

of the heads were mummified like AZTEC mummies...That of a Chief or doctor,  
was well preserved the hair tied in a knot on the top of the skull, and  
the dried ears still holding the abalone shell ornaments...

~~There was still~~ <sup>Yet</sup> one more stop in this funereal day: Cloak Bay,  
sheltered on its north side by a small island which thrust up a conglomerate  
cusp of cliff astoundingly like a round medieval tower, everything but the  
want of windows made this appearance complete. Sharp rocks fanged around  
the island. One pinnacle displayed a hole bored through by the ocean's  
action. Edinso at once advertised <sup>S</sup> the cavity as the work of an immense fish  
gnawing a doorway to its house. That reminded <sup>S</sup> him that he hadn't adequately  
explained the castellated island, and he related <sup>S</sup> to Swan and Deans that here  
~~had~~ lived an Indian slaver named Teegwin, and for his misdeeds he was turned  
into this big stone, and his sister coming to see him was also turned to stone.

~~After this recital we hoisted sail and returned to camp.~~

4 # Two days after that, on the tenth of August, Swan <sup>makes</sup> made a find which  
<sup>is</sup> was among the oddest in his thirty years of <sup>moving</sup> jackdawing along the Pacific shore-  
line. Edinso and crew had steered Deans and him to the deserted village of  
Yakh, there to see the burial place of a medicine man named Koontz. Inside  
his plank box, Koontz in a shirt of caribou skin reclined <sup>S</sup> in full dignified  
length, not doubled up as is the practice. Bodies of doctors alone being  
allowed to remain in the position in which they die. Deans <sup>S</sup> potted around  
the corpse a bit, but Swan <sup>is</sup> was less interested in Koontz's posture than a pair  
of items among the skaga's burial trove. Two large curved teeth which he  
<sup>thinks</sup> thought resembled those of a beaver, but which seemed too long, too...odd.  
The baffling incisors,  
~~What he had come onto,~~ he subsequently learned, were tusks of the African

4 #  
wild hog...probably procured from the wreck of a Japanese or Siamese junk  
which was lost on Queen Charlotte Islands in 1833.

Swan had<sup>S</sup> on his mind even another mystery of Africa-in-the-North-Pacific. Back at Kioosta, he had noticed among the carved column figures a creature with a rolled-up snout. Except for the lack of tusks, it looked for all the world like the head of an elephant. Beginning to wonder about the pachydermic enthusiasms of the Haidas, Swan at last questioned<sup>S</sup> Edinso and <sup>is</sup> was enlightened when the chief pointed<sup>S</sup> toward a flutter on a nearby bush. The carved creature was a colossal butterfly, the snout its proboscis.

Swan of course asked<sup>S</sup> for the legend, Edinso of course had<sup>S</sup> it ready: that when the Hooyeh or raven was a man, he lived in a country beyond California, that he got angry with his uncle and lit down on his head and split it open. Then fearing his relatives he changed to a bird and flew to Queen Charlotte Islands where he was told good land could be found. The butterfly, a creature as big as a house accompanied him and would fly up in the air and when he saw any good land he would unfold his proboscis and point with it.

Just the way, Edinso <sup>drives</sup> drove the point home with a tap of mockery, Johnny was going with me showing me places.

Day sixty-seven

Two weeks and a day after Swan's arrival at Masset, paragraphs of promise ~~at last~~. The ninth of July: The old chief for whom I had been waiting returned home today. His name is Edinso or, as the whites pronounce it, Edin shaw.

By letter to Baird the next day: The Chief of North Island, who has been absent, will be starting shortly to go with me to that interesting place and till he is ready I shall busy myself collecting specimens of fish, and dredging for molluscs. The familiar financial sign-off--My Indian, Johnny Kit Elswa has proved of great service in purchasing articles at far less prices than I could, as tourists and collectors have advanced prices greatly. Mr. McKenzie tells me that my purchases are actually lower than he has paid Indians for the same kind of articles--and Swan <sup>is</sup> away to begin dickering with the canoe chief.

4# —————  
Edinso. There is a story of him terrible as any mythic lightning flung down from Olympus. When smallpox erupted in Victoria in 1862, a group of Haidas led by Edinso ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> there. Whether to clear the Haidas from the disease's ravages or simply to get the obstreperous Edinso out of town--the Victoria Daily British Colonist once called him "a perfect fiend" when ~~he~~ he had a few drinks in him--it is not ~~clear~~

clear, but the governor of British Columbia ordered in a gunboat to <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ the Indians home. Not far north along the coastline of Vancouver Island, Edinso pulled out an axe and hacked free his canoes. He put to shore with his followers, they ~~defiantly~~ made camp, ~~more~~ defiantly returned to Victoria, and smallpox swept them. When Edinso eventually led home to the Queen Charlottes those who had survived, the epidemic went with them.

Which of course is only to say that horror came to the Haidas on one

wind rather than the next. (~~Smallpox in this period is thought to have killed at least a third of the tribal population along the entire British Columbia coast.~~) Yet that wind was Edinso's, as if fate couldn't leave him alone.

Edinso likely was in his early seventies when Swan met him and started to talk canoe charter, and for decades had been a name in the North Pacific for the sumptuous potlatches he had thrown; for whirling a Tsimshian chief into the path of a gunshot intended for him during a tribal fracas; for traveling about <sup>the Queen Charlottes in his glory days in a</sup> canoe "twelve fathoms in length, elaborately carved and painted at both ends, manned by a large number of slaves and dependents." By now, however, he also was a fading figure, an aging sea-soldier who was merely one of a dozen chiefs basing themselves at Masset since their villages had died or dwindled

and trying to accommodate to the tribe's narrowed future. Christianity's magic of inoculations and other medical care, and the example of Duncan's peacock colony of converts at Metlakatla, swung many of these Haida chiefs, and by the late 1870's a number of them and even some of the shamans who had most desperately resisted the missionaries came into the new fold; With whatever level of enthusiasm, Edinso had been one of these Haida leaders to decide that missionaries were a milder plague than the invisible diseases, and made his peace as well

with Victoria officialdom, even erected <sup>his</sup> a carved column which was topped with the figure of the governor of British Columbia in frock coat and silk hat. <sup>41</sup> But political accommodations with the white world were one <sup>matter</sup> thing, canoe charter was another. Swan would just have to wait longer, Edinso serenely told him, until he completed a trading trip to Fort Simpson, <sup>on the British Columbia mainland.</sup> Meanwhile, wouldn't Swan care to look over a lot of ancient things he had for sale?

July 10

4#

# The tenth of July, in probably not the best of moods, Swan  
 shopped through Edinso's items. As he asked too much I did not  
purchase, the diary says shortly. What did seize Swan's interest  
 was the project of the chief's nephew, Charley Edinso, a carver  
 at work on a pair of caneheads made from the ivory teeth of a  
 walrus.

~~teeth of a walrus.~~ Two beautiful canes nearly finished, Swan records, each  
representing a serpent twined around the stick which was a crab apple sapling...

the rest of her growing years entirely at home. That spring  
 third year, Bessie was not made to attend again. She spent  
 for an instant could taunt a daughter of his, and after her  
 John Gunn had proceeded against a way of schooling which even  
 into the family by the one lapse in her father's strictness.  
 as such an apron-stringed girl, snuggled all the more firmly  
 it on chin-first. She must have had much to wonder at, raised  
 open and asking, her face wondering at life instead of taking  
 Beside them, Bessie's look is all the softer, the eyes more  
 by side, and are going to leave some bruises on the world.

on top of one was a clenched fist: yes. The writhing Port Townsend museum piece in gestation.

The depiction, Charley <sup>Edinso</sup> Edison enlightened <sup>5</sup> Swan, <sup>is</sup> was the hand of Spollo's priest Laocoon, vainly grappling the serpent as it crushed <sup>5</sup> him to death for trying to warn his fellow citizens against the Trojan horse.

The Haida carver did not have, ~~as it may sound,~~ <sup>knowledge of</sup> an advanced degree in Greek mythology, although I would not put it past the best of Haida artists to tune ~~in~~ in from the very air whatever lore they wanted for the day. *Simply,*

~~Merely~~ ~~merely~~ a picture from a London illustrated newspaper which had found its way across the planet to Masset.

As for the other canoehead, Swan squints close to find that this one is merely the head of an ~~elephant~~ elephant. Newsprint ~~had~~ provided these astounding details--thrust of tusks, bend of trunk--too: a picture of Barnum's Jumbo, representing the hoisting on board a steamer when bound to New York.

Veteran shopper of Indian art that he <sup>is</sup> was, Swan <sup>is</sup> was dazzled. Beautifully carved, the diary says again, ~~and when varnished will look finely.~~ <sup>then the</sup>

~~A~~ cautious prod to Charley Edinso about price. He asks \$10 each. Swan may even ~~have managed~~ to keep a straight face <sup>as</sup> when he <sup>says</sup> said he'd think on it.

4 #  
Edinso pushed <sup>5</sup> off across <sup>Dixon Entrance and</sup> Hecate Strait toward Fort Simpson, Swan strolled <sup>5</sup> down to watch <sup>a Haida</sup> Nellie the canoe maker <sup>at work.</sup> As a canoe connoisseur, Swan <sup>is closely</sup> was interested in the process of molding a hollowed log into a craft of honed grace. <sup>The builder</sup> Nellie first softened the wood by filling...with water which he made to boil by putting red hot stones in it. The canoe was then partially spread and allowed to remain for a day...The next morning after heating the water again with hot stones he built a slow fire of rotten wood and bark on the ground along the sides of the canoe to render the wood perfectly soft, or as he said, "to cook it," and then stretched the sides apart as far as was

Safe and kept them in position by means of stretchers or thwarts. I measured this canoe before he commenced to widen it and found that amidship, the opening was two feet eight inches wide, after he had finished the canoe I again measured it at the same place and found it was four feet nine inches...

4 Days <sup>this way</sup> peel from Swan's Queen Charlotte summer <sup>practically no</sup> with ~~not much~~ effort <sup>at all.</sup>

no 4 On the twenty-first of July, a canoe at last glides up Masset Inlet.

~~canoe came up Masset Inlet.~~ <sup>3/4</sup> Not Edinso; out stepped the tardy James Deans, by way of a supply steamer which ~~had~~ brought him as far as Skidegate. Swan shows no measurable enthusiasm about the arrival. <sup>4</sup> Instead, now that he had <sup>5</sup> been beached at Masset for a solid three weeks, Swan's thoughts ~~were~~ turning inward. Stomachward.

Not that his menu thus far had <sup>5</sup> ~~hadn't~~ been fertile as usual. Johnny cooked a nice breakfast, runs one diary report, a stew of Potatoes and onions, Griddle cakes or "Slap Jacks" as Johnny calls them, and nice coffee--Another: ...Made some clam fritters for breakfast which were very fine. And again: Today I made a pudding of the roots of the brown lily...first boiled the root, then mashed and mixed with eggs, milk, sugar and spice and baked...I think it is the first pudding ever made of this kind of root. But if his own palate <sup>is</sup> faring splendidly, the victuals of the Hudson's Bay <sup>colony</sup> employees <sup>is</sup> horrified him. Prior to my advent, the H.B. Company people were content to live on Indian dried salmon cured without salt, canned meats, beans, peas and salted fish... In other words, like a colony of Martians bivouacked in an orange grove and eating galactic K-rations. So I thought to give them a treat.

The diary pages now whoosh with Swan's marine gathering and garnishing...some clams which I put in a tub of water for two days to get rid of the sand...large crabs nicely boiled in salt water. Some fresh trout and

fresh salmon...A soda-biscuit stuffing prepared for the trout, enhanced with dried herbs...fat bacon chopped fine...three cloves of garlic bruised, pepper and salt and water, the whole rubbed into a uniform mass with a potato masher.

Swan cheffed <sup>5</sup> on to crabs, clams, salmon. When all was ready, I called the gentlemen to the repast which may be enumerated as follows, clam chowder, baked trout, roasted salmon and deviled crab, with a dessert of wild strawberries and strawberry short cake, coffee and tea; a banquet of natural products which elicited encomiums of praise from the guests.

Even the glazed encomiums <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ not his final words <sup>is</sup> where food <sup>was</sup> concerned, there seemed <sup>5</sup> never to be one with Swan. Two days later he is ~~found~~ busy preparing an octopus salad and serving it up to his Hudson Bay converts with chutney sauce and another of his culinary perorations: ...when one <sup>5</sup> knows how to render such food palatable it will be found that many a relishing and nutritious meal can be had from articles which previously excited disgust.

4# —



~~Day sixty-nine~~

Swan's sunny idyll of <sup>strawberries and</sup> roses and <sup>ins</sup> strawberries began to be over. The final Thursday in July at Masset: # Mr. McKenzie succeeded in harvesting his crop of hay this afternoon... The Indian children... Minnie and Charlotte were full of fun and frolic this PM I told Mr. Deans it was a sure sign of rain, as children and little pigs and kittens always were unusually frolicsome at approaching changes of the weather... # Rain... commenced at 9:30 PM. It being a dull day I remained in the house drawing <sup>sketch</sup> of Johnsons fish trap.

4# Saturday: Weather showery. Swarms of gnats were very troublesome all night. This morning I killed quantities on the window with the fumes of burning matches...

4# Sunday: No prospect of Edinso getting here so long as this gale lasts... must be windbound some where between here and Fort Simpson... I think if he does not get back by Tuesday that I will get Weeah to take me to North Island. Swan <sup>takes</sup> took his mind off Edinso with the youngsters of Masset. After church some children came to look at some pictures of the Zuni Indians in the Century Magazine of December 1882, when they looked at the dancing scene and masquerade performances in the February number they chatted like magpies...

4# On Tuesday, the last day of July, the details pause as Swan notes a favorable wind and hopes as I am very anxious to be starting off that it will waft in old Edinso. # It does not, and the next day Swan sits back and listens to McKenzie and Johnny Kit Elswa discuss a Haida method of fixing guilt. When a person is taken sick and foul play is suspected two men, not doctors but relatives, drink salt water for four successive days. In this water a

frog dried and pulverized is stirred and mixed. This causes purging and vomit-  
ing. This cleansing of the system enables them to see clearly both mentally  
and physically...A wood mouse having been caught is put in a little cage, and  
set up on a box or table. Its first impulse is to retire to a corner and  
setting on its hind legs it remains immovable for a short time. While it is  
quiet the men question it to learn who made their relative sick. They name  
the persons suspected...The person whose name causes the mouse to nod its  
head is considered the guilty one, and unless he or she pays a number of  
blankets or give a present of equal value they will have the same sickness  
and die.

4# ————— By now, Swan had<sup>s</sup> been encamped at Masset long enough for hair to grow  
down the back of his neck, so Johnny <sup>Kit Elawa trims</sup> trimmed him as well as any barber and  
better than most... The young Haida <sup>is</sup> earned the diary's steady praise...a  
good interpreter, a good cook and good valet, and a splendid hand about a  
camp and managing a canoe, young active and strong, and faithful in looking  
after my interests.

4# ————— Friday, August fourth, no Edinso. Wrote letters and packed specimens  
today.

4# ————— On Saturday, Swan <sup>buys the pair</sup> bought two of Charley Edinso's <sup>extraordinary</sup> canes, including the  
one with the elephant's head. They are beautifully carved and when varnished  
will look finely.

Day sixty-six

From under that civic cloud, which at least was newly lined with the Smithsonian's silver, Swan sets off for the Queen Charlotte Islands in mid-June of 1883. He voyages in rare style, out of Victoria aboard the Otter, a Hudson's Bay Company supply steamer.

In effect, Swan is traveling to the Queen Charlottes as the invited guest of British Columbia's Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Dr. Israel Wood Powell. Of their time, Powell and Swan are perhaps the two white men of the Pacific Northwest most ardent and informed about the coastal native cultures, and have long known each other through Swan's visits across the Strait to Victoria. Powell's cachet, particularly in vouching for Swan to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose ships and trading posts were the supply line into the North Pacific, was ideal, and with it came the suggestion that Swan be accompanied by one of Powell's field agents, James Deans. The one hitch in this supremely hospitable arrangement is that Deans missed the boat.

Swan shrugs--watched for Mr Deans till the Steamer was under  
way but he did not appear, the diary <sup>reports</sup> ~~jobs~~, and lets it go at that--  
and settles back to savor the cruise, <sup>of the Otter.</sup> Not much of event has happened  
to him ~~since he was in~~ in the almost two years since leaving Neah Bay.  
Wait, there is this: Henry Webster's death, which Swan inscribed and  
then drew triple lines around, crosshatching them darkly at the  
corners and center until the result looked eerily like the sketch  
of a coffin. But otherwise, except for a <sup>slab</sup> ~~bit~~ of added <sup>enterprise</sup> ~~business~~  
when a Haida bracelet maker named Ellswarch worked for awhile out  
of the back room of Swan's office, Swan's <sup>Part Townsend routine consisted of</sup> ~~routine was~~ the minor  
paperwork chores of old, and the bald patches in the diary which  
led up to the citation for chronic drunkenness. ~~Shipboard life by now~~  
An overdue change, <sup>is</sup> the shipboard life, which Swan ~~by now~~ is more than  
veteran at.

<sup>jaunty</sup>  
~~shipboard life by now~~ since his voyage to Britain four decades earlier,  
I count more than a year of his life spent on vessels breasting off to  
somewhere or another. The Otter's seven-day slalom of supply calls  
along the North Pacific coast <sup>made</sup> ~~made~~ a particularly cozy round of



visits for Swan, who by now seems to know everybody, <sup>living soul,</sup> ~~from~~ Indian  
and white, from Shoalwater Bay to Sitka. <sup>44H</sup> # The Otter ~~made~~ chugs to shore at  
Metlakantla. Two years earlier, Swan had crossed paths with  
William Duncan when they both were <sup>calling</sup> visiting in Victoria, and in  
his diary noted a long talk with him about Indians. I hope that  
in some other chamber of time, men born native to the Northwest  
coast--Peter, say, on some trading trip northward from Neah Bay,  
and perhaps the tattooed Haida Kitkune, ~~was~~ veteran of canoe visits  
across Hecate Channel to Metlakantla--met around a lodge fire and  
compared their tales of those two curious whitebeards, Duncan and  
Swan.

In 1857, Duncan, straight from Yorkshire, had arrived among the  
Tsimshian tribe in northern British Columbia as an Anglican missionary.

A stubborn stump of a man--he looked rather like some witchburning  
Massachusetts great-ancestor of Swan's--Duncan across the next sixty  
years had a <sup>potent</sup> powerful effect on the coastal native culture. His  
presence in the region <sup>came</sup> ~~was~~ as if you were accustomed to worshipping,  
say, elm trees, and one day looked up to find the <sup>Canterbury Cathedral</sup> ~~Vatican~~ next door.

Duncan ~~simply~~ remade his Tsimshian followers not only into  
Christians, but practitioners of Victorian capitalism as well: the  
Metlakantlans operated a salmon cannery and a woolen mill, had their  
own tinsmiths and shoemakers and photographers, even their own uniformed  
brass band. The village (and its later and more famous namesake on

Annette Island in Alaska, founded in the late 1880's ~~where~~ after Duncan  
clashed with his church authorities and British Columbia officialdom)  
<sup>had a reputation as</sup> ~~was~~ a showplace of native adaptation, if, Swan thought, not of <sup>through</sup> white example.

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visits for Swan. Metlakatla. As I had but a very short time to remain on shore I hurried to Mr Duncans house where I was very cordially received, but the hour was too early for these settlers who had but just got up. I notice this listlessness, and desire to lie in bed mornings to prevail in Victoria and every where I have been in British Columbia and Alaska. Sit up late at night and get

up late in the morning. Duncan, fervid in rising as in all else, <sup>whisks</sup> ~~to~~ Swan through the community's cannery and woolen mill before the Otter's whistle blasted. <sup>5/11</sup>

41#

Swan is writing now in triplicate--or rather, in three versions which add up to triplicate and then some. During each day he ~~writes~~ pencils into a pocket diary, and in it <sup>flash</sup> come his touches of mood, occasional grumbles or frets or chuckles amid the doings of the day. At first chance he transcribes, <sup>that brain</sup> in ink, into a small squarish hardbound composition book. This version is narrative at fuller flow, expansion of the pocketed days. ~~Next exists~~ Next exists the fifty-page report Swan later <sup>wrote up</sup> ~~did~~ for the Smithsonian, typed--shakily--and with historical background of the Queen Charlottes <sup>periodically swatched</sup> ~~occasionally patched~~ in. I have had no small amount of decipherment to do on James ~~never triangulation.~~ Glichrist Swan the past two months, but this is the first time

4#  
4 Fort Simpson. Here, Swan makes his call on

June 22, 1883

Rev Thomas Crosby the missionary whom I had seen seven years ago when I was here on the Wolcott collecting for the Centennial celebration... I went with Mr Crosby to see his school and church and then to his house where I saw Mrs Crosby and the children...

Fort Simpson. (While at Metlakatla I noticed the houses were nearly all of very plain box like appearance without any attempt at architectural beauty, and unpainted... At Ft Simpson where the Indians have been encouraged to display their taste they have done so and produced some very neat looking cottages painted or whitewashed...)

4#  
Aboard with Swan, and showing up steadily in the triple-diarying, <sup>expeditionary</sup> is the one companion he has hired, described in <sup>a</sup> ~~an~~ earlier letter to Baird as a very intelligent young Haida man, a worker in jewelry, a painter and tatoer who has been with me about 3 months... the most

Johnny Kit Elswa is the keg-chested <sup>fellow</sup> ~~man~~ beside Swan in the second Victoria studio portrait, and his jacket-and-trousers attire does not hide that he is a new example, perhaps in his mid-twenties, of the outdoor artists in which the Haidas had been so rich. Johnny ~~is~~ <sup>mostly that</sup> (Swan calls him so in the diary, and I will follow ~~has~~ become the latest in Swan's line of Indian confidantes, Swell, Captain John, the Port Townsend Clallam chieftain Duke of York, Jimmy Claplanhoo-- and <sup>promised to be</sup> ~~is~~ especially valuable to Swan as hired helper <sup>this</sup> on the expedition.

The most faithful intelligent and reliable Indian I have seen, as Swan touts him to Baird, Johnny ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> from the village of Cumshewa an on ~~the~~ eastern ~~midpoint~~ midpoint of the Queen Charlottes shoreline, and ~~will~~ can show me things of Indian manufacture that the foreign

4# A Fort Wrangell. Arrived...

23 June 1883

... arrived at Fort Wrangell at 8 AM and found the whole town asleep.

4# # Then, at the end of the afternoon of June twenty-fifth, a shore which appeared <sup>ed</sup> low and quite level, but as it was very rainy we did not get a good sight.

The dim landfall <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ Graham, largest island of the Charlottes.

4# Unfold a map of the North Pacific, and you find, ~~not far under~~ some six hundred miles north of the British Columbia capital of Victoria and not far under the overhang of Alaska, the Queen Charlotte island group, looking like a large shard which has fallen out of the continental cliff of shoreline. The illusory plummet has carried the chunk fifty miles to sea, striking its western edge into some of the <sup>trickiest</sup> ~~harsh~~ weather of the entire Pacific, and shattering the landmass into a hundred and twenty-five fragments from the size of rocky hummocks to <sup>fifty</sup> ~~50~~-mile-wide Graham.



no #

ic proportions:

~~Swan's~~ Swan's telling of the geography, ~~in the typescript:~~

The extreme length of the group from North Point, North Island to Cape St James the southern extremity is 156 miles. The Islands of the main group are North, Graham, Moresby and Prevost. Graham and Moresby, are the largest and constitute nearly eighty five per cent of the whole area of the group. White seagoers had arrived in the late 1780's--the islands received their name from the <sup>British</sup> captain who sailed in on <sup>the</sup> a trading vessel ~~called~~ Queen Charlotte--but except for the Hudson's Bay post at Masset and a dogfish oil refinery at Skidegate, white enterprise and settlement still were strangers to the Haida homeland. This changed <sup>sharply</sup> in the next decade or two after this visit of Swan's; the Queen Charlottes now <sup>count</sup> ~~have~~ a population of about 10,000, the majority of it ~~is~~ non-Haida.

Swan's intention <sup>1833, here in 1843,</sup> lies with the west coast of the Queen Charlottes, <sup>swept peopleless</sup> that region ~~depopulated~~ by the smallpox epidemic two decades earlier.

no #

The idea wafted to him out of what had thwarted the last white expeditionary to the Charlottes: the wild broth of weather along <sup>that</sup> the islands' western shore. Geologist George M. Dawson in the mid-1870s had been able to sail and clamber at will among the Charlottes, except along <sup>their west</sup> that shore. "The time and means at my disposal did not enable me to make a survey or geological examination of the west coast of the islands, which would require to be carried on during the early summer...the least boisterous portion of the year. It is a very dangerous lee shore for sailing craft . . ."

See map 14

(An admonition, incidentally, which still has to be honored,  
even by motorized vessels, and which means that <sup>here</sup> ~~the Queen Charlottes'~~  
~~west shore~~ is the one place of this shared winter I cannot follow  
Swan: that still-unpopulated <sup>island</sup> ~~coastline~~ remains one of the remotest  
loose ends of North America, and this is not "the least boisterous  
portion" of the weather year, but its most.) Swan pointed out to  
Baird at the Smithsonian the west shore's defeat of Dawson, ~~nor~~  
has any one visited this Coast or examined it who has made any  
reliable report. He <sup>quoted</sup> ~~pointed out~~ as well the advice Dawson held  
out out to whomever adventured in next: the Queen Charlottes' west  
shore "would, I believe, be most easily dealt with in one of the canoes  
of the country manned by a good Indian crew." To Swan, rider of canoes  
throughout the frontier half of his life, those words chimed exactly  
right. The matter for him is to find, among the waning Haidas, the  
canoe crew to do it.

4. #  
Arrived at Massett at 5 PM....Delivered my letters of Introduction...  
took account of my freight as it was landed--wisely: 2 sacks flour  
short in my count & notified Purser Sinclair--and then went to a very  
comfortable cottage in the enclosure of the HB Co...

Swan <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ advised at Masset that the man he <sup>needs is</sup> ~~wanted~~ was the chief  
who, before smallpox ~~had~~ emptied the area, ruled on the absolute  
northwesternmost fragment of the Charlottes--then called simply  
North Island, now on the maps as Langara Island. <sup>with that chief and his canoe crew,</sup> North Island could  
serve as the piton for the journey along the western shore: relatively  
calm waters from Masset to North, assured shelter there on the chief's  
home isle, then the headland-to-headland descent by canoe 00 miles  
down the coast to the settlement at Skidegate, <sup>at the southeastern corner of Graham Island.</sup> The one omission  
in the smooth plan echoed <sup>5</sup> ~~the~~ absence of Deans back at the Victoria  
dock <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ the moment, the chief <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ away somewhere on another canoe  
errand.

4# — On wait at Masset, Swan began<sup>im</sup> to entertain himself typically,  
← with his pen. ~~Went~~<sup>Goes</sup> out and counted<sup>5</sup>

the Haida community--sixty five houses old and new, nearly all of them with a carved column or pillar in front, covered with heraldic devices...of the family residing within, and representing some legend...~~Did~~<sup>Does</sup> whatever collecting<sup>us</sup> was possible: Johnny was of great assistance in trading and purchased everything much lower than I could. The Indians remonstrated with him and asked him why he liked the white man better than his own people? Because, was the reply, "the white man pays me, you pay me and I work for you." This logic did not suit them but they let Johnny alone and I succeeded in obtaining some very interesting specimens. Visited<sup>5</sup> companionably with Masset's handful of white residents, Alexander McKenzie trader, Charles W.D. Clifford of the Indian Service who was there on a visit and Reverend Charles Harrison the Episcopal Missionary and his wife all of whom were most courteous...

Swan also passed<sup>5</sup> his tests, Haida and white, as a guest. The first of July, An Indian sold me 2 halibut heads for 2 pieces of tobacco and I made a real old fashioned down east chowder which we had for breakfast. Mr McKenzie and Mr Clifford pronounced it delicious...Then I showed Johnny how to make a plum pudding which was done by 5 PM & served with baked salmon... This being "Dominion day," which is celebrated by the Canadians & provincials they considered that my cooking was done in compliment to the day, which

however I knew nothing about till this evening.

Clifford, the Canadian Indian agent, <sup>S</sup> had walked Swan to the burial ground near the entrance to Masset Inlet that afternoon. Beyond the grave-stones--the christianized Haidas now were importing them from Victoria-- they ~~could~~ see the platforms which elevated the remains of a trio of tribal skagas, medicine men. The skeletons showed through the rotting plank coffins, rather as if the skagas <sup>are</sup> were getting restless about eternity. Together with their sacred bones, Swan <sup>knows</sup> knew, <sup>will</sup> would be the carved instruments of magic, medicine sticks and implements of office...But we did not care to examine too closely at this time for fear of giving offence, so we turned our attention to examining the surrounding scenery.

4# The next day, both McKenzie and Clifford set off in a canoe with Swan, Johnny, and McKenzie's Indian servant George. The cruise <sup>is to be</sup> was a simple shakedown, overnight up Masset Inlet to give Johnny, as Swan put <sup>S</sup> it, an opportunity of pitching the tent...and to drill him in the duties of the camp life. Swan, ~~was~~ much satisfied, ~~and~~ named this camp No. I.

4# The morning after the canoe party ambled <sup>S</sup> back to Masset <sup>is</sup> was the Fourth of July. In full Anglo-American amity by now, we intended firing a salute from an old cannon belonging to the Indians which was formerly mounted on the bastion at Fort Simpson, but on examination it proved too rusty and we were afraid to test it. <sup>S</sup> Swan instead promenaded the beach and <sup>is</sup> was rewarded with the find of a dead porpoise. I cut off his head to clean it by putting it into salt water where the marine mollusks are very useful in cleaning off the flesh and leaving the bones white and nice... When the Russians occupied Sitka, one of the surgeons adopted this method of cleaning skeletons

which was found very effective. The specimen was placed on the beach at low tide and covered with a mat or an old gunny sack, on the corners of which stones were placed to prevent it floating off, and in a short time the myriads of sand fleas would clean it perfectly.

The sand fleas could just as well have taken their time with the porpoise cranium, because still there ~~was~~ no sign of Swan's canoe men. Swan paced ~~the~~ the Masset shoreline day upon day. The site ~~had~~ <sup>has</sup> its beguilements. Wild strawberries, fat little pellets of flavor, virtually carpeted areas of the island. Elsewhere, for miles as far as the eye could reach were acres upon acres of wild roses in full bloom. McKenzie told Swan he had been visited the previous summer by a ~~Russian~~ <sup>R</sup> traveler. ~~"Holy Russia!"~~ <sup>who</sup> the visitor ~~had~~ marveled: "This is Bulgaria, the land of roses!"

Swan's own comparison ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> less exotic, but as emphatic: <sup>H</sup> The whole region about Masset reminds me of the appearance of the land of Neah Bay... covered with the same kind of forest and shrubbery. It is an Indians paradise, plenty of fish and berries in summer, wild geese and ducks in myriads in the fall and all winter, and with but little physical exertion their every want is supplied.

The pause; the propositional line which is as close as Swan ever comes to disclosing calculation: <sup>H</sup> If there was a regular communication between this place and Victoria by steam so that one could come and go at least twice a month, I would as soon reside here as at any place I know.

Day seventy-nine

I noticed one of the great slimy slugs, so common on the North West coast, crawling on the floor near my bed, and on throwing it into the fire, Ellswarsh asked me if white men eat slugs. I said no, we do not... He said that Indians did not eat them, but that chinamen do...He was at Fort Essington last year, at the cannery at Skeena mouth. The chinamen who worked at the cannery made a soup of the slugs and crows which were boiled together in a big iron kettle. Those chinamen, said he, are different people from Indians, we dont eat slugs and crows, they would make us sick... but the chinamen like em, they eat all the crows and slugs and all the soup, and scrape the kettle with their spoons, chinamen no good.

This is a new kind of a mess and I make note of it as slugs and crows may yet find a place on the bill of fare at the Driard House in Victoria, or Delmonico's in New York.

After dinner, <sup>on</sup> the eight<sup>h</sup> of September, <sup>in this era of good humor,</sup> young Kitkune showed me the place where the remains of his Uncle Kitkune lie...The remains are in a box elaborately carved, and decorated with abalone shell. This box which appeared to be four feet long, three feet wide and three feet high, is placed on the back of a carving representing a beaver of enormous dimensions... On a sort of a table at the right of the beaver as we looked at it... two old guns, ammunition boxes and various paraphernalia of the old Chief among which was his Taska or carved stick which he held in his hand when distributing presents...

Swan <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ not easily startled, but <sup>here</sup> in the burial house <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ taken aback by some singular carvings representing a person with the eyes pulled out

and resting on the knees and connected with the eye sockets by a ligature painted red and presenting a revolting appearance.

Eyes sitting out on knees: the first carving of the kind I have noticed...On asking Ellswarsh the meaning he told me that it represents the sea anemone or Se-eap which is supposed to be the eye of the mythical marine being who has the power of extending its eyes and withdrawing them at pleasure. A sort of argus eyed monster with millions of eyes all over the coast...

Swan intended to have made a colored sketch of the anemone carving, but a sudden favorable wind decided ~~the~~<sup>weather-way</sup> expedition to return at once up the coast to Skedans.

4# Supertime at Skedans finds Swan pensive--willing to have passed several days at Laskeek as there is more of interest there than at any village I have seen. But the people are not anxious to sell their curiosities, as they have not yet come under missionary influence, but keep up their tomanawas ceremonies in ancient style which I would much like to witness.

4# Ninth of September, Sunday. Gale of wind and torrents of rain all night and this morning. The sabbath produces an odd little sectarian wrangle. Old Ellswarsh thought I ought to trade, but I told him I did not trade on Sundays. I was anxious to get back to Skidegate and although it rained the wind was fair and if we had started at 6 oclock as I wanted to we could have made the distance easily, but he said he would not travel on Sunday as the missionary had told him not to work on the Sabbath, so we remained in the dismal old house all day.

The tug-of-wills between the collector who wouldn't collect and the

canoeist who wouldn't canoe ~~was~~<sup>to</sup> forgotten the next morning as Swan and Ellswarsh readied ~~to~~<sup>4</sup> return to Skidegate. The ~~Haidas~~<sup>Skedans</sup> ~~took~~<sup>take</sup> it as the moment to bargain, began to bring their things for sale, and I bought quite a lot. One purchase ~~threatened~~<sup>however,</sup> ~~to~~<sup>5</sup> unravel. Young Kitkune wanted to back out from the sale he made to me at Laskeek, being influenced by his mother and an old man to whom, the dancing masks I had bought, had a sacred meaning and he disliked to have the emblems of their secret performances sold to a white man...but I was determined to have the whole lot...Young Kitkune finally let me have the articles.

At ten in the morning, closed my trade and got off in my canoe from Skedans village. The day was pleasant but the wind was ahead and the Indians had to row which they did with a will.

Just before noon, the canoe pulled<sup>3</sup> ~~ed~~ past a point where there is a cave which looks like a nostril hence the name Koon-helas, or nose hole...

Early afternoon, wind S.S.E. light, and the sail was hoisted.

Soon before dark, the canoe scraped<sup>3</sup> ~~d~~ ashore at the village of Skidegate.

Swan's days, weeks, months of unveiling the Queen Charlottes ~~had~~<sup>have</sup> ended. I have had a rough time since I left Masset but have gained in health and knowledge and leave the Islands with regret. The refinery superintendent ~~told~~<sup>tells</sup> him the supply steamer ~~would~~<sup>5</sup> depart for Victoria in a matter of days. So I began to prepare to go on her as there will not be another steamer here till next spring and although I would like to remain all winter to see the medicine dances and masquarade performances I...must avail myself of this opportunity to return to civilization.