Today was a grand outdoor performance of the tomanawas ceremonies. I went out to look, and was much edified to notice that two of my scholars, Jimmy, who had just recovered from a severe attack of cold, and George, were performing on the beach entirely naked and their backs (?) rubbed over with flour and a white cloth tied about their heads. If Jimmy is not sick after this he must be pretty tough for the exposure would have killed a white boy.

Nov. 29- This is the first anniversary of the death of my venered mother.

Bark Mallory which passed out by here 16 days ago put back in distress last night or early this morning and anchored.
This evening I lost or mislaid my spectacles in a singular manner for which I cannot account. I had given two of the boys some medicine and entered it in my book which was the last time I had them on. A few minutes afterward I could find them nowhere. The boys and myself hunted for over an hour without success.

Nov. 18- This morning Peter came for medicine for Ahay yah's boy, who has an ulcer on his thigh. I took down my prescription book and to my great pleasure found my spectacles which I had placed in the book and had unthinkingly shut the book and put it in the bookcase. I was very glad to find them as without their assistance I could do but very little writing.
Dec. 1—Started at daylight. Wind southeast very cold. Heavy sea. Paddled as far as New Dungeness Spit. Hauled the canoe over and reached Messrs. Windsor and Holmes' house where Uncle Rufus gave me a nice warm breakfast. Indians pretty much used up with colds. Capt. Holmes showed me his stock of pigs and chickensx. Among the former was Betty, the sow with her numerous progeny and prominent among the latter was the old rooster named "Brigham Young," who strutted about among his wives and children like the Mormon prophet.
March 15, '61

Found Mr. and Mrs. Davis a fine old couple. They don't seem to have a very high appreciation of the Dungeness people. Mr. D. said that squaws and whiskey were legal tender among them.
June 1—Started with Colonel Simmons in a canoe for the Lummi reservation, some six or seven miles distant. Reached Mr. Robson's Robbins home at 9 a.m. and went ashore to see some Indians who live there. Drank some milk, which Mrs. Robson gave us. Started for Colonel Shaw's and reached there at 11 a.m. and went ashore. 'ent over a portion of the reservation with Messrs. Simmons and Shaw. Found everything in good order. The priest had just left after giving the Indians good advice and having erected a cross at Mr. Robson's on an Indian lodge. Colonel Simmons related an anecdote of the Indians of Oregon relative to the missionary giving them the account of our Savior being crucified by the Jews. They said that if the whites had killed Him they must settle it among themselves for the Indians had no hand in the matter and
had troubles enough of their own without interfering in those of the whites. After dinner Colonel Simmons held a talk with the chiefs relative to the treaties, then gave them presents. We left at 1 quarter to 6 and reached the schooner at 1 quarter to 7 p.m. Most of the party with the exception of Captain Fay, Mr. Weed and myself then went ashore to the station and afterward went to Judge Fitzhugh at Seahome. When they had a pleasant time and returned on board about 2 a.m.

June 2—Got under way at 8 a.m. for Neah Bay. Light winds and calms all day and we drifted between Smith's Island and Lopez
Catching his third wind, so to speak
white potlatch

(from Carstensen: if Indians touched a white man's goods, he was dealt with severely.

So: make it oddity of whites hanging on to goods for their own sake, instead of potlatch use?)
Chetzemoka emerges in Swan's pages as a fellow who liked to have a story and take a drink, not absolutely in that order. Probably just about as Swan came across to him.
British Columbia is as large as the U.S. West Coast
--the Qn Chs in relation to Victoria: distant as some province of the moon
BC Musm

h 24ys following outlook from Tarnagora b. Vic b. 1862,
20,000 people, 1/37. Native pop m, dead.

Sceptre (Colin)

- June 21, '62: 400 760 Haidis who left Vic a mo ago died.

- Jul 7, '62: "One or two heads die nearly every day;
but what is an Arab's life worth? Not as much as a
pet dog's," to say v. cruel apathy & void eliminate a
with they are afraid of, not we. Very few—not
to mention 'blackbird'—7 those whose sacred duty it is
to have comforted them & the 287 mind & washers.

Fri Jul 11: Capt Whitford, coming Staburn, to Vic,
counted over 100 bodies, 7 heads.
S took each tribe on its own terms.

- Harder -
- compare - Morals - local Challenges