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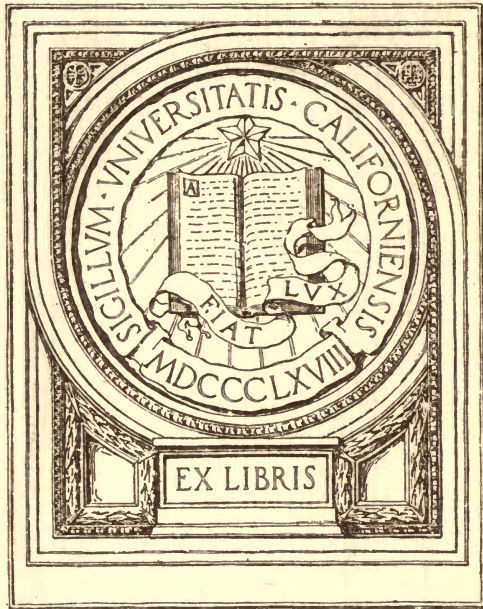
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INDIAN
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CUYAMACA
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Indian
Legends
of the
Cuyamaca Mountains



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Indian
Legends
of the
Cuyamaca Mountains



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Kwa-mi'e
Tall
People

DEDICATED TO

Kwa-mi'e (MARIA ALTO)

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP HAS BEEN A REVELATION
OF THE
POETIC INSTINCT, THE DRAMATIC IMPULSE
AND THE NOBILITY OF CHARACTER
HIDDEN BENEATH THE STOICAL MASK OF OUR
PRIMITIVE PEOPLE

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GEORGE C. GRIER

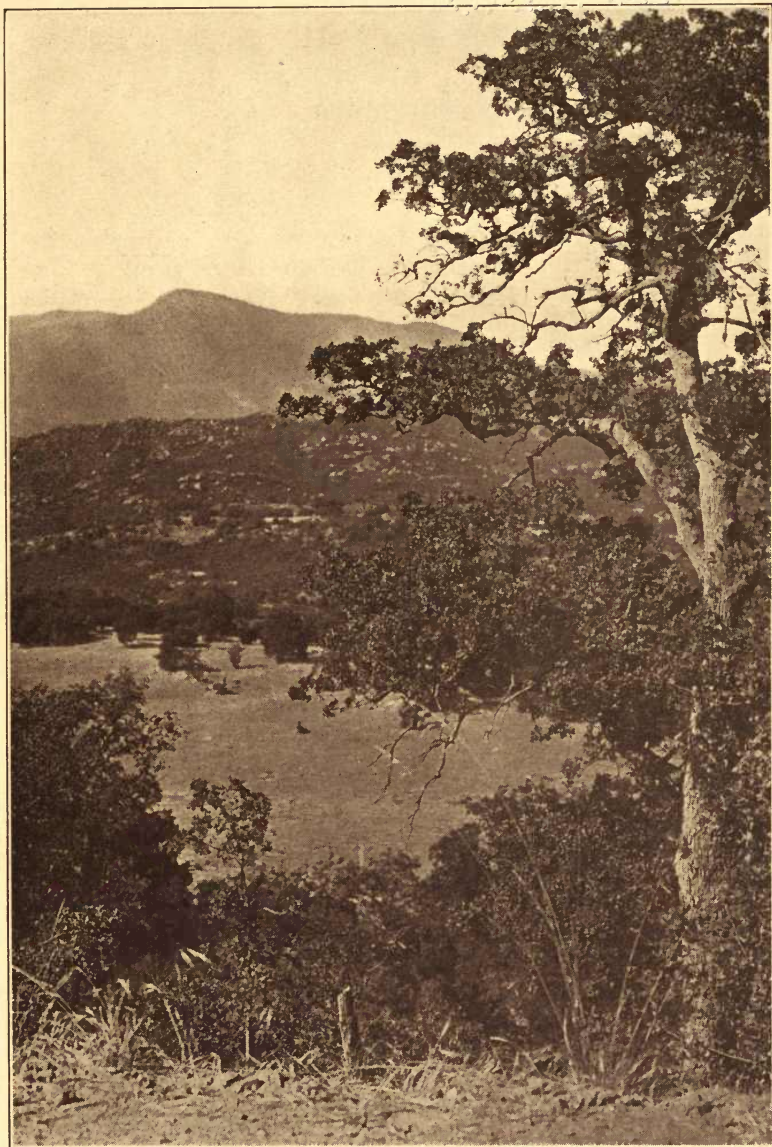
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"Where
No
Vision Is
the People
Perish"



Poo-Kwoo
Sqwee'

Crooked
Neck

CUYAMACA PEAK

Foreword

INDIAN lore of the Cuyamaca Mountains and surrounding region in San Diego County, California, abounds in myths and legends handed down from generation to generation by tribal-song and squaw-tale. Yet so swiftly has the hand of civilization wiped out the old traditions and customs, that but few Indians remain who remember them, and fewer still are those willing to divulge them. Only when one comes into intimate contact with them is one accorded the privilege and honor of hearing the tales of their ancestors. And it is through the friendship of some of the old-type Indians, that the author has been allowed a glimpse of the inner shrine of their lives.

Cuyamaca is evidently a Spanish corruption of the Indian words Ah-ha' Kwe-ah-mac' (Water Beyond), a name used by the Indians, first to designate a location high on the middle mountain, but afterward applied to the entire group.

These mountains had distinctive names also. The one farthest north, they called E-yee' (Nest), because they believed that a big nest or den was on one of its slopes in which the wild animals dissappeared when hunted, thus safely evading pursuit. The middle one, Hal-kwo-kwilsh' (Tough Strong), gained this title in the battle of the peaks, when he proved very formidable. The one known as the Cuyamaca Peak, acquired the name of Poo-kwoo-sqwee' (Crooked Neck), in the same battle. And before the battle still another peak, Hilsh Ki'e (Pine Tree), belonged to the group, so the Indians say, but now lives far away.

PRONUNCIATION.

The Indians accent their words strongly, and enunciate with their teeth very nearly closed, which gives their language a rhythmical cadence quite pleasing to the ear.



Lower
Green
Valley

“Where
Hilsh Ki'e
Once
Dwelt”

Hilsh Ki'e (Pine Tree)

or

THE BATTLE OF THE PEAKS

The Indians claim that Corta Madera Mt., or Hilsh Ki'e (Pine Tree), as they call it, was once a part of the Cuyamacas, and dwelt in what is now the lower end of Green Valley. They tell a story of a great upheaval of nature which took place in prehistoric times, after which Hilsh Ki'e (Pine Tree) was discovered far removed from his brother peaks.

MANY, many ages ago, far beyond recalling, the mighty peaks of Ah-ha' Kwe-ah-mac' (Water Beyond) numbered more than now. In those days another peak occupied all the lower part of what is now a fertile valley. Together they raised their shaggy heads in proud triumph o'er the mountains round about them. For the Ah-ha' Kwe-ah-mac' (Water Beyond) wore beautiful long hair of sweet-smelling pine and cedar trees, and they gazed with disdain upon the others whose heads were covered with short hair of lilac, elm, and such scrub-brush.

A sign of servitude then was short hair. And the long-haired mountains clung close together, never mingling with their inferiors.

There came a time when they quarreled among themselves. No one knew just how it began. Some said it was because the lovely spring Ah-ha' Wi-Ah-ha' (Water Colder Water) betrothed herself to Ah-ha' Coo-mulk' (Water Sweet), who wished to carry her far below among the short-haired mountains.

The trouble grew. At length they came to blows, and for many days the conflict raged. The great rugged peak Hilsh Ki'e (Pine Tree), down through whose arms glided the sparkling river Ah-ha' Coo-mulk' (Water Sweet), persisted in shielding it. He said that since the little stream was born, had he guarded and cherished it, and he refused to part with it.

Infuriated beyond measure, the other peaks besieged him. They belched out huge rocks upon his head. They lashed his up-turned face with whips of fire from out the sky. And unseen hands snatched up his long strands of hair by the roots.

Sturdily he returned blow for blow, but made no impression on the north peak, nor the middle one, who proved to be exceedingly strong and tough. He managed, however, to twist the head of the south peak and leave a crook in his neck forever. Valiantly he strove against them, but it was an unequal struggle. Finally, in desperation, he gave a mighty wrench, freed himself from their fierce embrace and fled.

Out in the deepest darkness of the night he plunged. The crashing thunder and the shrieking wind covered his flight. On and on he sped, never stopping, never heeding that many of his long locks of hair were falling by the way. Through the whole night and all the following day he ran and ran away from his home.

Exhausted at last, he fell in the midst of the low-browed mountains with short-cropped hair. And that is where you find him today—grand old Hilsh Ki'e (Pine Tree) with pine-topped crest and a ragged, jagged, rough-hewn scar where he broke off sharp from Ah-ha' Kwe-ah-mac' (Water Beyond),—there among aliens far, far from his people.

Huts-tah' Tah-mil'tah (Hanging Head)

On the west side of the south peak of the Cuyamacas, far up the old High Trail, is a place called by the Indians, Huts-tah' Tah-mil'tah, (Hanging Head). The following legend, which has been handed down from time immemorial, explains the naming of the place.

IT was the moon of the lilac blossoms in the days long since flown, and all the earth was rousing from the drowsy sleep in which it had lain during the time of the chilling blast. No more did the biting lash of En-yah' Kwik (East Wind) sting the cheeks or numb the fingers of the hunter who braved the mountains in search of game. Now, the soft, warm Ka-wak' Kwik (South Wind) was blowing, bringing life-giving showers that filled every little canyon with talking water. Birds were singing their love songs; plants bursting their flower buds; and all nature was teeming with the vigor of Che-pum' (Spring-time).

The Indians had returned from their winter sojourn in the balmy air of the coast, and were busily engaged in establishing themselves once again in their village Helsh-ow' Na-wa' (Rabbit House) at the base of the towering peak Poo-kwoo-sqwee' (Crooked Neck); when a Yuma Brave, having found his way across the sands of the desert, came to visit them.

Tall and slender was this Brave from a strange tribe, and as straight as an alder. His sinewy body glistened like a red rattler, and his long mane floated out from his head as does that of a racing pony. Above his brow he wore high plumes of gay-colored feathers, red, yellow, and green, and quite rare also were the wings which completed his head dress. Over his shoulders hung a quiver made of wildcat skin, and it was filled with arrows whose heads were carved from the hyacinth and other precious stones found on the edge of the desert.

So superior was his magnificence that, notwithstanding he came with friendly intent, he was the cause of much envy.

One clear day a party of the young warriors escorted him to the top of the high peak to show him the place from whence looking toward En-yak' (East) he could gaze upon his own, Big Water of the desert, or turning to Ah-wik' (West) behold the Great Sea Water merged in the western skyline.

Glad to find something in which they excelled, they boasted of the greatness of their body of water, decrying the inferiority of his smaller one.

A quarrel ensued in which the Yuma Brave was killed. Far up on the mountain side they left his scalp lock with its long

streaming hair and gorgeous feathers hanging on the brush. There it fluttered for many a day, the iridescent colors gleaming afar in the sunlight. And, as time passed on, the great spirit of In'ya (Sun) in compassion, transformed it into bright-colored flowers and trailing vines growing among the rocks and bushes.

Now, in that self-same spot, after the blue clouds of lilac bloom have vanished from the hills below, one may see patches of color like a field of tiger-lilies and other brilliant-hued flowers nodding and swaying in the breeze.

Were one strong-armed as the Indians of yore, one could throw a stone from Oon'-ya Kwolt' (High Trail) straight into that place, and hear mysterious sounds, as did they, when it fell midst the vines and the flowers. Sounds, soft and low, as of wiefd wailing o'er the body of the slain, for the flowers are plaintively chanting the requiem of Huts-tah' Tah-mil'-tah, (Hanging Head).



Mountain Pines

“Softly
Intoning
Their
Prayers
to the
Heavens
Above”

Ah-ha' Wli-Ah-ha' (Water Colder Water)

The Cold Spring, located on the high peak of the Cuyamacas, is well known to all lovers of these mountains, and the Indians, who must ever have a reason for the existence of things, tell how it was created and named by one of their mythical creatures of long ago.

AT one time in the ages past, the Ah-ha' Kwe-ah-mac' (Water Beyond) mountains were infested by monstrous giants with loathsome, ill-shapen bodies, who terrorized the surrounding country. These marauders, lurking and watching their opportunity, frequently stole the Indian maids from their villages, keeping them in bondage as slaves.

One of the giants, named Hum-am' Kwish'wash (Whip to Kill People), lived in the vicinity of Pam-mum'am-wah' (Green Valley).

He reveled in the most fiendish ogresms, but his innate sense of the beautiful was keen and strong. He not only selected the most delightful places in which to live, but surrounded himself with objects pleasing to the eye. Always he stole the fairest of the Indian maids, and required them to weave the most exquisite designs known in their art of basket making.

His cruelty was extreme, and did his slaves displease him in the least, they met with the most horrible death imaginable.

This hideous being possessed supernatural powers which he employed in various ways. It seems he that wanted nothing but the coldest water to drink. He tried the water in the streams, and tried the water in the springs which abound throughout the country, but never did any of it suit his taste; so he created for himself a spring of colder water.

In one of the most alluring spots on the mountain side, in the dense shade of the fragrant forest of pines and cedars, he brought forth a crystal spring of icy water, and named it Ahha'-Wi-Ah-ha', (Water Colder Water).

Here in this nook of surpassing loveliness, where the graceful lilies nod their stately heads, and delicate fronds of lacelike greenery push their way up through the carpet of velvet moss, he sent his slaves with their beautifully woven water-baskets to fetch him a drink when he grew thirsty.

One day, calling a slave he commanded her to bring some water instantly, with dire threats of punishment should it become insipid before it reached him.

This maiden, radiant with the beauty of the starlight, was so good, so pure, so true, that she had been fairly adored by her people before she was so cruelly snatched from their midst.

Swiftly she wound her way up through the towering aisles of solemn pines, softly intoning their prayers to the heavens above them. Wistfully longing to be free from the dreadful ogre who held her captive, she begged the trees to plead with the great In'ya (Sun), who rules over all, to take pity on her distress.

The flowers and the birds felt the quivering throb of her anguish. The starry-eyed snow-flowers, gleaming in the shade by the wayside, gave their incense to be wafted on high by the whispering breeze; the cooing dove sent its most plaintive cry above; and every other living thing along the pathway offered its gift in her behalf to In'ya (Sun) riding the heavens in his flaming ball of light.

When she reached the spring she sat on its brink, and filled her basket with its cold, refreshing water. Gazing into the crystal depths she caught a glimmer of a shadow quickly passing, and at once knew it to be that of the good spirit of the spring.

She beseeched and plead with it to save her from the clutches of Hum-am' Kwish'wash (Whip to Kill People); and as she leaned over farther and farther, trying to get one more glimpse of the shadow, the waters rose up and gently engulfed her.

All nature hushed in a sweet silence of gratitude as she was drawn into the protecting arms of Ah-ha' Wi-Ahha' (Water Colder Water); and there she has dwelt in safety ever since.

Ah Kwer-rup' (Disease Cure)

Near the place called Huts-tah' Tah-mil'tah, on the west side of Cuyamaca Peak in an almost inaccessible spot, is a huge, white rock, as large as a house. It looks as if it might have been sprinkled with blood, for it is flecked with spots of bright red, and a sharp cleft divides it in twain.

The name of this rock is Ah Kwer-rup' (Disease Cure). In ancient times the Indians believed that it possessed the power to dispel aches and pain, and the medicine men took their sick, who were suffering from any painful malady, there to be healed.

Wonderful and miraculous were some of the cures said to have been performed there. But in time it lost its power and fell into disuse.

However, some of the Indians say, that even now, if one gets near enough to fling a stone against the big rock, it sings or cheeps like a young birdling; and they still hold it in reverence.

Hul-ya-oo' Nimoo-lu' kah (Phantom Basket)

On this same enchanted side of the mountain is another great rock, which no one has ever succeeded in reaching on account of the dense brush and sharp rocks surrounding it.

On top of this rock, just at the break of day, suddenly is seen an immense basket filled with eagle feathers and wings of the black crow sticking up in the center. Its appearance varies. Sometimes the basket is very beautiful and new, and the feathers shining and bright as though freshly plucked from the birds; again it looks old and dingy, and the feathers are dull and frayed at the tip.

No one has ever been able to reach the place, but many are the Indians who have gone up Oon'ya Kwolt' (High Trail) before sunrise to behold the phantom basket appear on top of the rock.

Mount
Guatay

“One and
All
Gazed
on it
with
awe”



Na-wa Ti'e (Big House)

MOUNT GUATAY or Na-wa Ti'e (Big House) as the Indians call it, lies near Descanso, only a few miles distant from the Cuyamaca Peak. It looms up from all points of view like a giant wigwam built for some great chieftain of the Golden Age. Its massive frame is royally covered by a thick robe of velvet verdure, with plumes of rarest cypress along the northern ridges.

The glory and peace and silence of its broad expanse is ever the same, whether raised to the smiling sun or draped in the filmy gauze of evening's amethyst veil.

Seemingly it might be inhabited by a benign spirit of guardianship, as it looks so serenely and calmly o'er the valley bearing its name. But in the days when the village Hum-poo' Ar-rup' ma (Whip of the Wind) in the upper edge of the valley rang with sounds of busy activity, it was entirely different.

Then the comely Indian maids, pounding their acorn meal in the Hamoo-ka'e (mortars) on the rocky knoll of the village, were fearful of incurring the displeasure of Na-wa Ti'e (Big House). Even the valiant warriors, brave in their fierce array, dared not ascend the mountain side, or pluck one branch of the

rare trees growing there. Eel-sha-har' (Grows Only Here) they called them.

For to Na-wa Ti'e (Big House), was given the power of creating the penetrating wind, the blighting frost, the freezing snow, and the driving sleet. When enraged it caused the spirit of Ha-choor' (Cold) to spring from out the center of its heart, chilling the marrow of their bones, and carrying devastation throughout the fertile valley.

So one and all gazed on it with awe; molesting it not, never venturing up its slopes; ever fearful, ever dreading, lest they might arouse the ire of Na-wa Ti'e (Big House).

In-yar'en Ah-ha' (No Eyes in Water)

A spring which rises in the edge of the river flat at Descanso is pointed out by the Indians as one in which dwells a bad spirit. The following tale concerns its evil power.



ALL night long those who were awake heard the uncanny screams of Kwin Mari' (Blind Baby), who dwelt in the bewitched spring of In-yar'en Ah-ha' (No Eyes in Water), which oozed from the muddy bank and trickled down a sedgy flat to the river. Sharp, distressing sounds they were, like the cries of a frightened baby, and left a shuddering fear in the hearts of all who listened in the little village of Pilch'oom-wa (White as Ashes).

This village, so called because nearly every morning the frost caused the ground to appear as though powdered with ashes, was just west of the river, and so near the evil spring that the piercing wails penetrated the remotest wigwam.

Old squaws of fearless mein listened with bated breath; young mothers clasped their little ones closer in shivering fear, thinking how they might perchance have been born under the blight of Kwin Mari' (Blind Baby); and those dear women who were living in daily hope of giving a beautiful, brave man-child to their people, cowered in agony on their pallets of fur, drawing the soft robes closer about their heads to deaden the shrill cries.

All who heard knew that the spirit of Kwin Ma-ri' (Blind Baby) was seeking a victim. Even the children knew that it could cast a spell over the mother before her little one entered

the world, which would seal its eyes to earthly sight forever. So throughout the night they lay in waking dread.

As the first grey line of dawn pushed up through the blackness of the night the cries ceased, and a strange woman crept into the village faintly calling for help.

Eagerly the people succored her; and, when her strength returned, she told how those in her own village had been killed by foes, she alone escaping.

How, after wandering about for several days, she had heard in the night just passed, the screams of a baby in distress, and set out at once to find it. Stumbling in the dark, over rocks and thorny brush, she at last entered an open space soft under foot with the touch of new grown grass. As she drew nearer and nearer to the sounds, she reached a bank, mucky and wet. Here she stooped down to pick up the baby, thinking she had found it; but her hands plunged into a pool of water instead, and, as the sharp cries rose again from her very feet, she fell back paralyzed with fear.

Not until dawn had she been able to move. Then she crawled to the nearest wigwam which she saw rising ghost-like on the hill before her. Little did she know what had befallen her; but the people, who well knew, kept her with them caring for her tenderly till her little one was born.

Only after she had seen how tightly closed were his tiny eye-lids, resisting all efforts to open them, did they tell her of Kwin Ma-ri' (Blind Baby), dwelling in the bewitched spring of In-yar' en Ah-ha' (No Eyes in Water), and how it had the power, could it but touch the mother, of blinding her little unborn babe.



Laguna

“An
Enchanted
Pool of
Clear
Spring
Water”

Seen-u-how' How-wak' (Old Woman's Twins)

A mysterious woman figures largely in the myths connected with the Laguna mountains, which lie adjacent to the Cuyamacas on the east. These are probably of as ancient origin as any now in the remembrance of the Indians, and date far back to the time when the animals were the brothers of man, speaking his language, and the various deities were of miraculous birth.

FROM out of En-yak' (East), no one knows how, nor when, nor where, came a woman, and dwelt in a cave in the mountains, and her name was Seen-u-how'. This happened in the long forgotten days, and no one can tell exactly how she looked. Sometimes she was young and beautiful; again she appeared as a wizened, old hag, feeble, and bent with age. One only knows that she existed from the beginning of time, possessing the power of dispelling her age by bathing in Ah-ha' Kwe'se-i (Bewitched Water).

She lived alone in her cave, and one morning when she went down to an enchanted pool of clear spring water to bathe and renew her youth, she found How-wak' (twins) floating on the bosom of its limpid pureness. In those days man was not born of woman, but sprang in infancy from the living water of crystal springs.

Home to her cave she took the twin boys and that night they grew in some marvelous, mysterious manner to full-fledged man-

hood; but as different as are the deepest twilight shadows from the rose-light blush of dawn.

The one she named Par-a-han' was pensive and sad of heart, while the other, called Sat-e-co', sparkled with laughter and song.

Many, many ages did they live in the cave with Seen-u-how', never growing any older, neither did their dispositions vary. Par-a-han' was always sorrowful, Sat-e-co' ever gay.

From the young shoots of an elderberry bush they fashioned a flute on which Sat-e-co' played joyous melodies as he wandered far and near o'er the country. Haunting, rippling, lilting, little tunes that floated off on the breeze.

One day two Indian maids, in the far distance, heard the echo of those seductive tones and stole away from their people to follow the enchanting strains. Finally reaching the place where dwelt Seen-u-how' with her sons, they became enamored of the How-wak' (twins); and they staid and became their wives.

Yet they dared not remain away from their people for any length of time, for fear they might be followed and punished. For the Chief, their father, had heard of the woman of magic and her queer sons, and forbidden any of his tribe to go near them.

So, regretfully telling Par-a-han' and Sat-e-co' good-bye, and promising to come back to them as quickly as possible, the two Indian women returned to their home, never saying where they had been. Their father, who was an exceedingly wise man, surmised the truth, however, and kept close guard over them lest they go again. He knew that after awhile the How-wak' (twins) would come seeking, and then he could kill them.

Darkness followed the light, and time went on. Par-a-han' and Sat-e-co' grew tired of waiting and told Seen-u-how' that they intended to search for their women and bring them back to live in the cave again.

Seen-u-how', knowing all things ere they happened, warned them of the Chieftain's anger; begged them not to go, and foretold the horrible manner in which death would overtake them.

Heeding not her warning, and feeling sure of outwitting the Chief, nothing could dissuade them. But before setting out on their journey across the wilderness of mountains, they twisted a long rope from the strong fibre of the mescal plant, stretching it taut from one pine tree to another in front of their cave. They told their mother, should any evil befall them, the rope would break in the center and one end fly to Ka-tulch' (North) and the other fly to Ka-wak' (South). Then they started off to find their wives.

The trail was long and beset with many difficulties. When they reached the border of the great Chief's domain, they laid down to rest before making the final dash after his daughters. But he, with some of his warriors, discovered them while they slept, and seized them, putting them to death after the most hideous tortures.

Seen-u-how', desolate and forsaken in the cave, knew they were dead ere she peered out of the gloom and beheld the rope of mescal parted in twain, the one end having flown to Ka-tulch' (North), and the other to Ka-wak' (South). Loudly, and long she wailed and wept for her departed How-wak' (twins). Then in anguish disappeared in En-yak' (East) mysteriously as she had arrived—no one knows how, nor when, nor where.

But there is a point on Ah-ha' Mut-ta-ti'e (Water Mountains) where one may stand and look out across the vast stretches of desert sand while the mystic shades of night are deepening, and see a light in the far east,—a light like the flicker of a torch. As one looks it illumines a cave in which sits an old woman, haggard and shriveled, and all alone. Then her image vanishes. Looking again one sees the form of a beautiful maiden, in all the glory of her youth; her long, black hair shines in the glimmering light, and the beads of her necklace sparkle like twinkling stars. She too, is alone, and fades away.

It is Seen-u-how' dwelling in En-yak' (East), and there she renews her youth from time to time by bathing in the dew of the fleecy clouds which float about her.

Seen-u-how' Hum-poo' (Old Woman's Whip)

Another story of the Lagunas tells how Seen-u-how' marked the birds and animals with her Hum-poo' (whip). The Hum-poo' (whip) is a stick of tough wood shaped like a half circle and very sharp at one end. The Indians could throw the Hum-poo' (whip) with great accuracy and often used it to kill game.



OMEWHERE on the precipitous side of Ah-ha' Mut-ta-ti'e (Water Mountains) where the atmosphere quivers with a mystical radiance, and rocks assume fantastic shapes, is a cave formed like a half moon. Seen-u-how', the old woman of magic, lived there in olden times with her How-wak' (twins); one of whom was so happy and light-hearted that he laughed and sang the whole day long, while the other was exceedingly quiet and sad, spending most of his time in the dark shadows of the cave bemoaning his fate.

The joyous son wandered back and forth o'er the mountains day after day. Free from care he roamed, making friends with the birds and animals; talking with them, and learning their wisdom. They, in turn, became devoted to him, often following him home, even staying there at times when he was on distant journeys.

In those days the animals resembled each other so closely (as did the birds also), that they could hardly be told apart, and they all had the gift of speech.

But Seen-u-how' and the sorrowful son never said a word to them, though at times so many congregated there that the cave was crowded to overflowing.

The animals could see, however, the weird, mysterious things which transpired there in the dim light. Sometimes they looked at the wrinkled face of old Seen-u-how' and she changed into a beautiful maiden, clad in finest buckskin, wearing strings of glittering beads around her neck, on her feet were moccasins woven from the mescal plant, such as the fleet runners wore on long journeys, and she seemed short of breath as though having come swiftly a long distance. Meanwhile, the son of the saddened heart softly wailed and mourned out his dismal life.

One day, when most of the people of the animal world had gathered in the cave, Huta-pah' (Coyote) felt a drop of water splash on his face. He whispered to the other people that it must be raining. The shadows were so deep he could not see that the woe-be-gone son sat weeping near him in the gloom.

The others thought Huta-pah' (Coyote) was mistaken, but said he, "Hush! listen! and you can hear the drops falling."

And listening, they did hear the patter of the tear-drops falling from the eyes of the sorrowful one, yet knew not what it was. So they all rushed through the low opening of the cave to see if it really was raining.

This angered Seen-u-how' and, as they dashed by her, she struck each one with her Hum-poo' (whip); not killing any, but greatly changing their appearance, however.

She made three marks down the back of Ma-pa'cha (Badger); tore the tail of Huta-pah' (Coyote), and now it is bushy instead of long and pointed; pounded Nim-me' (Wildcat) so hard that the marks of the blows remain on its body yet; Quck (Deer) carried a long tail before it was whacked off by the Hum-poo' (whip); poor To-luk' (owl) had his eyes so injured that he only sees by night since then; even the smallest bird of all, with its ruby colored throat, shows where it felt the flick of the whip.

Scarcely a beast or a bird of the wildwood but received that day some mark of Seen-u-how's Hum-poo' (whip), and that is the reason they can now be distinguished one from another.

Viejas Mountain

“See’ i
(Evil One)
Cast a
Spell
Over
the
Mountain”



Kwut’ ah Lu’ e-ah (Song Dance)

One of the ancient rites performed in by-gone days by the Indians dwelling in the village Helsh-ow’ Na-wa’ (Rabbit House) at the foot of the Cuyamaca Peak was the Kwut’ah Lu’e-ah (Song-Dance) given in honor of In’ya (Sun). The summit of Viejas mountain, just on the other side of their village, was chosen as the place for this celebration to be held, and they named the mountain Kwut’ah Lu’e-ah (Song-Dance) on account of it.

LONG before Kwut’ah Lu’e-ah (Song-Dance) mountain fell into the hands of See-i (Evil One), the Indians made a pilgrimage once a year to its very top to watch In’ya (Sun) come out of En-yak’ (East), and praise and honor him with song and dance. For In’ya (Sun) was the great Ruler of All Things. He governed the universe; he commanded the earth; nothing grew unless he caused it; he even dominated the bodies of men, some of whom he made energetic and strong, others weak and lazy. When he dissappeared at night he cast a drowsiness o’er the world, so that everything slept until it was time for him to come again in the morning. Such a great ruler as he, received due reverence and worship.

For many preceding moons the young Braves prepared themselves for the race which began the celebration of Kwut’-ah Lu’e-ah (Song-Dance). They ate no meat, nuts, or oily

substance while in training for this event, and daily they bathed and rubbed their bodies with Cha-hoor' (Clear Rock). This crystal of the nature of alum, made them light on their feet like animals, so they could jump over high boulders and run with the swiftness of deer.

When the time came, everything was in readiness. The big circle on top of the mountain had been freshly prepared and cleared for the dancers and singers. The aged and feeble, with the small children of the village, had been carefully carried up there the previous afternoon, that they might be on hand to take part in the ceremonies.

Then, in that mystic hour which is neither night nor day, the able-bodied ones made the ascent. Last of all, after the others had reached the top, the runners came; swiftly they vied with each other over the steep trails—some so fleet they seemed to fly like birds over the course.

When all had reached the summit, the ritualistic ceremonies began. With song and dance in the blushing dawn, they watched for In'ya (Sun), Ruler of All. Opalescent streamers of golden radiance and flaming banners of crimson flaunting across the pearly tints of the receding night, heralded his arrival; while the people chanted songs of praise in honor of his wonderful light, and made obeisance in the dance in homage of his great power over all things.

Year after year this celebration took place till See'i (Evil One) grew envious, and cast a spell over the mountain; then the Indians feared to make the ascent any more.

One or two foolhardy ones made the attempt, but they found the trails tedious and wearisome. The springs of water by the pathway were poisonous, and frightful noises like the hissing and rattle of snakes pursued their footsteps, and they gave up in despair.

So, though the old trails are faintly discernable and traces of the ring where they danced and sung still remain, no more does the red man swiftly ascend Kwut'ah Lu'e-ah (Song-Dance) mountain to watch In'ya (Sun) come out of En-yak' (East) in all his glory.





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