The only time he met his culinary match seems to have been
the winter at Shoalwater Bay when he lived with the old whaling

Purrington.

The captain was famous for cooking every thing that had
ever lived. We had eaten of young eagles, hawks, owls, lynx, beaver,


seal, otter, gulls, pelican, and, finally, wound up with crow; and,


the crow was the worst of the lot. The captain once tried to take


a skunk, but, not having properly cleaned it, it smelt so unsavory


when the bake-kettle was opened that he was forced to throw skunk


and kettle into the river, which he did with a sigh, remarking what


a pity it was that it smelled so strong, when it was baked so nice


and brown.
Oct. 1, 1866 — I have been gratified and surprised at the manifestation of feeling on the part of the Indians at my departure. They are not usually very demonstrative but children and adults appeared very much affected—well they might have, with the mercurial Webster to look forward to—the former shedding tears and the latter singing a chant expressive of their sorrow.

I have tried to do my duty towards these Indians and these friendly expressions on their part are more grateful to me than the approval of others who can not know by report the value of my labors.
S to Baird, May 23, '41:

15 bird skins
1 skeleton of loon
" " duck
2 Indian skulls
2 fur seal skulls
skeleton of land otter
imperfect specimens of sand crabs
skull and backbone of fur seal
2 bark capes
2 feather blankets
shells
green basket
At times, more than scientific good-fellowship showed through Swan's precise little handwriting. In March of 1869, he wrote wistfully:

I should be pleased if your time permit it you could give me some reliable idea of the state of affairs at Washington. I can gather very little from the contradictory statements of the newspapers and know about as much of the doings of the Khan of Tartary as of our own government at Washington.
Day Twelve

The new year. On Sunday, January 1, 1860, his first New Year's Day on the coast of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Swan entered in his diary: May it be not only the commencement of the week, the month and the new year, but the commencement of a new era in my life, and may good resolve result in good action.
Days Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten

I have been to Swan's diaries. Sixty-six of them, they hold the second forty years of his life and at least three-quarters of and a half a million handwritten words. Out of their gray archival boxes, they look like the secondhand wares of an eccentric stationer. Most of them are pocket-size, some mere notebooks with cheap marbled covers, others with covers-and-clasps which contain themselves Black, green, tan, faded maroon, they have in common the look of time spent neatly as a case for eyeglasses. Some years, an ordinary school exercise book comes into the collection. Small economies are displayed.

Swan made use of his 1890 Standard Pocket Diary for entries from January 1 to March 28 of that year, and for April 1 to December 31, printed by his pen. The year's last digit carefully doubled from "0" to "8" each day.

Eighteen sixty-six is the aristocrat of the bunch. This a marvelous fat ledger, some nine inches wide and twelve high, with 380 pages; it weighs 0 pounds. The spine is elaborately tooled and embossed and in the middle of the cover's panel of leather is tooled, in half-inch letters, J G Swan. On page 1, in pristinely neat handwriting-- the chronicle evidently Swan recopied these entries from rougher entries-- begins:

May 1866 Diary and private journal of James G. Swan, being a continuation
of daily record commencing July 1862 at the Makah Indian Agency

Neah Bay, Washington Territory.

I'll try to recount a snippet, perhaps, of what happened or how things went up in those early weeks at the Makah Indian Agency. We were frequently out of the house, either on trips or on visits to other homes. The days were long and the work was demanding. One day, I remember, we were going to a nearby town to visit some friends. We packed our things and left early in the morning. The journey was long and bumpy, but we arrived safely. The town was small, and we spent the day visiting with friends and family. We spent the night in a hotel, but I remember it being quite uncomfortable, with the beds and bedding being in poor condition. The next day, we returned home, tired but content. It was a good day, and I made sure to document it in my daily journal. From then on, I made a habit of recording all the events of my day, both pleasant and unpleasant. The journal became a lifeline, helping me to remember the details of my life at the Agency. It was a time of learning and growth, and I felt grateful for the opportunity to bear witness to it all.
The school got off to a stuttery start. The first day a single student, ten-year-old Jimmy Claplanhoo, showed up. This evening I got out the magic lantern and gave an exhibition of it as a reward... (N 17, '63)

A few days later four more Makah children came, and were treated to the picture show. By the end of the first week, twenty children present today exercised them on the alphabet and then gave them a pan full of boiled potatoes. Success in the schoolroom, discord in the world.

Something set Swan to brooding about the war and its politics: I do not believe in the principles of the Republican party as enunciated by Greeley, Sumner, Phillips, Beecher... but I do believe that the country is in real danger and I believe at such times it is the duty of every true man to stand by his government (no matter what the party) in saving the country and ourselves from ruin. That out of his system, he went on to note that the Indians' dogs had killed two skunks in the lumber pile.

The next three days out Swan soon had to take time out to supervise the digging of the schoolhouse cellar, introducing the Makah laborers to which they thought a hilarious machine. Then, the mysteries of the wheelbarrow, thence a drain to carry the runoff...
from the schoolhouse roof had to be finished. Jimmy Claplanhoo came down with a cough so severe that Swan worried it might be consumption.

The Makahs put on a bread-tamanoa ceremony to boost Jimmy's health, just as a gale ripped at Neah Bay. Crows tipped over Swan's rain gauge.

He went to work on them with shotgun and strychnine. More Indians arrived for Swan to dispense potatoes to. One of the Makah men brought his two-year-old son to school to learn the alphabet, and created uproar by spanking the boy for not mastering it. A number of the Indians embarked on a two-day dance, which got rougher as it progressed. There were knife wounds, and one combatant smashed three canoes with a stone before others knocked him out with a brick. This drunken frolic shows how easily these people can be excited to deeds of violence, Swan's pen scolded. We are powerless under the present circumstances either to prevent these drunken scrapes or protect ourselves in case of an attack, but I have not the least apprehension of any difficulty if liquor is kept from them. Swan came down with a cold—I have not felt so sick for a year certainly. Jimmy Claplanhoo got better and came to school to see Swan.

The agency's winter larder began to be questionable:
Mr. Phillips and myself had roast ducks for our dinner. Sometimes
we are very short of provisions and have to depend on our beef barrel,
then again the Indians will bring in such quantities of fish and game
that there is a surfeit. It is either a feast or a famine.

The agency cattle began to die. The weather continued cold and rainy.

The agency cattle began to die. The weather continued cold and rainy.

On December 18th, we had the most remarkable fall of rain I have ever
known; it filled his rain gauges twice, a total of nearly seven inches.
The Indians had another drunken party; one was shot in the arm with
a dragoon pistol, and another came to borrow a shovel from
Swan. He went where old Flattery Jack, Sixey’s father, had been buried,
and dug up one of his arm bones, which was taken and bound on as splints
to the arm of Sixey, the Indians believing that the bone from the father’s
arm would cure. A weakened bull from the agency herd had to be put
in the basement of the schoolhouse for shelter; he took out a window
on his way in. A party of Makahs from another village came to purchase
purchase a bride; they came in the house and rigged themselves up with
masks and feathers and all went to Whattie’s house to make their trade.

At last Webster sailed in with some supplies, Christmas came, and an
audible sigh lifts from the pages as Swan notes the making of a plum
pudding.
I have had a recent letter from Mark, in his faculty office in Illinois—we may be the last two American men who regularly write to one another—and folded with it came a quote found during his research on missionaries. The Reverend Summers, reporting from Benton County, Iowa, in July of 1852: (Swan was about to head north from California to Shoalwater)

A Western home is a place of sojourn, like the home of Abraham or Lot or the Patriarchs that we read of in the Bible. Very few, however, like Abraham, are willing to either to the East or the West. The whole land is not before them, the East is occupied...A young man recently left for California, who for two years has been very anxious to go, but during his minority had been restrained by the influence and authority of his parents. They offered, for the sake of diverting him from his purpose, to furnish him the means to travel and visit the Eastern cities. He derided the idea. He would not turn his hand over to see all that could be seen in the East, but he must go to the Utopia of the New World; and he has gone.
Gone west, and cared not so much as a flip of his hand to know any of that lesser land behind him. In all but flesh, that young Iowan was my grandfather, my great-uncles, my father and his five brothers, me.

After my grandparents sailed from Scotland and crossed America, nobody of the family ever went to the Atlantic again. When I journeyed off to college, I was spoken of as being "back east in Illinois." My father adventured to Chicago once on a cattle train, and twice to visit me.

My mother, after her parents moved from Wisconsin to the Rockies when she was half a year old, never returned east of the middle of Montana.

Our westernness, then, has been extreme as we could make it. We lived our first seventy years as Americans on slopes of the Rockies as naturally, single-mindedly, as kulaks on the steppes. My own years eastward—which is to say, in the middle of the Midwest—amounted to a kind of instructive geographic error. Instructive, that is, because the jobs in the horizonless Midwest turned me in on myself, I worked the tasks for more than they were worth and the accumulating overflow of word ability began to go onto magazine pages. Also, the best result of my misguess of geography, I met Carol there. She already was edging west on her own, and when the two of us turned, away from editorial
careers and back to life, we came a fourth of the continent farther

than any of my family had done. Salt water begins 000 yards from where

I sit at this instant.

And so with Swan. When the reverend wrote those opening words,

James G. Swan already had been on the Pacific shore for twenty-three

months, and was about to head onward to Shoalwater Bay.

It's a mistake to think of the people who Hess spoke of as fearful.

Nature's curiousness to the Big People and our own curiosity.

The next summer to the people, Creek Mountain, drawn the trees

and鉴别了此片芯片, which you can find from any inch of the

mountain in eight. Increase of height can only be measured from the Creek,

which give way to cyper reeds growing from the creek. 

Because--as a brine lake, keep ripper deep.

Also the valley floor, come to our, the creek river

curse one to be little more than a creek named by a lesser-kind

optimist. It's more to we across the valley, forever knowing

up creek creek. The increase for every mile it flows, and yealy

South side up, more with these streams and city-dense confluence

then scurry water. On the other hand, the water here is missing

from the creek river may arrive in some emitters deep up here.
Capt. John tells me that the Indians predict a very cold winter.

There will be according to his statement, very high tides, violent gales, great rains, much cold and snow. The Arhosets predict rain from an unusual number of frogs in a particular stream at their place. The Oquists predict cold from the fact that great numbers of mice were seen leaving an island in Barclay Sound and swimming to the mainland.

The natives and the mice and the frogs were promptly right. The nineteenth of November:

Nov. 19. The wind this morning blew open my chamber door which opens out from the south side of the tower and slammed it against the flagstaff breaking out the entire panel work. This has been a very stormy day.

The next day:

Nov. 20. Gales of wind accompanied by tremendous surf, the highest tide that I ever saw. The water was nearly up to the Indian houses.

The Indians were out with their torches saving their canoes and other property.

And the day after that:

Nov. 21. Gale lasted till sundown doing considerable damage to fences and unroofing Indian houses. Frequent lightning and thunder all day and evening. The Indians were badly frightened and brought their children to the schoolhouse for safety.
Swan's exploration on that day in 1861 was a duplicate with eerie exactness.

(Swan Diary transcript, pp. 464+)

The trail commenced a short distance south of the village and runs up to the top of the hill or bluff which is rather steep and about sixty feet high. From the summit we proceeded in an easterly direction through a very thick forest half a mile and reached an open prairie which is dry and covered with fern, dwarf sallal and some red top grass, with open timber around the sides. The very grass seems the name.

From the prairie we pass through another belt of timber to another prairie lying in the same general direction as the first but somewhat lower and having the appearance of being wet and boggy. This was covered in its drier portions with water grass and thick moss which yielded moisture on the pressure of the feet. Step from the boardwalk, and drops of moisture from James Swan's pen are on our boots.
By now, this second of the twin prairies has a name, and some winsome history. Maps show the eyelet in the forest as Ahlstrom's Prairie—where, for fifty-six years, Lars Ahlstrom lived a solitary life as one more outermost particle of the American impulse to head for sunset. Through nearly all the decades of his bachelor household here, Ahlstrom's was the westernmost homestead in the continental United States.

Originally—which is to say within the first few dozen days after his arrival in 1902—Ahlstrom had built himself a two-room cabin close beside the Ozette-to-Alava trail. That dwelling burned in 1916, and he lived from then on in the four-room cabin which still stands, thriftily but sturdily built with big tree stumps as support posts for its northwest and northeast corners, a few hundred yards from the trail. All signs are that Ahlstrom kept a trim, tidy homestead life.

In his small barn on the route to the cabin, the window sills above a workbench are fashioned nicely into small box-shelves. At the cabin itself, the beam ends facing west were carefully masked with squares of tarpaper to prevent weathering. Inside, when Ahlstrom papered the cabin walls with newspapers, he carefully wrapped around the pole...
The next morning, the twenty-third of July, 1861, Swan intended to
go out with Peter and sketch his way along the Ozette shoreline, but
awoke instead to heavy fog. He and the Makahs prepared instead to hike
back to Alava. I had accomplished two things. I had proved the existence
of a lake and had made a sketch of a portion and as I was the first
white man who had ever seen this sheet of water I concluded I would
might take some other opportunity when I might have white companions with me
and make a more thorough survey. The trailside brush was saturated
from the fog; by the time Swan was back to the coast he was as well
drenched as if I had been overboard.
Day fifty-five  (Feb. 13)

Storm. Fence-floater. Goosedrowner. None of which is fractionally enough word for it. Nightlong, rain swatted walls and windows, the wind pounded and ripped among the valley trees. Carol and I jerked awake at the gale's first try at peeling the roof from the house, never entirely slept from then on.

I was certain that the birch trees outside the bedroom would be bending, eluding, as they always do in southwest blows. I was equally certain I would be greeting one of them in through the rafters any moment.

After breakfast—the birches still stood, although branches thicketed the lawn as if someone had spent the night up in the trees with a pruning saw—I slumped away to try for sleep, Carol drove to drive up the hill to the sail college. The wind roared on. In minutes I admitted myself more or less awake for good, managed to decide that I would head for Shilshole to see this weather at full run on the Sound.

In the car: full run hardly says it either. Wind-flung clouds dive almost into the streets. All is flying.

Just beneath them, traffic lights dance like lanterns swung by frantic trainmen. People waiting for buses try to squeeze themselves narrow enough to fit the lee spaces behind telephone poles, wherever they protrude.
has come down, as if the city has been seeded with them by a giant hand.

In any open shops or restaurants I pass, people are talking to each other with their hands. Famous weather, a man said to me on a Killarney street one win but rainless spring morning, famous weather. This blow is going to have name of its own sort. It takes much to draw a gesture from a Puget Sound resident, but the way steaming mugs of coffee are being waved around in there I can all but hear the expostulations that somebody's daughter and son-in-law got up this morning to find a Douglas fir limb exploded down through the carport roof, that they themselves will not even try driving to the job at Boeing's this morning, that there's been nothing like this christly wind since the Columbus Day blow of '62.

At Shilshole, I lean my way out onto the fishing pier. A bird lifts in front of me near the boat house. Incredibly, it is a kingfisher, blown in from some forested river bank or another. I look west, north, and south, and find the Sound entirely empty of ships and boats, in my dozen years along this shore. The first time I have seen it so. Oddly, the weather is not a steady rage down here. There is an uneven chop to the water, no higher than a tugboat's bow, and not much breakage of waves along the shoreline. 
The southwest wind is sending the water skidding up the length of the Sound instead of crashing it ashore. When the miles of chop finally fetch up against the banks of Whidbey Island, the banging spray must be tremendous.

A high agitated whistling whangs to me from the harbor's sailboat masts, like the cry of mournful birds. The souls of displaced kingfishers, most likely.

In the clouds to the west the Olympics pop through into whetted outline every so often, and unexpectedly, sunshine through some loophole in the vapors is beaming onto a stretch of the shoreline across the Sound. But quickly full storm again. A new rain front hits, rolls along the wavetops, resists me every inch of the way back to the car.

Homebound: Against my habit, the storm has me listening to the car radio. The announcer has just said the Hood Canal bridge has vanished—a mile of it blown beneath the waters. I count the number of times I have driven across it this winter, to Neah Bay, Alava, Port Townsend, Dungeness. With its linkage of pontoons across
the broad surface of Hood Canal, the gray floating bridge has always
reminded me of a blockade chain across some river contested in the

\underline{\textit{N\textsuperscript{o}mae}},

Civil War. This storm was the ironclad to snap it.
Day fifty-six

Innocent weather today. Clouds wander sheep-like along the horizon as if unacquainted with rain, never any lust to meet the wind and dance on the grave of a bridge.

In one or another of his earliest sojourns at Neah Bay, Swan had watched a Makah pageant of marriage proposal. According to what he wrote later for the Smithsonian, into the bow of a beached canoe stepped a man

with a whaling harpoon. Another Makah sailor climbed in amidship and held a seal-skin buoy as if ready to cast it onto the waves. A third man, the steersman, melted in the stern with paddle poised.

Onto the shoulders of eight men were hoisted the canoe and its crew of three, men, and through the air, across the sand toward the lodge of the family of the girl being wooed, the whaling pantomime slowly sailed.

In front led a fourth Makah actor, a man beneath a blanket and creeping on all fours, occasionally raising his body to imitate a whale when blowing. At intervals the Indian in the canoe would throw the harpoon as if to strike, taking studious care, however, not to hit him.

Behind the man-whale and the airborne men strode a chorus of the suitor's friends, singing, drumming, shaking rattles. The burden of their song was, that they had come to purchase a wife for one of their number, and recounted his merits and the number of blankets he would pay.

At last, as the procession reached the lodge, the mock-whale scuttled to one side; there was an instant of poised expectation among the entire tableau; and the harpooner with full might whammed his harpoon into the cedar plank door.

This operation, dead-panned Swan, may be said to be symbolical of Cupid's dart on a large scale.
Evidently some splinter of that great dart flew and buried itself years-deep into the watching water. Just before Christmas of 1874, into Swan’s diary pages arrives the name of Amelia Roberts. It sparkles there fifteen times in the next two months, and oftener and oftener "Amelia" is fondly burnished down to Dolly, the attractee’s nickname, "Dolly."

Over the years, Swan’s words on women have been scant. In 1863 when the Neah Bay employees invited ashore for Fourth of July dinner the captain of a trading vessel, it is rare exuberance when Swan noted that the captain was accompanied by a very handsome specimen of savage beauty in the person of a Stikene squaw whom he had brought down in his schooner...

There are the warm diary entries about the Makah housekeeper, Katy. A single wisp on a spring evening at Port Townsend when he was calling on friends:

Easter. Mrs. Phillips & her sister from Whidbey Island were present. I was much interested in Mrs. Phillips from her strong resemblance to my late wife.

But little else. Until now these drumbeat inscriptions of Dolly, Dolly, Dolly.

Gifts to her begin to dollop from Swan like honey from a pitcher: sewing box, market basket, inkstand, writing desk, earrings, a painting, collections of seashells. Dolly full of fun, the diary exults. Dolly weighs 127 pounds and measures 5 ft 6 ½ inches, it appears commends.

One other reckoning does not reach its pages. That winter of 1874-75, James G. Swan reached his fifty-seventh birthday. Dolly Roberts was sixteen.
That canyon between their ages perhaps did not gape as widely
as it would in later eras, but it was chasm enough. There
were Swan's other fissures as well: his thin finances, his drinking.

Indians sometimes slept--sometimes lived--in his office. Swan
himself periodically dwindled across the horizon to Sitka or Utah or
someplace. Plenty, in short, for Dolly's mother, and maybe even Dolly,
to mull about Swan the swain. And Port Townsend being the compound
of New England small town and muscular Western port it was, whatever
could be brought up against Swan stayed in the air a doubly long while,
as tittle-tattle among the mercantile families on the bluff,
(Dolly was the niece of prominent merchant F.W. Pettygrove), nudges
and heavy winks among the waterfront saloon constituencies.

Unpromising odds.

Yet, as the ongoing diary lines about Dolly indicate, Swan had
without bridgehead in the situation. For he had been smitten with
young Miss Roberts in, of all locales he ever can be found at, the
Port Townsend Episcopal church choir.
Against Port Townsend's night-in, night-out whiskey baritone, that choir was a very wavery Sunday trill. Sometimes the hymning voices, six or seven, were sometimes as few as four. But consistently,

the diary begins to register regular church-going by Swan in late as 1869.

October of 1874—they included Mrs. Roberts and her daughters Dolly and Mary, and Swan. (Mr. Roberts is a mysterious absence, both from the choir and the household. Deceased? A sea captain?) Swan quite promptly begins to come by the Roberts home for rehearsal of the church music. Then he begins gifts of food—scallops, salmon—

and naturally is invited for supper. Henry Webster, also at loose ends in Port Townsend just then and still Swan's stalwart, might be asked to join in as well. One February Sunday, there is even a genteel stroll, Swan and Webster and Dolly and Mary, in the course of which the young women probably heard more than they wanted to know about the singularities of life at Neah Bay.
What came of Swan's season of hovering was just what could be
expected: letdown. The choiring goes on, but the gifts and visits
slow a bit, and then become more widely—more respectably?—spaced.

Swan never sees it in the diaries, but the increasing intervals say
it for him. Sometime here, the invisible moment occurs, when the fact
registers on Swan, as it probably already had on Dolly with some help
from her mother, that the choirgirl and the white-bearded frontiersman
are not a likely lifelong match. For a number of years to come, Swan
will continue a fond proximity to Dolly and the Roberts family. Not
the daily nearness of an infatuated suitor, however. More like the
weekliness of a bachelor uncle.
Who would have thought the clerkish whiskeyfied aging dabbler

had such steam in him? But of course he did, exactly because he

had never shown it, and I find his infatuation as entirely wonderful

as it was foolish. I wish such a season for any of us, man or woman,

so long self-locked into aloneness. Emotional paroles are due the

solitary even if, like Swan's, the outing turns out to be quick and

bittersweet. Better that than simply bitter.
Day sixty-seven

At last, two weeks and a day after Swan's arrival at Masset, paragraphs of promise. In the diary, the ninth of July: The old chief for whom I had been waiting returned home today. His name is Edisons,
or, as the whites pronounce it, Edin shaw. By letter to Baird:

(to B, July 10, '83)

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 the familiar financial sign-off molluscs. My Indian, Johnny Kit Alswa 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 had paid Indians for the same kind of articles—and Swan was away to begin the dickering with Edinso.

the canoes chief.
Edinso. There is a story of him terrible as any mythic lightning flung down from Olympus. Early in the 1860s, a group of Haidas led by Edinso were in the British Columbia capital of Victoria when smallpox erupted. Whether to clear the Haidas from its ravages or simply to get the obstreperous Edinso out of town it is not clear, but the governor of British Columbia ordered in a gunboat to tow the Queen Indians home to the Queen Charlottes. 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, they more defiantly returned to Victoria, and smallpox swept them. When Edinso eventually led home to the Queen Charlottes those who had survived, the epidemic came 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 entire tribal population along the British Columbia coast.) But that wind was Edinso's, as if fate couldn't leave him alone. He was a name in the North Pacific for the seven great potlatches he had thrown; for whirling a Tsimshian chief into the path of a gunshot intended for him during a tribal fracas; for gliding about in a canoe "twelve fathoms in length, elaborately carved and painted at both ends, manned by a large number of slaves and dependents." But 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.
Edinso had been one of the Haida leaders to decide that missionaries were a milder plague than the invisible diseases. He also made his peace with Victoria officialdom, even erecting a carved column which was topped with the figure of the governor of British Columbia in frock coat and silk hat. But accommodations with the white world canoe charter was another. Edinso would just have to wait, Edinso told him, until he completed a trading trip to Fort Simpson. Meanwhile, wouldn't Swan care to look over a lot of ancient things he had for sale?

The next day, the tenth of July, Swan shopped through Edinso's items, but as he asked too much I did not purchase. What had Swan's interest was the project of the chief's sons, Charley Edinso, a carver who could work in wood, stone, or in gold or silver but at the moment was using the ivory 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...on top of one was a clenched fist: yes. The Fort Townsend museum piece in gestation.
The depiction, Charley Edinson explained to Swan, was the hand of Apollo's priest Laocoon, vainly grappling the serpent as it crushed him to death for trying to warn his fellow citizens against the Trojan horse. Charley Edinson did not have, as it may sound, a First from Oxford in Greek mythology, but a picture from a London illustrated newspaper which had found its way to Masset.

As for the other cane-head, it was merely an elephant. Newsprint had provided the 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. A veteran shopper of Indian art that he was, Swan was dazzled. Beautifully carved, the diary says again, and when varnished will look finely. A cautious inquiry to Charley about Edinson's price. He asks $10 each. Swan perhaps even managed to keep a straight face when he said he'd think it.
Edinso pushed off across Hecate Strait toward Fort Simpson, Swan. strolled down to watch Nellis the canoe maker. As a canoe connoisseur, hollowed

xxx Swan was interested in the process of molding a hollowed log into a craft of honed grace. Nellis first softened the wood by by filling... with water which he made to kick 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...
Days peeled from Swan's summer. On the twenty-first of July, a canoe came up Masset Inlet. 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.

Instead, now that he had been beached at Masset for a solid three weeks, Swan's thoughts were turning inward. Stomachward.
Now that he had been beached at Masset for a solid three weeks,

Swan's thoughts were turning inward. Stomachward.

Not that his menu hadn't been as fertile as usual.

*pocket diary, June 28* runs one diary report,

Johnny cooked a nice breakfast, a stew of potatoes & onions,
Griddle cakes or "Slap Jacks" as Johnny calls them, and nice
coffee -- Another:

*pocket diary July 10*

made some clam fritters for breakfast which were very fine.

And again:

*pocket notebk, Jul 24*

Today I made a pudding of the roots of the brown lily...
first boiled the root, then mashed & mixed with eggs, milk,
sugar & spice & baked... I think it is the first pudding ever made of this kind of root.
I put in a tub of water for two days to get rid of the sand...large

fat bacon chopped fine...three cloves of garlic bruised, pepper and salt

Prior to my advent, no longer, 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

Swan added to the clams, salmon. When all was ready, I called the gentlemen to the repast which may be

But is his own palate was faring splendidly, the Hudson's Bay

But if his own palate was faring splendidly, the victuals of the Hudson's Bay employees horrified him.
enumerated as follows, clam chowder, baked trout, roasted salmon and
deviled crab, with a dessert of wild strawberries and strawberry shortcake, coffee and tea; a banquet of natural products which elicited
encomiums of praise from the guests. Even the encomiums were not his

Even the encomiums were not his final word; where food was concerned, there seemed never to be one with Swan. Two days later he is found busy preparing an octopus salad and serving it up to the Hudson Bay men with chutney sauce and another of his dietary perorations:

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...

letterbk, Jul 29

No prospect of Edinso getting here so long as this gale last... must be windbound some where between here and Fort Simpson...(pocket diary same day) I think if he does not get back by Tuesday that I will get Weelah to take me to North Island. Swan took his mind off Edinso with the youngsters of Masset,
Sunday evening after church some children came to look at some
copies 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....

On Tuesday, the last day of July, the details pause as Swan notes
a favorable wind and hopes it will bring old Edinso, as I am very
that it will waft in old Edinso. It does not,
anxious to be starting off. It did not, and the next day Swan listened
to McKenzie and Johnny Kit Elswe describe 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 vomiting. 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.

By now, Swan had been encamped at Masset long enough for his hair to grow down the back of his neck, and very nicely this morning: Johnny pocket diary, Aug 9:

Johnny trimmed him as well as any barber and better than most... and better than most I have had. The young Haida by now is earning the diary's steady praise...

This morning, he is an excellent assistant. He is a good interpreter, a good cook, a 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. On Saturday, I bought two of Charley Edinso's canes, including the one with the elephant's head. They are beautifully carved and when varnished will look finely.

Sunday: went church and another of Reverend Harrison's interesting sermon.

Monday, 8:30 that morning, the splash of canoe paddles at last.

Swan, Johnny Kit Elswa and Deans are setting off in Edinso's canoe, in company with Edinso and his squaw, three men and two boys. I am to pay Edinso $1.00 per day. His wife and the three men 75¢ each and canoe 50¢ per day...
The start had not been smooth. Edinso
letterbk Aug 7.

He did not give instructions about stowing the things and when I got in I found myself perched up on some boxes with Mr Deans. Old Edinso asked in a curt manner why I sat so high up. I told him I had spoken to him to have a proper place for me to sit down, but if he wanted me to stow his canoe I could do so. I then ordered several packages placed properly and made myself comfortable and we proceeded on to Jalun river.

That bit of garbage done, the canoe rode before a fair but light wind, its passengers let out
Once underway, the canoe rode before a fair but light wind, its passengers set out salmon fishing lines with spoon bait and trawled them astern and soon caught three large salmon. Edinso's squaw had about two gallons of strawberries and a lot of red huckleberries and she gave us as many as we could eat. By mid-afternoon, the floating picnic had crossed Virago Sound and a stop was made to cook a meal for the canoe crew. Mr. Deans and I lunched on strawberries, sardines, bread and cold coffee. They went on in the canoe to camp for the night at a village called Yatze, a spot Swan thought
letterbk, Aug 6
...Yatze has little to recommend it even to Indians.

Haida villagers were gone somewhere, a few wan potato patches and a lonely carved monument the only signs of life. Human life, that is. Mosquitoes and gnats were plentiful and...quite lively.
As if not wanting another clear look at the place, the canoeers paddled out of Yatse the next morning before dawn. Edinson sprained his back launching the canoe and was quite cross, but

the expedition went on to the Jalun River before breakfasting. The queer beach there impressed Swan as a singular exhibit of volcanic action in which the lava had burst up through the upper strata of rocks as though the region had boiled up like a pot. The lava was of a brick red color and a pale sulphur yellow in places, filled with boulders and pebbles of stone blackened outside with the heat and looking like a gigantic plum pudding. This is the first instance I have seen of such an evident volcanic action on the direct sea beach.

In early afternoon, Pillar Point was passed, a ninety-foot-high Swan hurriedly did a sketch, showing it as a ninety-foot-high stake spike driven into the offshore rocks of stone topped with bushes. The Queen Charlotte coastline was proving to be like the rim of some other world. A few hours later, the canoe eased ashore at Edinson's own village, Kioosta—deserted except for many carved columns the handsomest of which are in front of Edinson's house.
Swan was in his tent after supper this second night out from Masset when Edinso came by to inform him that the canoe crew desired he wanted hot biscuits and coffee served to him and his men every night.

I knew the old fellow put on considerable style with strangers and I determined to settle our status at once. I told him I did not wish him to dictate to me what I should do, and he knew that since we left Masset we had no time for any cooking but the most simple kind, and it was no use to talk to me about hot biscuits till we got to a camp where we would have leisure. Edinso left the tent, and Swan fell asleep to the sound of the crewmen debating the matter. The next morning, Edinso

In the dictionary, the ruckus woke with them. Had a good blow up with old Edinso. This time, the chief had tried Swan on the angle that wanted to eat with him and they want flour and potatoes and pancakes, and want Johnny to be their cook.

They might as well have wanted Swan to pare their toenails during supper every night, too. If there was one matter in the cosmos that Swan had a clear doctrine about, it was the sanctity of his meals.

He shot back to Edinso and the other Haidas the ultimatum—bluff, more likely—
The more so, in fact, because if there was one matter Swan was
unyieldable about, it was food. He shot back the ultimatum
that if I heard any more complaints I would return to Masset and get
another crew...When they found I was determined they gave up and all
became good natured.
Good-natured or not, Edinso gave up on biscuits and hotcakes and began showing Swan and Deans the long-awaited shores of his North Island, now on the maps as Langara Island. He took them first to a site called a village — the haunts of Tadense, which was deserted and rapidly expiring back into the forest. Even the more recent houses built fifty years ago are fast decaying; the humidity of the climate causes a growth of moss which, freezing in winter and seldom or never dry in summer, rots the soft cedar and rapidly reduces it to a pulpy mould.

Next Edinso, who was beginning to have a table for every occasion, steered them along the waterline to a burial cave which he assured them no white eyes had ever seen before. ... A dry cavern some 60 feet in length, as Swan jotted it, the entrance to which is 25 feet above high water mark and approached by a rough path over conglomerate boulders. They climbed in among some 28 or 30 burial boxes of various sizes... In one of the boxes of skeletons which had been opened by age, a puffin or sea parrot had made its nest... and had hatched out a brood, as the presence of broken egg shells testified. Some of the burial boxes were ornamented with the crests of the occupants carved and painted in colors, others were merely rough boxes. Some of the bodies were rolled in Hudson Bay blankets, and some of the heads were mumified 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 one more stop in this funereal day: Cloak Bay,
sheltered by a small island on its north side by a small island
which thrust up a conglomerate cusp of cliff.

In the meantime, we were four people, and I pay all the
cost of my excursion, and I do not think the
White Seals and the Eagles... The Pintail Duck I bought so
plainly that it seemed to me that it could never change, and
the White Seals I gave on Nassau. All the people I helped
pay for the souvenirs and supplies and keeps which came one way.
Next the journeymen went to the Black Boy. The small island on its north side was a conglomerate cliff which Swan thought astoundingly like a round medieval tower, everything but the want of windows made this appearance complete. Sharp rocks rose around the island. One pinnacle displayed a hole bored through by the ocean's action. Edinso at once advertised it as the work of an immense fish gnawing a doorway to its house. That reminded him that he hadn't adequately explained the castellated island, and he related 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.

Two days after that, on the tenth of August, Swan made a find which was among the oddest in his thirty years of jackdawing along the Pacific shoreline. 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 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 pottered around the corpse a bit, but Swan was less interested in Koontz's posture than a pair
of items among the skaga's burial trove. Two large curved teeth

which he thought resembled those of a beaver, but which seemed too

long, too...odd. What he had come onto, he subsequently learned,

they were tusks of the African wild hog Parthanosus, probably procured

from the wreck of a Japanese or Siamese junk which was lost on Queen

Charlotte Islands in 1833.