

contents into his house. This they do, but so large was the raft that they had to take down the side of the house to bring it in. The girl now relates her adventures and all are greatly astonished at her story.

Minqaias entertains his guests royally for several days. He also inquired of them how long they had been coming, and learnt that they had been two moons on the way. The father of the young man asks Minqaias if he cannot show them a shorter way. Minqaias promises to do so, and says he will ask his brother, who lives in the sea. The name of this "brother" is Steqwi.⁸ Minqaias goes to the top of the mountain, and calls out to his brother of the sea. The latter replies and asks what he wants. Said Minqaias, "If I want to pass quickly from one end of the island to the other, how can I best do it?" "I will tell you," replied Steqwi. "Whenever you want to travel on the water, take the course of the current. This goes in one direction for half the day and in another for the balance of the day." Minqaias thanks his brother, the Steqwi, for his advice, and returns to his guests. He then calls to him all the animals and asks them if they know the way to follow the ocean currents, but none but Sea-lion knows, and he requires much food to eat on the way. Minqaias calls upon his brother again, and asks him to supply them with food for Sea-lion. Steqwi promises to send the salmon along with them. Next morning the visitors bid Minqaias adieu, and set off under the guidance of Sea-lion. Presently they strike the current and find the salmon travelling with them. Sea-lion and his people have, therefore, plenty of food by the way. The current carries them to a small island near Sechelt Bay. Here Sea-lion rises to the surface with the towing line in his mouth, and informs them that they are at home.

For this reason the sea-lions of today always travel by means of the ocean currents, and the Indians say that objects drift from the Island to the mainland and back again, by regular and periodic currents; and they believe these currents were caused by Steqwi, the "brother" of Minqaias, as related in this story. They further say that this inter-marriage of the Songhees maiden and the Sechelt youth in the manner related was the origin of the peace and friendship which have existed ever since between the two peoples.

Story of Sqaleken

There was once a boy who had three uncles. The name of the eldest was Tltakeltuq, that of the second Tltoqelmnuq, and that of the youngest Tskwimet. Whenever his uncles gave a feast this boy disgraced them by licking off the platters and dishes like a dog. This habit made the

⁸ Hill-Tout does not suggest any translation of this name. Brent Galloway has indicated to me its similarity to the Halkomelem word for "fish."

people laugh at him, and brought shame to his uncles. Said the eldest to the others, "What can we do with such a nephew? I will kill or drown him." "No," said the youngest, "you must not kill him. You had better punish him in some way." The eldest uncle then took a handful of cedar tips, and rubbed the boy's face till the blood came. "Now," said the youngest uncle, "if you take some of the prickly dust of the white pine and fill his eyes with it you will punish him well." One of them objected, saying, "Why do that? You might as well kill him outright as blind him." Replied the youngest uncle, "I don't agree with you; one can never tell what might happen; perhaps something good may come of it." "All right," now say the others, "do as you say." Upon this they fill the boy's eyes with the prickly bark dust, and take him into the mountains, and leave him there. The boy, thus left to himself, wandered about for four days.

At the end of that time, the eldest of the uncles went out one evening and was startled to see flashes of lightning coming from the direction of the mountain where the boy had been taken. Said he to the others, "I have seen a strange sight. I saw many flashes of lightning coming from the direction of our nephew. Lightning at this time of year is very unusual; I wonder what it means?" All the uncles now go outside and sit and talk and watch the lightning. Presently the youngest said, "I had better go and see what this strange thing means." He went to that part of the mountain where the boy had been left. As he approached, his nephew called out to him: "I see you coming, uncle. Don't come any nearer to me or you may be harmed. Swowas, the Thunder-being, took away my blind eyes and gave me new ones instead, and these flash the lightning you have seen. I want you now to make me a house without any roof. Make the walls of new mats (*salats*) which have never been used before." The man returns to his brothers, and tells them what he has discovered.⁹

The uncles now feel proud of their nephew and his mystery powers, and forthwith build him the house he asks for. The boy's face shines and gleams like fire, and whenever he opens his eyes they emit flashes of lightning. When the uncles have finished the house, the youngest of them went to the mountain again and told the boy that it was ready for him. "Very well," said the youth, "but don't take me till the evening." That evening the uncle conducts him home again, the nephew keeping his eyes closed the whole time. As soon as he is within his house, he opens his eyes and the lightning flashes through the roofless dwelling into the upper air. The nephew now instructs his

⁹ There is a close analogue in the "Thunderbird" story in the Cowichan section of *Indianische Sagen* (translation 1977, B.C. Indian Language Project typescript p. 51): "Sqaleken lay there as dead for ten days. When he woke up again, he found that the Thunderbird had been with him in the meantime and had given him its eyes. When he looked around, fire flashed."

uncles to go and tell the people what has happened, and bid them come and learn what his name for the future would be. The uncles did as they were bidden, and called together all the people of the Nanaimo, Pentlatch, and neighbouring tribes. When the people had come together and stood round about the new house feeling much afraid of what might happen, they saw the lightning flashes in the air and heard a voice as it were from the clouds, singing "Sqaleken!" This was the new name of the youth.

Sqaleken now asked his youngest uncle, "Which is the highest mountain you can see?" The uncle replies, "Celsip." "Take me there," said the youth. They go to the Celsip mountain, but it is not high enough. The mountain on Salt Spring Island seems to them to be the highest and they go there. "This will do," said the nephew. The uncle now builds another house on the summit of this mountain and digs a well for water. The youth looks all round him and sees a small bay in the distance, the sand of which was formed of broken clam-shells. Said he to his uncle, "Do you see that beach yonder?" "Yes," said the uncle. "Go there then, and fetch a canoe load of that shell-sand." The uncle did as he was bidden, and when he returned with it, his nephew instructed him to put it into the bottom of the well to line it. The uncle did so, and the sand may be seen there to this day on the top of the mountain.

Now the youth possessed a big hat, and when he desired a wife he would not go for her himself but sent his hat with his uncle, who said, "Sqaleken's hat wishes for a wife." In this manner he acquired many wives, whose fathers kept him and them supplied with food, carrying it to the house on the mountain.

Now it happened that another man with mystery power, Switen by name, lived at that time on the Chimainus [Chemainus] River, and one day Sqaleken sent his hat to him. Said Switen to his messenger, "Who is this upstart who sends and demands gifts of me? I am Switen-en-Skwail, the heaven-born; for whom does he take me? If he wants anything from me, why does he not come himself like a man, and not send me his hat? Go back and tell him that I don't want his hat. I want to see himself." The messenger returns and reports. "Oh," says Sqaleken, "he wants to see me, does he? Very well, I will go, but I think he will be sorry." All the people round about that part of the country now come together to see the meeting of Sqaleken and Switen. They filled the house of the latter. Sqaleken arrives, his eyes flashing like lightning all the way, but Switen lies on his back on his couch and says nothing. The visitors speak to him, and say, "What are you going to do? Sqaleken wants your daughter to wife." But Switen pays no heed to them, but continues to lie on his back. After the people had pestered him a good while he arose and said, "If Sqaleken

wishes to be on friendly terms with me, let him keep his eyes closed. I have power as well as he, and can do him hurt if I wish to." Sqaleken thereupon closes his eyes and makes no display of his powers. Switen then gives him his daughter, and Sqaleken returns to his mountain-home with her, and waits for Switen to bring him food, as the fathers of his other wives had done. He waits day after day until a considerable period had gone by, but no Switen appears. He gets tired of waiting and bids his wives dig some *lukumas* roots. Said he to his new wife, "I will go and see my father-in-law; something must be the matter with him, I think. You prepare three canoe-loads of gifts." They set out to go to Switen's, and on the way meet him on his way to the mountain-home of Sqaleken. "Hello," says Sqaleken, "I was coming to see you, father-in-law." Switen replies, "I think you had better turn back again." "Oh no, I won't do that," said Sqaleken, "you go back." Each then tries to persuade the other to turn back, but neither would yield, and in the end, to get over the difficulty, each agrees to return to his respective house.

Now the "power" of Switen was the west wind. They had not long separated when a great storm arose, and rain-drops fell as big as a man's fist. Said Switen to his people, "I'll teach that man a lesson; paddle me to the land." When he is landed Switen jumps into the water and splashes and tumbles and dives, singing all the while his magic wind song. The wind rises higher and higher, and the trees are broken and dashed to the ground, and their scattered branches fill the air. Presently the storm reaches Sqaleken and overwhelms his canoes, and he and his company are obliged to swim ashore. When they get home the youngest of the uncles says to the others, "Brothers, I am astonished at the manner in which Switen has treated our nephew; he is certainly the more powerful man of the two; our nephew will now be ashamed in the eye of the people. They will be exceedingly angry, and will probably seek to kill him, and so disgrace us and our children. I think we had better put him out of the way ourselves and so avoid a public disgrace."

They listen attentively to his remarks, and the eldest replies, "But how will you kill him? You can't club him to death; his glance would burn you up." "Oh, leave that to me," answered the youngest. "I know what to do." He thereupon began to kill a number of hair-seals. The brothers then give a great feast, and call all the people together. The flesh of the seals is roasted and distributed among the guests, among whom was Sqaleken himself. The uncle who had undertaken to kill him now instructed the others in this wise: "I will presently go behind Sqaleken and throw a seal-skin over his face, and then while his eyes are covered you must rush forward and club him to death. Get a stick of hard wood, and use it for a poker." In the meantime Sqaleken lay upon his bed with averted face. When they were ready for the

deed, Tskwimet said to his eldest brother, "Brother, stir the fire with the poker; it is going out, I think." The eldest brother took the poker-stick and made as if to stir the fire, and at the same time Tskwimet threw a sealskin over the head of Sqaleken, and before the latter could throw it off and use his eyes, the other brothers had brought the poker down upon his head and brained him.

When the people perceived that Sqaleken was killed, they shouted for joy, so greatly had they dreaded his terrible powers, which even in his death had not wholly left him. In burying him they had to use the greatest care that no part of his body was left uncovered; the exposure of even a finger or toe resulted in grievous thunder and lightning. After his corpse had been disposed of, the fathers of the various brides came and took them away.

Myth of Nemokis and the Ten Brothers

There were once ten brothers living in Siyaleku. They were very big strong men. Besides the ten brothers there were many other people in the village, which was situated on a small rocky islet. Every morning the sea-lions used to go there to bask in the sunshine. The people used to try and capture the lions, but only the ten brothers were ever successful. This made the others jealous of the brothers, and one old man plots to bring trouble upon them. He went to the woods and shaped a sea-lion from a block of cedar, near a small lake. When he had fashioned its exterior, he took some leaves of the salal-berry bush to form its liver, some moss for its fat and its fur, and cedar boughs for its beard. This done, he made a strong medicine from certain herbs, and with it washed the cedar-lion all over, and then placed it in the lake. Presently it became alive and swam about, but it could not dive, it was too buoyant. So the man drew it ashore and put some stones inside to make it heavier and then bid it try to dive again. This time the creature was able to dive as well as swim. The old man now instructs it in this wise: "From this lake to the sea there is an underground passage; you must dive down and come out on the open sea. You will see my village there on a small islet. When you reach it, mingle with the other sea-lions and lie and bask on the shore with them."¹⁰

In the meantime the ten brothers had heard of the work of the old man and had made up their minds to destroy his cedar-made lion at the first opportunity. With this intention they started out one morning to spear sea-lion. Said the eldest to the others, "I will certainly smash it if I see it. After all it is only wood, and I can smash it easily." Presently they perceive a large sea-lion on the rocks. "Ah! that is surely it," said the eldest. "All of you give me your spears and I will do the spearing."

¹⁰ Boas notes this theme of the manufactured seal under "Asdiwal Makes Killer Whales of Wood" on pp. 822-824 of *Tsimshian Mythology* (1916).

When the cedar-made sea-lion perceived the brothers coming he made for the water, but before he had time to dive, all ten spears were sticking in his hide. He rolls over and pretends to be dead, and floats away seaward. Now to the point of each spear a line was attached and that of the second brother adhered mysteriously to his hand. He cries out and asks what he shall do; shall he cut it? The others all reply, "Yes." But he is unable to do so, and is being dragged out to sea in his canoe by the floating body of the sea-lion. The others follow in their canoes, and the youngest bids each man use his mystery powers to the utmost to save their brother. But not one of them has power to stop the floating carcass and release his brother's hand. The youngest then said to the others, "I will try what I can do; take up your paddles and whip the water with them, and sing your songs." But the youngest can do no more than the others, and they follow their brother northward for several days till they come at last to a mountain in which there are many sea caves. Here the mock sea-lion stops and lets go of the line which he had been holding in his flipper up to this time, whereupon the line left the man's hand, and he was free from it. The magic creature now entered one of the caves, and the ten brothers, not knowing what else to do, followed it in. Said the eldest, "We can never find our way back alone; we have been travelling day and night for a long time now; we had better see what is in this cave." So all ten of them enter and follow the sea-lion.

When they are well within the caves, they come upon a number of women and children, and some of the women have no clothes on. They have skins which they put over their heads, but are unable to draw them down lower than their breasts till they enter the water. They are the wives and children of the sea-lions, whose home is in the sea caves. Presently the chief of the Sea-lion came forward and said to the mock-lion, "You should have sent word you were bringing strangers with you." He replied, "I did not know they were following me." The chief was much perplexed, and did not know what to do with the ten brothers. One of the elders suggested that they should send them home to their own country, and let five of the young men show them the way. The chief now turned to the brothers and asked the eldest where they had come from. "From the south country," he replied. "If I send five of my young men to take you home, will you go with them?" the chief asks. The brothers say, "Assuredly." "But," said the young sea-lions, "five of us cannot drag ten canoes." "Will you put aside five of your canoes?" They consent to do this, and forthwith five of the canoes are ripped up the middle and the paddles set upright in the cracks. These the sea-lion people turn into killer-whales, the paddles becoming the large dorsal-fin.

The chief then warns them to avoid the point of the island. "The