

lam." It is played with ten flat circular pieces of wood, about two inches in diameter, seven of which are blanks, and three only are winning horses. The two players sit opposite each other upon neat mats pinned to the ground, often with silver skewers. The stakes are always planked out when the bet is made, and the I O U system is not recognized. The player who begins takes the pieces in his hands, and shakes them about a great deal under a mass that looks like oakum, but is really the fibre of the inner cedar bark. His object is to confuse the opponent as to the whereabouts of the king pieces, and he then divides his oakum into two parts, each having concealed in it five pieces. These two handfuls of tow he changes about from hand to hand, and, after any amount of thimble-rigging, the adversary is challenged to choose the hand in which the highest pieces are hidden. If the player wins he continues to play and score on the game, but loses his hand upon a successful guess by the opponent. Side bets are going on all round the "table," and a lucky player will sometimes be backed by all his tribe. There is continually to be seen, as stakes on one game, \$40 or \$50 in silver and gold coin, besides several rifles and fowling pieces. In betting guns, there are often a few half dollar pieces laid upon the one of less value, to make it a fair bet. The excitement is so intense that I have seen more than one pair of boots pulled off and put up as a side bet, when the "sport" had nothing else available; yet an absolutely immovable countenance, and an unconcerned demeanour, are preserved by winner as well as loser. It is not unusual for one of them to lose a hundred dollars at a sitting. To imagine that a West Coast Indian is poor, is a great mistake; he often has hoarded many hundred dollars of wealth in coin or kind, which he delights to gamble or give away. His wants are easily supplied, and if he be a good hunter, fisherman, or trapper, he can easily

make a round sum each year above his actual needs.

While a crowd may be surrounding the gamblers' mats, the visitor will probably find, not far away, some very different and more solemn proceedings. When so many are together, there always have been recent deaths amongst them; and it is an interesting and sad thing to witness the custom of mourning for their dead. Women gather round a fire, and, squatted on the ground, pour forth their grief—real and assumed—in melancholy wailing, and monotonous chaunts. They recount, in simple words, the good qualities of the departed whom they mourn, and do not forget him even in the midst of their festivities. One poor old woman was weeping and singing alone over a fire, and I asked a gentleman, who has long been familiar with their language, to listen and interpret what she said. He told me she was mourning for her child, singing and repeating—"O my child, he was a chief, he was a chief; why did he leave me? O my child, O my child!" It is a curious thing about their notions of the dead, that it is not allowed among them to utter the name by which the deceased was known when living. I have tried to ascertain from many intelligent men, who have spent a great part of their lives with the West Coast Indians, what is the orthodox religion among them, but few can give any decided opinion. There seems to be a clear idea that good men have some future existence, and may be again incarnate. A boy has been pointed out as being an old chieftain of distinction re-born in the tribe, and it has been clearly proved to be so by the existence of a birth-mark upon the child's side, just such as (old men said) the chief had. As to the bad men, and all the ladies, I fear that small provision has been made for them in the Indian heaven; and I hope that none has been made for them in the other place. It is clearly understood that each one has a guardian spirit; or, at least, that every