire north-west coast up to the Atna or Copper River in Alaska. All these tribes have a great history behind them; now, sadly like all Indians, they face extinction.

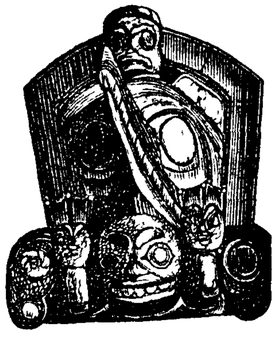
On the 13th of September at midday, we landed in Milbank Sound at the big, stately, main village of Bella-Bella. This Indian village has already been the location of a Hudson's Bay Company post for about half a century, and at times also a Methodist missionary base. *Mr Cunningham* again came on land with me, and the opportunity was taken to inspect the village and buy this and that. The houses of the Bella-Bella are constructed, like those of the other tribes, of cedar planks, and are likewise inhabited by 4–6 families each. The interior of the building is generally composed of a single, large, unpartitioned room with a floor of firmly trodden earth and, in the middle of the house just under the opening in the roof, the shared hearth. On the walls all around there are adjacent compartments like lockers with timber walls and wooden doors and floors. Each of these compartments is about 7 feet high, 6 feet wide and 6 feet deep. They serve each family as a place to sleep and to store the boxes containing the Indians' wealth. Money and valuable objects of the European kind do not make up the wealth of an Indian; all his assets are invested in woollen blankets. The Hudson's Bay Company rates the value of two blankets as three dollars, a price that applies everywhere else along the coast. These blankets are used directly as currency to purchase canoes, poles, furs, skins etc. There are chieftains who own 2000, even 3000

Indian from Queen Charlotte Sound.

blankets. The sleeping compartments of such people are stuffed to the ceiling with fully packed boxes. The Indian does not need a long bed to sleep in, as he usually lies on his back with his knees drawn up in the form a roof. For underlay they use woven grass mats and to cover them the blankets which they wear by day. There is generally no particular time for sleeping or eating in the Indian houses; almost all night long one hears individuals conversing by the fire; everyone seems to sleep or eat whenever he so wishes.

One object which caught my particular attention in this village was a so-called chief's chair, i.e. a sitting-box formed of four boards, each almost a metre square, which somewhat resembled a low coachman's box in shape and was covered on the inside of its four surfaces – below, behind, right and left – with colourful figures and allegorical depictions from Indian mythology. This manner of box is set flat on the ground by the fire, while the chief, or a distinguished guest, squats inside it. As the chief's chair was not for sale, I ordered a specimen from the most reputable Indian wood-carver in Bella-Bella, and this was later dispatched by the kind auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company via Victoria to San Francisco, as was a finely carved Indian canoe made of cedar-wood. Over the fire in the middle of an Indian house, there is usually a wooden rack, supported by four tree stakes, where the inhabitants' provisions – fish, berries, roots, cambium and seaweed – are dried by the rising smoke. The fish are split into two to four pieces beforehand to hasten the smoking and drying; the other objects are placed in wooden frames with a base of thin sticks to let in the smoke and heat; the foodstuffs are thus transformed into square, peat-like cakes of about a finger's width. In this form they are packed into crates and serve throughout the winter as food. Just before consumption, they are crushed in big stone mortars, placed in iron pots and cooked over the fire in fish oil.

Among the ethnological objects I purchased in Bella-Bella there was an outstandingly fine, richly carved chief's staff and a box for provisions decorated with pretty carvings. For the Indians, the tongue is the organ of eloquence rather than of taste, and they enhance its effect on appropriate occasions, at festivities, councils and negotiations, with the aid of gesticulations, which are performed with chiefs' staffs such as this. Now the staff is swung boldly through the air, now it vigorously strikes the ground in endorsement, and now it is borne as a symbol of dignity. Moreover, among the purchased items – as if to prepare for the spectacle which I was later to witness so often – there were many artistically carved wooden dance clappers and rattles, which are wielded like castanets at festive dances and when medicine men perform their cures. After staying for an hour, the steamer continued on its course, bringing us towards evening to a little Indian village which the whites call Chinaman's Hat, because that is what the hill on its shore resembles. There was little to buy here, however, as most of the men, some alone and some with their families, had gone deep into the bay to catch salmon. It has often been described how the Indians catch salmon with spears and hooks when the fish rise to spawn in the clear, shallow water of the rivers; it is not so well known that frequently, especially up in the north, they must compete with the bears, who position themselves by the narrow rapids and watch with tireless patience until a salmon leaps boldly out of the water in order to pass on up. In this very moment, the bear gives it a hefty swipe of the paw, throwing it sideways to the riverbank, where it devours the salmon in comfort and, if not yet sated, catches a second before ambling away.



Dance mask from Bella-Bella.

The fish oil mentioned above, which is prepared in enormous quantities along the entire north-west coast and preserved throughout the winter in hermetically sealed wooden crates, derives from a little, extremely fatty fish, which is about the size of our smelt and circumpolar in its distribution. In the spring, this fish, a species of salmon which, in my opinion, is identical to our North European capelin – perhaps *Mallotus articus* – ascends in immeasurable shoals from the depths of the Polar Sea, where it serves as fodder for cod, to spawn in the shallows of the fjords, usually by the banks of estuaries. There, the well-nourished, but hardly resilient animals are usually caught up by the current and swept away. Relying on this, the Indians set long, bag-like gillnets full across the river, which quickly fill with the little fish. A canoe now lies at anchor just above the net; the Indians on this vessel haul the rear half of the net on board from time to time, unravel the tied ends, and shake the fish into the bottom of the boat. Immediately on shore, fires are laid and the fish are cooked until the fat gathers in a layer at the top. It is then filled into the crates already mentioned, the drained flesh of the fish is thrown away and the procedure begins all over again.

In the last-named Bella-Bella village, I met the chief's wife, who had the largest lip plug I ever saw on the north-west coast of America. This plug was about three inches wide by two inches deep. There is a custom among the Bella-Bella, Tsimshian and to some extent the Haida Indians of artificially deforming the body for the purpose of ornamentation by piercing the lower lip of young girls. At first, a bone or a little silver rod is placed in the hole, and this is the occasion for a common feast, when gifts are shared out among those present. Later, the little rod or bone is replaced by a somewhat larger plug, and once again a feast is held, then after a while a larger one, and so forth. In this manner, the size of the plug corresponds to the quantity of feasts and presents given in the honour

of an Indian woman, and hence it is also a sign of the wearer's social ranking. The outer form of such a plug somewhat resembles a slice of bread as thick as a little finger; the lower flat side is worn facing the lower jaw, while the upper, more curvaceous outer side is spanned from the edge of the lip as if by a thin skin. To prevent these insignia of status from falling off, the narrow edge is slightly hollowed out all round, enabling the flesh of the lip to close firmly onto it. One must confess that the beauty of Indian women, by no means classic, gains nothing from the vertically protruding plug, which also affects the wearer's speech, as she can pronounce no labial sounds, for the monstrosity shudders unappealingly up and down every time she moves her mouth.

The wearers of these plugs, which are decorated with pieces of shell and copper inlays are, nevertheless, very jealous of their jewellery. *Mr Cunningham* told me the following tale as evidence: Two Indian women once fell to squabbling, which, even though these ornaments were an impediment to speech, became very vehement. Finally, the one with the bigger lip plug of the two put an end to the dispute by pointing a finger proudly at her jewel with the words: "Who are you? Do you have as big a lip as mine? Have you given as many presents as I have? Go home, and when you come back with a plug as big as mine, I shall acknowledge you as my equal." Whereupon the other hung her head with the Indians' customary gesture of shame and silently walked away.

After a short stay in Chinaman's Hat, while wood to fire the steam boiler was taken aboard, the "Grapler" continued her voyage north. For almost the entire day she plied between the islands through narrow channels and sounds, and meanwhile the same splendid landscape unfolded before our eyes as a few days earlier in the Strait of Georgia. The dense forest that smothered every shoreline elevation consisted for the most part of cedars. There are red and yellow cedars there; the latter are much in demand by all for

their hard, fine, sweet-smelling wood. For the Indian, the cedar is much the same as the coconut palm for many primitive peoples of the southern hemisphere. The Indian uses cedarwood to build his house and totem pole, his canoe and his artfully carved dance masks, his boxes, castanets and paddles, cedarwood to maintain his fire, cedar bark to weave his very artistic mats and blankets, baskets and vessels; the infants are wrapped in cedar bark as they lie in their cradles; many tribes plait cedar bark into rings for the head, neck and arms; all their cordage, from the thin fishing line to the thick rope of the whaling harpoon, is twisted from this material, and finally it is of cedarwood that the crate is made in which the mortal remains of the Indians are laid to rest above the earth.

Bark beater.
Vancouver Island.

On the 14th of September in the evening, we landed at Fort Essington, where I left the "Grapler", for here I found myself opposite the Queen Charlotte Islands, although separated from them by the 40-mile-wide Strait of Vancouver. My next task was to seek some means of transport to that archipelago. *Mr Cunningham*, who, as already mentioned, lives in Fort Essington, yet again furnished me with proof of his ever helpful amiability, not only by initiating the preparations for my crossing, but also by receiving me into his house for several days and, most important of all, helping me to enlarge my collection handsomely. Without his assistance, things would not have turned out so well for me in Fort Essington, for most of the Tsimshian Indians who live here have already converted to Christianity and consequently no longer require their interesting ethnological objects. *Mr Cunningham* helped me out here with inventory "from the good old days" still to be found in his shop and sold me, among other things, some women's dance masks carved with the greatest artistry, stone axes, utensils, silver bracelets and ear-rings, and

miniature models of totem poles 3–4 feet long carved partly in wood, partly in stone. I also acquired from him a splendid dancing blanket, of the kind once worn by chiefs at great festivities. These blankets are made from the hair of the wild mountain goat with mythical figures of animals and humans woven into them in the most artistic fashion. I obtained another collection of objects from the natives, notably domestic and fishing utensils, and battle armour of hard leather, items of jewellery etc.

My host's Indian wife ensured that my stay was friendly, and this was all the more congenial to me as she spoke good English. She is very devout and god-fearing and on the day after our arrival, perhaps out of joy that her son, who was attending school in Victoria, had come with us for a holiday visit, she arranged a feast of prayer and thanksgiving in the little local church built by Indians. The entire population took part in this celebration, and naturally so did I. There was no priest available, and so *Mrs Cunningham* exercised this function, praying loud on her knees in the dialect of the Tsimshian Indians, while the assembly sang church hymns together. This church festival was repeated once more on the following day.

Fort Essington lies some 8–10 miles further up the Skeena River. During my stay, this river was the scene of a tragedy, when, for all their Christianity, the Indian spirit of the local people broke through. A boy aged 4–5 ye-

Model of a Tsimshian totem pole.

ars fell unnoticed into the water and drowned. He was missed at once, whereupon his parents rushed with loud cries and laments down to the river bank and struck up a dirge in quite the Indian manner at the side of the now-discovered corpse. Until late into the night, one could hear the intermittent wails of the unfortunate parents resounding far and wide as they lamented their darling, interspersing this with chants in his praise. The customs for lamenting the dead are quite universal among the Indians. After much effort, I finally succeeded in engaging three Indians from the as yet heathen village of Ketkatle on the way to the Queen Charlotte Islands, who, once I had made my collection ready for dispatch to Victoria and written letters to Europe, began my taking me to their home village. Ketkatle is the first truly Indian village I entered; because it lies some way from the usual transit traffic, it has hardly been influenced hitherto by modern culture. It is a handsome village, where a totem pole 30–50 feet tall stands before every house.

The four tribal deities of the Tsimshian, Haida et al. are the bear, the eagle, the wolf and the raven. Every man in the tribe belongs to one of these four deities and documents this by affixing the carved figure of a bear, eagle, wolf or raven to the top of the heraldic pole belonging to his house. As a result, the whole tribe is divided into four great families, for which a series of time-honoured institutions exist which nobody is able to explain any longer. A man from the raven family, for example, may not marry a girl from the raven family, but must choose one from the eagle family or the wolf family or the bear family. Even those Indians who have already become Christians still adhere strictly to this custom. A missionary later told me of an affair that had occurred at one of the mission stations: "A man from the raven family had fallen in love with a girl from the raven family and was loved by her in return. Well aware of the tribal law, the two

youngsters kept their relationship secret for a while. As they simply could not understand why it should be a crime for them to marry, the young man one day went to the missionary and asked for his views on the matter. The latter said that he could see no crime in the young people marrying and that this Indian custom was merely an old superstition. The young couple thereupon agreed with each other to become Christians and to wed. As was only to be expected, the Indians soon discovered it all and the whole village could talk of nothing else but the disgraceful wickedness of the young couple who wished to marry, although nobody had any objections to them converting to Christianity. The young man suffered greatly from the derision and mockery of his fellows, until on one occasion, at a great feast during a gathering of all the chiefs and warriors, he lost his patience, jumped up and gave a speech. He tried to prove that it was no shame to marry a girl from the same family, concluding with these words: 'Who among you can show me that an eagle marries a bear or that a wolf takes a raven to wife? Does not an eagle marry an eagle and a bear a bear everywhere in the world? My maiden is a raven and I am a raven, and so I shall make her my wife.

Whoever among you who opposes my view, go out into the forest to observe the animals; if he finds that I have not spoken truly, then let him prove it to me and I will abstain from this marriage!' No one at the gathering could dispute this argument and soon afterwards the young couple were wed without any trouble. And yet from that moment on the man became an object of hatred and contempt for all his kin; and nobody looked to him. When all the others were invited to festivities where speeches were given and songs were sung, where the great wooden drum was beaten and dances were held, he sat alone and abandoned at home with his wife, isolated and ignored by all, living proof of that old adage: To love is to suffer!"

In Ketkatle, I was offered proof of how closely the Indians stick together, also in their dealings with whites. The people I had hired for my crossing to the Queen Charlotte Islands, and for whom payment had already been deposited with *Mr Cunningham*, suddenly began to strike, claiming that they had no sail for their boat. Naturally, I protested against this breach of contract and threatened to go straight to the nearby village of Metlakatla to cross from there. They all laughed in unison and asked whether I intended to swim there with all my luggage. Indeed, so solid are the inhabitants that I was unable to engage another crew and I had no choice but to renew the old contract with a sweetener of a few extra dollars. I made a few very interesting purchases in Ketkatle, but had to pay dearly for it all, for these proud, confident Indians also stick together when it comes to trading with strangers. What made it worse was that an Indian agent, *Dr Powell* from Victoria, who collects zealously for the government in Canada and for Washington, had been here before and paid the people high prices, promising as well that he would come again to buy even more.

On Wednesday, the 21st of September, we set off towards noon. Our course took us past various islands before we reached the open sea. As it no longer seemed advisable to undertake the 40-mile voyage, we stayed on this side and entertained ourselves with hunting and fishing. Here I had a little adventure, which unfortunately led to the loss of my rifle. A big sea lion, more than 11 feet long, had come to a rock by the shore and had fallen fast asleep there. I approached it from the water side and fired a shot straight into its eye.

Roaring loudly, it rose and tried to descend from the rock into the sea. However, the only spot where this was possible was occupied by myself, so that the beast, desperate with pain and shock, lurched straight at me with a loud holler. In this situation,

I was forced from attack to defence; I therefore turned around with my rifle and used it to land the sea lion, which was standing above me, a powerful blow to the head. In the process the butt broke off, but fortunately an Indian who had seen it all from the canoe approached with an axe, which I used to batter the animal's skull. The sea lion's hair was yellow. The Indians took its flippers and tongue as provisions for the journey. We then continued our trip as far as little Bonilla Island in the Sound and spent the night there.

Our fears were met the next morning; storm and rain made it unthinkable to cross on this day or the following two. We had no choice but to remain here and increase our food supply by fishing and hunting. Here lives that great flatfish, the halibut, which can achieve a weight of several hundredweight and the size of a table top. Unfortunately, we did not manage to catch such a fish, even though a substantial specimen did sink its teeth into the rod. The waves were so high that our attempt to pull the vigorously resisting halibut on board half filled the canoe with water and in the end the hook broke and the prize escaped. We fared better angling for other fish. I went out hunting and shot nine ducks; in the evening, the Indians went seeking shellfish, especially those which the Americans call "clam". This shellfish, probably Venus mercenaria Linn., tasted almost as good to me fresh as an oyster and I would have consumed far more had I been in possession of lemons. Another source of food popular with the coastal tribes, the fondness for which eluded me, is the so-called devil fish, a kind of octopus whose arms in particular are considered a treat. These animals grow quite big and strong and are not infrequently dangerous to fishermen. A missionary later told me the following story about an octopus, which he himself experienced: One day he was sailing along the beach with some Bella-Bella Indians, and when a headwind blew up they decided to land. As they reached the shore, one of the Indians noticed an octopus on the seabed; he therefore cast off his blanket and stretched his arm into the water to lift the animal up. As soon as he touched the octopus, he began to scream violently and utter cries for help, for the animal was tugging him overboard and into the water with an irresistible force. At once another Indian came to his aid, but he too was pulled overboard. Fortunately, a third Indian was already standing on land and stabbed the animal again and again with his hard-tipped paddle, whereupon it perished and the men came free. They pulled the devil fish to land and it turned out that it was by no means one of the biggest specimens. The Indians cook the tentacles of these octopuses in pits dug in the ground, which they line and cover with hot stones. After half an hour the meat is done and, once the skin has been peeled off, eaten. During the various little walks for which I had the time and opportunity on account of our involuntary stay on the Vancouver Sound, I found every bay of the cliff-lined shore densely strewn with driftwood, often 2–3 metres high, and the big trees were bound across by such a tangle of smaller logs and pieces in all directions that they formed a solid layer, making it almost possible to pass. At one place on the shore there lay five human skulls, with reference to which my companions told me that they derived from a skirmish several years previously between two companies of Haida Indians. One group were returning from Victoria, where they had been to sell skins obtained while hunting, while the others came from somewhere else. Both companies wished to cross to the Queen Charlotte Islands, but, just like us, they had been prevented from doing so by a storm. So they stayed and began to drink the whisky which both parties had brought along in abundance. Tempers flared, of course, in the process, and a bloody battle ensued, in which many people lost their lives. Of all the Indian tribes in North-West America, the Haida crave the most for brandy; it is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that they are dying out the fastest.

The weather had calmed at last, and so we were able to set sail on Sunday, the 25th of September at 5 o'clock in the morning. There was no wind at all, obliging us to paddle and row half the distance. On all their trips, the Indians use short, scoop-like oars called paddles, with which they row in a rhythm, sitting at the side of the boat. We worked diligently; I myself was at the rudder; besides, the wind assisted us a little, and so by the evening we had arrived close to the Queen Charlotte Islands. An error by my crew meant, however, that in pitch darkness we arrived south of Skidegate Inlet, where I had wished to go, in Copper Bay and had to spend the whole night on board, as we did not dare to land. The next morning we headed further north in fine, clear weather, but because of the cliffs, which line the entrance, we had to make a detour of three miles, but then, after another mile, we rode into Skidegate Inlet and landed at 12 noon behind the village of Skidegate by an oil factory. The Tsimshian Indians set my luggage on the shore and sailed off at once. And so I stood on the stage of my next undertakings, on the Queen Charlotte Islands.

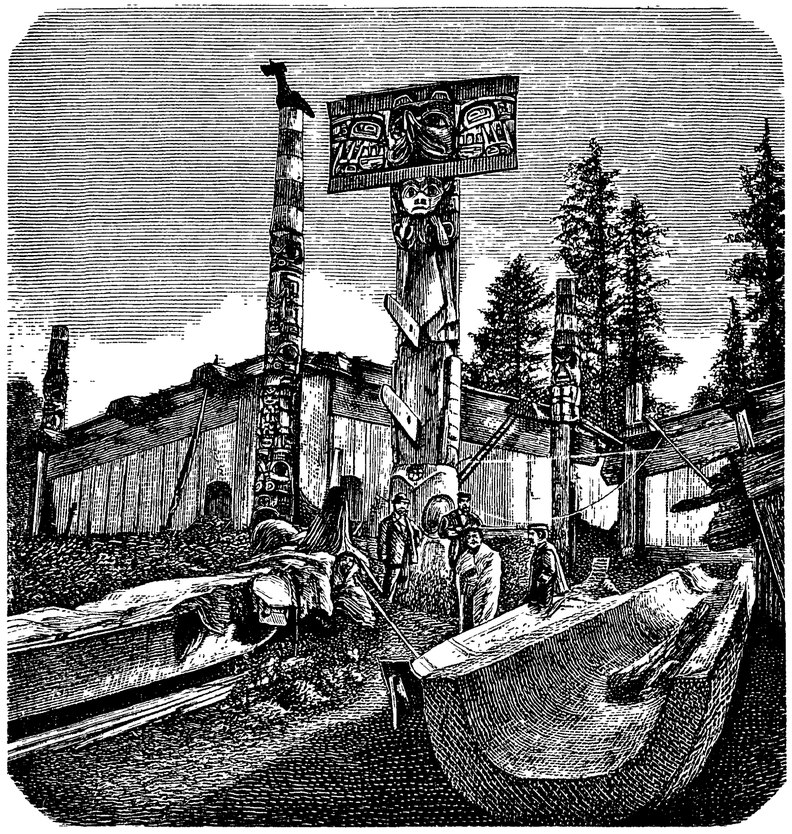
III.

Ethnographic problems. *Mr Sterling*, director of the oil factory. (New) Gold Harbour. A great Indian resettlement. High prices for curiosities. The principal ethnographic speciality of the Haida, totem poles. Declining artistic sense. Itinerant life of the Haida. Mingling with white folk. The healing hot springs on the Queen Charlotte Islands. Wonderful dance rattles in typical shapes. A nation of artists. Big houses. Burials. Coppers as currency. A fish oil factory. 5000 dogfish aboard a steamer. Trip to Kamshua. Side trip to Klu. The entire population catch salmon. A chief's grave. Skedans village. Hard struggle against wind and waves. A burial ground. Return to Skidegate. I open a shop. Sighting of the "Otter". The first package from home. My canoe capsizes with the collections. Involuntary baptism. Departure for Masset. Kind *Mr Mackenzie*. A nihilist. I buy a totem pole for the Berlin Museum. Reindeer on the Queen Charlotte Islands. An Indian Father Noah. Village artists. My pole. Departure from the Queen Charlotte archipelago. Fort Simpson on the west coast, a modernised Indian village. Success of the Methodist Mission. Missionary *Crosby*. Return south along the coast. Landing in Fort Rupert on Vancouver Island.

Full of expectation had I entered this group of islands, this land of promise, upon which the eyes of ethnologists are turned. Of all the problems facing ethnographic research on the north-west coast of North America, the one which can, it is hoped, be resolved by studying the Queen Charlotte Islands and their inhabitants, the Haida Indians, is among the most mysterious and far-reaching.

Once my luggage had been brought into the home of the director of the oil factory, *Mr Sterling*, and I myself had been well received by him, I got down to business straight after lunch. Opposite the establishment to the south-west there is a little island where all the Indians in the village of New Gold Harbour on the west coast have recently settled, bringing with them all their worldly goods, and even some of the gigantic carved totem poles.

My first visit was to these Indians. But here I realised at once what lay ahead for me in this archipelago. The objects which I desired to purchase were hugely expensive and the people brazenly demanded prices which only a lover of antiques would be willing to pay. Indeed, Skidegate Inlet is another of those mooring places

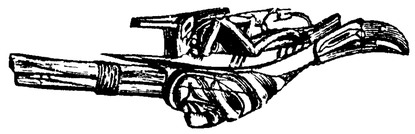


(New) Gold Harbour near Skidegate.

for steamers where travelling tourists usually stop to buy "curiosities" or to order the making of such objects, for which they pay good money. A scientific collector must unfortunately take this circumstance into account and console himself with the fact that the objects are bound to be even more expensive in the future. In this village I was already able to acquaint myself with the principal

ethnographic speciality of the Haida; these are the exquisitely worked totem poles, which were no bigger or finer among any of the Indian tribes I visited on the mainland. The people have the most splendid material at their disposal in the giant cedars, which grow to more than 200 feet high. I shall return to this matter later. The totem poles on the Queen Charlotte Islands are often 70–80 feet tall and are covered over and over on their convex outer side with carved figures. The breadth of these wooden columns is sometimes so great that the open mouth of an animal in relief serves as a door for people to enter by. Next to this aperture, on the front wall of the house close to its heraldic pole, there is usually also a larger door. I found, moreover, that the poles of the Haida Indians were more colourfully painted than those of the mainland Indians. A certain distinction between the poles also exists on the Queen Charlotte Islands insofar as the older the pole the finer and more artistic its making. This is evidence that the artistic sense is gradually beginning to decline. That is on no account surprising, for the Haida Indians are in danger of extinction for more than one reason. One can meet no ship and no coastal post without encountering Haida Indians; the situation is even worse with regard to the Haida girls and women, who have flooded Victoria in particular with a view to earning money, and who usually lay the basis there for the wealth that will later enable their Indian husband to pay for the valuable totem pole he must build and for the office of chieftain, to which he elevates himself by throwing a splendid potlatch. For over a hundred years, the red-skinned race on the Queen Charlotte Islands have resisted the pernicious influences of the white man with an almost indestructible natural force, from the incipient era of merchant shipping, when in 1786 the profitable hunting of sea otters and trading with furs introduced the inhabitants to modern morality and immorality, until the gold-digging period of the fifties, which spilt its dismal waves across these islands too, and up to

the present-day corruption of the natives. The Haida by and large give the impression of no longer being of entirely pure and unmixed blood; one often finds among them individuals with a lighter skin colour, and even children with blond hair and blue eyes, whose Euro-American genesis is unmistakable, even were it to be denied, which it is not. Indeed, the Haida men take their own women with them every summer when they embark on the above-mentioned speculative journeys to Victoria, where each of the two will go about their fortune-seeking on their own account before returning home together. The sad consequences are manifest in the women too in ruinous diseases, and the ravages hereby induced would be far greater were it not, as I was informed, for the wonderful sulphurous sources in the far south of the Queen Charlotte Islands which are used to restore the natives' health.



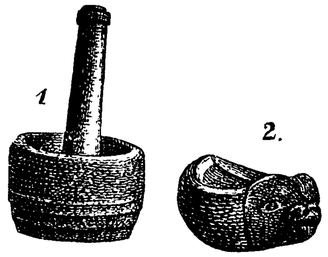
Dance rattle.
(Queen Charlotte Islands).

In (New) Gold-Harbour – as I might perhaps name the village on the island – I did not find many wooden masks, and those which I saw were not particularly fine. As I learned and later confirmed, the Haida purchase many of their masks and wooden rattles from the Tsimshian Indians. These wooden rattles or clappers, which are used for festive dances, have a typical form. Most of them consist of the hollow body of a bird, filled with little stones, on whose back rests a man. The man's greatly protruding tongue is bitten by a frog, whose feet rest on a bird's head and other such features. The belly side of the bird is equally ornamented by colourful carved relief, the tail of the beast forming

Dance rattle
with eagle's head
and whale.

the handle of the rattle. The Haida have developed a particular skill at producing silver rings and ear-rings, as well as silver bracelets. The ethnological motif which they apply to these items of jewellery derives, like all they create, from their Indian mythology, but the figures of the whale, the eagle etc. have been so familiar to the Haida artists since olden times that they apply them in a stylised manner for pure ornament. Even in the objects fabricated with a later or recent technique, with ornamentation resembling the arabesque, a fairly practised eye will recognise the ethnological indicator. One might call the Haida, as I intend to elaborate upon below, and similarly the Bella-Bella, Tsimshian and Tlingit, who are their religious kindred, a nation of artists, for they have almost no utensils which they do not adorn in a meaningful and technically refined manner. Take, for example, the gracefully decorated bowls from which the Haida eat, which are made of wood and the horn of the American mountain sheep (argali). These same people are just as outstanding in the fabrication of carved stone columns. The houses of the Haida are bigger than those of the other tribes, and they are kept altogether cleaner as well. The chiefs' houses, as I later saw in Skidegate, Masset and Klu, are about 50–70 feet long and 30–40 feet wide, and they have a particular internal arrangement, making them from the outset amphitheatres for the big winter dances. As in every house, the square interior space with the fire constitutes the omphalos of the building and with it the stage, the dance floor, the speaker's platform and the place of honour for the chief. But this space is set lower than in other houses and is enclosed on all four sides by a terrace made of three great planks, which serves as a gathering place for visitors to the feast from far and near, enabling several hundred people to watch. Inside these chiefs' houses one is likely to find, too, that the wall posts, which support the principal beams of the room, are most wonderfully carved, depicting the forms of whales, bears, human figures etc.

When someone dies among the Haida, if he is only an ordinary member of the family, he is laid to rest in a little house, usually behind the dwelling-house, and some of his former masks, rattles and weapons will be added alongside the deceased. After a few years, however, it seems that these objects are recovered by the family or destroyed completely, for I never saw such things in old burials, whereas in new ones there were often many. When a chief dies, he is laid to rest in his house, and his wife and children are likewise brought there after their death. All the chief's possessions are placed around his corpse. This is what I saw in Klu and Kamshua. When a chief has died, a bar is fixed to the upper end of his house-post as a sign that he who erected the post is no longer among the living.

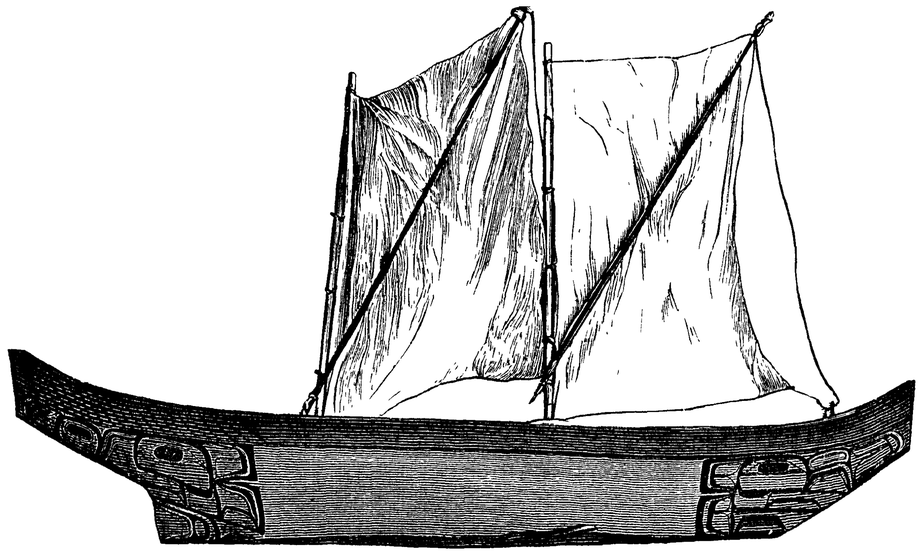


Two Haida stone mortars, with and without pestle.

In Haida houses, I noticed many specimens of those peculiarly shaped big copper shields, which have long played a role in trading relations among the North-West Indians. It is said that these coppers, which weigh about 10 kilograms and are shaped like a quadrangular shield adorned with peculiar, primitive ornaments, were once made on the Copper River and on the Stahkin River up in Alaska and sold at high prices. I saw one such copper for which 1700 blankets had been paid. The traders, especially the Hudson's Bay Company, soon began to imitate these coppers and give them to the Indians in payment instead of money. In consequence, the coppers are widespread, especially among the Haida and Tsimshian.

Copper.

Once I had concluded my purchases in New Gold Harbour, I returned in the evening to the oil factory. It belongs to a company of three former gold-diggers, *Mr Sterling*, *Mr MacGregor* and an engineer whose name I forget. These people are assiduous and hard-working and have a broad network of trading connections. In



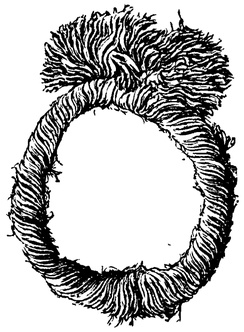
Model of a canoe from the British Columbian coast.

the fjords of the Queen Charlotte Islands they catch the cat shark (dogfish) in great quantities and extract oil form it. South of Skidegate lies a firth reaching deep inland, Kamshua Inlet, where they have built a fishing station. Passage between the latter and the oil factory in Skidegate is secured by a small steamer belonging to the company. This vessel arrived at the same time as myself, bringing some 5000 freshly caught dogfish. After spending a pleasant evening among the gentlemen, I visited the establishment the next morning. The main factory is constructed on stilts so that the water flows beneath it at high tide. Thanks to this contraption, a big, shallow wooden barge, onto which the catch has been loaded

from the steamer, can be pushed up close to the building, whence a draw-bridge can be lowered onto it. This bridge it fitted with rails leading into the interior. Now small carts suspended on a rope are steered along the rails onto the wooden raft, and the gutting of the fish begins on the spot. The dogfish livers are loaded first and brought up, then the rest. Two kinds of oil are produced in the factory: the fine, yellowish liver oil reminiscent of the cod liver

Cap worn by a medicine man when healing.

Harpoon to hunt sea lions and fur seals.

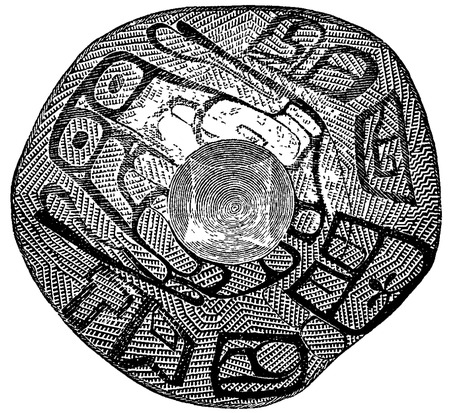


Head ring used when dancing.

oil used for medical purposes, and the less valuable fish oil which is not so clear. The cooking is done with steam; during the season from June to November, some 2–3000 dogfish a day are processed in this manner. Few Indians take part in this work; the fishing, gutting, cooking and dispatching is performed almost entirely by whites, most of them former gold-diggers. The oil is sent in large quantities to Victoria.

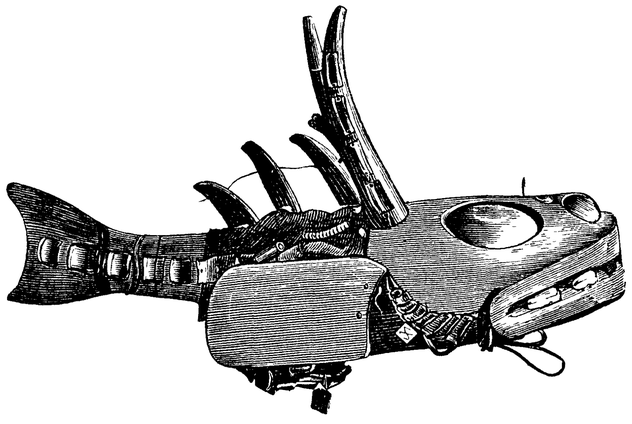
As *Mr Sterling* kindly permitted me to join the company's little steamer for the next trip to Kamshua, that same morning I engaged a Haida who understand a little English together with his canoe; at midday we took everything on board and the journey began. By evening the steamer had already reached its fishing ground near the village of Kamshua. As it turned out that the entire fishing tackle had to be transported to another place, I used the period of

several days to undertake an excursion with the Haida in his canoe to Klu, which is the most southerly and most populated village in the archipelago and lies at the eastern end of the little island of Tanoo.



Common woman's hat.

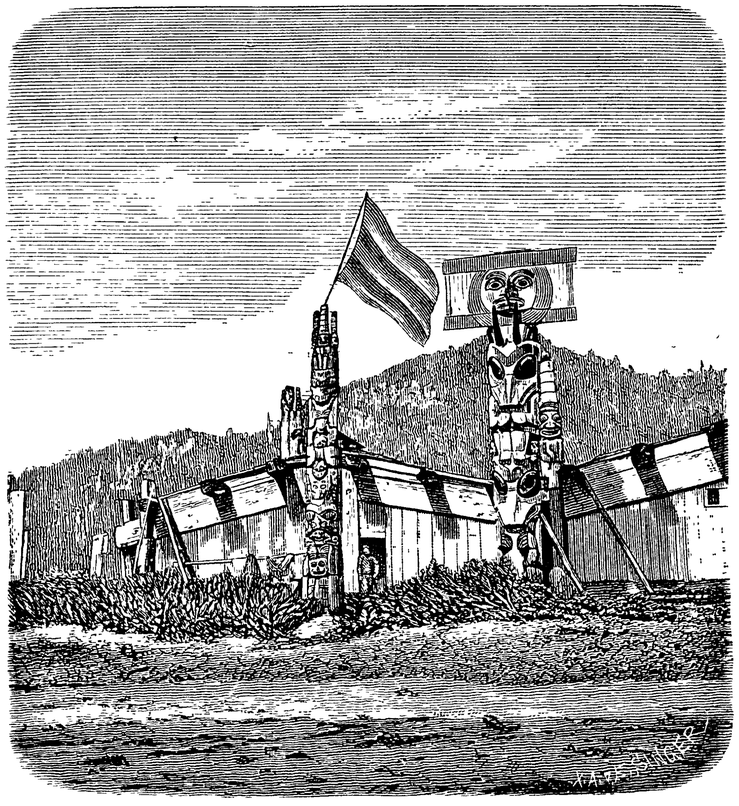
A favourable wind brought us to the place towards evening. Here, however, I was saddened to learn that the whole population was about 15 miles away to catch salmon for their winter provisions. It would have been no use to follow after them, for they would not have returned with me to their village to sell me their ethnological objects there, of which I discovered plenty as I walked through the houses. The few men and women who had remained in Klu could not sell me much. The village possesses many outstandingly fine totem poles. On a chief's grave there lay various masks, blankets and the stick that the deceased had held during his life whenever he gave a speech. The next morning we returned north,



Dance hat representing a fish.

first visiting the village Skedans just before Kamshua. Here again, unfortunately, only one family were present, from whom I bought a few things. Towards evening, after a hard battle against the wind

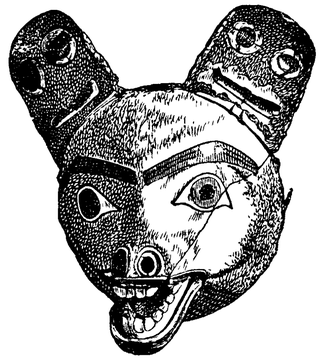
and the waves, we reached the village of Kamshua. It was the same old story; I found only four families present. Nevertheless, I managed to purchase a few very fine objects. In Kamshua there lives an outstandingly skilful wood artist from whom I bought – although at a fairly high cost, as the foreigners, especially the Americans, are ruining the prices here too – a splendidly carved pole 5 feet high. In



Heraldic house pole and memorial pole of Haida Indians.

Kamshua, I was given the opportunity to take a closer look at the Indian funeral houses. Most of them were shut, but it was possible to look inside. Almost all the houses were full of funerary boxes with corpses inside. These coffins are only about 2–3 feet high and wide, and so it seems impossible to fit a human body into them.

But it is the custom among all the coastal Indians, before rigor mortis sets in, to place the deceased in a squatting position with their knees pulled up, to wrap them in a mat and to force them immediately into the narrow box. Kamshua was once an important village, but it has lost many residents to infectious diseases and to the desire to emigrate that is now peculiar to all Haida Indians.



Dance mask depiciting a wolf's head. Masset.

Towards midday on the 1st of October, the steamer returned from the interior of the fjord and took us on board; in the evening we landed back in Skidegate. The next day, a Sunday, I used for a visit to the village of Skidegate, where – in return for a fee to the owner – I opened a kind of "shop" in the house of its chief, exchanging European and American goods for Indian "curiosities". Trade was very brisk, although I had to pay high prices. Towards evening I returned to the oil factory.

A medicine man's fetish.

I had now been away from San Francisco for about a month, and my journey had, thanks to a series of circumstances, proceeded so swiftly that no news from home had reached me as yet. But this must surely happen before long, for Skidegate expected the steamer *"Otter"* belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company to arrive from the south at any hour. This ship was doubly important to me, as I intended at the same time to step aboard in order to continue my voyage to the most northerly Haida village in the Queen Charlotte Islands, Masset. Before this happened, however, the objects so far purchased in the archipelago had to be carefully numbered with descriptive notes and packed for the museum in Berlin. All this was done and I was already back in New Gold

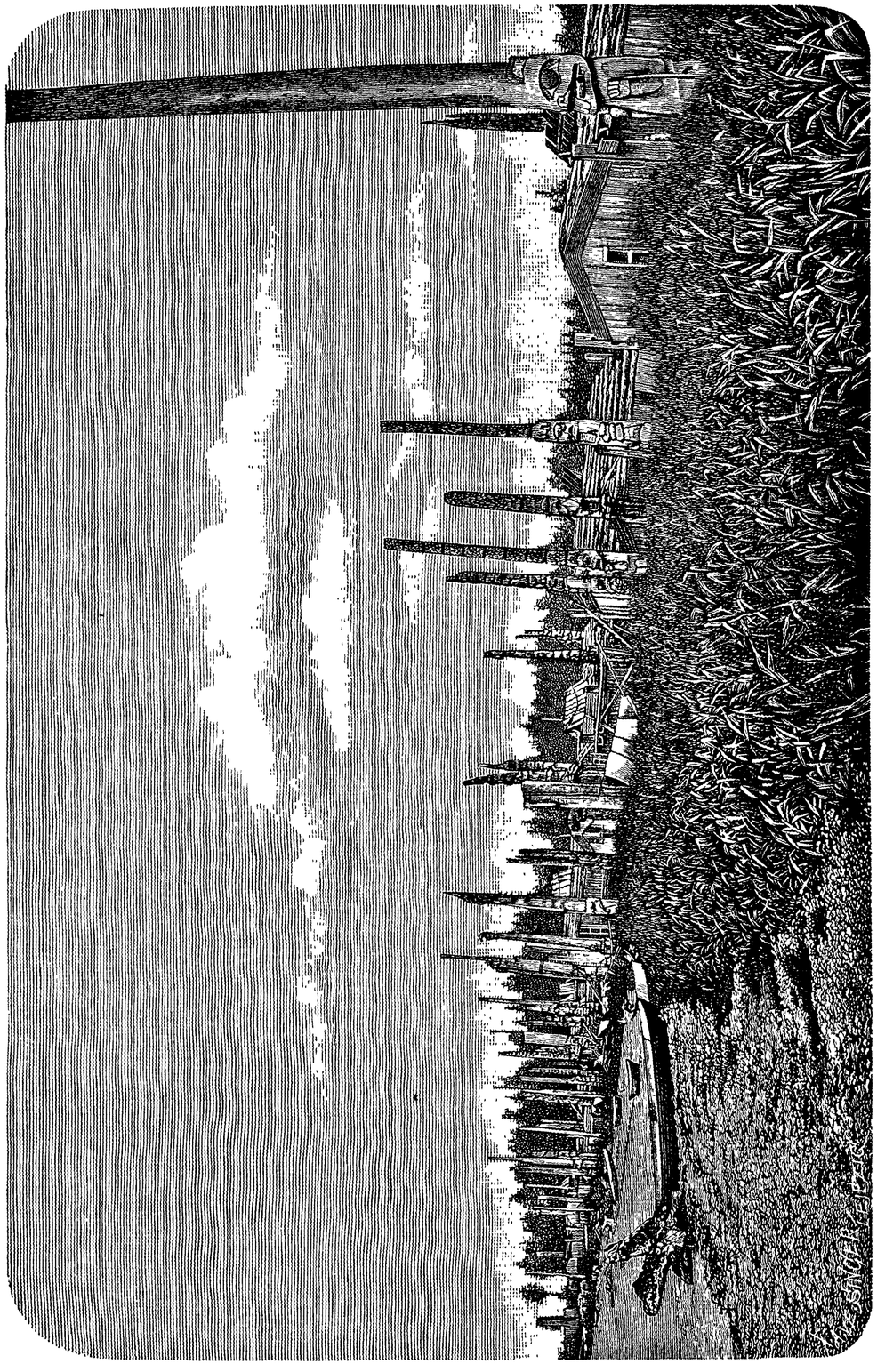
Harbour, where I was now purchasing little due to the very high prices, when suddenly towards midday the entire population became very excited, for the *"Otter"* was coming into view. She had hardly dropped anchor in port when I went aboard as one of the first, for I was understandably curious for tidings from home. The very friendly captain handed me a whole package of letters, most of them from Berlin, including official legitimation documents and letters of recommendation.

Many residents of New Gold Harbour came on board to join the passage to Victoria. As the steamer lay here until the next morning, there being much oil to be loaded, I was able to transport my collections onto the ship at leisure. Unfortunately, an unexpected malheur struck me. I had asked for all my things to be placed in a boat, including a heavy chest. Through the fault of the Indian to whom the boat belonged, and who tried to pass by the chest, the little vessel capsized close to land and immediately the two of us and all the luggage fell into the water. We quickly swam to dry land, where I began by pulling all the things out as nimbly as possible before, in sheer rage, heftily ducking the miscreant several times over. As a consequence, the fellow jumped up and, in fearful silence, vanished forever into the nearby bush. Many of the provisions which I had brought along were spoilt, and all the objects for the collection were wet through. On board the ship, where I initially took the crates, I was busy all night drying everything and wiping it down.

We departed for Masset at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. There were about 8 young Haida girls seeking their "luck" in Victoria, and some 20 young men looking to find work on the Fraser River and Puget Sound. In Masset, where we landed the next day, I met *Mr A. Mackenzie*, the head of the Hudson's Bay Company trading post there, a very amiable and highly intelligent man, intimately acquainted with the customs and traditions of all the local Indians

on account of his many years in Alaska and British Columbia. May the following pages be a testimony to what I owed this most excellent man during my one-day stay and later on. In Masset I also made the acquaintance of two gold-diggers, one a nihilist, Count *S*……, both of whom had spent the whole summer "prospecting" on the archipelago and in the process had been to the uncharted west coast, with its abundance of pretty landscapes. As we landed, Chief Weah, an elderly, fairly strong, white-bearded man, who certainly did not convey the impression that he was an Indian, also came on board to welcome us.

Mr Mackenzie supported me most zealously in my purchases. Although previous visitors, in particular the officers of the English warships, who dock here every summer, had bought up almost everything, we nonetheless went from house to house and still unearthed this and that. *Mr Mackenzie*, to whom I had communicated my intention of buying one of the big heraldic house poles, also asked the Indians who among them would be willing to oblige me. There were, indeed, a few who were ready to divest such possessions. The poles concerned were in an abandoned Indian village a few miles away. In the company of Count *S*…… and an Indian, I set off and, among the many poles already starting to rot on account of their great age, all of which were huge in size and over 50 feet tall, there were a few that might at a pinch serve my purposes. As we returned to Masset to negotiate the purchase, our route took us past another, very well preserved pole, which I had already admired on the trek out, but which had not been for sale. In the meantime, the owner, a small chief by the name of *Stilta*, known there as *Capt. Jim*, had changed his mind, and he declared his willingness to sell me the pole. We soon struck a deal and it was agreed that the pole would be taken on board the next steamer due with Mr Mackenzie's assistance. To cut a long story short, what we agreed came to pass, and the pole reached the Berlin Museum in-



The Haida village of Masset (Queen Charlotte Islands).

tact, where it is now the biggest exhibit from America. *Capt. Jim* is a very intelligent young man who, in the summer of 1881, had been the guide for the two above-named gold-diggers, and on one of his earlier forays in the island interior, he had made the interesting scientific observation that reindeer also live there. At the time he had shot a few of these beasts, whose skins and antlers I later saw in Victoria. The fact that *Capt. Jim* had converted to Christianity and was already very accustomed to dealings with whites probably contributed largely to his divestment of the pole. *Capt. Jim* was also the first Haida Indian to visit the west coast for several generations; traffic with that region had long been completely suspended by the east coast natives, as legend told that it was inhabited by a nation of giants who killed any stranger who set foot there.

This is perhaps the point to mention some of the things I discovered about the erection of totem poles among the Haida: Like all coastal Indians, the Haida believe that a great flood once covered the Earth and that few survived the disaster. One of those who were saved, according to the legend, was an old Haida, who was busy one day collecting sea urchins on the east coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands between Skidegate and Masset. It was a clear day, the Indian "Father Noah" was slowly paddling his canoe along the coast looking steadily into the transparent water, now and then picking up an urchin. All at once, in the depths, he saw an entire village and outside each of its houses there stood the most beautiful carved poles, some of them so high that they almost touched the surface of the sea. "Noah" paddled home delighted, immediately made himself a pole, and ever since the Haida have had their poles again.

Nowadays, when one of the Haida decides to erect a heraldic house pole, almost the whole community participates, which in technical terms does not pose any problems, because almost every Indian is an artist in wooden sculpture. The most skilful and experienced of them all supervises the work, which often takes several years. This

master chooses whichever forest giant seems to him the most suitable for the task in hand. They do not use an entire cedar, but only the base up to a height of 90–100 feet at most, leaving the lowest 10 feet or so uncarved, as it will later be sunk into the ground. Above this, the full length of the tree, a parallel strip about 4–8 feet wide is marked out, taking up about one third or one quarter of the girth.

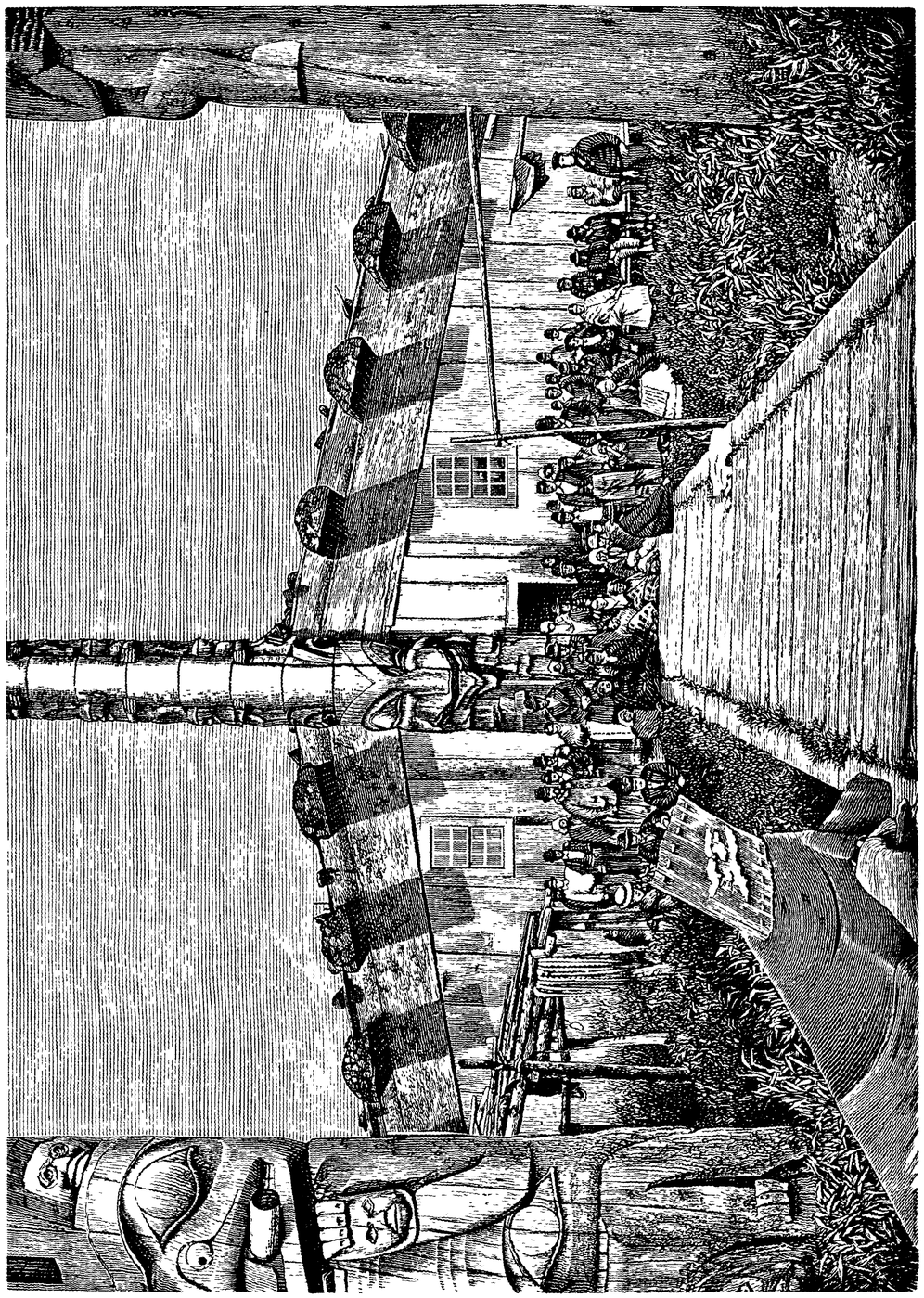
Above this, the full length of the tree, a parallel strip about 4–8 feet wide is marked out, taking up about one third or one quarter of the girth. This parallel strip, about one foot thick, is worked out of the tree, forming a cylindrical wooden hollow. The rest of the wood in the tree is discarded. Now the outer surface of the half-cylinder is divided by horizontal lines into sections, each for one of the main figures. The head artist distributes these sections among those village artists who have been invited to take part in the work by the person constructing the pole. In keeping with the overall plan of the master, each is allocated an area and an instruction about the figure he is to make, although the head artist will personally carry out the principal work.

Now the elaboration of the relief is tackled; many busy hands are bestirred and under the ceaseless hammering of simple tools – the Indian hand axe and a few chisels are all these artists use – this seemingly so bizarre composition of human and animal figures

Model of a Haida house pole.

takes shape. When, after a considerable time, the pole is ready, tribal friends and neighbours are invited to a great potlatch. The pole is laid on rollers with firm rope wound around it. Then, on the spot where it is to be raised, a hole 4–6 cubits deep is dug into the ground, and with the help of everyone present, men, women and children, the pole is pulled upright with its upper end, supported by trestles and rods, gradually lifted higher and higher. Once the pole is standing, the feast begins. All those who have worked on the pole are rewarded with woollen blankets; the friendly tribes who have been invited also receive gifts. In this manner, the erection of a pole usually costs the owner 600–1600 blankets, i.e. the labour and savings of many years. Naturally, such a man is then also awarded the rank of chief.

In response to my pleas, a year later *Mr Mackenzie* of Masset sent me a description of the pole I had bought: “In the Haida language, a pole such as the one you acquired is called ‘kee-ang’, i.e. carved totem pole. This is the generic term for a pole, but every pole also has an individual name to distinguish it. The name of the pole purchased for the Berlin Museum is ‘qwee-tilk-keh-tzoo’, i.e. a watcher or guardian for those who arrive or else a viewpoint and marker for those who approach. I cannot quite say which meaning is correct, as my knowledge of the Haida language is poor. The pole was built six years ago on the spot where you saw it by a Haida chief named *Stilta*, when he decided to build a new house. As usual, this event was marked by a great distribution of property on the part of Stiḷta. Hundreds of blankets and other valuable items were given to all who took part in the potlatch. *Stilta* was under the protection of the eagle deity and, in accordance with the custom there, all those who received gifts belonged to other house gods. The members of the eagle community received no gifts. Not long after the pole was put up, *Stilta* fell ill and he died before his house was built. His brother, from who you bought the pole, followed him in his position (as chief) and took on his name. He then set another pole in memory



Front of a chief's house in Masset.

of his brother's death and his own appropriation of the site. On this occasion a great potlatch was celebrated, with food distributed to the feast-goers and blankets to the makers of the pole. It should be noted here that a mortuary pole looks different from a heraldic house pole. The carvings at the foot of the pole represent the whale in supernatural conversation with the Indian medicine man. The name for the whale in Haida is 'kw-oon'. Above the whale there is a Haida medicine woman (in Haida: 'sah-gah'). These emblems were carved by *Edensaw*, supreme chief of the northernmost part of the island, who still resides in Masset. The medicine woman above the whale used to foretell for the Indians of this tribe when a whale would be stranded on the north coast. This was on account of the permission granted by her accomplice, the said whale. This gave her the power to drive other whales into shallow water." This account by *Mr Mackenzie* only explains the lower group of figurative depictions on the pole concerned; above these, including at the tip of the pole, there are another seven to eight sculptures in which the figure of the Indian medicine man and the whale are repeated. It will be for future scientific research to provide an adequate explanation of the entire pole. to the feast-goers and blankets to the makers of the pole. It should be noted here that a mortuary pole looks different from a heraldic house pole. The carvings at the foot of the pole represent the whale in supernatural conversation with the Indian medicine man. The name for the whale in Haida is 'kw-oon'. Above the whale there is a Haida medicine woman (in Haida: 'sah-gah'). These emblems were carved by Edensaw, supreme chief of the northernmost part of the island, who still resides in Masset. The medicine woman above the whale used to foretell for the Indians of this tribe when a whale would be stranded on the north coast. This was on account of the permission granted by her accomplice, the said whale. This gave her the power to drive other whales into shallow water." This account by Mr Mackenzie only explains the lower group of figurative depictions on the pole concerned;

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After I had completed my other purchases in Masset, I went aboard. The tides flow in and out here with such vigour that I can only remotely compare them with those at my home in the north of Norway. We therefore had our work cut out to reach the ship. In the early morning of the 7th of October, we left Masset and with it the Queen Charlotte archipelago, setting course north-east back to the mainland of British Columbia. I was very curious to see Fort Simpson, the biggest village of the Tsimshian Indians; rarely in my life have I been so very disappointed as when I caught sight of this place. Instead of the tall, stately poles ascending skywards as a "landmark to the approaching traveller", the eye discovered nothing but modern houses arranged in the European manner with little front gardens, and the principal focus of the regular grid of streets was a fine, big Gothic church. Such are the blessings reaped by the Methodist mission in its ten years of activity. Thus was Fort Simpson the first Indian village in which I bought nothing, for there was nothing to be had. The local missionary, *Mr Crosby*, extended me a very friendly welcome; he came on board to us to travel with his family to Victoria; before this, however, we, Count *S*..... and myself, had the opportunity to see his little collection of Tsimshian ethnologicis. Fort Simpson has about 900 inhabitants, of whom, however, rarely more than one third are at home, while the others are out hunting or fishing or looking for work in the southern states. After mooring for several hours, the "Otter" turned south towards her home port of Victoria; for me, a useful opportunity to reach the northern part of Vancouver. Before this, however, we stopped over twice; once at a cannery called Inverness on the Skeena River, the other time among the Bella-Bella. At 12 midnight we landed in Fort Rupert on Vancouver.

IV.

The island of Vancouver. Fort Rupert as a central base for my forays. *Mr Hunt. George Hunt*, a half-breed Indian. Dancing Indian girls. First excursion. Geographical separation as the cause of ethnographic union. The hamatsa, i.e. anthropophagi. Good old hamatsa glory. Modern cannibalism. Hamatsa preparation and deprivation. Attack from the forest. The hired victim. Hamatsa privileges. Cannibal dining past and present. A gunboat brings revenge. The Indian village Nouette. Back in Alert Bay. The Indian village Mamelellika and its wicked inhabitants. A marooned Sandwich islander. Wild dances in Mamelellika. The ship opens shop. Thieves and bandits. Gun logic. The Queka Indians or head-choppers in Klawitsches. An inheritance potlatch. A dying old man. Indian oratory. The dance drum serves as a saucepan. Two cooked seals. Big portions. A racoon family taken by surprise. Back to Fort Rupert. Trek to Koskimo through primeval forest. An Indian footpath. Balancing act on rotten logs. Head first into the swamp. A cold night camp. By Canoe to Koskimo. Craniological study of race in an old Indian graveyard. Artificially deformed human skulls. Longheads. The Indian village of Koskimo. Old chief *Negetz*. *Negetz's* daughter-in-law. Travellers' testimonies. My benefactress with the sugar loaf skull. By canoe to Quatsino. Clothes as luxuries. The white miracle beast. Good purchases. Rough waves. *"Young Negetz"*. The tiniest hut has room. Forest trek with cargo. The old Indian agent *Blankenshop*.
Return to Victoria.

The setting for my next activity was the long-drawn-out island of Vancouver and the mainland region of islands and fjords that faces its northern half, excellent terrain in ethnological terms. Had anyone told me beforehand what I was to experience in this region and how long I would remain, I should never have believed it. Fort Rupert recommended itself to me as a kind of central base because of the trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company located there, whence I would be able to undertake diverse excursions beneficial to my plans. The manager there, *Mr Hunt*, soon became my friend and confidant; in him and his family I always found enduring support. He rented out his sloop to me at a low price and

gave me his son George, a half-breed Indian about 26 years of age, along the way, as he is as familiar with the customs and traditions of the Indians living all around, as though he himself were an Indian, and moreover spoke not only English, but also fluent "Fort Rupert Indian", or "Quakult" as they call it here. I spent the evening of my arrival day on preparations, but *Miss Hunt*, the sister of my freshly hired travel companion, hearing of my wish to see Indian dances, had a number of Indian girls perform in costume, which afforded an amusing sight.

On the 10th of October, my first excursion began, my purpose being to visit as many Indian places as possible where the Quakult dialect is spoken. These include all the villages along the north-east and north coast of Vancouver between Comox and Quatsino Sound, as well as all the islands between this stretch of coast and the British Columbian mainland, and the fjords and mainland coast beyond those islands. This area constitutes one of the points on the Earth's surface where geographical division coincides with ethnographic association. The primary occupation of the inhabitants, the fishing and hunting of marine animals, seems here to have been the mediating, connecting principle. The population here, and even more so along the almost entirely unknown west coast of Vancouver, are among the most savage and brutish people still sustained by our Earth. A number of customs from the distant past survive here, of which the manifestations, such as murder, cannibalism and other atrocities, are held down only by the vigorous presence of the English gunboats. There are various social ranks among the Quakult Indians, the most important being that of the so-called "hamatsa", i.e. anthropophagi. Those who belong to this caste are proud to name themselves hamatsa, and as such they are held in high esteem by the other members of the tribe. Even if the good old times for them are over, when they were able to slaughter and eat slaves or prisoners-of-war with no one to stop them, they

have devised ways and means to compensate themselves in another, one might almost say grislier fashion. Nowadays, at their big feasts, they feast on human corpses and these – unbelievable as it may sound – are not the bodies of those who have recently passed away, but of those who have been dead some 1-2 years.

In this case, however – as in most other instances occurring around the world – this must not be regarded as an act to satisfy the need for a certain taste or to appease a desire for meat as a form of diet congenial to the human body, for the Quakult Indians are already of necessity carnivores, as the sea provides them with succulent seals, fish, shellfish and squid, as well as sea birds of all kinds to fill a pleasing table, with components more nutritious than those available to any other people on Earth. Rather, eating human flesh is considered by the Quakult Indians to be a particular and distinctive prerogative, which can be granted only to such outstanding individuals as have experienced a series of the harshest preparations and torments. An Indian of common descent will not be admitted at all; he must be the scion of a chief or some other famous man to be initiated as "hamatsa". The preparatory stage takes four years and as a badge of honour the novice is given a band made of cedar bast, which he wears over his left shoulder and under his right arm during this period. For the least four months of this apprenticeship, the future hamatsa leave their home and family to prepare in the silent solitude of the forest and in a condition of physical deprivation for the last great ceremony. In the eyes of the other local inhabitants, they are already superior being, and all who hear the sound of their pipes and whistles in the bush, as they announce their presence close to a village in the morning, give them a wide berth with a quiet shudder. Finally the moment arrives for them to become hamatsa in the full meaning of the word. To this end they must first partake not of human flesh, but only of human blood. The act by which this occurs is entirely characteristic: one day, the

future hamatsa lunges suddenly out of the forest into the middle of the village, pounces on one of those present and bites him in the arm or leg, drawing blood. Then the matter is closed.

Naturally, nobody will allow himself to be bitten without further ado; consequently, the final act is always performed with the agreement of both parties, i.e. the hamatsa has already given the person bitten a certain number of woollen blankets, often up to 40 of them, for putting up with the procedure. I have seen various persons who have been bitten in this manner; they assured me, and the very small scars confirmed it, that the bites were not particularly painful, that the hamatsa tore off little more than a small piece of skin by the teeth, and knew how to suck the spot so quickly and skilfully that within a few instants they already had a mouthful of blood. As one can see, then, all that remains of that cultural rite of initiation is the suggestion in the ceremony.

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The hamatsa enjoy special privileges in all directions. Their dance masks, their rattles, the rings worn on the head, neck, feet and arms, are of a particularly fine construction and ornamentation. If a hamatsa is to take part in a big, common festive dance, four chiefs are required to invite him four times over before he pledges to appear. The cannibal then prepares for the feast by starving himself and withdrawing to the darkest corner of the house, for the cult prescribes that a hamatsa must display a pale, gaunt appearance. Before he goes to the feast, he dons his full attire. Thereupon he leaves the house behind the four chiefs, and proceeding extremely slowly, placing one foot in front of the other, he takes several hours to walk along the village street and reach the house to which he has been invited, possibly a hundred steps away at most. This grotesque procession of snails leaves the deepest of impressions on the other Indians; young people who meet the hamatsa on the way stand still in reverence, heads bowed, until he passes them as slowly as the hour hand of a clock. At the feast, too, the hamatsa is the object of universal attention and respect; they themselves, conscious of the self-imposed torments they have survived, see themselves in a sense as a higher species and happily allow others to celebrate them.

Meanwhile, by drinking a small amount of human blood, a hamatsa has not yet obtained the pinnacle of dignity, for he has not yet “eaten human flesh”. The ceremony at which this occurs is celebrated in the deepest solitude by the hamatsa alone, and in order to participate in such a cannibal meal every hamatsa has the right to fix a human skull carved from wood to his mask. I saw hamatsa with no fewer than eight such skulls attached to their mask. If the body from which these people are to take a few bites is sufficiently old and mummified, its enjoyment is said to be harmless, but there have been recurrent instances of hamatsa meeting their own end due to blood poisoning by partaking of flesh from a relatively fresh corpse.

Not much more than twenty years ago, things were different. Fort Rupert, which was designed for the Hudson’s Bay Company in 1830 by a certain *Blankenshop*, who is now an Indian agent, had a tough time during the first chapter of its existence with the sur-

rounding Indians, who were still very numerous and belligerent,. It was a custom among these natives, of whom several thousand lived by Fort Rupert alone, to wage great military campaigns, capturing many slaves and cutting off their heads. Even now, many human scalps can be found in that area. The power of the Indians was so great at the time that they caused great trouble to the white people and once even laid siege to the fort. Meanwhile, the Hudson's Bay Company, which everywhere shows an effort to live in harmony with the population, soon concluded peace with them. However, this did not put an end to the struggles between the Indians, and here the hamatsa played a major role. Even in 1859 or 1860, the above-mentioned *Mr Hunt* witnessed with his own eyes how a slave captured among the Fort Rupert Indians was, on the occasion of a great feast, bound to a stake and his body cut open, whereupon the hamatsa filled their hands with the blood that poured out and drank it. Probably the slave was then devoured in full. At that time, though, the town of Victoria at the southern end of Vancouver was already so powerful that its governor, upon learning of the terrible affair, sent a gunboat to Fort Rupert to punish the Indians. These, however, sensing their strength, resisted, with the consequence that all their houses were destroyed and all their canoes burnt. The Indians themselves fled into the nearby forest, as they always did on such occasions. After the gunboat had left, the natives gradually reappeared, but they had lost their sense of superiority, and so the majority of them emigrated to a few fjords on the opposite mainland of British Columbia, while the rest, some 250–300 of them, rebuilt the ruined village. Since that time, lazy and apathetic, insolent and shameless towards outsiders, they have eked out a more modest existence that previously in the days of blood-stained hamatsa glory.

Our first trip in the sloop was to the Indian village of Nouette on Hope Island, a small isle to the north of Vancouver. Here the

old Indian ways still thrive almost completely unchanged, which is why the people were not inclined to sell me their dance masks, rattles etc..

Nothing but the great persuasive skill of my interpreter George Hunt, who is held in great esteem by the Indians for miles around, could move the chief to sell me a number of excellent ethnological objects in return for good payment. After staying for several hours we set off again for Knight Inlet, which stretches deep inside the mainland of British Columbia. On the way we had to pass Fort Rupert again and on the next day we reached Alert Bay, where, as recounted at the end of the first chapter, I had already made purchases with the support of *Mr Cunningham*. There was little left to glean, and I had to pay dearly for everything. Close to this Indian village there is an old native burial ground, to which I carved a difficult path through the thick bush and scrub. The little burial boxes or funerary houses supported above ground on stilts were all nailed firmly shut. This was not the only reason why I could not collect any valuable human remains there for anatomical studies of race. Almost all the inhabitants, perhaps suspecting that I might intend to snatch bodies, had accompanied me to the heart of the thicket.

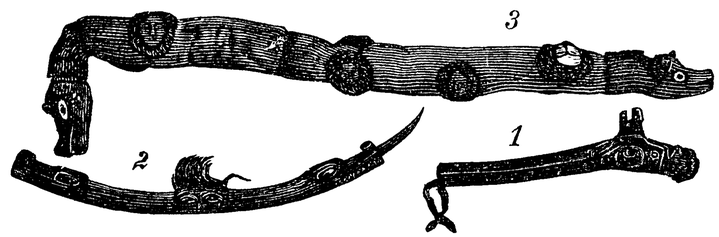
Soon afterwards we sailed on towards our destination, but could not yet reach Knight Inlet and spent the night at anchor in Beaver Cove on Vancouver. The next morning we then crossed the strait to the entrance of said fjord, where in the afternoon we reached the Indian village of Mamelellika. It is home to a malevolent population who only recently attempted to plunder a merchant schooner, but were sent packing with blooded noses by the well-armed crew. So far, every time white folk have tried to moor in Mamelellika they have been thwarted by the behaviour of the inhabitants. Someone established a shop there in earlier times, but it was soon plundered and the owner put to flight. As punishment

the village was bombarded and set on fire by a gunboat, but had been rebuilt. A Catholic missionary had also tried to convert the people, but he too was obliged to renounce his plan. The only outsider whose presence is currently tolerated in their community is a former inhabitant of the Sandwich Islands, a mariner who deserted his ship and was cast up here.

My interpreter described the inhabitants of Mamelellika to me as the greatest of thieves, which I later fully confirmed. We anchored by the village and went ashore to make purchases. Contrary to expectation, our initial reception was good and I acquired several objects, although their value in terms of originality did not seem especially great, as these Indians, as *George Hunt* told me, buy such utensils themselves from the Indians of Fort Rupert and Nouette. I asked the chief of Mamelellika to call a feast, as I was much inspired by a desire to watch the people perform one of their wild, picturesque dances. He, however, gave me to understand that at present, in mid-October, the annual winter dance season to which all Indians adhere had not yet arrived. If he were to call a dance before the legitimate time, the neighbouring villagers might, as soon as they heard about it, be angered and possibly start a war. However, the man held in the highest esteem in Mamelellika after the chief was of a different opinion and told me that he had no fear of a war. He would he happy to let his young people perform a dance if only I could donate some tobacco in return.

This transaction came to pass. First, the house was cleared as far as possible and a big fire was lit in the middle. I had some of the masks brought along that I had bought in Nouette, and the dance commenced. They did not, however, perform any winter dances, which call for a larger group of participants, but summer dances, almost all of which are performed by individuals. The big wooden drum was set up against the rear wall of the house, and the song leader – every village has one – placed himself alongside with his

painted wooden sticks. Then he beat the drum, which was like an ordinary, painted rectangular crate with its lid missing, while striking up the tone for the song. All the young people seated around joined in, beating out the rhythm on a wooden board at the same time. It seemed that everyone was at pains to make as much noise as possible. The locker-like compartments on the walls – usually



1. Old Tsimshian war club. 2. Device for self-scourging.
3. Hamatsa neck ring.

family bedsteads – were used, as always for dances, as cloakrooms. Then a dance performer, after devoting considerable time to preparation, would emerge through the door of one of these family lockers, and all eyes would be upon him. His shoulders were wrapped on what they call a northern blanket, a very expensive cover worked from the hair of the mountain goat with a pattern into which many figures, in particular faces and eyes, have been artistically woven. Upon his head, born proudly and boldly high, the dancer wore a wooden mask from the Tsimshian Indians set with shells. An arrangement of sea lion's whiskers served as precious, much coveted adornment for the mask. The dancer leapt swiftly to the rhythm of the music – if the infernal din can be designated as such – until he reached the middle of the open space and danced around the fire, his right hand shaking a carved wooden rattle whose cavity was filled with little stones, emitting loud sounds like a castanet. Feather finery was mounted on the head of the mask, and

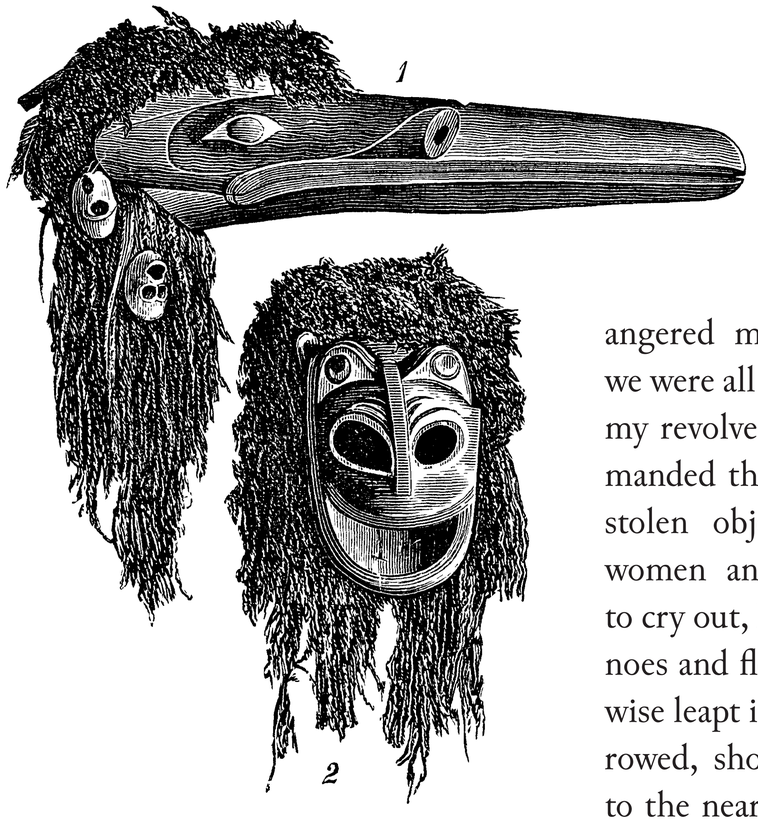
every time the dancer shook his head, eagle's down flew like snowflakes. It was a wild dance that he performed around the brightly glowing fire, while the very large house, its walls half sheathed in darkness, was filled with hundreds of redskins whose faces painted red and black, whose flashing eyes and animated movements, whose ear-piercing screams and shouts so matched the impressive spectacle that I will never forget the strangely magnificent mo-

Device for self-scourging. Knight Inlet, British Columbia.

ment. Various dances were performed, sometimes several at once, and the dancers also wore the masks I had lent them, but I could not persuade them to perform any winter dances. The season for these original Indian festivities did not begin until January, and as such a potlatch is the occasion for the host to distinguish himself, to enhance his reputation and the number of his friends and supporters by making gifts, all Indians jealously watch to ensure that nobody begins the winter dancing before the ordained time. The chief's refusal described above had, in fact, been entirely justified. And so the evening and a part of the night passed in merry exultation, and our dance companions, having received the negotiated tobacco, did us the honour of escorting us to the sloop by the light of resin torches and taking their leave of us for the night in perfect peace.

The next morning our ship was transformed into a shop. The inhabitants of Mamelellika flowed in from all sides, bringing me whatever they had for sale. But this harmony did not long endure, for the Indians began to steal, trivial items at first, but then valuable objects, and by the end they were so brazen that they carried everything off

before my very eyes. Unfortunately, the looted objects included two of those wonderfully carved wooden skulls which had once adorned a hamatsa mask. It was soon clear to me that the savages, who were well aware of their superior strength, intended to plunder our ship and even ourselves. Of course, this angered me greatly, and as we were all well armed, I took my revolver to hand and demanded that they return the stolen objects. The Indian women and children began to cry out, leapt into their canoes and fled. The men likewise leapt into the vessels and rowed, shouting and raging, to the nearby shore, threatening volubly to return with all their armed forces. Now my interpreter *George Hunt* grew fearsome and weighed anchor, setting sail. The little encounter had no further sequel. Although the Indians raged furiously, they were now powerless and let us pass unhindered.



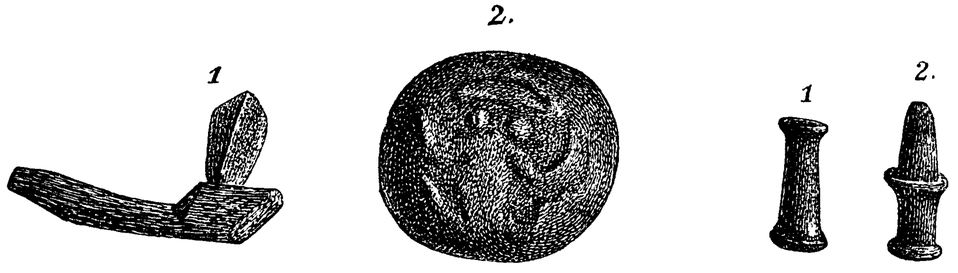
Two Hamatsa dance masks. (1. Raven and 2. Sea Monster.)

The next morning we landed among the Queka Indians. This name means: "head choppers", a term that these people genuinely deserve, for it was once their custom, when the Indians living further north came by canoe to Victoria, to attack them in

the narrow strait by Beaver Bay and rob them of their lives and property. These Indians, who are the greatest pirates in British Columbia, inhabit the village of Klawitsches. As we arrived, a great potlatch was being celebrated there, in which we took part. A woman was in the process of inheriting the property of her father and mother. Among most of the coastal Indian tribes, it is the custom that after the parents die the sons inherit first in a descending line; if there are none, then the daughters, but if the deceased have no living children at all, then the whole tribe choose one of their closest relatives as the legal heir. This person is then, however, obliged to throw a public feast and to give away a part of the objects inherited. From this moment on, nobody must speak the name of the dead because, as they say, the surviving heir would have only sad memories as a consequence. In this village we saw evidence of the hypocrisy underlying that last remark. The Indians by all means allow their sick or dying relatives to suffer and do not attend to them at all. During the feast in Klawitsches I saw a dying old man abandoned in a corner, whose whimpering complaints were heard by no one and who was literally left to die of hunger and thirst. That is the fate of all who are sick once they have been given up by the medicine men. These ignorant individuals, who see themselves as great magicians, exert a more pernicious influence on the health of the Indians than any disease. One must have witnessed their crude manipulations when they maltreat and torment the bodies of the sick or kneel on the bellies of women and children to stifle the germ of life!

The feast in Klawitsches was celebrated exclusively with male participants; the few women present were serving the guests. The men sat around the fire in a big circle and gave many long speeches. The much-lauded skill of the Indians in addressing gatherings was entirely borne out here. Proudly erect, in bold pose, the

woollen blanket draped around the shoulders and fixed with a metal pin so that the right arm remains free, the voice now loud and audible from afar, now softly muted, cleverly and skilfully selecting words and accentuating them with vigorous gestures, thus the Indian stands before such a gathering and addresses his fellow tribesmen. For protestations of a particularly solemn nature, the right arm is also used to issue a sworn assurance, only the Indian



1. Stone war club with wooden handle. 2. Stone hammer to ram home stakes when fishing.

1. Stone hammer to split wood. 2. Stone skull-breaker.

does not lift his finger in oath, but picks up a small piece of wood and throws it to the ground to lend force to his words.

After the speeches had ended, a banquet was prepared by cooking two fat seals in the big wooden drum. There is a peculiar custom there of using the big dance drum, whether it be made of an plain rectangular crate or the carved, hollow body of an animal, as a cauldron for festive occasions. First the drum was filled with water and then burning-hot stones were thrown into it until the water boiled. The seal meat was placed within it, and it was not long before this was cooked through. In front of every feast-goer there was a little mat, serving as a saucer or plate, and into this the portions were laid. The share for each was so big that an entire family might have been sated. Indeed, the latter appeared to be the purpose of the ration, for later, when the banquet was over, each of them carefully picked up the remains

of his meal and took it home. For napkins, long strands of cedar bast were laid before each guest, with which he carefully wiped his mouth and hands after eating. A bucket full of clear water was then brought in as a table beverage, from which each one drank. Usually the Indians' principal diet consists of dried fish, for the most part salmon, bathed in oil; dried halibut and cod are also consumed in quantities.

It was still early in the day when I was finished with the inheritance banquet and the few purchases that I was able to make here, and so, with an Indian who had been recommended by the chief as my guide, I did a little hunting. We paddled up a narrow fjord, at the end of which we followed a little river upstream for some distance. On our route we bagged several ducks, while in the river delta we surprised a family of five racoons who were so taken aback by our sudden appearance that they were unable to flee. I caught one of the animals alive, whereupon the Indian carried it to the canoe and bound it fast; the other unfortunate members of the family, however, fell prey to the hunter's cruel zeal. In the fresh snow we also found the tracks of black bear and wapiti stag; but it was too late now to pursue their trail.

Our enquiries as to the Indians living in Knight Inlet were unfortunately not fruitful. We learned that all the inhabitants of the fjord moved further inland at this time of year to hunt and fish, severing the opportunity to purchase anything from them. This forced us to resolve to return to Fort Rupert on Vancouver, reaching the town safe and sound after only seven days away. It took us a whole day to put the purchased items in order and to write up the commentaries supplied by *George Hunt*, who is the most thorough expert in all these things. This time I made few purchases in Fort Rupert itself.

On the 18th of October I decided to undertake a rather more arduous trek on foot through the primeval northern half of Van-

couver Island and on this occasion to visit the nearest places on the west coast, Koskimo and Quatsino. I again hired a half-breed Indian as my guide and interpreter and set off with him the next morning. The stretch we had to cover was about 20 miles long. There is a kind of "footpath" through the forest, or at least the Indians call it so. For all my experience in different corners of the world, I had never come across such a path; at least, it was the worst I had ever trodden. At times it passed straight across big trees, true forest giants so thick that an adult man could not see over the top, in which the Indians had hewn steps on each side in order to walk over them; sometimes we had to walk the full length of the trunk of such trees, risking at any moment a plunge sideways from the smooth bark, turned extremely slippery by the persistent rain, while in some places we had to crawl under a tree, where it rose high above the ground in a gigantic curve. The forest trees served also as bridges across little brooks and crevices, sometimes they spanned the empty air from one mound to the next as the only link between these points. For me, wearing shoes, the passage was more difficult than for the Indian, whose unclad feet and agile toes were far better able to grip. I stormed ahead, nevertheless, with my customary haste, for the direction of our path was clear, hoping to reach our goal as fast as possible. The deeper we entered the forest, the denser the undergrowth became and the sturdier the cedar trees; at times it seemed that it must be utterly impossible to fight one's way through this sea of green waves all around, in which one must surely suffocate or above which one must stride. The branches and the thorny scrub struck me constantly in the face and the badly sodden ground was so marshy in places that I was often wading waist-high through mud. About half-way along our route, we seemed to reach the watershed of the peninsula. It took the form of extensive swampland. The trees here stood less close together and were signi-

ficantly smaller. To cross the swamp, one had to advance like a tightrope walker along an endless series of long, thin trees, and I used my rifle as a balancing pole. In the middle of the swamp, the thin rotting tree trunk upon which I found myself suddenly snapped, as I had long feared it would, and I plunged headfirst into the muddy bed. It was no mean tussle to extract myself from this envelope, as the liquid in which I was caught was too thick to swim in, yet far too thin to stand on or even to wade through. To make matters worse, I had dropped my rifle as I fell into the swamp. As my Indian guide was about a mile behind me, little assistance could be expected from him for the time being. I worked my way forwards and soon reached the next tree stump, onto which, with no small effort, I managed to climb. Once I had *terra firma* beneath my feet, I fished my rifle out with a fork-shaped branch and continued the trek along the thin trees until the end of the swamp, where I waited for my Indian to catch up. It was my good fortune that I had brought no paper money on this tour, for it would certainly have been ruined. Evening was falling when we reached the fjord that cut deep into the land where our next destination lay.

As a not insignificant frost had now developed and I was still completely sodden and almost stiff with cold, I was not unhappy when, at a little river that flowed into the fjord along our route, we encountered a family of Indians busy catching salmon, who received us most amiably and, in their improvised sod house made with a few planks, offered us a warm fire to dry my things, a good supper and a makeshift bed. I shivered wretchedly all night, as I only possessed a single woollen blanket for a cover and all my things, my shirt included, were drying by the fire. The next morning I rented a small canoe and set off for Koskimo. But before we reached it we found an old Indian burial ground along the way. As my guide was a half-breed and had lived among whi-

tes for some years, I proposed to him that we visit the burial site and, if possible, salvage a skull for science. My companion agreed, although less from any commitment to the anatomical study of race, and more because I offered him an agreeable reward for his silence and assistance. The skulls were of particular value to me because they are artificially deformed. The Indians of Nouette, Koskimo and Quatsino compress the heads of their small children, especially the girls, so tight with a peculiar type of bandage that the skulls gradually take on the shape of a sugar loaf. The pressure of this head clamp is often so strong that the poor infants suffer bleeding from the nose. We managed to extract two such longheads, one male and one female, from the graveyard. I preserved these finds in a sack and later in Koskimo had great difficulty keeping them from the extremely inquisitive and importunate Indians, who meticulously scrutinised my person and every item of our luggage.

We arrived in the said place at midday and were well received by the whole community. I took up quarters with the old chief Negetz, who is named after a great rock just above the village. Negetz is a kind of Indian sage who has attached the following strange inscription in English over the door to his house: “Negetze Chief vont to be Frend of Wheit-Mand, thek in his Haus, he leik to see you.”

And so I moved into this house of the white man’s friend who so loves us, and I must confess that *Negetz*, outdone only by his son and the latter’s wife, who herself is a high-ranking Indian dignitary, for she is the big chief of all Koskimo and Quatsino, were extremely friendly to us in their hospitality. Once the necessary purchases of ethnographic objects had been made, we sat in the evening by the fire in the chief’s house listening to old war tales, which my guide translated for me. From the information imparted it seemed that the Koskimo Indians are a peaceful

people who, if ever they are caught up in a dispute, are almost always the object of attack. I did see from a letter shown to me by *Negetz*, however, that in 1864 the Koskimo had murdered two

Old big chief Negetz with his daughter, big chief in Quatsino
on the west coast of Vancouver.

sailors; I could not establish whether *Negetz* himself had been involved. It has recently become the fashion among the Indians to ask every white man for whom they perform a labour or with whom they go on a journey for a written reference. As soon as a traveller passes through a village, the owners of such papers rush

up with their carefully cherished treasures and present them for inspection. In these letters the poor fellows are often enough described as scoundrels, thieves, idiots, poor fools, etc., making it hard to suppress a laugh upon reading. Now and then these attestations also contain historical data, as in this case. The writer, an Indian agent at the time, indicates, for example, that during the period concerned *Negetz* had acted in the role of mediator in the matter in question, and that the murderers had paid a certain number of woollen blankets as a penalty.

Negetz's daughter-in-law, the "supreme chieftainess" and most powerful person in the entire north-western headland of Vancouver, took me under her particular protection. This gracious lady, who could display no trace of her former characteristic youthful beauty but a skull in the shape of a sugar loaf, the only feature to withstand the ravages of time, initiated this protection by preparing me an excellent bed for the night. She did so quite simply by allocating me her own sleeping-place, kindly supplying it with many additional blankets. I must confess that the contrast with my cold bed of the previous day could hardly have been greater. *Young Negetz*, the husband of this famous woman, advised me to travel the next day to Quatsino, which lay a few miles further west on another fjord, as there I might be able to buy some of the much-prized, original blankets made of cedar bast.

I took his advice, of course, hired a bigger canoe and, once my noble benefactress with her consort *Negetz Junior*, my interpreter and myself had climbed in, we merrily set sail. At no point until it enters the Pacific Ocean is this fjord more than 2 to 3 nautical miles wide and it is enclosed by fairly high cliffs with lush vegetation sprouting from the crevices. Once we passed the mouth of the fjord, as was only to be expected, we hit a strong swell. I paddled until my arms ached to convey my company, who were inclined to sea-sickness, as fast as possible out of the heaving

Fur-edged cedar bark rain cape. West Vancouver.

sea and into the sheltered fjord. Soon we reached the entrance to the smaller fjord, where the inhabitants of Quatsino have their summer settlement. My displeasure was not trifling upon learning that nobody was present, as the Indians had all moved on another 5–6 nautical miles to their "winter village" at the end of the bay. Like it or not, I had to resume my toil with the paddles, and so we finally landed very late in the night, after covering the respectable distance of about 35 English miles in one day. *Negetz Junior's wife*, whose main residence was at this place, showed every understanding for the situation and salvaged the honour of her dynasty by immediately setting herself to the saucepan and preparing an extremely tasty meal of fish and potatoes.

The situation was strange enough. Despite the late hour, the copper-coloured inhabitants assembled in the house of their chieftainess and, having learnt of my purpose, brought with them everything that could be sold. Here in Quatsino it was already apparent to me that the west coast inhabitants were blessed with a true paradise. The good people, in particular the older women and men, seemed, despite the rough, stormy autumn weather, to

regard wearing clothes as a perfect luxury, permitted at best during dances; they therefore squatted entirely without inhibition around the fire; the younger of them, especially the young females, putting on a slightly less natural display.

The group in attendance were veritably a remarkable sight due to the bizarre deformation of their skulls.

The prevailing custom, which has already been mentioned, of compressing the skulls of new-born infants hardly in their cradles so firmly with the aid of a bandage that the blood sometimes runs from their eye and nose results, notably in the female sex, in such long, tall and pointed heads that these have not inappropriately been compared with sugar loaves. The good people, in turn, contemplated me as if I were some wondrous beast and, especially as I had appeared under the tutelage of their powerful sovereign, much friendliness.

The trading proceeded smoothly; I bought a number of good, rare and original objects, including some of the highly-prized cedar bast blankets and one of the blankets made of wool from the mountain goat, which are held to be even more valuable. The whole population of Quatsino was no greater than 50 head; the village has just seven houses. It made a strikingly agreeable impression on me to be free here of the truly intrusive begging to which one is otherwise exposed in all Indian villages along the north-west coast of America.

After a few hours of sleep, we set out the next morning back to Koskimo. If the previous day's trip had shown me the dangers to which a small, open canoe is exposed here on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, even in relatively calm weather, as a consequence of the high waves, today I confronted the incomparably worse plight which prevails in stormy conditions. After we had paddled against the wind out of the fjord at Quatsino, we met a fierce, high swell of colossal breakers. The Indians toiled with all their force

to bring us around the cliffs and into the rather more sheltered Koskimo fjord. But as it is a peculiarity of the Indians to kneel as they paddle their boats and thus to look ahead, my people took fright at the sight of the waves rushing towards us and wanted to turn back. But as I was at the rudder, I forced the canoe to stay on the right course, and so we were soon gliding happily past the foothills. In the evening we arrived back in Koskimo. Here I hired the *young Negetz* to accompany me to Fort Rupert, as I was not able with my guide alone to transport the many items purchased in the two villages through the forest.

That same evening we came to that estuary where I had spent the first night after leaving Fort Rupert. The hut, which was already almost too small to accommodate the Indians fishing there and ourselves, now had to make room for another two persons, *Negetz Junior* and his wife, for she had escorted us this far. We lay literally pressed up against one another, but soon fell asleep after our many efforts, until we were woken by the howling wolves who roamed about outside all night. This region has a great abundance of fish and game; the owner of the hut had shot two bears on the day of our arrival, in addition to catching a hundred blueback salmon with his harpoon.

The next morning we began our return trek. I had about a hundred pounds of baggage, my rifle and the kettle of rations to carry; my two companions carried a hundred and fifty pounds each. One can imagine how arduous the forest march was under these circumstances. En route at the marshy little lake we met three Indians from Fort Rupert who told us that they had been instructed by the Indian agent *Blankenshop*, who has already been mentioned, to go to Koskimo and collect reports about the situation of the Indians there. After overcoming all the difficulties and falling countless times on the slippery terrain, we reached Fort Rupert towards evening, where old *Blankenshop*, who is one

of the best-informed experts in Indian customs and traditions, provided me with much valuable information. I spent the next days attaching notes to the purchased items and packing them securely for their long journey to Berlin, and I also bought a few more objects, which were however very expensive, as the Indians believe that their value can only be weighed in gold. Around this time, the first chief of the Fort Rupert Indians returned from a sea voyage, bringing the last materials to build a new house, which was to be finished in the next two weeks. A great potlatch had been planned for its inauguration, and invitations had already been sent out to all the Indian tribes right up to the *Queen Charlotte archipelago* and down to the area around Victoria. On this occasion the supreme chieftain intended to demonstrate his reputation and his wealth by allocating 1600 blankets as gifts to his guests. Sorry as I was not to be able to stay for this no doubt original festivity, I was grateful when, on the 31st of October, the steamer *"Princess Louise"* arrived and carried me back with my plentiful luggage to Victoria, which we reached the next day.

V.

Exhibition in Victoria. *Dr Powell*. My collections are dispatched to Berlin. The winter storm season. By schooner "Thorenton" to the west coast. Sturm off Barclay Sound. A flying wash basin. *Warren's* trading post in Eckult. Oheiaht. Good Father *Justus*. Foreman *Loggen* and Indian agent *Gilbert*. A white farmer settlement. Sawmill in Alberni Canal. *Mr Sproat*. The "Aht" nation. A village moves home. Production of fish liver oil. Seshaht und Opettisaht. An old, whalebone war club shaped like a sword. Tragicomic adventure. Hardened Indians. Barefoot in the snow. Procession with steam clouds. Dead fish. Lost in the forest. Return to Barclay Sound down Alberni Canal. Eckult. The journey continues to Jucklulaht. Klayoquaht. Terminal for the schooner. *Frederik Thorenbeck*. The notorious chief *Setta Canim*. I hire his son and am left in the lurch. Trip to Tschilsomaht and Ahauset. Hesquiaht. Father *Brabant*. *Spring & Frank Co*. And old bone war club. Former local atrocities. The voyage continues. Cape Estevan. Nootka Sound. Esperanza Inlet. Arrival in Kayokaht. Chawispa. Markaht. I suspend an Indian festivity. Festive children. Deep Inlet. Queka. Oales. Father *Nicolai*. Major purchases. The return trip begins. Pale redskins. Hailstorm and refuge. Nutschatlitz at the mouth of Esperanza Inlet. Stormy days. My crew take flight. Abandoned. Importunate locals. Trip through the fjords of Esperanza Inlet and Nootka Sound. Ehattesaht. Moaht. Cape Estevan. Snowstorm. Indians lack interest in the Berlin Museum. A port of refuge. Cooking rice in a wooden pot. The first port of distress. A second troupe of storm castaways. An Indian consoles me. Back in Hesquiaht. Trip into the fjord. Sudden storm. My Indian calms the waves. A comfortable shipwreck. My "Indian courage". The schooner "Favorite".

While I was away, a little exhibition had opened in Victoria, and among its items there were also Indian objects from the Haida, Tsimshian etc.. The exhibitor was a *Dr Powell*, who had collected and purchased these objects. There was some excellent material here, especially some very fine carved and painted poles of the kind used inside houses to prop up the roof beams, as well as some carved wooden heads depicting a man and a woman with a lip plug; some ethnographic items from Alaska were also

on display. This time I stayed for ten days, during which time I sent the collection of objects which I had bought for Berlin's Royal Museum, handsomely expanding, on its way to Europe. My concern now was to discover a favourable opportunity for passage to the *west coast of Vancouver*, which was still almost entirely uncharted and had not been visited much by travellers in recent times. Now that winter was upon us, it was not at all easy, for the winter storm season had commenced, and the numerous reports coming in about misfortunes at sea were clear evidence. As, however, two trading companies in Victoria owned small merchant stores at different points on the west coast and were seeking to maintain traffic with these as best they could, an opportunity for me to travel soon arose. On the 11th of November I sailed with the schooner "Thorenton", under Captain *Billie*, which belonged to the *Warren* company, after taking provisions worth 20 dollars on board. The course passed by the southern tip of Vancouver, but hardly had we crossed that point and were about to enter the Strait of Juan de Fuca than a severe westerly gale blew up, forcing us to drop anchor in Beecher Bay. As I never missed an opportunity to make purchases, I went ashore. The population here in this southernmost part of Vancouver consists of so-called Flathead Indians. These people are already too much under the influence of the civilisatory conditions in the nearby capital Victoria to have preserved their original utensils, customs and traditions.

The next day we continued our journey through said Strait and in the course of the day passed Cape Flattery on the southwest coast of Vancouver, until at eight o'clock in the evening we reached the lighthouse at Cape Beale at the mouth to the great Barclay Sound. By now it was so tempestuous that we could only hold the schooner's course with the utmost effort. Besides, night was falling and soon it was so dark that almost nothing was to be seen. Furthermore, we now found ourselves between the many

little islands which dominate the entrance to Barclay Sound. We crossed about between the islands without catching sight of the mainland. The hurricane had acquired such force that a hefty gust suddenly tore the mainsail. The whole crew consisted of the captain, who was at the helm, the mate and the boatswain, the only passengers being a half-breed Indian and myself. When the sail ripped, we were drifting towards an island which was surrounded by hidden rocks, over which the sea broke with tremendous violence. It seemed that we must perish any second; the storm raged with such ferocity that we could not hear each other, however loud we cried. The jib halyard had torn and the mate was trying as fast as he could to thread a new rope through the blocks. In the meantime, I had brought down the two aftsails and repaired the split claws. At the very last moment, as we were being driven helplessly, with no sail or rudder, onto the rocks, the mate completed his work, the sail was set, we picked up speed and the captain steered us come what may between two rocks crowned by tall breakers. This was our salvation, for in this manner we reached the leeside of an island, where we were sheltered from the wind and able to drop anchor. Throughout the next day and the second night too, the hurricane raged with an even greater force; I should never have thought it possible that the elements could put on such a show of rage. Our schooner, which lay off three anchors with 20 fathoms of chain, was carried some way without resistance. The storm had its capricious mischief with us; anything that had not been firmly battened down it simply tossed into the air; for one thing, as the crew looked on in amazement, it threw up an Indian washing basin set in a barrel, which flew away like a feather.

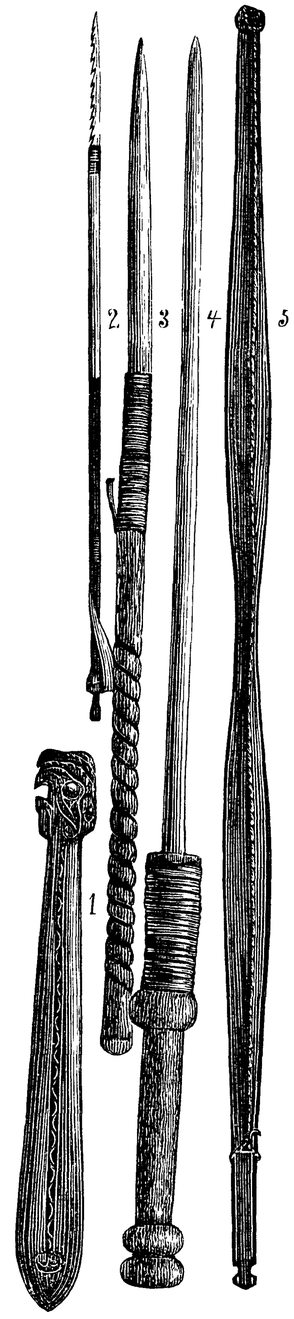
The island in whose shelter we lay is inhabited in summer by the residents of the Indian village of Eckult, whereas the winter village lies at the eastern end of Barclay Sound. As the *Warren*

Company has a trading post in Eckult, reaching this point had actually been our next objective, and once the storm had eased a little we reached it in four hours. While the captain went about the business of his shipping company, I hired two Indians with a canoe and set off for the Indian village of Oheiaht further south along the Sound. There is a Catholic mission station there, overseen then by a Belgian priest, Father *Justus*. At this stage I must sing the praises of the extraordinary support given to me by him and, during the subsequent course of my journey, by all his fellow-believers, wherever I came across them.

After the friendly, personal reception granted me by Father *Justus*, he went with me himself to the Indian village and helped me to choose the most suitable items, adding correct explanations of the usage and applications of these objects. I acquired a quantity of things and returned that same day to Eckult, as I wished to take up a convenient opportunity to travel on the schooner to the Alberni Canal, which stretches a long way inland. As the weather the next morning was too unfavourable, I remained another whole day in Eckult, where I made the acquaintance of the station foreman Loggen and the Indian agent *Mr Gilbert*, who happened to be there at the time. The two men resolved to my great pleasure that they would join this excursion, which was to take us far beyond the middle of Vancouver. The most interesting aspect was that here, at the furthest accessible end of the waterway, lay the only white settlement, home to four farmers. The distance from this point to the east coast of Vancouver is so great that the latter can only be reached by a two-day, albeit arduous trek through the forest. In earlier times, there had been a big sawmill on the site of this settlement, where some 200 white labourers went about felling timber and other tasks. After this sawmill burnt down, the establishment was left entirely to ruin and never again rebuilt. It was here that *Mr Sproat*, the mana-

ger of this mill, spent four years of his life, collecting a wealth of news and research about the Indians there and publishing this material in his well-known work: "Scenes and Studies of Savage Live". *Sproat* subsumed all the Indian tribes along the west coast of Vancouver living between the area opposite Cape Flattery, where the Strait of Juan de Fuca ends, and also the land north of Cape Cook, under a single designation, the Aht nation. The origin of this designation, it seems, is a purely formal one, insofar as the letters "aht" usually form the last syllable in the names of the villages belonging to these Indians. The inhabitants of the west coast of Vancouver constitute a self-contained, ethnological territory.

On the night of the 17th of November, we set off under steam up Alberni Canal, as the wind had died down somewhat. The canal is hardly a thousand paces across at the broadest points, and in many places it is only as wide as a river, and as a consequence its current is so rapid that progress cannot be made with the aid of sails alone. The force of this current is further compounded by the number of fast-flowing rivers which feed into it. After we had penetrated 20 English miles along the canal, an interesting sight confronted us, for we met about 20 laden, manned canoes which, bound together two plus two, were gliding along with planks, beams and every other item of movable property. They were in all likelihood the moiety of the Seshaht Indians who, in the customary manner hereabouts, were moving their homes to settle some 16 miles further downriver during the season of the dogfish catch. The liver of this fish is used, as it is further north in the Queen Charlotte archipelago and along the whole mainland coast, in the preparation of fish oil. Because of the abundant fishing grounds on the west coast of Vancouver, fragmented by many fjords and deep inlets, the Aht Indians produce much more of this dogfish oil than they can consume, and they therefore en-



Objects from West Vancouver.
1. Old bone war club. 2. Arrow with bone tip. 3 & 4. Bone lances with wooden handles (once used in canoe combat).
5. Bow for hunting and warfare.

gage in a lively trade with the neighbouring tribes and traders. I was not very pleased that we met the Seshaht, as this deprived me of a welcome opportunity to visit their village and make purchases there.

We approached our goal so slowly, on account of the strong current, that evening had already fallen when the shallow water obliged us to anchor near the place where the former sawmill had once burnt down. Not until the next morning, at high tide, could we cover the few miles which still separated us from our destination, the farmers' settlement. The four farmsteads were located near the mouth of the River Somass; the Indian villages of Seshaht and Opettisaht are close by. Straight after our landing I paid a visit to these two places, but without much success for the reason described above. I did, at least, succeed in acquiring, among other things, a few valuable cedar bast blankets and a very valuable, very old war club in the shape of a sword, which had been carved from a whalebone. These weapons are no longer in general use today; they much resemble the war clubs of the Maoris in New Zealand. I found no more than three along the entire west coast of Vancouver, and I purchased them all.

I had a tragicomic adventure on the second day when I went hunting with *Mr Loggen*. The delta is teeming with many flocks of geese and ducks, whom we eagerly pursued. In the heat of the hunt, I was separated from my companion and wandered on alone. We had begun our tour at low water and I had no idea how far the tide usually rose hereabouts. The path, indeed, the whole terrain, was soon flooded knee-deep in water, but I paid no heed, for I was wearing tall rubber boots to protect me from the wet. But the water rose higher and higher, and soon it reached my chest, which prevented me from seeing and avoiding the many little bumps and holes, as well as the roots on the ground. As a consequence, I stumbled rather than walked and in the end was almost forced to swim, which, given that the temperature had fallen below the freezing point, can on no account be ranked among the greater pleasures. With effort I ploughed forward, holding my rifle as high as I could in the air, through the flooded thicket towards the riverbank, and once I was facing an Indian village I climbed onto a tree and signalled for them to fetch me. While a canoe was coming over, sitting in the tree, I shot another two ducks, which I later fished out of the water.

Over in the village, where the water could not reach, the snow which had fallen in the night was a foot deep. Here I saw evidence of how hardy the Indians are: whether young or old, they walked about barefoot in the snow; one of the people, dirty from carrying wood, even went into the water up to his chest without any clothes on, washed himself at leisure, then strode out and wrapped his blanket around him, which soon began to steam as the moisture evaporated. Truly, if ever a nation on Earth could tolerate the cold, it is surely these people. While I was drying my things, an Indian told me to come into another house to look at a few ethnographic objects. I thought this might be an occasion to demonstrate how hardy I was myself, and that if the Indians

could walk around in the snow all day long with naked feet, then I could no doubt emulate them for this short way. I therefore walked through the village with no boots or socks on, and to confess the truth I shivered pitifully, but did not let it show. That afternoon *Mr Loggen* came to the village with an Indian to look for me, believing that I must have suffered some misfortune. I went aboard with him, changed into dry clothes, and went out hunting ducks again, for the delta was now dry. There were very many ducks there, and almost all the Indians joined in the hunt.

More snow fell in the night. This did not prevent the occupants of an Indian house near the riverbank from marching in formation down to the river early the next morning with nothing on at all so that young and old alike could wash in the water. Then they wrapped themselves in their blankets, from which thick clouds of steam soon rose as the procession marched home.

The riverbed presented a strange phenomenon. The water was full everywhere with dead and rotting fish, known as dog salmon. It would be a fine thing if the specialists could explain this event; I was told that the fish which swim up Alberni Canal to spawn, and which like all species of salmon do not feed while they are in freshwater, no longer return to the sea when they have finished the business of spawning and therefore starve wretchedly. From what I observed, these were not merely old, fully matured fish which were lying around here by the thousand, but also small, young specimens.

The captain and I had been invited by one of the farmers, who lived in the forest about a mile inland, to spend the evening at his home. Seeking a short cut, and although it was already dark, we struck out in another direction and soon lost our way. The thicket which we crossed on an untrodden path was soon so dense that we could not see our hands before our eyes and we ended up crawling on our hands and knees to advance.

The huge dead trees, which lay strewn about the terrain in every possible position, obliged us to perform the most demanding alpine tricks, and often enough we slid off the slippery trunks and found ourselves in a pool of water; now we ran into a trunk, now a rebounding branch struck us in the face; in brief, it was a complicated business. But this did not at all prevent us from seeing the funny side of a comic situation and we frequently burst out laughing. To make our blood curdle, *Mr Loggen* recounted how one year earlier at this very time a farmer had gone hunting here in the woods and, despite his knowledge of the area, lost his way and never emerged again. This groping about in the pitch dark put some distance between us; suddenly the captain cried out that he had tripped over an animal, probably a wolf. It was not as bad as that, however, for upon closer scrutiny the purported wolf turned out to be a rotten log. At last, by chance, we found a track trodden by cows; we tried to follow it, but for all our efforts lost it several times, although we found it again each time. At last a light was shimmering far-off through the woods like a star of hope, and by pursuing it we reached our impatiently waiting host, who compensated us for the odyssey with an excellent dinner. When we returned home at night, our host accompanied us for a stretch, and as we also kept a sharp eye on the path, we returned to the vessel safe and sound.

Our return to Barclay Sound took us a whole day, as we had to get up steam against the prevailing headwind. We spent the night in Eckult and continued our journey the following day. On this day we reached the trading station Jucklulaht on the west coast of Vancouver near Barclay Sound, where the company *Spring & Frank* in Victoria run a store. The schooner anchored here for the night, setting off up the coast in a north-westerly direction the next morning. About halfway along the west coast lies Klayoquaht Sound, at the entrance to which thick fog caused us

to stop over by a little island, just above the winter encampment of the Klayoquaht Indians. There is a trading post here belonging to the *Warren* company, managed by a half-compatriot of mine, a Dane by the name of *Fredrik Thorenbeck*. This was as far as the schooner travelled, and so I was obliged to hire canoes and Indians to continue the journey. As the fog was very thick, we could not go ashore upon arrival, but instead we were visited by a number of Indians, including a son of Setta Canim, the most powerful Indian chief and the most celebrated warrior on the entire west coast of Vancouver. Setta Canim had, I was told, killed many people, among them a white trader; there can be no greater hangdog than he on this island. This, naturally, enhances his status and reputation uncommonly, so that all who come to Klayoquaht are obliged to make contact with him. I, too, had to observe this convention and I engaged the young Setta Canim and three other Indians to take me to Kayokaht in a big canoe and then to bring me back. For the time being I moved my luggage from the boat to the house of *Mr Thorenbeck*, where I took up my quarters. The next day I waited in vain for the Indians I had hired to turn up; these upstanding citizens had been waiting for the schooner to leave so that they could do exactly as they wished with me. Once the schooner had left the post, I took a canoe and crossed to the Indians, who informed me that they would begin the journey the next day. The next day, again, no one appeared. Instead I was sent a message that the journey would only commence if I agreed to pay twice the negotiated wage. My Danish host, who was only too familiar with the nature of these Indians, knew that after this message it was utterly useless to insist that the Indians perform the first agreement, as these people were no doubt convinced that I was entirely at their mercy.

My next thought was to dispense with my connection with the people I had first contracted and to hire another crew, if not in their village, then in one of the neighbouring villages. *Mr Thorenbeck* was kind enough to place himself and his entire house at my disposal for this purpose, and so we all climbed into his canoe, he, his wife, daughter, sister-in-law and myself, and travelled to the Indian village of Tschilsomaht four miles to the north. But the others were as cunning as we were; the Klayoquahts had sent a canoe before us to Tschilsomaht with orders that we were to be given neither a crew nor a boat. The fine outing to which we had treated ourselves thus remained fruitless. Of course, this did not appease us, and we continued our journey on to the next Indian village of Ahauset. But this time we did not travel alone, for an Indian canoe set off at the same time from Tschilsomaht with its occupants paddling vigorously alongside us with disdainful grins, shouting to me that they would thwart my plans in Ahauset as well.

In Ahauset I caught up with the schooner, whose captain, along with the trading manager there, a Dane, *Mr Niels*, substantially reinforced the white element vis-à-vis the redskins.

The influence of the last-named gentleman meant that I was at least able for the moment to hire a crew who promised to set off with me the next day. But the next day the steamer sailed, and with it *Mr Niels*, to Victoria, while *Mr Thorenbeck* returned to his store with his family, and so I had to rely entirely upon myself without any help forthcoming from the replacement for *Mr Niels*, who knew nothing of the circumstances. Naturally, not a single redskin had any intention now of travelling with me, despite the terms which had been precisely agreed the day before. After much parleying I was able to hire two me to take me to the nearby Indian village of Hesquiaht, for there I hoped with the aid of the Catholic missionary stationed there to exert a greater

influence on the Indians. Prior to this, I made a few purchases in Ahauset, but there were not many old and valuable things to be had, as the village has not long been rebuilt. The treacherous inhabitants had lured a fishing schooner into a harbour in 1864, where they fell upon the crew and murdered them, whereupon an English warship was sent and set fire to the village in 1864.

Our journey to Hesquiaht took place in the morning; around midday we reached a place with a few Indian houses standing about; here I exchanged my canoe for a bigger one, as the now handsomely swelling quantity of items bought for the Museum made this necessary. The ocean waves were high and strong as usual, and with a favourable wind we reached Hesquiaht in the evening, where I was given the friendliest of welcomes by the Belgian missionary there, Father *Brabant*, and took up my quarters with him. At this station there is also a commercial outpost maintained by Messrs *Spring & Frank,* who have already been mentioned several times, and its manager was a native of Hamburg.

The trip to Hesquiaht turned out to be very successful for my purposes, for in the Indian village I made many, excellent purchases of the rarest objects, including two of those bone, sword-shaped war clubs previously mentioned, of which I had already bought a specimen in Alberni Canal. Numerous objects counted as hunting and fishing utensils and domestic utensils. Father *Brabant* lived in very pleasant circumstances here, as far as his formal position was concerned. The village surroundings are fertile, so that 20 cows can be kept. The cattle are never put in the byre except when they have calves, as then the young animals would too easily fall prey to the many wolves roaming about here. These predators have often even been known to enter the houses and kill chickens. Hesquiaht, like other villages in that area, also took part in crimes against the whites in earlier times. I was told that

about 12–14 years ago a ship was wrecked and that the treacherous savages had first committed appalling transgressions against the captain's wife, who was washed up on the coast, and then for fear of punishment killed not only her, but the captain and all the crew. The bodies of the victims stripped of their heads were found in the bush bear the shore. I was given this report by the Klayoquaht Indians, who also indicated two individuals still living in Hesquiaht as the main culprits. I must confess that the sight of these people by no means gave the lie to this suspicion. Father *Brabant* gave a milder summary by sharing his view with me that the castaways had probably perished in the heaving sea as their ship went down. The whole affair does not yet seem to have been properly investigated, and there is probably little prospect that it ever will be. Following this crime, a gunboat was dispatched to Hesquiaht, which took five Indians hostage and brought them to Victoria, where, threatened with death, they indicted a slave living in Hesquiaht as the main culprit; whereas he, when taken prisoner, named the village chief as the actual ringleader in the crime. Hereupon both the chief and the slave were executed. The Indians now claim, in relation to the two surviving assassins, that both the chief and his slave were innocent when executed, and that they sacrificed themselves by confessing to the crime in order to save their village from destruction.

I believe that Father *Brabant's* mild, humane character accounts for his desire to exonerate the inhabitants of Hesquiaht from guilt for this crime, otherwise he must surely be the first to condemn their shameful behaviour, for his own body bears the marks of the unbridled murderous proclivity of the Hesquiaht Indians. Only three years have passed since the chief of Hesquiaht at that time carried out a dastardly attack on Father *Brabant*, firing two rounds of shot into his shoulders and arms. He did not do so out of hostility towards the priest, but because he

had fallen into a dispute with his fellow tribesmen and intended to call down misfortune on the entire population. He reckoned that if the missionary were to die, a gunboat would appear and mercilessly destroy the village. But the priest did not die. Instead the inhabitants of the village tended to him with care until a gunboat did appear and carried him off to Victoria, where he was so well treated at the hospital that only two fingers of his right hand remained stiff. As the motive for this deed was known and the rogue chief must fear the revenge of his fellows more than anything else, he fled straight after his crime into the bush, where he probably starved to death, as his corpse was later found. Father *Brabant*, however, returned to his village and dedicated himself zealously to the duties of his mission, and in this he was crowned with success, for several Indians chose to be baptised. The village itself went unpunished.

The warm, humane character and great influence of Father *Brabant* also assisted me in my own plans. The good father prevailed where the influence of the white traders and all the pleas and promises had failed, for he hired a crew for me to take me to Kayokaht, where I still longed to go, although I had to consent to pay quite a high price. I should add here, as a mitigating factor in the demand these people made, that the time at which we were travelling was by no means the travel season for Indians, and that heedlessness for my own comfort and that of others, made expeditious by the urgency of my trip, sometimes caused me to undertake rather daredevil tours, which I would no doubt have carefully avoided under different circumstances, without the ardent flame of collection burning in my breast.

On the morning of the 30th of November, with a northerly blowing and the sea heaving, we set off. Hardly had we passed Cape Estevan, protruding south like a great hook, but the wind confronted us with extraordinary ferocity. We therefore had to

end our first day's journey here and go ashore in a place where there stood a few dilapidated houses inhabited in the summer by seal hunters. To increase our food rations, I went hunting and shot a few seabirds. In the evening I made myself a bed from a mat of thin branches and demonstrated a sound lifestyle by retiring to at 8 o'clock.

The month of December heralded its rule the next day with cold weather and high seas. My Indians began to strike by claiming that it was too cold to travel and that, to make matters worse, we had a headwind. It took another hour of parleying until they declared their willingness at least to try. And so, after persisting in valiance, towards evening we reached a headland on Nootka Island called Bajo. It was home to a few families from Nootka Sound, whom we had passed during the day. I visited the houses and made a few purchases, and we spent the night with these people. The next day the journey continued along the coast on a constant course north-west. At midday we passed Esperanza Inlet without stopping, advancing quickly when the wind was favourable, and in the evening we reached Cape Raget and as darkness fell our destination, the Indian village of Kayokaht.

There is a custom among all coastal inhabitants that the crew of an incoming boat is received by the villagers with loud cries and that all the latter come running down to the shore. We, too, were given this reception. I landed and took up quarters with the local director of Messrs *Spring & Frank* in Victoria, a *Mr Brawn*, who is married to a white woman.

Kayokaht Sound, like Barclay Sound, Klayoquaht Sound and Nootka Sound, is one of those fjord districts suited, by their elongated, narrow waterways, their beautiful shores and their abundance of fish and game, to be centres for a self-contained population. The inhabitants of such districts frequently make common cause in important matters, such as war and peace, hunting and

fishing, feasts and celebrations, and the earning of livelihoods. Now, in the winter, the inhabitants of Kayokaht Sound were not to be found on the sea coast, but living further inland on the various arms of the fjord.

The next morning I hired a canoe and visited, one after the other, the Indian villages of Chawispa and Markaht, where purchases were made. In the first-named village, a great feast was underway with dancing in a big circle around the fire. The participants, some 30 men and women with faces painted black and feathers on their heads, were leaping about. My appearance visibly provoked great confusion, for as the news that I was a trader spread like wildfire, people hurried home to fetch objects suitable for sale. The desire for money was so strong that in the end the entire feast was suspended for the duration of my stay. In the second village, Markaht, a similar scene was repeated. Here too a great feast was being celebrated, this time in the house of the chief during his absence, with the children in particular playing a very active part. Here, too, the faces of the dancing children were painted black and on their heads they wore adornments of feathers. It was most droll to see little children of three, four to six and eight years jumping about merrily in this finery, while the bigger one beat the wooden drums; I had the impression that it must be a festivity for children. We spent the night in Markaht. The next morning the journey continued to another point in the Sound and we visited Deep Inlet with the two villages Queka and Oales, returning in the evening to Kayokaht, where on a little island, administered by Father *Nicolai*, there is a church and a school as well as the above-mentioned trading post. The next day was devoted to a little but successful journey to four dwelling places on the nearby mainland. Although there were only four houses in this place, it was nine o'clock in the evening by the time I had completed my purchases. The time had now come to

give thought to returning to Victoria. The places had been visited and everything that suited my purposes had been bought. The collection of ethnographic objects had already acquired a handsome magnitude and I needed a day to pack and label it all. So, with the help of Father *Nicolai*, I made a contract with four Indians to the effect that they would provide me with a big canoe and take me to Victoria with my abundant luggage.

The return journey began the next morning with a very high swell and a sturdy breeze. My crew soon began to fear the waves, and when, just off Esperanza Inlet, our passage was hit by a hailstorm and hefty gusts, my redskins turned as white as chalk and begged me earnestly to call into a harbour. As these people were so entitled from their perspective, I consented, and now we set course for land, where a passable place loomed between two rocks, against which the water surged with enormous force, and once we were through it we entered the mouth of a little river flowing down from the rock, which offered an excellent harbour for the canoe. As we waited here for the hailstorm to abate, we harpooned three salmon. Then I instructed my crew to head out to sea again, as the wind had ceased, although the sea was surging higher than before. The good people were not keen at first to tackle the watery element, but after some persuasion they deigned to do so. We hardly managed to pass through the foaming rocks again, and once we reached the high sea, my Indians were determined to turn back, saying that it was quite impossible to reach Esperanza Inlet. With great eloquence I convinced them that we were directly before Esperanza Inlet and that the way back to Kayokaht must be twenty times as far. I achieved a greater effect with my rudder than with my oratory organ, holding an unswerving course for Esperanza Inlet while playing my part in the paddling with all my force. At seven in the evening, after almost inhuman efforts, we reached the Indian village of Nutschatlitz at

the southern entrance to Esperanza Inlet. *Spring & Frank* have a trading post here, and their representative Mr Schmidt, a Canadian, received me kindly. Before the night was out, the hefty gusts and downpours of a rising southerly gale warned me that my Indians were unlikely to favour continuing the voyage. And so it turned out the next morning, for they informed me that they wished to return home. Justifiable as their wish may have been, it little suited my plans, and all the less so as I concluded that the inhabitants of Nutschatlitz were to blame for my crew's refusal. The growing force of the storm from the south-east and the incessant downpours, moreover, prevented us from continuing on our journey, strengthening the Indian elements hostile to me. I tried in vain to shine with powers of persuasion; this time I was not aided by a position seated at the rudder with control over the crew. Nothing could counter the simple logic of the fact that they were a single day's journey from their home, whereas the town of Victoria could be reached at best, under favourable conditions, in eight days.

To protect my collection from the inclement weather, I took it from the canoe and locked it away in the house of *Mr Schmidt*. The Indians, meanwhile, were increasingly importunate and demanded their payment for the distance covered. Naturally, I objected vehemently, pointing out that they had not performed their contract. But what is a contract to Indians of this ilk? They conclude it only to break it. To avoid all further debate, I secured the canoe, for which I had paid the hire as far as Victoria. The day passed, followed by an equally stormy night. In the course of it, my people had untethered their canoe and, something I would never have expected of these chicken-hearted fellows, made off with it. As I later learnt, with the wind at their backs they soon reached their home safely.

So there I sat, in the middle of winter, abandoned on all sides, in one of the most desolate places on the storm-swept coast of the Pacific Ocean. The ferocious tempest raged unabated for another day and would have hindered any continuation of my journey, as I would have had to travel against the wind. But I had better things to do than to waste my time on futile contemplation; I used this day to buy up anything in Nutschatlitz that was conducive to my purpose.

I must confess that never on the west coast had I met such clamorous, pesky inhabitants as here. The natural and understandable excitement heralded by any visit by a white trader to an Indian village prompted the good people of this place to ovations of the strangest kind, culminating in mass assaults on the house of *Mr Schmidt*, where I was staying. I spent the whole of the next day engaged in fruitless attempts to engage a new crew; the shamelessness of these people exceeded all boundaries. In the end they became a little more modest when I told them that, if they did not hurry, the schooner that was to dock in a few days would take me on board, although in *Mr Schmidt's* opinion this schooner could not appear before February.

The rain is usually followed, on Vancouver as anywhere else in the world, by sunshine. On the fifth day after the storm had begun, we accordingly had fine weather, and under the impression it made I managed to engage a crew of four for the trip as far as Hesquiaht, as the men could not agree to undertake the whole journey to Victoria. We set out in the morning and, instead of moving beyond the coast, headed inland through the well-linked fjords of Esperanza Inlet and Nootka Sound around Nootka Island. The first village we came across en route was Ehattesaht on the Espinoza arm. I would have been delighted to go ashore in this quiet, concealed corner where Indian life is still completely preserved, but I feared that my Indians would seek once more to

break their contract. So I continued the journey and arrived late in the evening in the village of Moaht at the rear end of Nootka Sound. I was very tired, having paddled hard all day in order to reduce the crew by a head.

Upon our arrival, as usual, the loud cries of a native welcome went up. They flocked to the shore, each calling to the next the word: "Mammertla! Mammertla!", which means "A white man! A white man!" I went on land, taking my evening meal, which I cooked myself, in the chief's house, while lively trade with the natives unfolded at the same time. The harvest was nevertheless not significant, especially as there were no valuable objects of stone or bone, from which I concluded that the Nootka Indians had already been visited by traders.

For as long as we remained in Nootka Sound, my crew behaved well. But hardly had we left Moaht the next morning and passed what is called "Friendly Cove" at the mouth of Nootka Sound, approaching the most dangerous point on the whole coast, Cape Estevan, when a storm blew up with all ferocity and the old problem with the Indians began again. This time, for a change, it was a snowstorm, which beat down upon us in such thick squalls that there could be no question of hoisting a sail, and we could barely make out the tip of our own canoe. Once again we had to fight for our lives, but this time with every sinew we could muster. The storm did its very best to drive us straight onto the open sea, where we would of course have been lost; moreover, we were not able, even had we so wished, to return to "Friendly Cove".

And yet neither could we circumvent the dangerous cape, and so we had no choice but to let the snow lash our faces all day long and to fight the great mountains of water with an effort equal to its cause. It did, indeed, look bad; we tried coming in closer to the coast, where perhaps we might espy a landing place, but as soon as we were half an English mile from the beach, our canoe

fell among so many breakers that my Indians quite despaired and reproached me with the utmost vehemence for placing them in this situation. Once again, the good people were right, for they had not the slightest interest in the Berlin Museum. Had this been otherwise, they might have been prompted to embark on the perilous voyage in this season.

As long as a person can utter reproaches, he is not yet convinced that his plight is entirely hopeless, and as the Indians could see that I myself had paddled so hard that I could barely move my arms, they followed my example and worked diligently at the matter. The sole effect of our endeavours was that we were at least not driven backwards and were able by and large to tread water. Towards the evening, when it was already dark, we discovered a little bay at the side of the beach where even the sea surged with a little less anger, and where the rocks and cliffs were so far from land that a little natural harbour was formed. We ploughed towards it with all our force and safely reached land. The beaching manoeuvre is the same in almost all such cases. When the canoe is so close to land that the crest of the next wave would throw it straight onto the beach, all the rowers must stop the boat and let the next waves, which would otherwise smash it against the rock, flow by. Once a certain number of tall breakers have passed in close succession, there will usually be a big wave, and behind it a short span of calm water. This wave must be exploited. Upon its crest the boat, propelled by the fierce effort of all its rowers, shoots up and onto the land, but before it touches the ground every man must leap into the foam, grab the canoe and haul it up. This manoeuvre must be carried out in the few seconds before the next wave breaks, so that it cannot drag the boat back into the sea. The waves which we had surmount that day in our little, open dugout I would rate as about 4–6 fathoms high. We managed to land safely and to carry all our things undamaged onto the beach. The place where we found our-

selves contained an abandoned hut, which in the summer serves a few Mushlaht Indians who grow potatoes nearby.

With great delight we took possession of this shelter, repaired the little house as best we could, lit a fire and thereby restored our comfort. We lacked only one thing, water, and the Indians, who went out barefoot in the snow to seek it, could find no trace of the noble liquid; I had better luck, however, and found a spring. As we had no cooking pan with us, we filled a wooden pale with water, threw in heated stones until the water bubbled and cooked ourselves rice, which tasted good after the burden and effort of the day. After we had then dried our things, we slept very well all night.

The weather the next morning was slightly better, and I resolved to try that day to reach the place where I had spent an involuntary night 14 days since, when I set out for Kayoquaht with the crew hired by Father *Brabant* in Hesquiaht. This place near Cape Estevan was more favourable insofar as it would be easy to move away from the shore whatever the direction of the wind, whereas at our present location if would be impossible to head out to sea in a westerly. So we carried our things back into the canoe and after some effort managed to pass the breakers into the open sea. The storm was still fierce, but as the distance we had to cover was only 2 English miles, we were able to reach the port of shelter described before evening and to land safely. Great was our pleasure when we espied a canoe on the beach and met a second troupe of castaways consisting of 2 men, 2 women and 2 children, who had been there for 3 days on account of the storm. These people had travelled by the same route as we had, having visited Moaht a few days before me, and now they wished to return to their home in Hesquiaht, with which I was already acquainted.

This was our destination too, and so, as fellow-sufferers, we made each other as comfortable as we could in the dilapidated house and prepared to stay for several days. We men spent the whole of the next day hunting, and shot ducks and gulls to boost our provisions, while the women cooked the meals. And so it continued the next day and the day after, as we truly were unable to reach Hesquiaht just 5 miles distant. The Indians fared better during this time, for they could converse in their native language, whereas I was condemned to utter silence and could only make myself understood by signs and gestures. My isolation in this respect must have touched one of the Indians, who, like many of his kind, had moved around the coast of British Columbia as a labourer and had presumably picked up a few English words, for one day, seeing me sitting alone again on the beach staring at the roaring sea, he approached we with a solemn expression and, in a funereal tone, called out three times in a row, in the purest pidgin English: "What is the matter with you?" These words, rendered even less comprehensible by his Indian pronunciation, were a complete riddle to me; I concluded from the Indian's earnest expression and his strange behaviour that he had perhaps fallen prey to nervous excitement and intended to do me harm. Later, however, I heard from Father *Brabant* in Hesquiaht that the Indian would have often heard and recalled whites using this phrase at a work colony in British Columbia, where is simply means "What ails you?", and that he was trying to offer me some pleasure in our port of distress by attempting to converse with me in my mother tongue. Our stay came to an end on the fourth day, for when the storm abated a little we ventured back to sea and, after a hard round of paddling, covered the five English miles to Hesquiaht, where I took quarters with Father *Brabant* for the next week.

For six full days I sought in vain to find a crew. The people were all far too fearful of the stormy weather and demanded quite exorbitant prices, and so I decided to head deeper into the fjord, as 10–12 families lived there from whom I hoped to obtain a crew. As the weather had improved slightly, I only took one Indian with me on this trip. But on this occasion, too, it was all in vain, so that I in the afternoon I was already on my way home, bringing two blueback salmon that I had bought as the only fruit of my journey.

Everyone benefits once in their life from a stroke of good luck and now my hour had come. After so many days of misfortune a friendlier star on the ascendant. As we invested all our strength into approaching Hesquiaht, I could hardly believe my eyes when, far out at sea, I discerned the outline of a large vessel drawing closer. I cheered aloud with joy, for there was no doubt that a schooner from Victoria was approaching Hesquiaht. This signified an opportunity, for which I would otherwise scarcely have hoped, that now I could return to Victoria. But the fates apparently wished to play tricks on me, for just as I caught sight of the schooner, a storm blew up with such sudden force that our sail tore and the boat was half filled with water. My Indian, who was not nearly so joyful about seeing the schooner as I, was more attuned to the gravity of the situation, and as this struck him as very critical, he felt – or so it seemed to me – that he must owe an invocation or something similar to his gods, and he went about it in the following manner. Every time a tall wave rolled towards the boat threatening to devour his seat at the rudder, he vehemently shook his head and spat Indian fashion into the water – rather like our housewives or upholsterers when spraying curtains – with a loud "Brrr!" As I had my doubts as to the efficacy of this spell, I chose instead to bail out the invading water as fast as I could, and to repair the torn sail and hoist it again. For a

while all went well and we began to think that danger had been averted, when a sudden gust of wind caught the sail once more, tore it again and cast the tatters to the winds. The wind was blowing so strong, with hefty gusts of rain, that although both of us were sitting high up, the canoe nevertheless took up a great deal of water, and we were almost in peril of drowning. We tried to steer the nose against the wind, but this failed and we lost all control over our vessel. I must confess that this experience did not encourage me to place any faith in my companion's national gods, for I was obliged to endure as, in our half-filled canoe, we drifted helplessly, wretched castaways at the mercy of a lateral wind, onto the shore about three miles below Hesquiaht, where a strong breaker threw us sideways with a thunderous clatter onto the luckily soft, sandy beach. The canoe, filled to the brim with the salty flood, lay there limply, and I had to drum up the energy to dive in order to retrieve my rifle and the two blueback salmon. Clutching the salvaged items to my breast, I marched with my gloomy Indian – who perhaps remembered now that he was, in fact, no longer a heathen but one of the most pious members of Father *Brabant's* congregation and had long ago foresworn his erstwhile idols – towards Hesquiaht, where there was no lack of amazement at our arrival, for they believed we had long since gone under, having watched our sail disappear. My companion in distress was kind enough to deliver a great speech to his compatriots, lauding what he called my "Indian courage". Of greater importance to me was a conversation with Father *Brabant*, in which we both fell to hefty speculation about what schooner it might be that had sailed past Hesquiaht to the inland harbour and anchored there. The next morning I returned with three men to our stranded canoe; we bailed out the water and made every endeavour to pass through the tall surge into the channel to follow the course of the schooner. The ship turned out to be

the schooner "Favorite", owned by the company *Spring & Frank* and commanded by the latter-named Captain *Frank*. It was the very same vessel for which I had waited six weeks since in Victoria, seeking a passage to Vancouver. It is Captain *Frank's* custom, during the winter, to live at Jucklulaht on Barclay Sound, where he has a house managed by his wife, a half-breed Indian. He had arrived in Victoria two days after I left, and had resolved with his partner to establish a new trading post on Nootka Island and, while he was about it, to carry goods from Victoria to the company's other two posts in Esperanza Inlet and Kayokaht. Had I known this before, I could have saved myself endless effort and dismay and spent a great deal less money. I did not hesitate for a moment in securing myself a passage on the schooner, for even if it obliged me to travel once again to the northern end of the west coast, I would in this manner reach the goal of my most heartfelt longing, the capital Victoria.

VI.

Return to Nootka Island. Fur seal hunting on the west coast. Ceremonial preparations by fur seal hunters. Schooner under steam from Victoria. Christmas 1881 in Hesquiaht. A new trading post is founded on Nootka Island. Spanish reminiscence. By canoe through Nootka Sound to Mushlaht. A breaker. An exemplary woman. Gallantry rewarded. An uninhibited paradise. An Indian medicine woman and her rival. Nocturnal disturbance. Medicine men on Vancouver and the north-west coast. The strangest New Year's Eve of my life. New Year 1882. Trip to Nutschatlitz. Visit from Esperanza Inlet to Ehattesaht. A great festivity. Fifty-three different dances on the west coast of Vancouver. Indian masters of ceremony and dancing. Scenic performances. Three Indians play a wolf. Cannibal dance. Valuable purchases. General remarks on festivities. Banquets. Well-worn Indian teeth. Speeches and deliberations. A great festivity in Nutschatlitz. A choir of singers and drums. All throw themselves to the ground. Father *Nicolai's* return from Tschuklesaht. *Setta Canim's* military expedition from Klayoquaht to Kayokaht is routed. Return to Victoria and San Francisco.

As there was still a strong bluster, I sent the three Indians back alone to Hesquiaht in the canoe and walked on to the schooner "Favorite" with my woollen blanket. Yesterday's storm had also been a little calamitous for this vessel, for she had lost an anchor with 20 fathoms of chain in Hesquiaht Inlet. The next day, as we sailed in fine weather for the trading post near Father *Brabant's* home, we had the good fortune to discover the anchor and chain again in calm conditions. As the manager of the post in Hesquiaht, the above-mentioned *Charlie* of Hamburg, had been designated to oversee the post on Nootka Island, he was brought on board with his movable possessions and his replacement sent ashore in his stead. At the same time, my very substantial luggage, stored with Father *Brabant*, had to be stowed on the ship. Before this happened, I made one final attempt to obtain my own crew, but the people made huge demands that I could not pos-

sibly accept. The reason for this is that the Indians do not travel at all during this season on account of the weather, and that they are accustomed to preparing with great ceremony for the fur seal hunt that begins in the spring.

This is perhaps the right place to insert some general remarks about fur seal hunting on the west coast of Vancouver.

For a very long time now, the inhabitants of the west coast of Vancouver have caught fur-bearing sea mammals, in particular fur seals and sea otters. Hunting these animals constitutes such a significant part of these people's activities that certain cultural traditions have evolved around it for many generations. Being almost entirely reliant on the sea and its products, the inhabitants of West Vancouver and further north on the mainland coast have adopted the most elaborate arrangements for this principal source of their livelihood and treat it, like fishing, as a kind of sacred ceremony, right down to the finest detail. Captain *Cook* confirmed this himself in the last century, and the great merchant *Meares* exploited it for his trade relations. Nowadays the capture of marine fur animals by the Indians on the west coast of Vancouver is conducted commercially, much as it is in many other places on our Earth, in that the natives are left to hunt and fish in time-honoured fashion, while a number of traders oversee the catch with larger vessels and buy up the harvest on the spot. The two above-named companies, *Spring & Frank* and *Warren* in Victoria, are entrepreneurs of this kind who maintain a little shop in almost every Indian village on the west coast, where the natives can exchange the fruits of their fishing and hunting for objects of modern civilisation, food, blankets, domestic utensils and cash. With their schooners, all fitted with a small steam boiler, the said companies not only engage in almost uninterrupted traffic with the west coast inhabitants, but also, most importantly, they provide essential support to these people in hunting sea mammals.

The season begins in February and lasts into the middle of summer. During this period, almost the whole population come down from their winter villages, most lying deep inland at the far end of the fjords and inlets, to their summer villages on the little islands or along the coast. Facilities in the summer villages are far more primitive than in the winter villages, for neither are festivities organised here, nor are councils held about other great matters; rather, they serve solely the pursuit of a livelihood.

Months before the season begins, the fur seal hunters undergo strenuous preparations. Every morning they rub their bodies with sand and stones, all the while speaking certain prayers to request a favourable catch. At the same time, their medicine men and medicine women play a not insignificant part, both before the season opens and during the catch. Just how significant this can sometimes be is illustrated, for example, by the inhabitants of Hesquiaht, who were once very active whale hunters, but have entirely withdrawn from it in the belief that the medicine handed down to them by their forefathers to favour their success in the hunting of whales has lost its power and become exhausted. The good people are not even able to procure a new medicine, for in their opinion this is only held by the thunderbird (Hotloksom) or the thunder (Tootosh), and nobody has hitherto been found to fetch the medicine from this source.

The fur seal hunt currently takes place as follows: In February and March various steam schooners set sail from Victoria and Cape Flattery to the various villages and ports along the west coast, where each liaises with about 30 to 50 Indians in possession of 15 to 25 canoes. The crew of each schooner consists of only three to four men; each schooner then takes the above mentioned number of Indians with their canoes on board. In good weather they sail for the open sea, not infrequently up to 200 English miles out. The fur seals, who usually gather in great herds, like

to sleep floating on the sea in calm weather. It is apparently an original sight when they lie on their backs, covering face and eyes with their front flippers. Quietly, almost inaudibly, the schooner approaches, while the watchman in the crow's nest looks around and gives a sign as soon as the sleeping heard comes into view. As noiselessly as possible, the canoes slip into the water, each manned by two to three Indians. The hunting equipment consists of forked wooden poles ten to twelve feet long, with each tip of the fork carrying a harpoon made partly of bone, partly of iron, partly of a burnished shell. Attached to every harpoon there is a long, strong line of twisted cedar bast, the other end tied to the canoe. As soon as the Indians draw up to the herd in deep silence and are at most 20 paces away from the sleeping animals, the Indian sitting at the front of the canoe grabs the double harpoon and hurls it with careful aim and great accuracy into the body of a sleeping beast. Both harpoons, or perhaps only one, bore through the fur into the flesh, where they are stuck fast by a barb, while the wooden fork breaks free. The seal thus struck, utterly terrified, will usually take flight, pulling the boat along behind. Alternately diving and coming up for air, it swims ahead with all its might, while the Indian at the rudder carefully holds the same course with the canoe, and the harpooner awaits the moment when he can pull the gradually tiring animal so close to the boat with the line that he is able to smash the seal's skull with a large, heavy club. Often the beast, in an extreme state of despair as it is pulled to the boat, or else before when it is struck, vehemently resists, sometimes tearing a large chunk of wood from the edge of the canoe with its sharp teeth. Once the fur seal has breathed its last under the heavy blows of the harpooner, it is pulled with great effort into the canoe. Later, on board the schooner, the animal is skinned and the skin is salted for transport to England. The meat of the fur seals is very often eaten by the Indians. For the skins,

highly coveted for their fur, the Indians are paid five to twelve dollars apiece. As all a schooner's canoes attack the sleeping herd of furry mammals from different sides and are therefore often scattered widely in the pursuit, the schooner has the task of carefully observing the course of events, relieving the various canoes of their booty, and, if a storm or fog approaches, gathering up all the little boats and crews on board as quickly as possible.

On the north-west coast of Vancouver, sea otters are also caught in the months November, December and January, without the support of the schooners. These animals come to the cliffs and little islands at all times to seek food, and when they do they are killed with harpoons by Indians on land. Sea otter skins notoriously fetch very high prices and the hunter receives 30 to 100 dollars apiece. Compared with earlier times, however, not so many sea otters are now caught on Vancouver.

On Sunday, the 25th of December, we lay with the schooner belonging to *Spring & Frank* in the inner port of Hesquiaht, off the mouth of the river that flows down from the island interior at this point. The Christmas festivities were by no means a great joy for me under those circumstances, as my initial hope that by this time I would be back with one of my compatriots, who lived in Victoria, to spend the holidays with him had been thwarted. Instead, I faced a long, arduous voyage and would be holed up for quite a while. But what sense was there in complaining? I had to make a virtue of necessity and come to terms with my situation. When the festivity was over, Captain *Frank* had brought the goods destined for Hesquiaht ashore and taken not only all my luggage but also a large quantity of fish oil manufactured by the natives onto his vessel. The Indian who first took me to Kayokaht came aboard with his wife and father to join us for a part of our journey and to visit relatives in Mushlaht.

The next morning we set to sea under a strong south-easterly and sailed swiftly northwards up the west coast. Soon we were close to Friendly Cove and the place where the company intended to set up its new trading post. As we neared the anchorage, the wind dropped, and Captain *Frank* ordered a canoe with four Indians to be our tug. Hardly had they set about the task than a sturdy breeze suddenly got up with such speed that the schooner was driven straight onto the canoe, which was trapped under its bow, while one of the Indians in the canoe was flung overboard by the collision. Fortunately, the little vessel soon came free of the schooner, the man too was saved, and thus we reached Friendly Cove around midday. Just after we landed, a canoe was sent to the two chiefs living in Moaht, one of whom had put me up for the night as I was recently travelling through. Towards evening the people returned, as did the two chiefs from Moaht, with whom negotiations immediately began over the sale price for the land required for the trading post. The transaction was completed to everyone's satisfaction, and the chiefs, delighted that Moaht or Nootka would now have its own trading post, happily pocketed the price, which I believe was 60 dollars. It is a strange accident that this point on the coast where the first white man, Captain *Cook*, dropped anchor 100 years ago should only now acquire a trading post. True enough, when the Spaniards discovered Vancouver they did build a fort in this area and set up a trading post, but the latter was given up after a few years and the people were fetched away. Since that time, a few Spanish words have been preserved in the language spoken by the Indians in this part of the coast; even the land where the Spaniards lived at the time still bears the traces of a culture, as carrots and turnips grow there wild. Not long before we arrived an Indian died here who could count up to ten in Spanish; besides, several inhabitants, especially the second chief, display unmistakable traces of Spanish descent

in their features. The place we were in is the summer settlement for the inhabitants of Moaht. These people now want, like the other coastal inhabitants, to take part in the hunt for fur seals, which they have only done to a small extent in the past.

As setting up the post was to take some time, this gave me an excellent opportunity to undertake a few excursions into the interior of Nootka Sound with its far-reaching arms. I therefore joined the aforementioned Indian, who disembarked here from our schooner with his wife and father to travel to the village of Mushlaht some 20 miles distant. A heavy wind was blowing into the fjord off the open sea as we clambered into a canoe and set off on our journey at a fleeting pace. The swell was very high, endangering the canoe to no small degree. About halfway along there was a minor disaster, when a tall breaker emptied itself into the boat, so that we were all sitting chest-high in icy water. The old man, who was at the rudder, lost heart and began weeping bitterly. I bailed water with my hat as fast as I could and called out to the old Indian to hold the boat straight to the wind, for then the waves from behind could not cause significant damage. But the old gentleman had lost all countenance and steered so that the wind and waves would catch us from the side. It only took a few seconds, of course, until the canoe tipped over sideways with the first gust of wind and began, as if we had not seen enough water, to sink. Up until now I had held the sail rope, but now I had to let it spring away, whereupon the very resolute young Indian lifted up the mast and sail in his powerful arms and threw both overboard. As a result, the canoe righted itself significantly, and I continued my labour of bailing water for all I was worth until the canoe was afloat again. Throughout all this the Indian woman sat quietly, even though her neck was the first to go under water, in an exemplary display of calm acceptance, and uttered not a sound of fear or lament. We were lucky that while I was bailing no more

waves poured into our boat; otherwise we would certainly have gone down. We soon reached a narrow channel, and all danger passed. It rained all day and out of pity I gave the poor woman my raincoat, but later heartily regretted my deed, for the journey was endlessly long and the rain poured down like the Second Flood. I cannot claim that being already drenched through from the waves made me any less sensitive to the rain.

In the evening, long after nightfall, we came at long last to Mushlaht, where our wet little company entered the house of the Indian's relative and, in keeping with the custom hereabouts, soon stripped off all clothing before the fire to dry it out. I had no choice, of course, but to do the same, and as the only blanket I had brought with me to sleep under was soaking wet, I would have had nothing to cover me at night, had not my travelling companion rewarded me for the service I had paid her by lending me a blanket. Small as it was, it was at least something, and it prevented the audacious youngsters of Mushlaht, who would touch and inspect my white skin with a lack of inhibition worthy of the Garden of Eden from over-scrupulous enquiry.

The next morning I did a round of the village to buy ethnographic objects for the Berlin Museum in my customary manner; there was little to be had here, however, as in Moaht. The village has frequently been conquered and plundered by inhabitants of the neighbouring settlements of Klayoquaht and Moaht, although the inhabitants of Mushlaht have been held prisoners in a sense, in that they were not permitted to leave the fjord where they lived and had to buy all the items sold by the white traders at a high price from the Indians in Moaht. Any who attempted to leave the fjord were attacked and taken prisoner, then sold as slaves to Cape Flattery.

During the first night that I spent in Mushlaht, the entire village was unsettled by an affair that took place in the house

where I was sleeping. The man whose house it was had a sick child, whom he had entrusted to the care of an Indian medicine woman.

This old hag had subjected the poor infant to inhuman treatment. The gruesome medicine chant had intoned all evening, while she hissed at the child like a wild cat, sucking its blood out just above the pit of the heart, presumably in the belief that she could remove the disease from the body with the blood. As her cure had not helped much and the little creature lay there lifeless, the man of the house settled the doctor's fee, dispensing at the same time with a continuation of the cure. Mightily angered by this, and perhaps all the more enraged by the realisation that her main rival, a medicine man in Moaht had already been sent for to continue the treatment, the old woman struck up a great din, shouting from her bed, whereupon the host was not short of an answer. This racket, which the other occupants of the house soon joined, lasted until 2 o'clock in the morning, until one of the Indians finally tried putting an end to it by jumping up and giving the old woman a deft beating. Now the worthy consort of this medicine woman entered the fray by, to redress the balance, thrashing the wife of the man who had beaten his wife. The wails of the two women brought more Indians forth from their beds and soon a hefty exchange of words and fists unfolded around the hearth. The din soon acquired such a magnitude that the matter seemed to me perilous, and I picked up my revolver and dagger. Just as the noise reached full pitch, a young Indian leapt up and quenched the fire with a bucket of water, plunging the whole place into pitch black. That ended the argument, for now everyone returned to their places.

The next morning the "famous" medicine man of Moaht appeared. He tackled the sickness in his own vigorous manner, pressing, kneading and pinching the poor child almost without

cease for a whole hour, sucking blood from the body several times while adopting a variety of grimaces. All this time, the mother, visibly placing her faith in the wondrous arts of the medicine man, held the child in her lap, singing an incessant ditty in a muffled wail, in which one could make out the words "kjukwah" and "claddai". This, as I heard, was a plea or demand to the evil spirit of the sickness to depart from her child's body. All this time, to exacerbate the infernal noise, a big bearskin drum was beaten. When the doctor had completed his manipulations, he was given three blankets by the child's father. Thereupon the mother took charge of the little patient again and continued the treatment just as it had begun.

This might be an appropriate place for a few general remarks about the medicine men of Vancouver and the north-west coast of America. These people claim to possess supernatural powers. In general the Indians believe that medicine men have the power to cure diseases. A distinction is made, as *Sproat* reports, between two types of medicine man: those of secondary rank, including medicine women such as the one described above, who are only summoned for minor illnesses, and medicine men of primary rank, whose assistance is sought in serious cases of disease and mental disorder. These medicine men often undertake to bring a soul which has already left the body back to the body, to exchange the soul, to interpret dreams, to make prophesies and above all to exorcise the demons of disease. Rarely do medicine men hold an elevated position, but they do exert significant power and often very far-reaching influence, which increases with the wealth they acquire by means of their cures. I did not observe the medicine men on Vancouver cultivating their own language, as found among other savages where, sometimes, they consult with each other without anyone else understanding them. A medicine man does, however, acquire a certain training,

for by and large every cure consists of the same ceremonies, motions and manipulations. But within this framework every doctor subjectively elaborates his own methods and often engages in the most peculiar efforts to preserve his reputation as a magician and a tamer of spirits. The more extravagantly the medicine men sing, wail and gesticulate during their cures, and the more skilled they are, as we shall later see, at building respect with the aid of surprising conjuring tricks, often of a very crude nature, the blinder the faith that is placed in their power. There are, moreover, no few medicine men who believe firmly in their own powers and are wont by long fasting and self-denial to work themselves into an over-excited condition, in which they are themselves the most devoted disciples of their method. The medicine men are not and do not wish to be regarded merely as physicians, but also as doctors of the soul. If an Indian has worries and anxieties about tackling some venture, the outcome of which depends on fortune or chance, he will entrust himself to his medicine man, requesting the latter to chant an invocation. Thus it is when the fishing, whaling and fur seal hunting begins, thus it is before entering into a war or other great enterprise. Belief in a benevolent deity who can induce a kindly destiny and fear of the pernicious influence of an evil, demonic power are both motives that cause the Indians to perform many superstitious customs with or without the aid of their medicine men. I have often met them in the bush early of a morning as they send up loud prayers to the good or evil spirit.

The next morning I left Mushlath after what had been the strangest New Year's night in my life, and spent the first day of the year 1882 returning to my friend Captain *Frank* on the schooner "Favorite".

The first days of the new year were spent setting up the new trading post, while I marked and packed my collection myself. Not until the 6th of January were we ready to leave Nootka Sound and travel on northwards. Our next destination was Esperanza Inlet again, where I had already stayed a month since. We landed at the company's branch in Nutschatlitz. I hired a canoe with two Indians, who by chance were the very same ones who had accompanied me from here to Hesquiaht in December, and went with them deep into Esperanza Inlet as far as Ehattesaht.

When we arrived there in darkness, we found the inhabitants of Moaht visiting to take part in a great dance to which they have been invited, as a result of which I had the rare pleasure of once more witnessing an Indian festivity of the most authentic kind. The dances of the Indians on the west coast of Vancouver are different from the dances of the Indians on the north and east coasts; it is also important to distinguish between summer and winter dances. Whereas in the autumn, on my first visit to the north and east coast of Vancouver and the mainland, I had only seen two to four people take part in the dances, here on the west coast in Ehattesaht there were always twenty to thirty people dancing at once. The west coast Indians are also said to have far more dances than the Indians of the north coast – reportedly 53 different ones. In Ehattesaht a formal master of the dance officiated in the arrangements; there were round dances and solo scenic performances alike.

The master of the dance and of ceremony allocated every dancer to a place and for the solo dances he used his rattle to set the beat. All the dancers were decorated in the most festive manner, the men with faces painted black and red, the women almost all red. On the evening I attended this time, there were only a few dances with masks, but among these we witnessed the spectacle, well worth seeing, of the great eagle or firebird "Hotloxom", who represents the thunder, or "Tootosh". The head, the tail and the two wings of this bird were made of wood; the body, with an

Indian inside, was covered with gear, and in the dull lighting of the house the whole thing was a deceptive sight. Performances of this kind always touch upon the field of cultural ceremony. There was another noteworthy dance, and it also showed how little preparation is sometimes required for those Indians to be lulled into illusion. Three unclad Indians worked in a group to act the part of a wolf. To this end, the foremost held in his hand a very skilfully made wolf's head carved in wood, while the other two covered themselves with the sail of a canoe, bending double as they moved. This sail represented the body of the wolf. The third man, who was at the back of the sail with half his body uncovered, held an iron handsaw, known as a foxtail, which he held against his body behind his back like a tail, making movements with it. This trio of Indians synchronised all their actions, so that their dark legs marched like those of a six-legged animal. This giant wolf clapped its jaws open and shut, roaring and howling as it accosted the guests, who fled before it in mock terror throughout the house.

After this scene, another dance was performed, which recalled the atrocities of the hamatsa cannibals in the north and east of Vancouver. An entirely unclad Indian representing a slave or a prisoner-of-war was led around the fire. The man leading him had a great dagger in his hand, motioning with it as if to slit open the former's body. The slave acted very fearful, begging for his life, but his relentless foe executed the fatal thrust in pantomime fashion, and then cupped his hands together as if spooning the blood that poured from the body of his unfortunate victim and drinking it in great drafts. For this performance everyone in the house wailed and danced. When the dances were over, I purchased a number of valuable masks and objects, unfortunately not cheap, as the things were highly prized here. To my regret I was unable to purchase the utensils from the above-mentioned firebird.

Woman's dance mask depicting a wolf's head. West Vancouver.

The feasts of the West Vancouverites pay more attention to ceremony than those on the north and west coast of the island. Although special festivities take place throughout the whole year on notable occasions, such as when a house is built, the real festive season, as already mentioned, lasts from November until late January. General feasts of the ordinary kind are called "Klooh-quahn-nah". According to an explanation given to me by *Mr George Hunt* in Fort Rupert, this equates to "suddenly acquired wealth" or "one who has suddenly become rich". The names of the guests are called out loud as each one arrives, and each of them is allocated a specific place. Upon entering the house, every guests is given a bundle of soft cedar bast to clean their feet. The chief and all the most distinguished guests arrive last. Once all those invited have taken their place around the fire, the food is cooked. This is done by placing hot stones into a big wooden box full of water until the water begins to boil, when the essential ingredients, notably the meat, are added, and are very quickly done through. It is quite the same procedure as I described earlier for the Quakult Indians. Before the meal commences, a little mat of tree bark is spread out before each guest. The host walks about during the meal making sure that every guest is well served, while the woman of the house and others are busy bringing the food to the guests. Not much is said at table as it is not considered good manners to speak while eating. Everyone has a mat where their portion is placed. The meal usually consists of dried fish or meat, or freshly cooked fish and fish oil, and it is served in prettily carved wooden bowls adorned with many figures. Freshly cooked fish is eaten with the aid of a wooden spoon, the other food

is placed in the mouth by hand. The teeth of these Indians are worn down almost to the gum; this may be due to the dried fish, which is the primary source of food, being so contaminated with sand. A popular dish at feasts is whale blubber. The portions that each guest receives are usually so great that one cannot eat more than half at one sitting, and hence everyone takes their leftovers home with them. After the meal, every guest is given a strip of cedar bast to wipe their fingers and mouth. The customary speeches and deliberations follow. Women are rarely invited to the feasts, but they celebrate a special banquet of their own, to which they invite women from friendly neighbouring tribes. Apart from the general festivities, which are not so uproarious, special feasts are held to mark particular occasions, as already mentioned, where very many gifts are handed out. This takes place in the same manner as I described earlier with regard to the mainland.

The next morning I returned from Ehattesaht to Nutschatlitz. We were unable to carry out our intention of continuing our journey immediately by schooner to Kayokaht, for bad weather obliged us to remain where we were. That same day, another great dance was celebrated, in which we took part, for we disembarked in the afternoon and had reached Nutschatlitz. This feast was in honour of the Klayoquaht Indians who, along with the inhabitants of Moaht whom I had met the evening before in Ehattesaht, had been especially invited. On this evening I was able to observe the festivities with particular attention, as I had arrived before it began and had likewise been invited, as had the captain. To the left of the entrance, the long wall of the interior was occupied by the Klayoquaht Indians in their festive adornments; opposite them on the right side were the equally adorned Moaht Indians and those inhabitants of Nutschatlitz who were not taking part in the dance. This corona of spectators consisted of about eighty to a hundred persons, including women and children. As the fe-

ast began in the afternoon, no fire was burning in the middle of the house, but the whole interior had been swept clean. As the assembly filled up inside, the procession of dancers found their places outside in the open space at the door under the command of the master of dance and ceremony. The dancers consisted of men and women, almost all the men painted black with long feathers in their hair, the women with faces painted red, black blankets around their shoulders, their hair hanging loose down their backs, also without masks.

The singers and dancers had taken up position on the rear wall of the interior and performed their chorus in lively tempo to the accompaniment of the drums. The dance master allowed four to six persons into the house at any one time. This little group moved around the dance floor, dancing and turning about, and gesticulating with their hands, and formed a circle to perform a little dance. When they finished, another group of four to six would enter, and so on, until all the dancers had gathered in the house. Then speeches were held and presents were made of blankets, rifles, canoes and sails, before the dancing recommenced. One of the strangest and most surprising dances I ever saw consisted in the entire company of dancers, made up of men, women, girls and youths, in the middle of a circular dance, repeatedly throwing themselves to the ground in a wild tangle in response to a sign, where they formed a chaotic, writhing mass in which individuals could not be distinguished, as merely an arm or a foot protruded here and there, only to be retracted at once, vanishing into the moving mass. I noticed by chance that the chief's daughter allowed herself the luxury of throwing a little blanket to the ground at the very same moment, where she had to throw herself upon the command. Then all leapt up just as quickly and carried on dancing. It was my general observation that on such occasions, just as in everyday life, the Indians have a habit of chewing pine

resin. This custom appears to be widespread throughout North America, for I witnessed the same thing among the Eskimos in Labrador. The Indians acquire this resin by trading and often pay very dearly for it. As we had to prepare for our journey, we could not stay until the end of the feast, which continued until almost midnight. Towards evening we embarked and we set sail the next morning at 5 o'clock.

A favourable wind led us to Kayokaht, which we reached by the afternoon.

Who can comprehend the amazement of the inhabitants of Kayokaht who, believing me long since in Victoria or at the bottom of the sea, suddenly saw me return? Once we dropped anchor, Captain *Frank* immediately began unloading the goods destined for the trading post there, as a severe snowstorm was brewing from the south and west.

The next day we saw evidence of the danger posed to the white man by the inhabitants of this area. The missionary Father *Nicolai*, who had visited the neighbouring Indian village of Tschuklesaht, came back and recounted that the Indians there, who are among the wildest inhabitants of West Vancouver, had threatened him with axes and knives. He responded with composure to the screaming, raging mob that fell upon him with howls of anger determined to murder him, calmly telling the people, whose language he spoke, that they could by all means kill him but that a gunboat would then soon arrive and its commander would no doubt have half the population of Tschuklesaht hanged. This helped; the ferocious band were taken aback, knowing from experience that whenever the Indians committed some misdeed an English gunboat was always promptly dispatched to punish the offenders, and so they refrained from murdering Father *Nicolai*. But they instructed him to leave their territory at once and to leave them be with his attempts at conversion, for they were

perfectly satisfied with their own religion.

The Indians of this area are not only extremely cruel to strangers, but also to one another, as the reports of earlier wars between the villages testify. Here I shall interject the tale of one such military campaign, based on *Sproat's* account, which was repeated to me from many sides, in which the war chief Setta Canim of Klayoquaht, who has already been mentioned, played a big role.

Long ago, when this cruel conquistador was seeking expression for his irrepressible urge to enhance the glory of his home village by waging war, a suitable occasion arose due to the hostile atmosphere prevailing between his Klayoquahts and the Kayokahts living further north. For many months, the cunning

Two Indians from the west coast of Vancouver, with chief Setta Canim on the right.

and malicious chief took every opportunity to fan the flames of discord, delivering speeches against the Kayokahts. But his tribe objected that the adversary was strong in number and courageous, and would prove extremely difficult to defeat. After very long debates, a decision was made to undertake the war if the inhabitants of Mushlaht and Moaht, whose territory lay between the enemy parties, could be won as allies. And so first a canoe with the most skilful orators of the tribe was sent to these villages to convince the Indians there of this cause. The effort proved surprisingly successful, and the three allied villages resolved to annihilate the Kayokahts by means of a military campaign.

Once this decision had been taken, there was great excitement in the village of Klayoquaht, as every man equipped himself for battle. The war preparations were zealously tackled, the war canoes repaired, war paddles made with long, pointed spikes, and everything made shipshape, the crews of each canoe were determined and the commanding positions allocated. One fine morning, when all was ready, 22 big canoes set out, each manned by 10 to 15 Klayoquaht warriors. All had faces painted black in the Indian fashion as they left home, while their womenfolk standing on the shore sang out loud, entreating the departing men to uphold the honour of the tribe and return victorious after destroying the enemy.

To loud cheers, the voyage led by *Setta Canim* set off north along the coast until the evening, when they reached Hesquiaht, where they anchored and landed. *Setta Canim* naturally seized the opportunity, supported by his great war force, to test his eloquence on the Hesquiahts and win them as allies. During this night, the Klayoquahts slept in their canoes and the next day the expedition continued, reaching Friendly Cove towards the evening, where the inhabitants of Moaht were already waiting for them.

The reports say that the convoy drew close to the shore to the loud singing of warriors uttering battle cries and the beating war drums reverberating afar, and that on this spot *Setta Canim*, erect in his canoe and clad in nothing but a red blanket, his hair bound in a great knot on top of his head in the manner of a warrior, delivered one of those fiery speeches with which he, a born orator, was able to stir up his kinsmen. He gesticulated with his right hand, which on this occasion held an ancient dagger. Better than anyone else he was able to persuade his listeners that the war they were planning was a genuine matter of necessity.

When he had spoken for half an hour, the Moahts standing on the shore delivered a short response, welcoming the great chief and his warriors, whereupon they all went ashore. A great feast began, hosted by the Moahts, and everything was done with the utmost solemnity. After the meal, the speeches and deliberations began. Every chief set out his views on the best way to attack the enemy, and finally they all gathered on the flat, sandy shore, on which a map of the principal Kayokaht village was drawn in rough contours. The producer of the map was a Kayokaht Indian among those present who indicated the houses with little piles of sand. The houses of big chief *Nancis* and war chief *Moshenik* were shown with particular accuracy so that every warrior knew exactly where these two most dangerous enemies could be found. As the deliberations continued, every man present gave his views in how many inhabitants lived in each house in Kayokaht.

Last of all, *Setta Canim* devised the following war plan: The 15 Klayoquaht canoes were to form the centre, the 14 Mushlaht and Moaht canoes were to take up the right wing and a few more Klayoquaht canoes would join with the Hesquiahts to compose the left wing. This stately force would, Indian fashion, fall upon the village of Kayokaht during the night while all were sleeping and slaughter all its residents. It was furthermore resolved that

all the houses would be burnt down, to which end resinous wood had been brought along.

With the campaign plan established in this manner, the inhabitants of Moaht and Mushlaht eagerly put the finishing touches to their preparations. Before the day was out, the two Klayoquaht chiefs fought a vehement dispute over which of the two would take on the feared Kayokaht chief *Moshenik*. This dispute would almost have come to blows, had not the older, experienced warriors of the tribe intervened to mediate. That evening another feast was given, and then messengers were sent to the crews of the remaining canoes to inform them that the journey would continue at daybreak the next morning. The sun had not yet risen when the great expedition continued its course in glorious weather. They paddled north-west along the coast to the sound of war chants and to the beating rhythm of war drums. The Mushlaht Indians, led by their chief *Nissend*, huge and strong, contributed two columns of seven canoes each.

As they approached Esperanza Inlet, orders were given that the boats should stay as close to the shore as possible to avoid discovery. They landed near the village of Ehattesaht and all the warriors blackened their faces again. The next night was destined for the attack and the united tribes managed to land in a bay by the island where the principal village of the Kayokaht stood. Until midnight every man stayed in his canoe without making the slightest noise. The assault was aided by the absence of moonlight that night. When the moment to attack arrived, the canoes sped swiftly towards the village of Kayokaht and the 400 Indians in the boats jumped ashore and stormed the village, spearheaded by their chiefs. The village and all its inhabitants would have perished, had chance not already exposed the enemy.

Two Kayokaht Indians out fishing had returned earlier than usual in their canoe at around this time and had noticed the war

fleet rapidly approaching their home village. These two fisherman jumped up in their canoes and shouted with shrill voice the warning cry of their tribe: “Weennah! Weennah!”, which means “strangers” or “danger”. Their cry flew at the speed of magic and within a few seconds, before the canoes touched shore, this “Weennah!” rang from house to house, calling all Kayokaht Indians to arms. The battle began at once, but it did not find the inhabitants entirely unprepared and they defended themselves with all the energy and courage at their command. Soon the rattle of firing guns mingled with the screams of the dying and wounded, while some houses were set on fire and shone a great light on the terrible spectacle. The Kayokahts relinquished a part of their village to concentrate on the house of their big chief. The latter, well aware that his head would be sought first, had at once, as soon as the noise began, hastily barricaded his house with everything that could quickly be found, piling boxes and crates at the doors. From here he kept up strong, albeit barely effectual fire on the enemies who had invaded the village. Setta Canim, grasping the situation immediately, plunged in angry despair, supported by his two rifle-bearers, towards the barricaded house of his hated enemy, but he was powerless, as his adversaries had focused their entire fighting force here. Although the left flank burst into a few houses and killed those who had remained, the overall impact of the raid had been thwarted, as the victims had not been surprised and killed in their sleep.

The consequences were soon evident, and the inhabitants of Mushlaht were the first to withdraw from the burning village back to their canoes on the beach and showed no desire to take part in the battle any longer. This was the beginning of the end, for they were soon joined by other groups and the village was gradually emptied of enemies. Although Setta Canim tried once more to storm the chief’s house, he was ultimately abandoned by his own men and obliged likewise to retreat.

The proud leave-taking was followed by a sad homecoming; the warriors of every village travelled back silently in great despondency, and the most disconsolate of all were those who had incited the war, the Klayoquahts. Two days later they reached their village, where their women were waiting longingly on the rocky strand. But as the warriors drew close to the shore in sullen silence and raised no song of victory, the women realised that the battle had ended badly for their menfolk and raised their lament amid loud wailing.

They had some cause, for the losses of their tribe amounted to eleven dead and 17 wounded, almost too great a sacrifice for the 34 heads of butchered Kayokahts brought home by their men along with 13 slaves as trophies.

Although, after they returned home, a few victory feasts were celebrated, enemy heads were displayed on the village enclosure and eventually the scalps of victims were shared among the victors, and although a few, especially valiant warriors were elevated in status and given new names, the victorious mood had nonetheless dissipated and in its stead dread and anxiety took hold in the village of Klayoquaht, where people feared that the mighty tribe of the Kayokahts would seek bloody revenge for the attack. To make matters worse, they fell out with the Mushlaht Indians, whom they blamed for the failure of the war. Rumours spread daily that the Kayokahts were approaching with an impressive fleet of canoes to attack the village, and it was above all *Setta Canim* who dared not leave his house for fear that assassins would suddenly strike, as everyone pointed the finger at him, the sole originator of the war. In the end the fear was so great that a bulwark was erected all around the village and provisions were brought in to withstand a siege. It took several years before this ubiquitous sense of fear gradually ebbed away in Klayoquaht.

On the 12th of January we began our return voyage and a few days later the “Favorite” reached Barclay Sound, where I made one final excursion to the Indian village of Juklulaht, securing many purchases. Three days later we landed back in the capital Victoria. From there I returned to San Francisco, and thus ended the first part of my journey.

VII.

Back to Victoria. Request to engage Longheads for *Mr Hagenbeck*. Aboard the steamer "Otter" to Fort Rupert. Great gathering of Quakult Indians. Many Indian feasts. A theatrical stage. Ceremony to name an Indian girl. Dance of women. Dance of a medicine man from Nakortok. A sick Indian. Conjuring tricks. A stone in the heart. Cedar bark turns into a crystal ball. I throw an Indian party and receive an Indian name. A wig from a Parisian masque as Indian headgear. The three Longhead villages: Nouette, Koskimo and Quatsino. Expedition in *Mr Hunt's* sloop. Nouette. Rich catch of fur seals. Trip to the northern tip of Vancouver. Well received by *Wacas, Negetz's* son in Koskimo. My benefactress, Wacas's wife, accepts an engagement for *Mr Hagenbeck*. I meddle with the god Hymen. *George Hunt's* private business. A messenger through the forest to Fort Rupert. *Wacas* gives away his property. I engage five Longheads for *Mr Hagenbeck*. A fishing and hunting party with *William Hunt*. I salvage three long skulls for science. The whole tribe turns against me. The first Longhead deserts. Return to Quatsino Sound. *George Hunt* as solo singer and dancer. Eight-day southwesterly gale. *William Hunt's* kind wife. Solemn farewell to Quatsino. My benefactress has misgivings. Sea sickness all around. *George Hunt* parleys. I get my way. Cape Scott. Return to Fort Rupert. 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis. Envy among Fort Rupert Indians. Telegram from Europe. Deputation from Koskimo. Wacas and his wife desert. Self-dissolution of the ethnological expedition. 16th of April 1882. Return to Victoria. Request from Berlin to visit the Diomede Islands in the Bering Strait. Expedition along Vancouver's east coast. Cowichan. Quamichan. Kuper Island. Pinalekaht. Missionary *Robertson*. Chemainus. A dog-hair blanket. Nanaimo. Old horn wedges. Juklutok. An Indian burial ground. An expensive Frenchman. Comox. Stone arrowheads found when ploughing. My hotel host *Patrik*. Two old Indian churchyards. A difficult climb. A headless corpse. Departure for Bute Inlet. Brave woman under sail. Clayamen. Malaspina. Rumours of splendid stone sculptures. Turning back. Collap Island. Sechelt. A Chinese merchant. Via Victoria to San Francisco.

Sooner than expected I had to return to the scene of my autumn and winter expeditions, for on the 20th of February I left San Francisco again, landing three days later in Victoria. I had been requested to visit the north of Vancouver specifically to make better acquaintance with the Longhead Indians living in Koskimo and Quatsino. If it proved possible to persuade a number of these peo-

ple to accompany me to Europe, where they would be accessible for study in anthropological and ethnological circles – so my instructions – I was to engage such a company at the expense of *Mr Carl Hagenbeck* in Hamburg, who has paid such great service to science. This naturally did not prevent me from further pursuing my activity in purchasing ethnological objects of all kinds. The *"Otter"* took me to Fort Rupert, where my Indian friends gree-

Double-faced dance mask, closed, depicting a sea monster. Fort Rupert (Vancouver).

Double-faced dance mask, open, the inside depicting a human face. Fort Rupert (Vancouver).

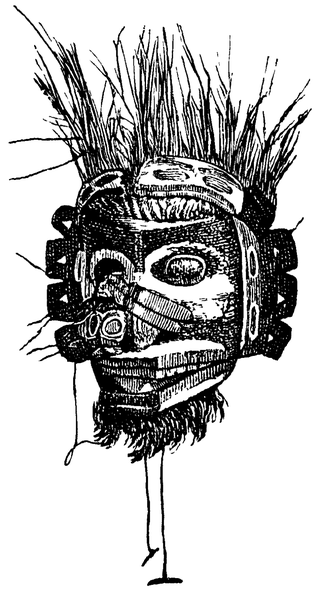
ted me cordially. The place was quite a different sight compared with the autumn, for almost the entire tribe of Quakult Indians had now gathered here, taking the opportunity to celebrate splendid dances and festivities. During this tribal assembly, each chief naturally tried to outdo the next, while shoring up his reputation among his fellow-tribesmen by distributing and giving away all his worldly goods. In this way hundreds, if not thousands, of blankets changed hands by the day; meanwhile disputes were settled, complaints dealt with, counsels held etc. The life and soul of it all was the chief of the Quakult Indians, who resided in Fort Rupert.

I, of course, took up my quarters again with my old friend and host *Mr Hunt*, who oversaw the trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the same time hiring his sloop and engaging both his sons to accompany me on the trip to Quatsino. On the evening after my arrival I attended the biggest Indian potlatch that I have ever witnessed. Like all such festivities, it involved a great many ceremonies. The common folk appeared first, followed later by Indian dignitaries and chiefs and finally the big chief. Along the walls were benches, which were occupied by the watching crowd. A big fire was burning in the middle of the hall, casting a flamboyant glare on every object and individual. Opposite the entrance the corps of musicians and singers had taken their places as usual; they were directed by a cantor decked out in the most festive gear with feathers adorning his hair, who spoke in advance the words for the choir to sing. The three great drums stood, exceptionally, by the door. Once the supreme chief had entered, the biggest drum was carefully lifted by two ceremonially decorated Indians and slowly carried four times around the fire with steps of gravity. It was then brought in front of the corps of musicians, where it was lowered three times until it almost touched the ground, and then the fourth time set down.

At one place in the house canoe sails had been hung to create a kind of curtain, partitioning off a small, stage-like area. Ten festively adorned Indian women popped out from behind the curtain, danced once around the fire and then disappeared. After this had happened twice in succession, the curtain was suddenly dropped and now our eyes were treated to a wondrous spectacle.

A large group of Indians wearing masks represented all kinds of animals, gods and demons, and these performed dances together. A bear danced with a monster, the huge jaw of its colossal head constantly snapping open and shut, a wolf and eagle embraced, turning in a circle. This sight was only granted us for a few

minutes. Then the curtain was pulled up again and an invisible musical corps that none of us could see, which had been creating a truly hellish spectacle all this time with wooden pipes and flutes, ceased labours for a moment. Then the curtain fell again for a few minutes and the whole dance troupe, which, as I noted, belonged to the tribe of the Namgis Indians, danced as before to the sounds of the invisible pipers.



Dance mask with movable lower jaw. Namgis Indians. (North-east coast of Vancouver.)

The second part of the feast was devoted to common Indian dances, for which no masks were worn. Here the big chief left the company for his own house, where a great potlatch was also to take place that day. The big chief had invited me to attend this feast, and so I went to him. Among the guests in his very spacious house there were Nakortok Indians, who live on the mainland north of Fort Rupert, and who performed several dances at the behest of their host.

Before they began, another ceremony of a peculiar kind took place. A young girl from Comox, an Indian village about halfway along the east coast of Vancouver, was told by the big chief to perform a solo. She did so in the peculiar manner characteristic of most Indian dances, in so much as the dance does not consist in turning the body, but in hanging on tiptoe and hopping from one foot to the other. All the while the arms are stretched out straight, usually with the right hand raised in a diagonal with extended fingertips above the height of the head, while the left arm stretches diagonally back and down in a similar manner. The art

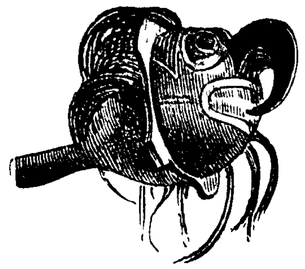
of this dance is concentrated, one might say, in the work of the fingertips, which maintain a continuous, slightly vibrating motion, almost as if in the trembling throes of cramp. While the young girl performed this dance with great skill and endurance, she was accompanied by ten dancing Quakult Indian women who were performing a different dance. When the solo piece was over, the big chief gave the young girl a new name which, I was told, she must bear until, perhaps already next year, she performed a new dance, accompanied by another naming.

Only now did the dances of the Nakortok Indians begin.

First, a dance was again performed by a young girl, who was accompanied by various Indian women; there later followed various general dances interspersed with solos by a hamatsa and a medicine man from Nakortok. The latter, who, although still young in years, enjoyed great respect among his kin, possessed an uncommon ability to rivet his audience with manipulations of all kinds; he was also reputed to have performed many excellent cures. He offered us a sample of his skill during the feast.

When the dances were over, a sick Indian was carried in, lying wretched and helpless on a mat, and set down on the ground; the medicine man undertook to cure this patient. To this end it was essential, in keeping with the Indian custom, that he should first provide evidence of his power and influence over animate and inanimate nature by performing a few conjuring tricks à la Bosco. He picked up a little stone from the ground and asked what object he should change it into. One man requested this, another requested that, and the medicine man, without acknowledging any of these wishes, walked round and round the fire, holding the stone between his two flat hands and mysteriously rubbing it as he sang a kind of incantation. He managed to find a moment to drop the stone secretly without anyone noticing, at the same time triumphantly showing his empty hands to all around. That

same moment, no doubt with the aid of a hidden assistant, a stone was heard to hit the wooden roof of the house and roll down with a great clatter. The Indians uttered astonished cries of admiration and one could tell from their faces that that were all of the firm conviction that the medicine man had thrown the stone through thr roof beams by the force of magic.



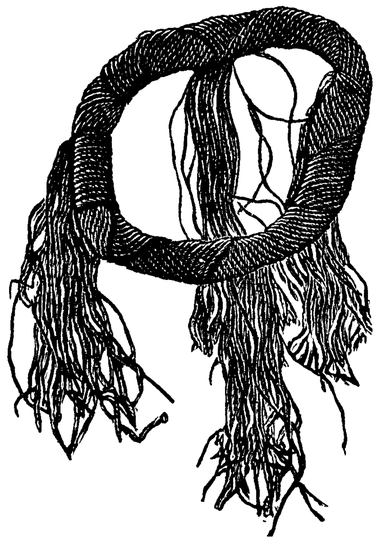
Hamatsa dance rattle.
Fort Rupert.

Piddling as this trick was in itself, it signified a great deal about the attitude of the Indians, for these people believe that a medicine man has the power to cast a stone into the heart of anyone, whoever it may be, and that this person must then inevitably die. This belief in the infallible power of medicine men is so great among the Indians that, if ever such a conjuror tells them: “You will die in so many days!” they believe they are irredeemably lost and actually die of fear on the designated day.

The missionary *Mr Crosby* gave me a very striking example of this. A young, eighteen-year-old Indian from the village of Nanaimo on the east coast of Vancouver, north of Victoria, a hard-working young man who learnt diligently in the mission school and had already converted to Christianity, had one day jokingly teased a medicine man. The latter, angered by it, said to the young Indian: “In six weeks you will die!” The young man so despaired at this that, without confiding in anyone, he fell increasingly silent and in the end lay down and fell sick, It was a few weeks before the missionary managed to discover the facts, but all his efforts to persuade the young Indian that the medicine man had no power over life and death were thwarted by the lad’s superstitious fears, for he believed that the conjuror had thrown

a stone into his heart. Perhaps this Indian might have been dissuaded if some well-respected man or another Indian doctor had pretended to remove the stone from his heart and shown him a real stone. But this did not happen, and the poor fellow really did die, before the six weeks had passed, of fear.

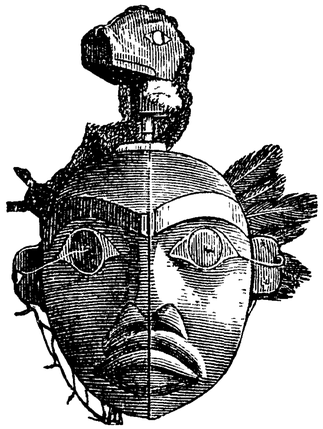
Let us return to our Nakortok medicine man. Once he had delivered the first proof of his power he placed a piece of cedar bark in his mouth and chewed it, moving it around between his lips for all to see. Again he found a moment to remove the piece of cedar bark from his mouth without anyone noticing and to replace it with a little, transparent crystal ball. I am certain that not one of the Indians suspected that the two objects had been swapped. Consequently a marvelling murmur ran through the gathering when the medicine man took not a piece of cedar bark, but a crystal ball from his mouth. Before long, the conjuror swapped the said two objects yet again and once more produced the piece of bark. This was now required as medicine and handed to the sick man as a cure. It seems that the medicine man was very keen to impress me personally with his great magic art, for every time he performed the swindle he stood still right in front of me. By now it was fairly late, and as the sick man had been taken outside with his medicine and I intended, assuming fine weather, to set out on my journey the next morning, I too left the company. I never found out whether the sick Indian recovered.



A medicine man's neck ring.
Fort Rupert.

The next morning our departure was prevented by the wind and weather. I used the newly free day in quite an unusual manner. I had lived so long among the Indians that they were slowly beginning to regard me as one of their own. They had therefore long since been asking me to throw an Indian potlatch of my own. Of course, this was merely a form of begging, in order to obtain objects of value from me in some way. For me, however, the matter had a different value, as I was bound to attach great importance, in view of my forthcoming ethnological expedition, to enjoying a good name among the Indians. I therefore seized the opportunity that now arose with pleasure and bought two boxes of ship's biscuits and a round of molasses, for as a white man I was naturally under an obligation to offer a banquet equal to my dignity and the said items are the Indians' favourite foods in their dealings with whites. The festivity proceeded like any other, with the usual feasting and plenty of song and dance. I permitted myself the ruse of dressing up as an Indian, and I was so successful at disguising myself as a pedigree redskin, with the aid of a wig once worn many years ago at a masked ball in Paris and shielded by a genuine Indian mask, that even my best friends took me for an Indian from some far-off coastal village. After the banquet, a solemn ceremony took place, at which the big chief of Fort Rupert bestowed an Indian name upon me. I was known henceforth as *"Sull-qutl-ant"*, which means "one who runs from one star to another".

The fresh-baked Indian Sull-qutl-ant was forced to atone quite bitterly for this honour the next day, for when I went about the village again to make purchases, for every good item I wished to buy I had to accept many worthless objects into the bargain and pay very dear for the lot. My departure was not possible until the next day, as the weather remained bad until then.



Double-faced dance mask, closed.
Fort Rupert (Vancouver).

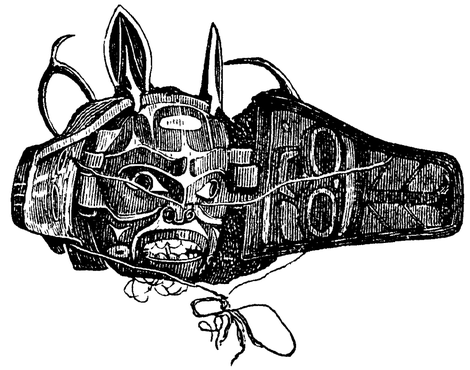
Double-faced dance mask, open.
Fort Rupert (Vancouver).

There are only three villages where the so-called Longheads live, i.e. Indians whose heads, as described earlier, are artificially compressed during or after birth and thereby deformed. These are the villages of Nouette, north-east of Fort Rupert, and Koskimo and Quatsino on the west coast. We therefore sailed first to the little island where the village of Nouette lies. We reached the place in a few hours, but not a single man was in the village, as all the Indians had gone out in the fine weather to catch fur seals. Towards evening they returned, having had considerable good fortune with the catch; some canoes brought up to four fur seals home. My intention of buying many ethnographic objects in Nouette came to naught, as the people in this place are still so attached to their old customs, dances and habits that they are not at all inclined to sell their masks. For the little that I was able to purchase from them I had to pay very dearly.

I was even less successful in my effort to persuade some of the people to come to Europe with me. Here, as in the other two villages mentioned, it is specifically the women who are Longheads. The next morning we continued our journey, passing Cape Scott at the north-west tip of Vancouver towards midday, and

were able to drop anchor near the entrance to Quatsino Inlet by the evening, for the tide was just out and we could not reach the harbour.

Double-faced dance mask,
closed, depicting a deer's head.
Nouette (North Vancouver.)



Double-faced dance mask,
open, the inside depicting a human face.
Nouette (North Vancouver).

At one o'clock in the morning we advanced on the tide, but with a headwind, into the inlet, and cruised five miles upstream, then anchored again, and cruised once more, until towards evening we landed close to the village of Koskimo, where my old friend, the son of old *Negetz*, who goes by the name of *"Wacas"*, and his charming wife, who is the big chief of Koskimo and Quatsino, welcomed and received us in the friendliest way. The next morning, my little ship was full to bursting with Indians, all of whom wished as quickly as possible to sell me any remotely saleable object for a whole, half or quarter dollar piece. By and large, however, the harvest in this sense was not a big one, for the objects were themselves of little value; the masks in particular were carved without much skill. This is due to the fact that in Koskimo there are few outstanding dancers.

On the other hand, I did manage to make another excellent acquisition, for *Wacas* and his wife promised me that they would certainly go with me to Europe, and this example prompted seve-

ral others to half suggest that they might come with us. As I was only too accustomed to Indians taking a decision and then relinquishing it at least ten times, I was naturally very keen to leave the village as soon as possible with these people. Wacas told me that he needed to delay our departure for four days, as he must first give away all his possessions before he could leave his home. This custom was naturally also required of the others, too, and by no means worked to my advantage. To remain on a good footing with the inhabitants, I was obliged to purchase many objects which I would otherwise not have included in my collection. I was most eager of all to engage women, as it is mainly among them that the most pronounced longheads are to be found. There were several young girls of marriageable age who would have liked to wed young redskins of their choice from the same village. The young men would also have happily married, but they lacked what was necessary, the few dollars that would have to be paid in dowry to the parents of the bride. There was sufficient prospect that a newly-wed couple would decide to come to Europe with me on a honeymoon, and so I meddled in the work of the god Hymen and gave the sum required for a legitimate bond of this nature.

My little pack of hirelings thus grew to three men and two women. Alongside my activities, *George Hunt* was conducting his own business by plying manufactured goods as a trader. As a result of my trade with the people in Koskimo, several hundred dollars had flowed into the village, and the people hurried to exchange this money for goods. The supplies were thus quickly sold out and *George Hunt* sent a messenger by land, along that gruesome forest route that I had been forced to follow twice a few months earlier, to Fort Rupert, to fetch new goods. It was hazardous to commission such a task, as in this poor weather, with one snowstorm following another, the forest was unpassable even for Indians. The inhabitants of Koskimo therefore felt no small concern for the messenger and

threatened to take their revenge on us if the man should lose his life on the way. Fortunately, things did not come to such a pass, for the man returned to Koskimo, albeit after a very arduous tour that had cost him many a gash and bruise, to everyone's delight.

A Longhead Indian from Koskimo (West Vancouver).

Meanwhile Wacas had given away all his possessions, and the five Longheads that I had engaged were ready to set out with me. Before this happened, I undertook a "fishing and hunting" par-

ty with *William Hunt*, the purpose and outcome of which were not venison and fish but three exquisite long skulls, which I took from an old Indian burial ground near Koskimo to salvage them for science. As we had to act with haste, I injured my hand on the skeleton of a mummy, and it began to bleed profusely. Hardly had we stowed the skulls away in our little canoe when two Indians approached us from the thicket, who, as was so often the case on my excursions, had followed me out of curiosity to see what I was about. I however, upon espying them, began merrily shooting, aiming for gulls and other seabirds, thus utterly hoodwinking the good Indians. Thus undiscovered, we took our booty aboard.

Despite the large sums of money that I had brought into the village and regardless of the many presents which I had given to my five hirelings, the mood in Koskimo was by no means the friendliest towards us. The whole tribe declared that such a long journey as the one to Europe must surely be fateful for all. They believed, relying on the testimony of an Indian who had once been briefly aboard a larger vessel, that I would have to travel around Cape Horn with these people, which in his calculation, as he only contemplated the slower option of sail, would take several years. The immediate consequence of this was that one of the Indians hired ran off even before the journey had begun.

On Friday, the 24th of March, I and my two pairs of Longheads commenced our voyage, despite a headwind. For company and in order to spend as much time as possible with their children, Old *Negetz* and his wife came aboard with me. We had hardly weighed anchor when a canoe full of Indians approached. The men climbed on board and demanded that I hand over the second woman. She, however, wept and clung to her young husband, not wanting to leave him. As the Indians became more threatening and importunate, I finally lost patience and ordered them to leave the ship, otherwise I would throw them into the water. This was effective, and so we

were soon freed of the scourge and were able to continue cruising unhindered. In the evening we anchored in a little bay in Quatsino Sound to await better weather.

George Hunt tried to cheer the still frightened Indians with some singing and dancing, but if the truth be told his effort was not very successful. The next day we sailed into a little bay that reached deep inland, where we were protected to some extent from the south-westerly gale, and decided to remain there until the bad weather had passed. Our provisions had been significantly reduced as a result of the hospitality repeatedly extended to the entire population in Koskimo;

Artificial woman's head (Longhead), used at dancing festivities. Koskimo (West Vancouver).

the only thing we still possessed was a supply of dried fish, tea and treacle. We therefore needed to build on our provisions by hunting and fishing, as a result of which we shifted anchor the next day to lie before the mouth of a big river, where we hunted duck and gathered shellfish.

At this place, on the eighth day after our departure from Koskimo, we were visited by the parents of the youngest of the two Indian women we had engaged, and once again the young lady was requisitioned. But she had been wed in a lawful Indian marriage to the half-breed Indian *William Hunt*, likewise engaged by myself – as an interpreter – and she was not at all inclined to relinquish her recent marital bliss so quickly, but rather resolved to travel to the ends of the Earth with her beloved husband if need be. She pointed out to her parents that they had been given those seven fine woollen blankets by *William Hunt* – albeit at my expense – and

had accepted these as a wedding dowry, and that she herself would now follow her lawful husband at least as far as Fort Rupert. Then, if ever a separation proved necessary, the short route through the forest would bring her back to her nearby home village of Koskimo.

The next day we sailed on, but not, as I wished, around the northern peninsula to Fort Rupert, but to the last village in the Sound, to Quatsino close by. This was done at the request of the person whom I had so far come to know as the constant supporter and promoter of my plans, my worthy benefactress and one-time fellow-inmate of a tent, the wife of Wacas, son of Old Negetz. She too, whom I had hitherto regarded as the most unshakeable of all, had begun to waver somewhat, to which the eight-day hurricane, whose roaring waves had could be felt even in our refuge, may have contributed. The lady *Wacas*, then, wished to be taken to Quatsino, because she must say her solemn farewells to her relatives there.

The reception that she received after our landing in Quatsino was in no way conducive to strengthening her enthusiasm for our great voyage to Europe. As soon as she informed her uncle that she, the most famous representative of the Longheads, intended to visit the distant land of the whites, he leaped up and threatened to shoot her dead if she did any such thing. After Uncle Redskin had been given a few presents, his mood turned plaintive and he declared that travel she would, but that he for his part would surely never see her again.

After all these events, it would have been most peculiar if I had not also had a little spat with my guide *George Hunt*. True enough, I had this pleasure the very next day. I had already noticed on repeated occasions that I, from my own perspective, did not regard the Indians as outstanding maritime heroes. My good George, even though enough white blood flowed in his veins, was no exception. This was evident the next morning when we left Quatsino under a relatively poor wind to cruise down the Sound

towards the open sea. Here we ran into such a swell that all my travelling companions fell seasick. Anyone with experience of this will confirm that seasickness is a bane, during which those concerned have but one wish, which is to leave the vessel as soon as possible and tread land. And so it was that *George Hunt* and, of course, the rest of the travelling band felt not the slightest desire to ride up and down on the mighty waves of the ocean before us, perhaps for many days, in our little sloop as if on the back of some giant rocking-horse. So he began to parley with me, saying that as we had no fixed schedule we should retreat to some sheltered harbour out of the storm that undoubtedly threatened, in which we were all sure to drown pitifully.

The entire company concurred, in as much as their seasickness permitted, in his wish. For me, however, this was all too much, for evidently we had already spent quite long enough in sheltered harbours, so that continuing our voyage under any circumstances seemed imperative. I therefore forcefully asserted my will, although admittedly I had to rely entirely upon my own resources to operate the vessel.

We sailed the whole day and all through the next night, happily passing Cape Scott, the threatening north-west tip of Vancouver, at three in the morning. During the night, as we plied the barren watery desert with a tight-reefed sail, the sea carried off a little canoe that we had held on board, to the great subsequent satisfaction of *George Hunt* and his for the time being submissive fellow-sufferers, who could henceforth boast that they had endured what, in their view, had been a truly dangerous voyage. Moreover, the storm predicted by my guide did, indeed, blow up the next morning, forcing us, as we followed the narrow north coast of Vancouver, to call in at a small port at nine in the morning. In the afternoon, when the storm abated a little and my company had plucked up a little courage once more, we hoisted sail again and

by evening reached a little harbour close to Nouette. From here to Fort Rupert it was but a short distance, which we put behind us the next day almost effortlessly, despite a rising south-westerly gale.

In Fort Rupert, however, I escaped Scylla for Charybdis. My company, although separated from their home village by a voyage of almost a fortnight, were closer to it than ever before, as that forest path so often mentioned led there. The Indians of Fort Rupert used this fact to draw the attention of my hirelings to the ease with which they might desert. The motive for their action was envy, for the glittering prizes that I had offered my Longheads tempted the inhabitants of Fort Rupert to undertake the expedition to Europe themselves. I, for my part, might have been satisfied with the swap, had these good Redskins displayed the same artificial deformation of their skulls as my Longheads, which was by no means the case.

The Fort Rupert Indians took great pains in systematically sowing alarm in my double couple, whose memories of their voyage in the sloop were unfortunately only too fresh, about the long voyage to Europe, painting a vivid picture of the dangers of spending almost a year without interruption being rocked by high waves, and an equally long period suffering the eruptions of seasickness. What use was it to tell them that I wished to take them straight across the North American continent by the steam railroad, and that we would spend not even two weeks on a gigantic ship that would barely be moved by the waves in order to reach our destination; what use was it that old *Mr Hunt* not only confirmed what I had said, but also wasted his own eloquence in the matter?

Like a deus ex machina – or so it seemed to me – on the third day after our arrival in Fort Rupert, the *"Otter"* brought me a telegram from Europe instructing me to dispense with hiring the Longheads.

I could now confront the storm that had risen against me from Koskimo with incomparably greater composure. A deputation of five Indians from that village now suddenly turned up in Fort Rupert declaring that they must at all events take their chief Wacas and his wife home, as all Koskimo was in turmoil due to the couple's absence. The very next night I was spared the trouble of answering, as friend Wacas and his lady consort took their leave without bothering to say goodbye. Another of the hirelings had already sought his solution in flight, so that only the dear good Longhead wench remained. As the expedition had dissolved itself in this manner, I no longer needed my interpreter William Hunt either.

My concern now focused on packing up the very large quantity of ethnographic objects purchased for the Berlin museum and embarking for Victoria aboard the *"Otter"*, which arrived in Fort Rupert on the 16th of April at 3 o'clock in the morning. The following day we landed back in Victoria.

A few days after my arrival, while I was still busy dispatching the collection to Europe, orders reached me from Berlin to join a whaling boat bound for the Bering Sea and collect in the Diomede Islands. I telegraphed at once to San Francisco and was informed that no whaler would leave for the Bering Sea before the month of June, but that traders would be departing earlier. This only left me a little time, which I used for a trip to that section of the east coast of Vancouver adjoining the Strait of Georgia.

On the 2nd of May I set off from Victoria and arrived towards noon of that day in Cowichan Bay and the village of the same name, where I disembarked. Among the Indians living here the most significant are the Quamichan. I visited their village, but found few ethnological objects, as earlier collectors had bought everything up. My guide was the Catholic missionary. When roaming through the village I discovered a fine old weapon of stone in the possession of a local trader, an Italian, but I was only able to acquire this later, for the price demanded on this occasion was too

high. North of Quamichan lies the little Kuper Island, to which I crossed that same day, receiving a very friendly reception from the missionary there, Mr Robertson. The next morning I visited the village of Pinalekaht on the island. The village is highly populated, but unfortunately almost all the inhabitants were absent, as they had gone east across the Strait of Georgia to the town of New Westminster by the Fraser River on the mainland of British Columbia in order to attend a potlatch. The ethnological gleanings would in any case not have been especially great, as the inhabitants of Pinalekaht have already converted to Christianity and no longer use all the masks which once served them at dances.

Here, as in the village of Cowichan visited the previous day, and in Saanich, the Indians engage in a little agriculture. The soil is very well suited to it once the forest has been cleared. In the evening I was back in the home of the missionary *Mr Robertson* in Village Bay, and spent a very pleasant evening in the congenial company of this gentleman. An attempt made that afternoon with the aid of a few Indians to search an old Indian burial ground for skulls and burial goods had yielded no significant results.

To the north-west of Kuper Island, on the east coast of Vancouver, lies the Indian village of Chemainus, which I reached at midday. Here I witnessed much the same as in Pinalekaht, as here, too, almost all the inhabitants had gone to New Westminster for the potlatch. I purchased a blanket here woven from dog hairs; it was the first of its kind I had ever seen. After staying a few hours, I continued on my way along the coast towards the north and that same day reach the town of Nanaimo, where I similarly found little to suit my purpose. The next morning, in a few Indian houses on the Nanaimo River, I was able to purchase four of those old elkhorn wedges or axes used in former times to split trees. A short distance to the north of Nanaimo lies the Indian summer village of Juklutok, but here too the yield was very meagre.

There was an old Indian burial ground nearby that I had noticed when passing by. I hired an elderly Frenchman living here to help me investigate the graves. The good man charged a very high price but did almost nothing for fear of the Indians. The entire yield consisted of a few carved wooden masks that had been nailed to burial boxes.

A little steamer that called at Nanaimo took me the next day to Comox, which is located about fifty English miles to the north-west on the east coast. Here again, all the Indians were out travelling, and my hope of obtaining a few of the stone arrowheads used earlier by the Indians of this coast was once again disappointed. I was told that the farmers in this area had very often found such tips in the earth when ploughing, but that they threw them away as worthless. As the whole east coast of Vancouver is already under the very strong influence of whites, a few white settlers can be found in almost every village. In Comox there was even a hotel, where the landlord, Mr Patrik, not only gave me a friendly reception, but also supported me as best he could with an amiability that cannot be praised enough.

Comox is the southernmost outpost of the Quakult Indians, whom I have often mentioned before, whose principal representation is concentrated about one degree further north in Fort Rupert. I was therefore interested in examining two old Indian burial grounds here near Comox. With the support of *Mr Patrik*, I obtained several skulls, but otherwise found little in the graves. In the second churchyard the burial boxes had been affixed, in keeping with the prevailing custom among the Quakult Indians, 20–60 feet up in the trees. The old Indians had taken the precaution of severing almost all the branches and twigs below the burial boxes so that the trunk could not be scaled. In several cases we had to resort to taking a bow and shooting an arrow with a line attached over the branch above, which held such a burial box, and then using the

line to pull up a stronger rope by which to climb.

As chance would have it, one corpse offered a strange sight in that its head was missing, but it nevertheless displayed every sign of a solemn funeral. The only explanation for this circumstance is presumably that this was the corpse of a Comox warrior who had fallen in one of the bloody battles waged, among others, against the Indians of Alberni, and that his head had been carried off by the triumphant enemy. Some 50 English miles to the north of Comox, on the opposite side of the Strait of Georgia, is Bute Inlet, which extends deep into the mainland of British Columbia. It lies to the east of Knight Inlet, described previously. It was thither, to Bute Inlet, that I made my next excursion.

The Indian with whom I had undertaken the crossing in a larger canoe over the water, which is fairly broad here, had his whole family with him, consisting of his wife and four children, who travelled alongside us in a smaller canoe. There was a fresh north breeze, and although it threatened no danger, it could have had worrying consequences for the little dugout. The Indian woman proved to be a courageous person equal in every way to the situation. She sat quiet and motionless at the rudder, which she held in a firm hand, while the waves and little breakers poured over the tiny vessel. Her long black hair fluttered loose in the wind, and the salty water trickled incessantly down her face and body. Her canoe cut smoothly through the waves, and every time these threatened the group of children, the little ones wailed aloud, while the youngest, a six-month-old infant carried on its mother's back, stared silently, with gaping mouth and wide eyes, into the wavy mountains that seemed about to swallow the canoe. She was a valiant woman, this Indian mother who stayed alongside us the whole way, after we had trimmed our sails a little out of consideration for her. Evening had fallen before we reached Clayamen, an Indian village on the mainland coast of British Columbia, opposite Comox, far south of

Bute Inlet. Here too, I met the same picture, for the Indians who lived here had set off in all directions to hunt and fish.

The next morning the journey continued north along the mainland coast, reaching the Indian village of Malaspina in the evening. The entire harvest here was confined to a lance and a stone arrowhead. However, my canoe guide, who understood a few words of English, gave me information about some magnificent stone sculptures, and about a stone monument in the area. Time was now pressing, as I had to catch the next steamer to "Frisco" – as San Francisco is generally known for short. I therefore gave up both the visit to these places, which would have cost me several days, and the trip to Bute Inlet, and returned to Clayamen. The weather was very fine, but the wind was completely still, and so in my desire to move ahead I paddled strenuously the whole day until in the evening, with my hands covered in blisters, I reached my goal. In Clayamen there is a little Catholic church built for the inhabitants of this place and the neighbouring Indian village of Clahus.

As fast as possible I continued my journey back through the Strait of Georgia and the next day reached the island of Collap off the Sechelt peninsula, where the village of the Sechelt Indians is located. The only inhabitants I met were a few old women; the others were out and away. I found it very interesting here to find the shop and the junk of a Chinese merchant. I was gratified by the latter's very friendly reception. Two days later I had reached Victoria via Nanaimo and Cowichan, and on the 23rd of May I was back in San Francisco.