

and sweet bitter; he groans when he is full of joy; he laughs when he is in distress; he calls black, white, and white, black; when he wishes to tell the truth he speaks a lie, and when he desires to lie, he speaks the truth; in winter he goes naked, and in summer he wraps up in buffalo robes. The little hills on the prairies are called Hay-o-kah-tee, or the house of Hay-o-kah. Those whom he inspires, can make the winds blow and the rain fall, the grass to grow and wither.

There is said to exist a clan who especially adore this deity, and at times dance in his honour. At dawn of day they assemble within a tēepēē, in the centre of which is a fire, over which are suspended kettles. With cone-shaped hats and ear-rings, both made of bark, and loins girded with the same material, they look like incarnate demons. On their hats are zigzag streaks of paint—representations of lightning.

The company remain seated and smoking around the fire, until the water in the kettle begins to boil, which is a signal for the commencement of the dance. The excitement now becomes intense. They jump, shout, and sing around the fire, and at last plunge their hands into the cauldron, seize and eat the boiled meat. Then they throw the scalding water, on each others backs, the sufferers never wincing, but insisting that it is cold.

TAKU-SHKAN-SHKAN.—This deity is supposed to be invisible, yet everywhere present. He is full of revenge, exceedingly wrathful, very deceitful, and a searcher of hearts. His favourite haunts are the four winds, and the granite boulders strewn on the plains of Minnesota. He is never so happy as when he beholds scalps, warm and reeking with blood.

The object of that strange ceremony of the Dahko-