

TOTEM POLES ACCORDING TO CRESTS AND TOPICS
THE SALMON-EATER TRADITION

The tradition of the Salmon-Eater or Gitrhawn clan of the Tsimisyans, Haidas, and Tlingits embodies what the natives of these three north Pacific Coast nations consider the true story of their migrations "out of the Foam" — that is, across the northern seas — down the Alaska sea-coast to their present scattered stations. Their totem poles illustrate some of the salient points in the few narratives so far recorded since 1927, from aged informants, shortly before their death. These carved illustrations on tall pillars of wood erected close to the seashore as memorials to their chiefs after they had passed away, are now part of an armorial system to which anthropologists have given the name of totems. Closely resembling European coats of arms, they are the exclusive property of the members of the clan. But this jealously-guarded possession is no older, among them, than are their actual racial experiences in an unsettled past. The chronology of their fairly recent adoption unfolds itself in the narratives; it begins with the Eagle, the double-headed Eagle (or Russian Imperial Split-Eagle), the Thunderbird, and a few leading crests, which, they acknowledge, were new to them. The oldest do not antedate the historic phase of the sea-otter trade with China, which in the past two centuries or so, have thrown the Russians, the British, the Americans, and other seafaring nationalities, together with the wild natives— until then untrammelled in their prehistoric pursuits. Once the fur-trade interference began its inroads on native life, it never ceased to grow, particularly after 1760, until our time, and its influence entirely changed the outer face of native culture. Curiosity at first, then hostility and a craving for foreign articles, particularly copper and iron, trade blankets, China goods, abalone shells from California, flared up and transformed a primitive horde into a people intensely involved in economic pursuits of an international overseas brand. Most of these hunters of furs were coastwise; others were from the adjacent rivers and mountains. From the moment of their discovery and their ready enlistment to the service of the fur traders — some of them freebooters in the early days — they were obsessed with the yearly coming of the seafarers in sailing ships, and made every effort to avail themselves of whatever benefits would accrue to them from the barter. Their search for furs enhanced the value, so far trivial, of their ample hunting grounds; these became sacred, inviolate, subject to the sanction of death. The greed for wealth, social ambitions and rivalries, warfare and raids, the ability of some to travel long distances along the coast in dug-out canoes or inland as middlemen in the fur business, the slave trade which extended as far as California — the Haidas and the Tsimisyans being great raiders — the adoption of coats of arms, first to imitate the great white traders, then as an emulation among themselves; all worked together and brought about a great upheaval, which for a period became intensely productive. It introduced the so-called "totemic" system, the memorial and carved poles which, in the second part of the nineteenth century, became a striking feature of a transitional life among the leading tribes. The purpose of this book is to bring out the cultural aspects of these activities, only in so far as totem poles, house posts and frontals are concerned, many years after the collapse of the fur trade and of all native institutions and incentives. The fur trade now is only a vestige of what it used to be, and the Indians themselves, decimated long ago almost

to the point of extinction, are forsaking their recent past and are adopting modern ways for good or evil.

Origin of the Salmon-Eater Clan. This historic tradition (*adaorh*) was recorded in Kincolith at the mouth of Nass River, in 1927. The narrator was Qayarh or Sakaouwan, a chief of the leading Eagle clan of Gitrhawn known as Chief Mountain. He was then a very old man, blind, and lying on a couch. The interpreter was Paahl, Charles Barton, an elderly chief of a Wolf clan on the Nass.

During the great upheaval, through the foam caused by the flood, emerged our canoes, the canoes of the Gitrhawn (Salmon-Eater) tribe. They parted from one another, although they belonged to the people who were relatives. Gitrhawn for one travelled his own way on the calm waters, and was lost to the others in the foam (*rhkæq*). When the wind rose and blew the foam away, the seafolk beheld the land, a land unknown to them. They landed together from their six canoes and established a village on the shore. Here they encountered other people, earlier occupants, and as food was plentiful they made a good living.

Gitrhawn had a cap of cormorant skins (*haots*) with feathers, and wore it whenever it rained. There on the seashore, he and his tribe lived for many years. He and his folk learned the language of the Rhaidas (Haidas), a people of the Queen Charlotte Islands who spoke one language; they too had come from elsewhere. The Haida village called Qona Village of the Grizzly Bears, stood on one side of a large bay, and that of Gitrhawn or Salmon-Eater, on the other side.

Ka'it, the chief of the Grizzly Bears, had a nephew who wanted to marry Salarhkons, Salmon-Eater's niece. He sent delegates to Salmon-Eater to propose the marriage, and his proposal was accepted. As soon as Ka'it learned about the acceptance, he had a lot of tough pitch wood gathered, and filled large bags of it in a lodge close to him.

The uncles of the bridegroom and their attendants went to the village of Gitrhawn, Salmon-Eater, to get the bride, a high princess and very proud. They carried her down to the seashore, sat her on a moose skin on the boards laid across the top of two canoes, and brought her back to Ka'it's lodge. There they placed her alongside the bridegroom in readiness for the wedding, and gave her refreshments.

She possessed a robe of sea-otter skin, and a very fine second robe of young sea-otter; over these she wore a chief's gala garment (*gus-hallait*) for ceremonies. The over-robe was a garment of very smooth leather decorated with *tseek* beads from the sea (*dentalia*). Her breeches were of leather. In those days people knew of no dress. A young woman of her rank wore only trousers and four robes. Her fine hair was combed very nicely.

When the evening came, the newlyweds retired for the night. Ka'it's nephew, the princely bridegroom, took the pitch-wood [made torches], set fire to one, and bade Salarhkons, his bride, hold it up, as he lay down to sleep. She sat all night holding up the light. As the fire burned the wood down to her hand, she rolled up her robe of *tsisku* leather around her hand to protect it. She kept rolling up the robe, rolling it up, while the torch was giving out light and burning down. When the morning arrived, the remnants of the robe were in a bundle. She spread them on the ground and lay on them after throwing away the burning pitch.

The people came in later in the morning. They sat Selarhkons up and fed her. Ka'it's nephew, after daylight, ate with her. His uncle then told him, "You should not act as you do. Why have you, fool, forced this young woman to hold up the torch. Serious trouble is bound to occur. We may all pay for it with our lives, and our uncles are sure of being killed. Do not forget that we have to deal with Gitrhawn's tribe." But the bridegroom did not change his ways. During the four following nights, he had his bride hold up more torches, and she scorched her four garments trying to shield her hand from the fire. On the fourth morning nothing was left, and she found herself wholly undressed. Ka'it's uncle offered her a robe in the style of the country (of bear skin), but she refused it, pushed it off, and went outside naked. At that moment, her uncles were bringing food with the intention of giving it to her husband, according to the *lugyin* rule. A great feast had been called to celebrate the marriage. As soon as the callers saw Selarhkons, they realized what had happened, and hastened back with their gifts of food.

When they came over once more, under the leadership of Gitrhawn, it was to wage war on Ka'it's tribe. Selarhkons had gone away from their village and disappeared without any one being able to tell where. The two tribes, those of the Salmon-Eater and the Grizzly Bears fought and killed off a great many of each other. After the fight, Gitrhawn's people looked for the niece of their chief, but could not discover her. They later found, a good distance away, the stone statue of the woman standing at the head of a lake, her legs bridging a stream issuing from her. The Salmon-Eater folk were frightened, because this statue was Selarhkons so transformed. They prayed (*giginerhku*) to the lake, which they noticed was a great resort for trout (*laurh*).

Gitrhawn's nephews — Quawm, Laas, Kilæskilæ, Kwawkyans, and his own son decided to return to this lake to fish trout. Gitrhawn's son took his father's Cormorant cap and wore it. To this his father objected, saying, "You had better not wear this cap. Your grandmother would advise you not to, for if you do, things may not turn out right; even dangers may be in the making." But the young man was headstrong; he did not pay any attention. Taking a spear, he and his four companions went to the lake for trout. At night they paddled off in a canoe. When they reached their destination and had hauled up their canoe, they hastened to the edge of the lake, fixed a platform over the water, and stood on it to spear the trout.

Salmon-Eater's son, who wore the Cormorant cap, could not catch any fish. As soon as he looked down into the water for the trout, his hat would fall off into the lake. Four times this happened. Angered, he cursed (*hakys*) the lake, addressing his words to the stone statue: "Here is your cap!¹ I know that you don't want me to wear it. So there you are, you woman with a wet . . . A stream is running out of you!" Casting angrily his spear at the fish, he broke it, and looked for the canoe at the edge of the bush. His friends meanwhile made a fire there near the lake, and got ready for a meal. They fried the trout over the fire, and sat around it together. When the fish was cooked, they laid two, ready to eat, on the bark of a tree. As they were waiting for the fish to cool off a little, suddenly a frog leaped out of the fire right onto the hot food, and pushed it into the flames. One of the young

¹ Because of the rule of matrilinear descent, the Cormorant hat belonged to a nephew or a niece, not to the child (son or daughter). Ka'it's son, therefore, was guilty of infringing on an acknowledged privilege among the three northernmost nations of the north Pacific Coast.

fishermen, vexed, took the frog, and threw it away. It fell on a stone, and was killed. More trout were cooked for their supper. But the same thing happened, only this time the frog leaping out of the fire was larger than the first, and the trout again were lost. Four times this happened. The last time, a large frog leaped out of the fire; its eyes, mouth, and claws were of copper, and copper covered its body. It upset the bark dish containing the roasted fish onto the fire. More angry than ever, the prince threw the frog on the red embers and held it down there with his spear handle. *Purh!* the frog burst. Darkness at once shrouded the lake. The young fishermen, much frightened, hastened to drag their canoe out and paddle away. One of them, Salmon-Eater's son, instead of paddling, hid himself at the bottom near the bow. He was the one who had killed the copper frog.

Before they had gone very far, the fishermen beheld a flash of lightning in the lake. In its flare a woman appeared out of the woods and began to chase them. She was like a pillar of flame. In her hand she held a cane, on the top of which sat a frog, whose name was Copper-all-around (*trhagilkalog*). She cried out, "Because of your rashness you shall all die." Paddling with all their power, they hurried away. But she had not yet finished threatening them: "When you reach the point of land ahead, the paddler at the bow shall drop dead." When they arrived there, one of the young men fell down lifeless. Once again the spirit of the lake cried out: "When you pass the second point, another one of you shall die." The paddler next to the bow, Kwawkyans, dropped lifeless; the Woman cried once more: "When you come to the third point, it shall be the turn of the third one of you." Only one man, Quawm, now was left paddling, as Laas was hiding at the bottom of the canoe, where he could not see the Woman of Fire coming. Only Quawm could look at her. She cried out to him: "At the village, after you have told the people what has happened, you too shall die." Quawm paddled away with all his power, and kept silent after he had reached the village. The people there found the young men dead in the canoe, and wondered what had happened. He answered, "I will tell you only after a while. Wait until I am ready." He stepped ashore, dressed himself up, and sat down. Then he said, pointing to Gitrhawn, "It is you, you are at fault. You have allowed your son to wear the Hat of Cormorant." Angry, he hit the water with the cap, and cursed the stone statue. "It is because of the statue that the fire has inflicted death upon us." These words were no sooner uttered than he fell dead.

Laas, the only one left alive, had not seen Selarhkons, the Woman of Fire. Now the crackling of flames came from the woods towards the village. While everybody was gazing on, a frog leaped out of the fire into the chief's house. Gitrhawn said, "Take this frog, and throw it into the fire." Laas caught the frog whose name (in Haida) was Kadeskyis, and cast it into the brazier. Then he pinned it down with a stick. *Purh!* the frog burst, and put the fire out. A stream of lava poured down from the hills, and consumed every one.

Before the fire had reached the village, a woman at the outskirts saw it coming and, with her daughter, rushed to a large pit which she had dug as a refuge. Once inside, she closed the entrance with seven copper shields and covered them with sod. There they both stayed buried and huddled together until the fire had died down. When they came out and found that their village was no more, the woman took to the pit the little food that was left — some

dried halibut and a little whale grease — and buried the coppers in the same hole. She went about the destroyed village and tried to recover whatever of use was left. The only things she found were stone adzes and pots. After she had heaped them up in one pile, she walked to the end of the village where her uncles had placed their seven canoes under cover. They were not burned. As she sat there with her daughter, she ate the little food still left over.

While eating and gazing out to sea, she beheld sails (*ahlaw'*) a long way off. They were made of mats (*alawkom-skane'*), and she counted six. The canoes came to shore, and those manning them — Gitrhahla people or People-of-the-Narrows — stepped off, and found only brownish ashes and earth where the settlement had stood. Among them was a chief named Luhlan-kyemnae'q and an old slave. As they were looking over the place where the village had been, the slave found the girl and brought her along. (Her mother, meanwhile, had disappeared.) She said, "I will go away with you only if you tow my canoes along." This they agreed to do, and her seven canoes were saved.

As the Gitrhahla were towing the canoes which now belonged to her, she donned the Cap of Cormorant, and began to sing a dirge about the Woman who had brought destruction upon the village: "Selarhkons . . . is the one who caused the fire which burned out all the Rhaidas."

This young woman eventually was married to Luhlan-kyemnae'q. Within a year she brought forth a child, a son; her second child was a daughter. The seven canoes were then sold at her bidding. She then gave a feast, and bestowed the name of Gitrhawn — Salmon-Eater — to her son. When they later migrated to the Queen Charlotte Islands, they found that the village of their adoption was complete again, that the houses after the fire had all been rebuilt and were filled with people. But they did not speak the same language, for they were ghosts (*luleq*). This is the reason why, on those islands, there is still a place called Gishlawas (the Ghosts became men). This young woman had more children, ten in all. Among them was Skya'an — a daughter, and Kilæskilæes, Quawm, Kwawkyans, Laaš, Laka-wæsk, Gyedarhao. These names are now owned by Nass River people and others elsewhere. Two of the children travelled to the Nass River and had offspring there. That is how Gitrhawn — Salmon-Eater — came to be known on the Nass, and became a great chief. Another Gitrhawn, at the same time, went up Skeena River to the village of Gitsemkælem; and yet another settled at Larhsail in the Tlingit country to the north.

After Gitrhawn's family had increased on the Nass, the mother gathered much food, and said to her sons, "You had best go over and present some Nass River food to your grandfather whose home is on the Queen Charlotte Islands." She told them how to proceed on their journey, and three set out in a good canoe, Quawm, the oldest, Kilæskilæes, and one woman. When they reached the neighbourhood of Gitrhahla, they watched for an opportunity to cross, and did their best to follow the directions of their mother: "Go out west of the island — avoid the east." So they did. But when they saw a fine sandy beach, they forgot what their mother had said, that is, "Don't play on the sand!" The day was fine, and the sandy beach so smooth that the two boys forgot their mother's warning. Without making a camp, they tarried a long while on the sand, until the wind changed. A storm broke out and damaged their dug-out canoe, which they had forgotten on the beach.

When they rushed to it, they found it filled up with water. Only a few smoked salmon and some boxes of oolaken grease could they save. Their dried and smoked berries were soaked in salt water. As the tide was rising, they managed to haul their canoe up the beach and turn it over. It was split. They spent that stormy night under it.

The wind changed to the southeast, and rain fell heavily. For six days they used their canoe as a shelter while they stayed there. A strange man appeared to them. They realized that he was a spirit (*narhnok*) who enquired what they were doing there. They answered, "Spirit, we were on our way to Larha'iderh (On-Haida), to give our grandfather some Nass River food. But our gifts now are spoilt, our dug-out is almost broken up, and we are about to starve." The stranger looked as if he were wrapped up in a robe. On his head he had a dark headgear like a cap. After gazing at them, he said, "I will help you."

After the spirit had placed two round stones in his mouth, one on each side, he took the young woman, and placed her under his left wing — for his arms had changed to wings. The two boys he held under his right wing. He told them to hold fast. As he had become a bird, he took flight with the three of them in the direction of the islands. About half of the way across, a stone dropped from his mouth and became a large rock in the sea. He said, "This will remind your grandchildren what is happening now. I will drop another rock when we are about to land on the shore." Before landing with them, he dropped a round rock on the beach. There it is still — a large rock in the water — near Gitrhahla, and the people still like to point to it. They camped there at night on the seashore, until daybreak. Once more the huge bird took them under his wings, bidding them not to look out lest an accident befall them.

He soared at a great height with them, and whirled round and round. The roar of his wings beating the air deafened them. They were utterly lost until, about midday, he swooped down, and brought them to the end of the village of Gihlkayo on the Queen Charlotte Islands, whence he had come. Being a spirit, the Supernatural-Eagle (*narhnarom-rhskyæk*), he warned them not to look out as yet, not until he had disappeared. The young men refrained for a while from opening their eyes, but the woman looked out. She saw the monster bird, who truly was the Eagle of the Sea (*hagwelawrom-rhskyæk*). Each of its wings must have been ten fathoms long, and its tail was monstrous. As she saw the spirit that had carried them through the air, she said to Quawm, "Look at the size of this bird!" She repeated these words to Kilæskilæs, and the Eagle, aware that he had been seen, dived down towards the sea, landed on the surface of the water with a terrific splash, and flopped there a long time, to sink to the bottom in the end.

This monster Sea-Eagle had a white head (*masqis*) and a broad garment (*gameks*) over his shoulder. He looked like an old chief. After he had disappeared under the water, they thought that he was drowned. Grieved, they intoned a dirge song (*lemaw'i*) to the words, "The Great Eagle has cried out. The heavens have shaken because he has flown with us over the sea."

This Spirit Eagle was carved in stone just as he had appeared to the Gitrhahla folk. It was as if he had turned to stone under their hands. His size was impressive. Bright shells covered his head from the tip of his bill all the way over the head down to the tail, also under his body. His beak

curved down and backwards like a hook (similar to that of the Thunderbird).

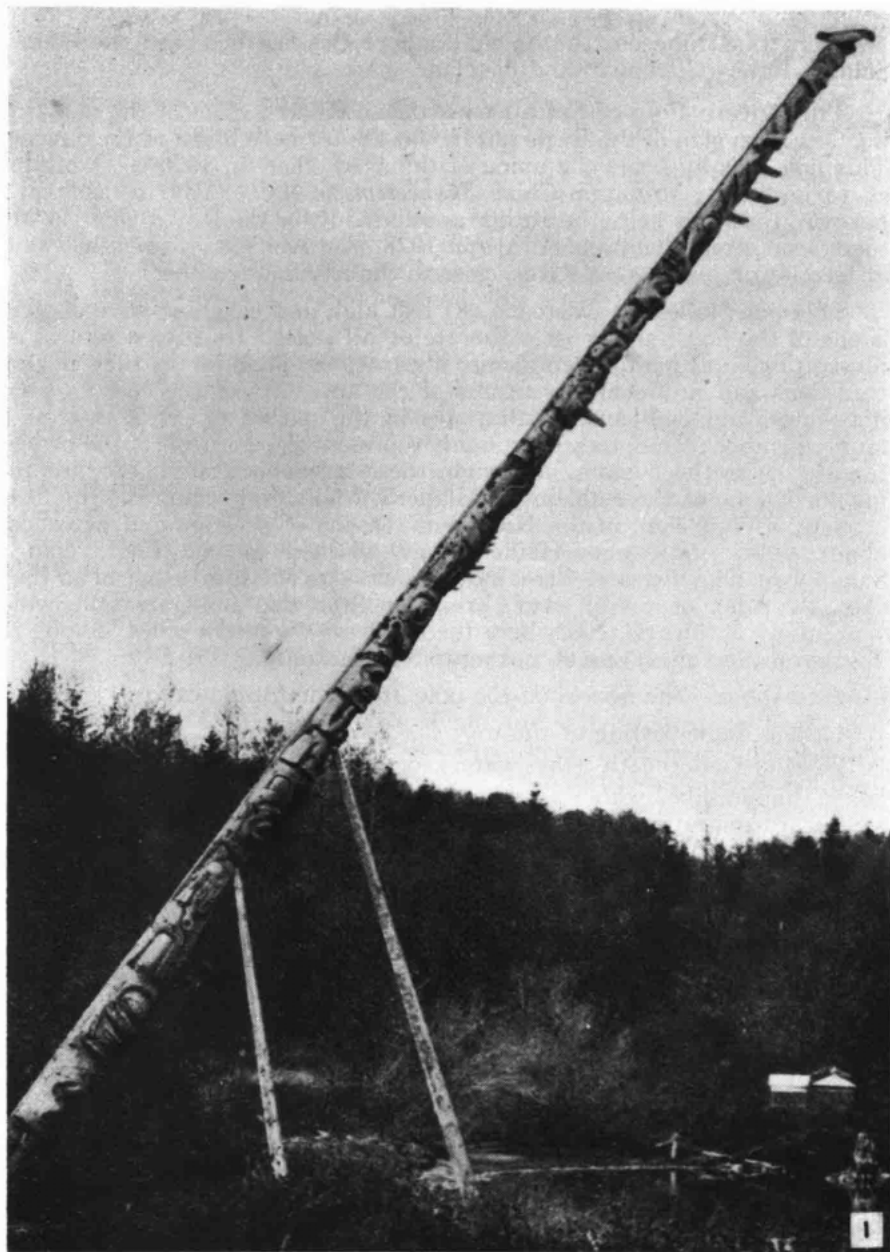
From that time on, the Spirit Eagle of the Sea has been the crest of Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn) and his clan.

The Totem Pole of Sakau'wan (Nass River), chief of the outstanding Gitrhawn clan of the Eagle phratry at the former village of Gwunwawq. This pole usually bears the name of the aged chief (in 1926) — Mountain or to be exact, Mountain-Chief *Skaneesemsem'oiget* — who considered it his own. From his heirs the author purchased it for the Royal Ontario Museum soon after Mountain's death in 1928. For over sixty years it had stood at Geetiks on lower Nass River, close to the Alaskan frontier.

This pole, tallest in existence (81 feet high and weighing several tons), is one of the finest and most elaborate of all poles. Its fifteen figures are illustrations and heraldic emblems; illustrations, in so far as they portray traditions and mythical adventures of the ancestors of the clan to which it belongs; and emblems, as they are in the nature of coats of arms or family symbols. Here they do not only represent the emblems of the owner's family, as is the custom, although these predominate. There are also included some of the emblems of Hladerh, who at one time was the head-chief of a Wolf clan on the Nass. For reasons of prestige and expansion, about eighty years ago, Hladerh was adopted in the Eagle clan of Sakau'wan. The mixture of two independent sets of crests — one of an Eagle clan, the other of a Wolf clan — resulted from this amalgamation, which was purely accidental. Elsewhere the emblems on totem poles, among the Tsimshians and the Tlingits, belong to one clan only.

Description. The figures on the pole, from the top down, are:

1. The Eagle, sitting at the top;
2. Man-Underneath (the water) or *gyadem-tso'yerh*, a supernatural being, human-like, who was seen by the ancestors of the clan in their southward migrations on the Alaskan coast. This mythical being emerged from the sea, holding two fish by the tail—salmon or halibut—and he was taken on as an emblem of the people in their migrations;
3. The Shark (*qat*) or the supernatural fish called *Kandah*, a familiar crest of several clans of the Eagles on the sea-coast;
4. Uwait, a supernatural wooden man, harmless, whom the ancestors are supposed to have seen long ago in their peregrinations;
5. Dragon-Fly (*wil'æq*), with a human-like face and long sharp nose in the form of a bill, an emblem of some of the Wolf clans of the interior and introduced here to represent Hladerh, the chief of a Nass River Wolf clan adopted within Sakau'wan's clan. Around the head of the Dragon-Fly is a crown like that worn by chiefs, with a row of small human faces. This presumably stands for Hladerh's own head-dress or crown, which he wore on ceremonial occasions;
6. Bullhead (*maskayæt*), a monster of the sea resembling the common bullhead. Its body was supposedly covered with human faces, such as are seen on some of its carved representations. Here only one face is introduced on the fan-like end of the tail, which is turned back. Bullhead was one of Sakau'wan's crests;



Totem pole of Sakau'wan, at Gitiks

7. and 8. Aitl, the large person with hands up and palms forward, and Gunas, the smaller human being in front of him — two ancestors who were drowned in the sea during the southward migrations of the Eagle clan;



Lower parts of Sakau'wan's totem pole (right) and of the Eagle's Nest

9. and 10. The Eagle-Halibut emblem, a monster of the sea, part eagle and part fish, that swallowed up Gunas when he was swimming after his canoe had capsized; Gunas is represented a second time here, as if seen in the Halibut's body;

11. Gunas' uncle, who went down to the edge of the sea after he was drowned, is represented here in miniature form — a human face between the large ears of the Eagle-Halibut;

12. The Cormorant (*haots'*), a small detached figure of a bird with outspread wings which chief Sakau'wan declared was not his coat of arms. It seems to have been another badge of Hladerh, the Wolf chief adopted by this Eagle clan. It is also used by other Wolf families of the interior, who claim that it was ceded to them by a former Sakau'wan, as compensation for a murder;

13. Devil-Fish (*takal'owntk*), a monster of the deep sea, described as a powerful shellfish (*hadzalt*) or a devilfish with 'suckers' or fingers. It caught Aitl, an ancestor of the clan mentioned above, and held him fast until he was drowned under the rising tide;

14. A second representation here of Man-Underneath (*gyadem-tso'yerh*), a supernatural being seen by the ancestors in their southward migrations along the coast.

These heraldic figures are explained to the satisfaction of the natives in myths accounting for their origin, and handed down from generation to generation. Long traditional narratives describe how the Eagle clans migrated down the coast from the north, had strange experiences, and encountered supernatural beings. Other accounts concern the Dragon-Fly, an emblem of the Wolf clan of Hladerh, represented about the centre of the pole. Briefly, such a one is as follows:

The myth of the Dragon-Fly. A young unmarried woman of this clan, whose name was Yaw'l, broke her seclusion taboos to play with her brothers. Although it was summertime, a heavy fall of snow covered the ground at night. When the brothers and sister looked outside, they found themselves in a strange country; their house was nearly covered with snow. Huge-Belly, a monstrous being, appeared from time to time, calling the young taboo-breakers outside, one by one, in order to cut them open with his long, sharp, glass-like nose, and hang their bodies on the rafters of his lodge to smoke and dry like split salmon. One of them managed to kill him. The slayer took to flight with his sister and remaining brothers, but to little avail. A female being of the same kind, Ksemkaigyet, who could draw out her nose into a sharp knife, pursued them. As they hid in a tree at the edge of a lake, she detected their shadows in the frosty waters and dived several times to capture them, until she was quite frozen. Then they killed her. But before she died, she declared, "The people will always suffer from my nose." From her remains were born the mosquitoes and other pests. The crests of the Dragon-Fly and Large-Belly, which they adopted after this supernatural experience, were inherited in the family of the survivors, who belonged at first to the family of Luus and Kyawlugyet, of Qaldo on upper Skeena River.

Migrations southward of the Hagwenuket Eagles. The following narrative was dictated in Niskæ by Chief Mountain (Sakau'wan) and interpreted by Charles Barton (Pahl), chief of a Wolf clan at Gitrhadeen.

The majority of the emblems of this totem pole — the Eagle, Man-Underneath (the water), the Shark, Bullhead, Devil-Fish and others — are accounted for in the tradition of the Eagle clan migrations, particularly

as reinterpreted in the Eagle clan to which chief Sakau'wan belonged. This Eagle clan is known under the name of HagwenuDET, which usually means Fugitive, but the ancestors in the clan were not really fugitives; they had not taken to flight before their enemies, but were heading for the Nass River. This is the contention of Sakau'wan and other members of the Eagle clans. Here is a summary of Mountain's narrative (*adaaorh*) dealing with the migrations from the north of the HagwenuDET clan.

Six canoes, loaded with our ancestors, once landed outside Thlawak on what is now Prince of Wales Island, in southern Alaska. They meant to settle down, but failed to make a living there. Not knowing where they were at the time, they decided to go on moving down the coast until they would find Leeseems — the Nass. During their migration in the canoes, some of them died; others were born. For two moons they paddled, after they had left Thlawak. Then they arrived at Saneenæ, a place which other people before them had deserted, after they had drifted off to some other place.

While they sojourned at Saneenæ, Aitl, one of the young men, went down at ebb-tide to the seashore for shellfish. A big stone stood exposed with a hole under it. He took a long stick and poked into the hole, which was then filled with water, to see whether any living thing hid there. Something snapped at the stick and he could not pull it out. It was a huge Devil-Fish. Aitl tried to capture it with his hands, but the monster caught him with its mighty tentacles, and tried to pull him in. To protect himself he held on to the rock near him with one hand, but found himself much the worse for it. The two valves of a large shellfish (*kal'un*) clinging to the crevices in the stone, closed on his fingers. When this happens to a man he knows that he is lost, for the *kal'un* is large and deadly; it never gives up its prey. The tide was already rising. His brothers, noticing his plight, came down to his rescue, but were at a loss to know what to do. The arm was caught fast. In haste they soaked a seal stomach pouch and inflated it. They attached it to him as a float. In despair he spoke to them in Tlingit, as this was the language of our ancestors, "Cry for me!" These words he kept on repeating in the face of the on-coming tide. They have become a dirge for us, in the Tlingit: '*Hiyanawhæ* . . . Cry for me!'

While Aitl and his brother sang this dirge, the tide rose past Aitl, and in spite of the float which was meant to make him buoyant, he was drowned. His body fell back, and it was removed by force, burnt, and his ashes were buried on the shore. This calamity made the people re-embark and paddle with more determination than ever on their way; they worked day and night, as they had no sail. Now they arrived at Ahlk-nebæh, south of Stikine River, and they passed the Tongas Narrows (*marhla'angyesawnks*).

Salmon was plentiful at the Narrows, the sockeyes especially so. They caught some and roasted the fish on the beach as the day was sunny and warm. It was so fine that the Fugitives for once relaxed in their efforts, and Gunas, a young man, went into the water to swim. A giant halibut rose from the bottom and swallowed him. The people looked for him after he had disappeared, but could find no trace of him. An eagle swooped down to the edge of the water looking for salmon. When the fishermen saw a halibut rising to the surface they caught it and cut it open. There they found the body of Gunas, their dead relative. His flesh had already decayed, but a copper shield surrounded his neck like a collar. Gunas' uncle stood

at the head of the Halibut, and lamented his nephew's death. Here are the words of his dirge — they have become traditional in the Fugitive clan: "This is the place where we encountered the supernatural Halibut."

When Gunas' body was cremated his ashes were buried on the shore, and the flight down the coast was resumed. Near the large body of tide-waters at Akstaql, (now Cape Fox), the Fugitives beheld Man-Underneath (*gyædem-so'yerh*) with his long hair. This monster of the sea looked like a statue holding in his hands a fish by the tail. According to other accounts, Man-Underneath held two king salmon, one with each hand. (It is quite possible that the upper fish on the totem pole may be the King-Salmon instead of the Shark as some people believe.) Sitting in the ocean, the monster was eating the salmon, while the people marvelled at him and decided to take him as an emblem — Man-of-the-Sea or Man-Underneath.

A frightened canoeman sitting in the stern urged, "Let us flee from here, Man-of-the-Sea might devour us all!" While the canoe was turning, he asked his brother facing him, "Is he still eating the salmon?" "Yes, he is eating it." These words never were forgotten to this day. They are repeated in another dirge used at the death of chiefs in our family.

The Fugitives approached Akstaql in fair weather. There they beheld Bullhead (*mas-kayæt*), a large fish, and hastened ashore on a small island. From this vantage point, they gazed for a long while at the monster, whose body was covered by human faces. So impressed were they that they decided to take him as another emblem. Like the others it has been represented since on a number of totem poles. Seeing the monster, an old man wondered, "What is it I behold? What is the being there whose body is alive with human faces?" And these words are embodied in another dirge.

At the other end of Akstaql, the people went ashore where Larhsail now is, and joined the tribe already living there. Together with these earlier occupants, as their opposites (or the other moiety), there our ancestors formed the village of Larhsail, the present Larhsail in southern Alaska. Ka-shaiks of Saxman (near Ketchikan) is their head-chief and our close relative.

A young man and his sister went out in a canoe soon after he had placed on his head an Eagle cap with a stuffed eagle's head. Their canoe capsized, because of a strong wind that suddenly rose from the sea. The man was drowned and his sister saved. Their chief, dressed in his finery, walked down to the beach, lamenting the loss of his nephew. Then the spirit Halibut rose to the top of the water looking like an eagle. The chief in mourning felt his long leather ear-rings with haliotis pearls sewn on; they were longer than his hand and wide as two fingers. He said, "The prince whose canoe capsized shall wear my ear-rings." To him the supernatural Eagle-Halibut in the water was none other than his nephew, now transformed after his drowning. The words of the chief's lament became a fourth dirge, which we still preserve, "Dear boy, wear these ear-rings after death."

Before his chant was ended, a strange canoe landed on the shore with the body of his nephew. Standing near it, he cried out, "Dear son, the Eagle cap still sits on your head." And these words are part of a fifth dirge. The Eagle-Halibut had become one more emblem for our clan. The body was burnt and buried there, at the village of Larhsail, and the people decided to move away, down the coast towards Leesems — the Nass.

They went around Cape Fox (*Akstaql*) and stopped at Tongas (then called *Larhtarwq*), where they saw many canoes filled with people. Here they became acquainted with the grandfather of La'ee, the chief of another Eagle clan now located on the Nass and also the grandfather of Sagya'mas, chief of a leading Wolf clan, the Eagles' opposites, now also of the Nass. Other Eagle and Wolf clans had preceded the Fugitives in their migrations down the coast. They did not stay there very long, but all started with La'ee, Sagya'mas and their people, in their search for Leeseems. They travelled through the Narrows and, without realizing it, cut across the bay at the mouth of the Nass. They made two camps at the place now called Tsem'adeen, on both sides of the inlet near the mouth of a river. They built a fish fence across the river with a trap to catch salmon. The salmon here were plentiful — the spring salmon (*ya'a*), the humpback (*stem'awn*), and the dog-salmon (*qa'it*), but no sockeye.

La'ee, the chief of the other Eagle clan, and some of his men, left in a canoe soon after to look for Leeseems (Nass River), their destination. While he was away, a man of the party across the mouth of the river went over at night to La'ee's camp and stole his wife. But he was discovered and murdered on the spot. His body was thrown into the sea. The relatives of the murdered man demolished the fish fence, packed up, and moved away. The others departed too. They all travelled across the mouth of the Nass on what is now Portland Canal, our ancestors with Tsagya'mas of the Wolf clan. La'ee's people were left behind. They made a camp above Hrmadint, but soon moved into the mouth of Hrqal'ant, on Portland Canal. There they came to a rock which was covered with hair seal (*'ilrh*), and killed some of them. From that time on the name of the rock has been La'awp-Skunaase. Quite a distance up the inlet, they came to Lee'aaset, an island, where they established their village. The bay is called Sqo'omket. After a time, Sagya'mas and his Wolf clan decided to retrace their course. Our ancestors alone kept going up the inlet. On the way up they killed many seals and filled their canoes. They made their home in this country, up the inlet.

A generation later, they set up a camp a short distance below Kunahanit. Often they had heard their uncles and the old folk who had since died tell of the relatives they had left behind — the Tsetsauts. But they never had met any of them; they did not know who they were. One day, as they sat on the shore at Kunahanit cooking a seal, they saw strange people across the inlet, at the mouth of the river. They went over in a canoe. For the first time they beheld the Tsetsauts, and recognized them from what they had heard. They would not land but came close to shore. They cut up the cooked seal they had with them in strips (*hyæks*) a hand wide and two hands long, put some of these at the end of their spears and offered them to the strangers ashore. When everybody had their share, a man standing at the edge of the water motioned, 'Wait!' and he urged the others to come down from their camp in the woods and have seal meat. After they had eaten, the Tsetsauts gave presents to their visitors in the canoes — blankets of groundhog skins, of marten skins, coats of leather (*kuladzemtrha*), and moccasins (*tsaometrha*). The man at the bow of the canoe received quite a lot, and the others just as much. They paddled around, and the others at the stern had their turn. Thus peace was made between the Eagles and the Tsetsauts (an inland folk). The canoe was loaded with furs

when the Eagles started for their camp some distance away, and they paddled all night.

They painted their faces brown before landing at their camp at daybreak, to show that their expedition had been successful. The people on the shore gladly received the good news about the Tsetsauts. Their chief decided that the whole band should go up and stay at Kunahanit, near their new friends, that winter. They became fast friends and adopted many of them into their own families. The partnership with them has lasted to this day.

Comments of the interpreter Barton on this narrative. A year later our people decided to move, after they had prepared their salmon supply and dried it. They filled their canoes with salmon so completely that they had to sit on top of the bundles, also to sleep on them while on their way. Once more they wanted to look for Leesems, the Nass, and they paddled away. This time they discovered it. La'ee who had preceded them there, and also Sagya'mas, welcomed them, and received bundles of salmon (*lukst*) as gifts. After they had gone back for their tribe and brought it along, they built a new village at Leesems, and called it Larh-lukst — On-Bundles, on account of the bundles of smoked salmon which the earlier occupants had presented to them upon their arrival.

Our people had taken in the Tsetsauts people as part of their own clan and before separating, they had agreed that they would all be 'brothers' together — Eagles and Tsetsauts. Some Eagle clansmen adopted three Tsetsauts, others four, and took care of them, supplying their needs. The Tsetsauts returned the compliment in furs and meat, for they were great hunters and woodsmen, whereas our people were mostly seafolk and fishermen. Among the Tsetsaut chiefs they adopted were Tsezzea, Kwaya' and Aladzaw, whose names, still preserved in our clan, are in the Tsetsaut language. To this day we remain 'brothers' with the Tsetsauts.

The Tsetsauts were numerous in those days and, working together with them, we became strong and prosperous. Unfortunately those people have died out since. Only Qahlo is left—the last of his family, at Kincolith on Portland Canal. The cause of their disappearance is their war with the Tahltan and the Larhwiyp, the Prairie people up river, at the head of the Stikine and the Nass (the Larhwiyp used to be at the head of the Nass). Their enemies killed off a great many of them; others died otherwise, after their tribe was much weakened. The Prairie people have also dwindled in numbers. Not many have survived.

Our story, which we know well because it is often repeated, halts at Larh-lukst — On-Bundles, near the mouth of the Nass. The emblems that our ancestors acquired on their way down the coast are carved on the totem poles; formerly they were only painted (*qawah*) on the house fronts. Our people, together with La'ee and Sagya'mas, who had gone ahead, joined the Gitrhadeen tribe, which was already on the Nass. In that town the earlier occupants were the Kanhaades — Raven-Frog people — and the Kispudwades — Killer-Whales; also some Wolf people — Larhkibu, who had recently arrived. But Gitrhawn, the important Eagle chief from the far north and the Queen Charlotte Islands, had not yet made his appearance in this country.

The incessant quest for food, according to season, took our people to various places. They went back every year to the inlet, up what is now called Portland Canal. In the spring, they would catch oolakens or candle-fish for grease at Fishery Bay on the lower Nass. At other times, in the summer, they would go to their salmon streams elsewhere. They never lacked food in this bountiful Leesems.

Some of the Leesems Eagles proceeded down the coast to join the Tsimisyans permanently. Demhaa'de, at Gitka'ta, is one of them, and our close relative; Kudzaw'se, at Gitsees, another. A third, because of the salmon fishing, went up the Nass to the canyon.

Before these people had come to Saneena and elsewhere on the Nass, they had mingled with the Tlingits and spoken their language. For this reason, words of our dirges are even now still Tlingit. When, later, the Eagles settled on the Nass, they did away with Tlingit, but could not change their dirges, which to this day remain the same.

The Nass River language — Niskæ — was spoken in the early days only by the Gitlarhdamks (On-the-Lagoons) tribe, up the river at Ansema'isk. Soon their language, which was that of the country, spread down the river to the newcomers, the Wolves and the Eagles.

A few of the Nass people intermarried with the Tsetsauts. Sagya'mas' 'grandmother' married one of them, also our 'grandfather' Keelarhtao. They had murdered a Tsetsaut and captured a woman. She became our 'grandfather's' wife, but after a while she ran away. He married another — Kindaale, a Tsetsaut, and she bore children to him; Aladzawh, a son, and Kinhlakawts, a daughter, who also had children. But none of them have survived.

At Gitlarhdamks, up the river, there were two clans, the opposites. They stubbornly held on to their Niskæ language, that of Kyærh and Tsirhkan. They had belonged to the country from time immemorial. These Gitlarhdamks natives claim that they taught the Niskæ language to the newcomers after they had welcomed them: "Henceforth you shall speak a new language (*she'algyarh*), the Niskæ." The one who said this was chief at Gitlarhdamks. His name, for this reason, became Hunt-after-Language — *Sen'algyarh*. It was conferred upon him in a great feast by the Fugitives from the far north.

A feud over this pole. Old chief Mountain or Sakau'wan, some time before his death in 1928, gave an account of the rivalry between the Eagle-Raven clan and the Killer-Whales or Gispewudwades of Nass River, over the size of their new totems.¹ In summary here it is.

The Killer-Whale chief, Sispagut, who headed the faction of the earlier occupants on the river, announced his determination to put up the tallest pole ever seen in the country. Its name was to be Fin-of-the-Killer-Whale. However, instead of selecting for its carver Hladerh whose right it was to do the work, he chose Oyai of the canyon. Hladerh naturally felt slighted and confided his grudge to Sakau'wan, chief of the Eagles, and his friend. From then on the Eagles and the Wolves of their own day were to be closely allied, as the ancestors of both had moved in from Alaska and at one time had been allies.

¹ For a fuller account see *Alaska Beckons* by Marius Barbeau. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho and the Macmillan Company of Canada, 1947, pp. 127-136.

Sispagut selected the largest red cedar he could find on Observatory Inlet, and had it towed down to the Nass. There his carver began to work. But Hladerh, now sure of the support of the Eagle clan, summoned Sispagut to shorten his "walking stick" by many arms' length: it was far too long! Sispagut ignored the protest. Insistent, Hladerh resorted to threats. Because of this, the tree remained under cover on the shore for a time. But eventually Sispagut resolved to go ahead in the face of difficulties, and had Oyai resume his carving. When the pole was ready, he sat in his dug-out with his two wives and while he sang one of his dirges, he let it drift down the river in front of the village of Angyadæ. The dirge meant that all the villages were invited to the feast for the erection of the pole. As he passed in front of Hladerh's house, the door opened, and a gun was fired at him. He fell down, wounded in the arm. The pole remained on the ground for another year. But the next spring a new date was announced for its erection. One night he was betrayed by one of his nephews and shot dead. His heirs, however, refused to be intimidated, and later defiantly put up the totem pole of the Fin-of-the-Killer-Whale in memory of their uncle Sispagut. For a time it had won for them the supremacy of their clan on the river. The Eagle and the Wolves were newcomers, and had been thrown back in their own tracks.

This only sharpened the conflict between the two factions. Sakau'wan (Sharp-Teeth) and Hladerh searched for the largest cedar on Portland Canal, and found a perfect giant in Granby Bay, ninety miles away. They had it cut down and towed to Gitiks. Oyai, the leading carver, once more was engaged to do the carving, along with four helpers. Although they toiled at it from dawn to sunset during the whole winter, it seemed as though their work would not be ready by the date fixed for its erection, after the end of the candle-fish season (in the spring). Invitations had been broadcast to the chiefs of neighbouring nations — the Tsimshians of the Skeena, the Haidas of Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Tlingits of Tongas and Cape Fox, in Alaska. Everybody was keenly anticipating the contest between the Eagles and the Wolves on the one side, and the Killer-Whales on the other. The guests were already beginning to land, but the carving of the thirteen figures was not quite finished. Oyai had called in more helpers while the elders fretted, fearful of ridicule, and the pole was declared ready at the last possible moment.

Large crowds lent a hand and pulled at the stout cedar-bark ropes or the nettle ropes made of old candle-fish nets, which were tied at three places on the long shaft¹. A trench leading to the hole was dug, into which the butt of the pole sank slowly. Thick planks held in place the crumbling earth around the pit; supporting posts were planted here and there; and trestles, pushed under the rising shaft, made progress secure at every inch gained, while a huge crowd pulled at the ropes. Women sang haul-away songs and beat skin drums, to urge the workers at the ropes. Higher and higher went the pole, the face of its carvings mounting toward the sky. Whenever any dirt fell into the pit, a chief of high standing, who was called forth, stepped down, cleaned it out with his hands, and was liberally compensated for his service.

¹ Here an incident happened. Kwai, the informant's uncle (Lazarus Moody — Weehawn, of Gitrhadeen) was called upon to clear the hole of dirt tumbling in. After he had gone in, removed it, and stepped out, he received over \$100 in compensation. It was the privilege of the host to call upon any distinguished guest, not necessarily a fraternal relative, to render this service. Had the pole fallen in during the process of erection, then the clans of the other phratries on the river would have been responsible for the job of re-erection.

Liberality was part of the grand show that made the name of a pole famous, and its commemoration was remembered for many years in the land. Gifts changed hands on all sides, the hosts showing their wealth by their lavishness, thus adding to their prestige. Oyai, the carver, was paid ten white and two black trade blankets, two moose skins, a musket, and other goods, for his work. Twenty new guns of the old type were cast into the pit under the pole, with other valuables — blankets, coats, and kettles — to honour the deceased uncle in whose memory the pole was to stand. The guests and workers were fed, entertained, and compensated. This the Eagles and the Wolves could afford, for they were becoming the ruling clan of the whole river and of the Alaskan border, northward to the Stikine and southward to the Skeena. Both, together, invaders from the north as they were, had proved great hunters and fisherfolk, and the keenest traders on the coast.

For two days the crowds pulled at the fibre ropes. Then a half-breed trader, Matheson, arrived at Gitiks in his sloop and saluted them with a gunshot. He would assist them with his tackle — ropes and other machinery recently acquired from white seamen. It was the first time that ropes of this kind, which seemed much stronger than their own, were used in this country. Haul-away songs instilled fresh vigour into the workers, the drums beat still louder, and soon the pole was nearly erect. But it was only at the close of the third day that the triumphant Eagle and Thunderbird reached their lofty destination in the sky.

Sharp-Teeth and his nephew, Mountain, came forward in full regalia, at the height of their glory. This was the greatest moment of their lives. They sang the sacred song of their ancestors: "The Golden Eagle of the mountains will spread his wings, as he sits above the chiefs on the hilltops," and Hladerh, in his turn, intoned in Tlingit the dirge of Chief Lanemræt: "The glacier is safe for us all."

The Killer-Whales, the earliest Nass River occupants, now thrown back, had to accept their final defeat. They sat low and praised the Eagles with the rest, and cursed them under their breath. The Killer-Whales, that day, moved back from the front rank. The Eagles and the Wolves stood close to shore, facing the sea, and spoke for all others behind them on the Nass, under the shadow of the huge Eagle totem at the village of Gitiks.

To humble his rivals further, the Eagle chief, Sharp-Teeth, stood that night in front of his new pole and, close to a blazing fire, related at full length the story of his tribal migrations from the Far North to the blessed land of Leeseems.

Thus came into existence the pole of Sakau'wan, the tallest and one of the finest monuments of its kind on the north Pacific Coast¹. And the Eagle's Nest pole, the next best, soon followed in the wake, to make doubly secure the predominance of the Eagle-Wolf invaders over the older, native clan of the Killer-Whales.

¹ According to informant Lazarus Moody (Weehawn, chief of a Wolf clan at Gitrhadeen, who was 70 years old in 1929), this pole was erected when he was about 15 years old — that is, about 1874. He remembers having seen Oyai carve it at Gitiks. It had taken him a year to do the work.



Sakau'wan's totem, upper (left), lower (right)

Removal of the Sakau'wan pole from Nass River. The totem pole of the Mountain Eagle at Gitiks, a deserted village on the lower Nass, was the tallest and finest on the Northwest Coast. It stood for something memorable in the life of many Indians, a symbol of prehistoric America with its wild animals and its dusky tribes, and of a supreme effort to express nature in terms of human interest. For sheer stateliness it seemed unsurpassed anywhere as a work of native art and stylisation. Its many figures of animals, beautifully carved, mounted on one another into the sky. They formed a splendid and uniform structure, all out of the trunk of one giant red cedar of Portland Canal. The proud Eagle of the mountains, or the Thunderbird, was perched at the summit. Lost in the jungle of the lower Nass, close to the Alaskan border, I first saw this totem in 1927, as it leaned precariously on two props over the bank of the river. The forest all around was gradually reclaiming its rights after the native villagers had departed many years ago for other haunts, or had died out.

The permanent loss of a carved column of such magnitude (it is probably the largest anywhere), would have been deplorable. I suggested its acquisition by the Royal Ontario Museum, of Toronto, and met with immediate response. I then approached the chief owner of the totem at the Mission village of

Kincolith, 'Place-of-Scalps'. He was an old man named Mountain, who lay on his couch, blind, deaf, and an invalid for years.

Through Charles Barton, an able interpreter, I explained to him what an honour it would be for his pole to be singled out as one of the finest, to be removed and preserved at one of the best museums on this continent — this, for a material consideration. The old man, whose long white hair flowed down his back, at first could not quite understand; his mind was lost in a fog. When it dawned upon him that someone wanted to buy the memorial erected to his ancestors, he remembered that once before he had received a similar proposal.

No one for him ranked higher than his forebears, whereas Douglas, he admitted, was first and foremost among the white people. Douglas was a fur trader of great prestige, and the first governor of British Columbia. Old Mountain's answer was, "Give me the tombstone of Governor Douglas; I will give you the totem of my grand-uncles."

He then related at great length the traditions of his clan, an Eagle clan of the north that once had travelled in large dug-out canoes down the Alaskan coast, had fought monsters, and had conquered a tribe of wild men. His story was an epic in grand style, and illustrated in the Eagle totem. The carved totem itself was a memorial like a tombstone, erected sixty years before (about 1865) to commemorate a famous uncle. The figures carved on it were not pagan divinities, as is often supposed, but the heraldic emblems of the clan; they were like the coats of arms of our nobles.

The old chief had made up his mind not to sell his totem, and it was useless to argue with him. No one of his type ever changes his mind. But his nephews and sole heirs thought otherwise. The next year, after his death, they were anxious to sell a memorial which, in a changed world, had lost its significance. Heredity and the past meant nothing to the new generation. The same summer, I purchased the totem from his nephews. It stands now in a better place for its preservation. Lost to all notice in the northern jungle, it would soon have tumbled to the ground and decayed, whereas it is now on display for everyone to see and may last forever.

Had the old Indian been aware of modern trends among his people, he might have acted otherwise and provided for his own grave and tombstone, as did another veteran of the same clan — chief Grizzly-Bear (*Samedeek*), of Kitwanga, on the Skeena river. Grizzly-Bear some years ago felt that death had come to his door, for he was old and very ill. He summoned his nephews, and had his grave built around him, in his very house-tomb, tombstone, posts, wire fence and all. He paid for the materials and services with ancient gold coins, for he did not think that his heirs would bother much with his remains after his death; carved totems no longer being erected to the memory of uncles. The first night after his installation in the midst of his grave, he slept in his tomb. But he failed to die. I saw him the next summer slowly walking the trail down to the river. Come what may, his dignified rest was assured. The lot of Mountain, his relative on the Nass, was to be buried without honours in the common village plot.

With a small party of Nass River Indians, I spent a day on the old village site of Gitiks, where, in the neighbourhood of two others, and the carved posts of an old abandoned house — the house of the Beaver, the

Eagle pole stood before its removal. The air exuded warmth in that luxuriant forest of the north Pacific Coast, where mosquitoes were legion. As we had luncheon on the beach, our eyes ranged over a scene of the utmost grandeur. Mountain tops tipped with snow and the dented heads of glaciers rose thousands of feet high. The river, near its estuary here, was so wide that it looked like an arm of the sea. So thick was the bush with its dark evergreens and prickly undergrowth that he would never have ventured beyond the clearing of the old deserted village on the river-bank. Mountain gorges, dark and mysterious in the distance, must have been full of bears, which at this time of the year fish salmon out of the creeks.

While my native interpreter, Charles Barton, and the other assistants rested on the shore after lunch, I turned to the carved figures on the poles, and Barton explained that this totem was the work of Oyai. "He was," said he, "one of the best artists of his time on the Nass. He died not so long ago, forty or fifty years (about 1875). The old man here (Gitiks or Bolton) knew him in his childhood and learned his art from him."

The Eagle totem, Pahl explained, did not merely happen to be the tallest of its kind. From the start it was meant to surpass for all time all the others. It stood as the monument of a powerful clan of invaders that brooked no opposition. The size of a pole at first was not meant to indicate the rank of the owners, but it did with the coming of chief Mountain's grand-uncle, whose name was Sharp-Teeth (Sakau'wan), and his friend Hladerh.

The pole transported to Toronto. To remove this huge totem pole from the Nass, and transfer it to a museum thousands of miles away was not an easy job. Taking it down to the ground and shifting it into the water taxed the ingenuity of a railway engineer and his crew of Indians. It leaned sharply, face forwards, and had it fallen, its carvings would have been damaged. But the work was successfully carried out and after a few days the pole with two others was towed down Portland Canal, on its way south along the coast to Prince Rupert. As it floated in the water, several men could walk on it without feeling a tremor under their feet; it was so large that a few hundred pounds made no difference. When it reached Prince Rupert, it had to be cut, as it lay in the water, into three sections, for the longest railway cars are 50 feet. Nor were all difficulties overcome after the three sections had reached Toronto.

Careful measurements at the Royal Ontario Museum were taken of its length. When the architect established the foundation for the tall memorial below the level of the main floor and arranged his ceiling to accommodate it, he took it for granted that the figures given him were correct. But it looked for a moment as though he had taken chances. The totem was so heavy that the services of experts of the Dominion Bridge Company were secured by the Superintendent's office, to put into place the sections one on top of the other, in the main staircase of the building. The two lower sections sat safely in their place, and the top was slowly hoisted up—another giant to behold.

The official responsible for the calculations felt a chill down his spine. Here was the tree he had measured, perhaps without enough space for it at the top. What would happen to him if he had made a mistake? And the bulky top section kept moving upwards till it touched the roof—almost. For a

moment all eyes were fixed on him rather than on the Eagle aloft. Would it break through the roof or would it sit patiently under its shelter? It did. And there was a sigh of relief all round, though the margin was only six inches! Six inches were enough for the sparrows that had taken shelter in the building during construction to build a nest on the head of the eagle — the highest sparrows' nest known to university ornithologists.

Totem Poles of Chief Mountain (Boas) (111b: 573, 574). Some time after a burial the son or nephew of the deceased erects a column in his memory (*ptsan*). As the meaning of such is not yet clear by any means, I asked 'Chief Mountain' to describe to me the festivals which he gave after the death of his father, who was a Gyispawaduwada. His father had a squid for his protector (*nagnok*). After the death of his father he invited all the people to his house. During the festival the ground opened and a huge rock, which was covered with kelp, came out. This was made of wood and bark. A cave was under the rock and a large squid came out of it. It was made of cedar bark and its arms were set with hooks which caught the blankets of the audience and tore them. The song of the squid was sung by the women sitting on three platforms in the rear of the house.

After the festival 'Chief Mountain' erected the memorial column. It represented, from below upwards, first, four men called Koayowks, or the commanders. These are a crest of the Gyispawaduwada. Tradition says that one night men dug a hole for some purpose behind a house near a grave-tree. They saw an open place in the woods, a fire in the middle, and ghosts were dancing around it wearing head-dresses. They were sitting there as though they were in a house, but the men saw only a hole where the door of this house would have been. Four men, called Koayowks, were standing at the door, and called to them *nagweet!* (To this side!) Since that time the Gyispawaduwada have used these figures.

On top of the four men was the sea-bear with three fins on his back. Each fin had a human face at its base. His father had requested him to put the killer whale on the column, but he preferred to place the sea-bear on it because it is the highest crest of the Gyispawaduwada. The tradition of the sea-bear tells how four brothers went down Skeena River and were taken to the bottom of the sea by Hagulak, a sea monster, over whose house they had anchored. His house had a number of platforms. Inside were the Killer Whales, Hagulak's men. He had four kettles, called Luke-warm, Warm, Hot, Boiling, and a hat in the shape of a sea monster, with a number of rings on top. The name of his house was Helahaidek (near the Haida country). He gave the brothers the right to use all these objects, and with them their songs, which are sung at all great ceremonies of the clan.

The Samuel Wise Version (Tsimshyan), related by the old chief Samuel Wise (Gitrhawn), head of the Eagle clan in the Gillarhdzawks tribe at Gitsalas Canyon of Skeena River. Recorded in 1924 at Port Essington, William Beynon acting as interpreter.

When the people were living all together at a Haida village, they owned a fishing pool where they would go to catch trout. One time, three young men fished trout in the pool. After they had caught some fish, they prepared to roast them. They built a fire at the edge of the water. Once the

fish were roasted and ready to eat, they took one and placed it on a skunk cabbage leaf. No sooner had they begun their meal than a frog leaped upon the leaf and started to eat it. They threw the rest of the fish away. They placed the next fish on a leaf and were ready to resume their meal when another frog jumped upon it. Again they threw the fish away, and took up the last that they had roasted. They were about to partake of it when another frog spoiled it for them. Angry at the frog, they threw it into the fire, as they had already done with the others.

Then they boarded their canoe and started to paddle away from the pool. After they had gone some distance, a voice called them, singing mournfully, "You shall not go very far before the man in the bow of the canoe drops dead." Shortly after, the voice resumed singing, "When you have travelled a while after the man at the bow has died, the man in the centre shall also die. When the last man, at the stern, reaches home and has finished telling the people at the village about what has happened, he shall die too."

Before they had proceeded very far, the first man actually died as predicted. When they reached half-way to the village, the centre man dropped dead. As soon as the last survivor had reached home, the people came down to meet him. They asked him what had happened to his companions. At first he refused to tell, knowing that he would no sooner finish speaking than the same thing would befall him. The people pressed him, and he had to explain. Then he dropped dead.

During the next night, while the tribe was asleep, a huge fire ball, much like lightning, struck at the houses, and the village burst into flames. The people were destroyed by the fire. Only a young girl, one of the head princesses, was saved. Having just reached the age of young womanhood, she was camping out secluded in an underground hut, surrounded by copper shields. When her time to come out had arrived, she found out that the village had burned and that every house had been razed to the ground. An old woman came toward the village, crying. On her head was a hat of the Haida type. On its top and all around its brim were frogs. On her cane were human-like faces, and the carving at the top was a large frog. She intoned a dirge, the Frog dirge:

Yæhawna whiyæ . . . (The words of the song were in a different language and could not be translated by the informant.)

A canoe then approached the site of the former village. In it sat three people. One of them was a Haida chief on a hunting trip. Finding out that the village had disappeared, he stepped ashore to make sure of what he had already observed from a distance. He found the young woman in hiding within the underground hut. He brought her to the canoe and took her to his home village. Later he married her, and she had several children.

One day, as her children were mingling with others of the same age, they were taunted, and they learned that this was not the village of their mother. They were foreigners here. This disclosure of her secret to her children made their mother unhappy. She called her family together, and here is what happened.

After the young woman (from the village destroyed by the fireball) had married the Haida chief, the people captured an eagle and tamed it.



Chief Gagugam-dzi-wust with his Stone Eagle. The Stone Eagle of Menæsk (right)

Above its talons they had put copper bracelets as ornaments. The eagle would sail away for one or two days, and then come back to its adopted home. But one day it flew away and never returned. The children who had been taunted, regretted the loss of their pet. Because of the taunt their

mother decided to go away with them. Before departing, they sang a hunting song: *Hawhihoho* . . . and they paddled away while singing this dirge. *Yæhalawiyaw* . . . (The Haida words could not be interpreted by the informant.)

While they were still singing their mournful song out on the waters, they saw a thick fog dropping over them. Then they intoned another dirge while weeping, for they were lost at sea. Before they had finished, an eagle swooped down and alighted in their canoe. They recognized the copper bands at its feet, and knew that their pet had come back to guide them, for it looked in one direction. After they had paddled a long time, they beheld land ahead. The eagle then flew away. They became aware that they had come to Gitamat, south of Skeena River. There they landed, and travelled on foot northwards to the Skeena.

That is why the Gillarhdzawks tribe of the Gitsalas Canyon claim that the land about Gitamat is their individual property and hunting ground. Their rights have been acknowledged by the Gitamat tribe.

The Halibut Pole of Lutkudzamti, described by Peter Denny (named Wesiyo, 65 years old in 1915, Gispewudwade of the Ginarhangik tribe at Port Simpson); interpreter, William Beynon. The following account of the Gitrhawn or Salmon-Eater myth was given to explain the Halibut totem pole once standing at Gitrhahla, on Porcher Island; Lutkudzium belonged to the Salmon-Eater clan.

Myth of the long totem pole of Lutkudzamti (a model of which was collected by the author at Port Simpson, in 1915, for the National Museum of Canada):

The third figure from the bottom on the pole is the Supernatural Halibut (*narhnarem-trhao*). And here is the reason why. After the Flood, a number of Tsimshians drifted away from Temlarham, the Good-land-of-yore. After a time, they cast an anchor, the Stone Eagle, emblem of the Eagle clan (*larhskeek*); on it were copper decorations. The waters then subsided and they found themselves at the place where Ketchikan now stands, in Alaska. There they established a settlement, next to the Wolf tribe (*larhkibu*), who had also survived the Flood. The Eagle clan were then subdivided into three groups: the Gisparhlawts, the Git'adaw, and the Gitrhahla (only a few of the last). The Eagles and the Wolves lived side by side, the Eagles on one side of the river, the Wolves on the other. They set a trap across the river to catch salmon. Box-like contrivances called *waw* were set in a fence built in common, through which the waters of the river flowed carrying salmon. Before very long a quarrel broke out between the two tribes. The Wolves, as earlier owners of the river, contended that the Eagles had no right to fish there, and they meant to hold on to their trap. At night the Eagles held a meeting and decided, under the leadership of Gyaralkstæns, to fight it out with their opponents. The plan they agreed upon was, first, to capture all the canoes of their enemies and run away with them; this they did at Larhsail (the name of the Wolf village). Then, they challenged the Wolves to a battle. The leader of the Gisparhlawts and the Gitrhahlas, Iyandems, is represented as a human being on the present pole; the war chief of the Gitandaw was Trhalarhæt.

Under this leadership the Eagles attacked the Wolves. Their wives (who belonged to the Wolves) seeing that their husbands were hard pressed and on the verge of defeat, pushed the canoes they had purchased from the Wolves into the water, bent as they were on taking sides with their husbands. Many people on both sides were killed or wounded in the course of a stubborn fight. The Wolves, the stronger of the two, came out in the end victorious, and the Eagles took to flight. They became known as Fugitives (*gwenhoot*).



The two stone eagles of Menæsk

When they reached the point on the coast known as Wullebælraeshawts (now Cape Fox), they cast their stone Eagle anchor down to the bottom. When they tried to pull it up the anchor rope broke, and it proved a grave accident. The Gitrahla, besides, had lost their war chief Iyandems, who had failed to embark with them. Meanwhile Iyandems was trying to keep up along the seashore. He climbed over mountains, crossed creeks. The only weapon in his possession was a large mussel (*gyasehægwen*). When he arrived at the point called Gwana' on Nass River next to the coast, he found it very wide. Yet he decided to swim across.