Swan had on his mind even another mystery of Africa-in-the-North-Pacific.

Back at Kioosta, Swan 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 Edinso and was enlightened when the chief pointed toward a flutter on a nearby bush. The carved creature was a colossal butterfly, the snout its proboscis. Swan asked for the legend, Edinso of course

for the legend. He said 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, with a tap of mockery, Edinso drove the point home. Johnny was going with me showing me places.
Day seventy

Recited from Swan’s Queen Charlotte pages, a legend, a belief, and a technique:

Towats was a great hunter, and once while hunting he found the house of the king of the bears. The king bear was not there but his wife was, and Towats made love to her. Arriving home to a much disordered house, the king bear charged his wife with unfaithfulness. She denied all. But the king bear noticed that at a certain hour each day she went out to fetch wood and water, and was gone long. One day he tied a thread to her dress. By following the thread through the forest, he came upon his wife in the arms of Towats. The king of the bears slew the hunter by tearing out his heart.

Pocket diary, July 12

Called on Kive-ges-lines this PM to see her twins which were born on the 10th. They are pretty babies but the Indians are sure to kill one. Next day:

(Jul 13, Friday) One of the twins died during the night as I predicted. The Indian who told me said…”It died from want of breath” which I think very probably. These Haidas like the Makahs have a superstition that twins bring ill luck…
Old Stingess... came to my house and...

I asked her to tell me about tattooing and when the Haidahs first commenced tattooing. She said it was always practiced as long as she can remember and as long ago as the most ancient legends make any mention. Formerly the Indians procured the wool of the mountain sheep which was spun into fine threads which were stained with some black pigment either pulverized charcoal and water, or with lignite ground in water on a stone, as at present, then with needles made of copper procured from the Sitka Indians, these fine threads were drawn under the skin producing indelible marks. When white men came they learned the art of tattooing with steel needles from sailors on board the vessels, and have adopted that plan since.... Here the old woman became tired and went home.
How elliptical—literally—the past becomes. Stingess culls from what may have been an evening-long legend an answer for Swan. He chooses as much of it as he thinks worth cramming into his diary pages. At a hundred years' remove, I select lines from his and frame them in trios of editing dots. If the process continues on from my ellipses, the logical end is for the tale of Haida tattooing to come down to something like a single magical speck, maybe the period after the news that Stingess has got tired of it all and gone home. But I've heard it offered that a period is simply the shorthand for an ellipse; that stories do not end, only pause. So this does not complete it either, the transit from Stingess to Swan to me to whomever is above this page.
Day seventy-one

I flip the month on the photo calendar above my desk, and the room fills with lumberjacks. The calendar came as a gift, a dozen scenes from the glass plates of a photographer who roved the lumber camps in the first years of this century, and I've paid little attention to the scenery atop the days: January a simple stand of trees, February a few dodgy sawyers off in the distance from the camera. But March's four loggers, spanned across the cut they are making in a cedar tree as big in diameter as this room, hover in as if estimating the board footage my desktop would yield.

The logger at the left stands on a springboard, his axe held extended in his left hand and resting almost tenderly against the gash in the cedar. He is like a man casually fishing from off a bridge beam.

The next man is seated in the cut. A small shark's grin of spikes is made by the bottoms of his caulked boots. His arms are folded easily across his middle; he has trimly rolled his pant-legs and sleeves; is handsome and dark-browed with a lady-killing lock of hair down the right side of his forehead.
The woodman beside him is similarly seated, arms also crossed, but is flap-eared, broad-hipped, mustached. Surely he was the Swede of the crew, wherever he was from.

The final logger, on the right edge of the photo, is a long-faced giant. As he stands atop a log with his right foot propped on the cut, left hand hooked into a suspender strap where it meets his pants, there is tremendous length to his body. His shirt is work-

The others must call him Highpockets—or Percival, if that is what he prefers. His shirt is work-

soiled, his eyes hard. Unlike his mate across the tree, he clutches his axe a third of the way up the handle, as if having tomahawked it into the tree just over the left jug-ear of the Swede.

Down the middle of the picture, between the seated sawyers, stands their glinting crosscut saw. If the giant is six and a half feet tall as he seems to be, the saw is ten. Under it are piled the chips from the cut; the men have just started and already the woodpile is considerable.
Twenty-one days until spring in the company of these timber

toplers, and by-god forceful company they are going to be. I want
all at once to see the Peninsula woods that drew whackers like these,

if only to reassure myself that they’re not out there now leveling
daylight into whatever green is left. Late tomorrow, Carol will be

finished with her week’s classes. We will head for the Hoh rain forest.

Swan at Kioosta, his forty-eighth day in the Queen Charlotte islands:

Very disagreeable morning, thick with misty rain. He decides to sit
tight and do such diary matters as ruminating on the blessed total absence of
fleas and other annoying insects so common and universal in Indian

camps and villages...Edinso says that formerly fleas were very numerous,

and... at Masset they were so plentiful as the sand on the beach and

they remained as long as the Indians dressed in otter skins and bark

robes, but when the white men came with other kind of clothing and

bought all the old fur dresses, the fleas began to disappear. At last

the Indians all went to Victoria, and on their return they found that

the fleas had entirely left...Edinso said perhaps the world turned over

and all the fleas hopped off.
Day seventy-six

Monday, the twentieth of August, 1883. As Swan packed his specimens of fish for the retreat to Masset, I heard the report of a gun, and...an Indian named Kanow arrived....He has come to hunt sea otter and will return to Masset as soon as he kills any.

Double luck had just blown in. Kanow agreed to take Swan's specimens back in his canoe, and with one last northwest gust the wind and rain whirled away. Swan sat in sunshine for the first time in a couple of hundred hours and began to write the reversal of the defeat.

Aug. 20 letter/bk, Kanow's arrival:

This unexpected arrival and the relieving of our canoe of the weight of the case of specimens which weighs as much as nearly three hundred pounds, he noted elsewhere—as a barrel of beef will make our canoe much lighter and as the Indians have been at work repairing her today, I hope we can make a start tomorrow early if the wind is fair. I have told Johnny to cook enough this evening so that we shall not have to go ashore tomorrow until we camp for the night.
to the summit is at least a hundred feet. Struggling to the top, they

Landing at 1 P.M. on a pebbly beach composed of paving stones and shell,
we pulled and paddled, now against wind and tide and finally made a

Postcard: Knowing of a camping ground at a place called (likely place name)
in late morning, when mist shut down thick and the rain commenced,

Unreadable text:

we had very nearly made it to Skidgate.

Postcard: In a patch of cow pasture, near one of the campsites, the group

were foregone, the honor. The group had been pitched

out by morning.

Postcard: and then the group set out on and on until at sun down we landed on High Island.

Postcard: Then we set out for speed and the canoe went on and on until at sunset we landed on High Island.

Postcard: Suor and Danie after a heavy dinner played.

Postcard: Suor and Danie after a heavy dinner played.

Postcard: Suor and Danie after a heavy dinner played.

Postcard: Suor and Danie after a heavy dinner played.
found a tent site under large evergreens, a perfect picnic ground in any Country but such a rainy one. Swan sought out a small dry cave, sat down and wrote my diary in pencil to be copied into my journal.

There was progress to report to himself:

Pocket diary, Aug. 22 at Hippa, after "wrote these notes" ...

...did pretty well today... But

That night, a severe attack of neuralgia in my head which induced me to retire after taking my 9 o'clock meteorological readings....

He slept until seven the next morning, which approached noon in his habits, and arose refreshed and feeling unusually bright which I attributed to the healthful influence of the fragrant spruce boughs which formed the groundwork of my couch. Good health seemed rampant:

Deans was unmauised, and Edinso's back was better. Indeed, the chief was so jovial that he related:

The day was of how he had found the gold--white stones--which set off the Gold Belt region on the west coast of Morestly Island in 1849.

Edinso's tale of the many anecdotes and incidents of his early life. His main tale of the

In a few weeks he learned that Edinso's historic prospecting had been performed by another Haida. A Munchausenism, he edited into Edinso's fable.)
The weather grabbed them again. The twenty-fourth of August:

Friday Aug. 24

The rain beat through the tent in a fine mist like an umbrella under an eave gutter...while a small brooklet found its way under my bed.

soggy canoe party

As they sat out the hours around the campfire, a stone exploded in the blaze with a smart report. Swan guessed the explosion caused by water in a cavity of the stone which converted into steam. Not so the Edinso version: ...it was the Spirits who were angry and had made the recent bad weather. He then threw a quantity of grease and some tobacco in the fire as a sort of peace offering.

Swan made an offer of his own by stenciling a marker displaying the following legend, "James G. Swan. U.S. National Museum & U.S. Fish

James G Swan  US National Museum & US Fish Commission
Washington DC  with James Deans Indian Department Victoria BC
Camped here Aug 23. 24. 25. 1883  Edinso chief of Massett

Edinso  chief of Massett Captain of canoe
Johnny Kit Elsa  SkillA  Tsal  Kundai  Hanow
SelaKootKung  crew of canoe

I nailed this board to a tree where it will be a conspicuous object on landing, to any one who may be so unfortunate as to camp at this place hereafter.
Day seventy-six

Now a few hours from Skidegate Channel, Swan and party made a late start the morning of August twenty-fifth, 7 o'clock instead of 5 which we should have done...

on Swan's part. Luckily we found the water smooth, and the canoe slid easily.

Johnny had collected some spruce gum yesterday, and every one in all hands took a piece, and soon the jaws of the whole party were in motion...We found the gum an excellent thing to chew before breakfast, cleaning the mouth, strengthening the stomach and adding the appetite.

Chawing along in the improved weather, the paddlers idled more than Swan wanted, and stopped at one point to shoot at seals. ...After a delay of three quarters of an hour without killing any we again started and lazily proceeded. In

As the pace of paddling drooped, Swan's temper went up. By now had come

letrbk, Aug 25

...a light wind from the SW which was fair. I asked why sail was not set. The reply was, "by and by," and the Indians stopped to light their pipes. Swan erupted to Edinso that I would not pay for any more time to be thrown away...Finally the men took to their oars of their own accord, and having set two sails, for the first time since leaving Massett, we began to advance...
Swan may have won the skirmish, but Edinso took the day. The canoeists entered Skidegate Channel so late they met the ebb tide, and had to put to shore for the night.

Idled away too much time, Swan grumps to his diary that evening. The better news was that delay was the worst he had suffered.

Sat., Aug. 25.

I feel thankful that I am so near my journey, and in good health and that no accident has happened to us.

The next morning, Swan had everyone up by half past eight, and by 9:30 they pushed in at the Skidegate Oil Works and were very kindly received by Mr. William Sterling, the Superintendent, who at once ordered a nice breakfast for us. And Mr. Alexander McGregor, his partner, who offered me a room in his house to write in and spread my bedding making me more comfortable than I have been at any time since leaving Nasset.
After the watery three weeks of exploration, Swan's mood now is a mix of triumph and relief.

Swan's mood was relief, glad that I have ended this tedious and perilous journey from Masset to this place without accident. Old Edinso has purposely delayed our travel, as he told Johnny, "The more days the more pay." But I felt safe with the old fellow as he is very skillful in handling a canoe.

In the mellowness of the moment, Swan allowed Edinso to use a tent and told Johnny, Kit Elsaw, to give the Indians the balance of the rice which was enough for a good meal, a lot of biscuit, tea, sugar and some bacon.

By the time Edinso sets off up the coast to Masset, however, Swan is back to inscribing him in the diary as the biggest old fraud I have ever have had dealings with and been told by Johnny.

Johnny told me this evening that when Edinso was about leaving he stole one of the stone water jugs I had bought at Massett. "Johnny asked him what he meant by taking it, and the old villain said I gave it to him. Johnny took it away... He also told me that at one of the camps, the men threatened to leave and walk back to Massett if Edinso did not start. He told them that the more days they could add to the trip the more money they would get. They say the old man's lame back was all sham.
With Edinso out of his system, Swan next hurries a letter off to Baird at the Smithsonian...20 days on the trip...head winds and rain all the time...With the exception of the temperature being mild--54° the weather has been like the winter weather off Cape Flattery....The steamer Princess Louise, taking a cargo of dogfish oil at the Skidegate refinery, will convey the mail to Victoria. The fish specimens delivered to Masset by the providential otter hunter will be shipped from there by the Hudson's Bay Company; a fishing crew of Indians has been sent off for some black cod, and Swan will bring the last specimen Swan needs. The summer's final task is to gather more art from the Haidas, and here as at Neah Bay, the Indian children turn out to be Swan's ambassadors to their elders.

It is the twenty-eighth of August when Rev. Mr. Robinson the Methodist Missionary came from Skidegate village this morning with Ellswarsh and his wife, Sam his dumb boy and Ellen his youngest girl a child of about seven years...Two years ago this family with an elder daughter Soddul were in Port Townsend and occupied a room near my office where Ellswarsh worked making silver bracelets and other articles of jewelry. The children were very fond of me and came to my office every day and they had not forgotten the kind treatment they received from me. Ellswarsh...
Then the words of reward Ellswarsh invited me to go to his house at Skidgate village where had some things to show me.

After breakfast, the first of September, Johnny rowed me to Skidgate village. The distance is about two miles. On landing I found Sam, Ellswarsh's boy waiting on the beach and dancing for joy.

He took my coat and drawing book to the house where I found Ellswarsh and wife, Goodall and her husband and little Ellen who jumped in my lap with every demonstration of delight. She is a full blood Indian child, very pretty and interesting.

As soon as our salutations were over, a mat was spread on the floor and two chairs placed, one for me and one for Johnny. Then clean water in a wash bowl with soap and a clean towel to wash our hands and faces. By the time we had finished, the Indians began to come in with things to sell.

Leetbk and pocket diary, Sept 1

Swank's diary becomes a blizzard of buying:

dance skirt and legging...carved spoon...scana mask...crow mask...Embroidered dance shirt of blue blanket, red figure, very fine...

...but as it was Saturday and I wanted to look around the village I concluded to defer other purchases till Monday.
One matter Swan decided he had deferred long enough: his feelings toward Deans. Throughout the journey along the western shore, Swan's diary entries on his companion remained polite. Suspiciously polite, though, as if the diarist did not want any commotion if wrong eyes found the pages. But now that Swan doesn't have to share canoe and campfire with Deans, Swan unloads his wrath:

letrbk Sept 1

I find that Mr. James Deans, who accompanied me from Masset and represented that he is in the employ of Dr. Powell has proved himself a great nuisance by interfering with my Indian trade and purchase of curiosities. He represented to parties here that he was in my employ and made bargains with Indians to take me about in canoes which I repudiated. He is filthy in his habits, and untruthful to a degree. I have not suffered him to go with me since I arrived here, and wish I never had seen the man. That wish will be multiplied in a month or so when Swan discovers that Powell's Indian Department will not reimburse him for any of the expenses of the free-lancing Deans.

Sept. 2, '83, pocket diary.

Sunday, the second of September, the Indians he had sent for black cod returned with 25 of the fish. Specimens they may have been, but I had the tongues cut out and fried, and a chowder made of the heads, and roes and livers fried. They were all first rate...
Monday, the first of September, brings another bargain, with Ellswarsh to come tomorrow morning and take me in his large canoe to Skedanse villages, Cusshewas, Laskeek and other places along the eastern shores of the Queen Charlottes.
Day seventy-nine

On Ch 58:

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, "Indians don't eat them but chinamen eat them." 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. The chinamen, said he, are different people from Indians we don't eat slugs and crows, they would make us sick, but the chinamen like them, 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 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 was not easily startled, but in the burial house noticed 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 Seapen 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 totem pole carving, but a sudden favorable wind decided the expedition to return at once to Skedans village.

Supportive at Skedans found Swan pensive—

I would have been willing to have passed several days at Heskeek 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 totemic ceremonies in ancient style which I would much like to witness.

Sunday.

Ninth of September. Gale of wind and torrents of rain all night and this morning. The sabbath produced an odd little 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 o'clock 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 forgotten the next morning as Swan and Ellswarsh readied to return to Skidegate. The Haidas took it as the moment to bargain. Indian life articles began to bring their things for sale and I bought quite a lot. One purchase threatened to 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 purchased had a sacred meaning and he disliked to have the emblem of their secret performances sold to a white man, but I was determined to have the whole lot... Finally young Kitkune let me have the lot.

At ten in the morning, I 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, their canoe pulled past a point where there is a cave which looks like a nostril hence the name Koon-belas, or nose hole... Early afternoon, wind S.S.E. light, and the sail was hoisted. Soon before dark, the canoe scraped ashore at the village of Skidegate.

Swan's 60 days of unveiling the Queen Charlottes ended. The refinery manager told him a supply steamer would depart for Victoria in a matter of days...
Swan's 90 days of unveiling the Queen Charlottes had 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 him the supply steamer Skidegate would depart for Victoria in a matter of days.

Victoria in a few 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 masquerade performances I cannot remain but must avail myself of this opportunity to return to civilization.