

respectable Indian ought to have one, and should be able to find, and speak with his "familiar." There are great ceremonies—in fact they are literally "mysteries," as far as white men are concerned—whereat young men are starved and worked upon until they are in a state of ecstasy, or *dementia*, perhaps, and are then driven off to the woods, to remain there night and day without food until their familiar spirits appear to them and tell them what occupations are lucky for them. They return and become hunters, fishermen, medicine-men, or canoe-builders, according to the result of their spiritual interview. There seems thus to be something sacred and honourable stamped upon all their occupations. If a young man should return from the woods, admitting (as strangely enough one occasionally does admit) that he has not found his familiar, he is ever after despised, and called "kultus," i.e. bad, good for nothing, contemptible in every way.

It was upon the arrival of a fleet of canoes to take part in the festival, that some of the most curious performances were to be witnessed. Skomiak called upon his followers to welcome the strangers. They rushed to the shore in a crowd, shouting and laughing, and bearing gifts. Blankets were tossed into the canoes, and both fowling pieces and rifles were flung into the sea, to be dived for by the young men. In return for this welcome, the newly arrived guests made speeches from the canoes, and sometimes they considered it appropriate to extend a platform of boards between two canoes, and to dance furiously upon it for half an hour. One family took that opportunity to distribute as gifts the entire personal property of one of their number who had recently died. His widow was making an oration from a canoe during the whole time of the distribution. She gesticulated and howled with a wild, frenzied enthusiasm; and when I received the explanation that she was recounting the virtues and prowess of the departed,

it occurred to me that many of her fairer sisters, in the face of the same domestic affliction, would probably have spared their breath, and saved their blankets to furnish a second establishment.

The personal attractions of the flat-head maidens are not of a high order, and their complexions are often obscured by artificial means. They paint and powder, but not with good taste. There are some much fairer, and really rather handsome women among the Hydats, or tribes towards the north of Vancouver Island. They throng the streets of Victoria, yet their shameless lives do not render them at all less welcome, when they return home with gaudy dresses on their backs, and with English oaths upon their tongues.

A remarkable degree of skill is shewn in some of the carving in bone and stone, by the coast tribes. They can also work up pretty devices in silver and gold. Out of silver quarter and half dollar pieces, are made by them neat rings, and richly carved bracelets. In earrings they seem to appreciate size rather than grace; for many of these stately old savages take a strange delight in hanging strings of clam and oyster shells to their ears. When the more useful portion of their attire is examined, it is found to consist, in the main, of ready-made "store clothes," often surmounted by a red, blue, or green blanket. If a shirt be purchased of unusual brilliancy of pattern, it is generally considered a mistake to hide any part of it; and in such cases it is either worn outside of the nether garments, or the latter are for the time dispensed with, as I witnessed in some startling instances on the Frazer River.

Let us picture a couple of thousand of these curious people gathered together at the call of Skomiak to his great Potlatch. They are there, all ages and sizes, from the old medicine men to the one, two, three and more "little Ingins." The soft spring weather of April, in Vancouver Island, seems