

FROG AND VOLCANO WOMAN

A Sinful People Destroyed by a Volcano, myth of the Haida (Skidegate) totem pole now standing at Prince Rupert, British Columbia, next to the City Hall. (Recorded by William Beynon in 1947 from Henry Moody — Neeswærhs, of Skidegate. This myth is a variant of the episode of Dzellarhons in the tradition of Gitrhawn, Salmon-Eater: the tradition of a sinful people destroyed by fire and volcano, only a few being saved.)

In the large village now known as Skidegate, in the section where the Ravens lived opposite the Eagles, people fished and hunted seals together, and always were at peace with one another.

One day, a young Raven prince called upon three of his friends to spear salmon with him up a stream nearby. Having arrived at their destination, and as they were engaged in making camp, a huge frog came up to them. Over the protests of the others, one of the young men took it up and threw it into the fire, where it was destroyed. They soon forgot the incident, and retired to sleep. During the night they heard a voice of a woman, wailing and crying out, "Oh! my child! Give me back my child!" This continued on all night. Next day the young men went farther up the river, where they caught much salmon, but they continually heard the woman's voice crying, "Oh! give me back my child, my only child! What have you done to my child?"

When they had caught all the Salmon they wanted, they made ready to return to their village on the coast, but the voice, threatening now, kept following them: "Give me back my child, my only child! If you don't, your village shall be destroyed."

No one at the village paid any heed to what this wailing woman had predicted. Everyone went on with his ordinary work, though the voice persisted. Everyone except an old woman and her only daughter. The woman felt that some terrible disaster was to befall the village. She warned her uncle, "You should heed the warnings of the wailing woman and escape while you can. Something fearful is about to happen to this village because of a thoughtless action of your young prince and his companions. If you care to survive, make ready." But no one heeded the warnings of the old woman, and she set about her own preparations. She dug a large underground chamber at the rear of their house, and to this shelter she would fly with her daughter every day when they heard the crying woman. The others ridiculed her, but she answered, "Should anything happen, my child and I will be saved. Danger is near, and you should all get ready." Nobody paid any attention to her, while the voice was still wailing behind the village.

Then a few elderly people began to worry. "We should know what this wailing woman means," they said. "Perhaps our young people have broken a taboo." Even this did not worry the tribe; they kept right on with their revelry. As they were feasting one night, they heard distant rumblings. They still ignored this omen, and the warnings of the old woman who was now living in the cave which she had dug for herself and her daughter, and where she had stored much food against the time of disaster.

The early rumblings from the hills were soon followed by the appearance

of smoke. The rumblings grew louder. Finally smoke and fire swept down from the mountain peaks with many great thunder-claps and in a great engulfing torrent. Now the terrified people tried to escape, but the flames had already consumed all the canoes. Every avenue of retreat was cut off, and all perished.

Only the woman who had gone into the hole with her daughter survived. Many days passed. The noise and confusion quieted down. As she was almost without water, she cautiously uncovered the entrance to her retreat. When she went into the open, she saw that the entire village had been wiped out. Not a sign remained of the once mighty village with all its people. She did not understand what had happened until that night, when the voice of the crying woman came to her: "I knew that your uncles would avenge you, my son! Had I only been given your body back all would have been well. As you were destroyed by fire, so your uncles have destroyed your slayers by fire."

When the woman saw no sign of life, not even a sign of the village, she returned to the hiding place of her daughter. Days later she came out again, hoping to find that some had escaped the fire. She went from place to place, calling out, "Has anyone survived the wrath of the great supernatural being?" But there never was any answer.

She was very desolate. With her daughter she started to travel afoot, trying to find places where other people lived, but she could find nobody. "Has anybody escaped?" she kept calling out. Nobody had. The two women were now nearly dead. When they came upon a village that was only partly destroyed, they were encouraged, and even found a small canoe hidden in the brush. Together they took the canoe and, with their few belongings, paddled up into a small stream. When they made camp that night, they heard the voice of a woman crying out: "Your uncles have now been appeased. All the haughty, thoughtless ones have perished. Your uncles sleep; they are appeased."

Next day, while they were paddling up the same stream which the prince and his companions had followed, the woman, looking into the water, saw a huge frog. It seemed half human and was wearing a *lanenræt* (layer hat). As the frog swam away, the woman heard a wailing, "Oh, my child! Oh, my child! Your uncles are now at peace, now that they have destroyed the haughty and proud ones." Thus she learned that the destruction of their people was an act of retaliation.

The woman and her daughter continued in a direction which, they thought, led to an inhabited place. After a long time, and almost dead from starvation, they saw in the distance smoke rising from what must be a village. They knew that they were saved.

As it happened, the spot where they were resting was the recent burial-place of the only daughter of a Haida chief. Every day the chief and his wife would come to mourn over the grave. It was on one of these occasions that they came upon the young woman, when her mother was away hunting food. The girl was sitting alone on a driftlog, near the spot where the chief's daughter was buried. At first the chief and his wife started to weep in their grief, not noticing the young woman at the burial spot. When they saw her,

they cried out, "Is it you, my loved child? Have you taken pity on us and come back to us? Come, my child, your mother, who is now almost dead from grief, will live again." The chief and his wife greatly rejoiced, never doubting that this was their daughter. The resemblance was very close. They led the girl to their canoe, taking her as their own restored daughter. When they landed at the village, the chief immediately beat his wooden invitation drum, summoning all his people to his house. When all were in, he said: "Let us mourn no more for my daughter! She has returned from her sleep; she is here. To-day we will feast. Happiness now returns to my village." What became of the girl's mother who had come from the fire-stricken country has been forgotten. This much the young woman knew: her mother had originally come from the distant land towards the east.

The young woman grew up as the daughter of the great Haida chief, and as such was made a great deal of by her new parents, who never doubted that she was their own child. Many were jealous of her, and there were many secret taunts as to her unknown origin. She was extremely beautiful, and many young princes and chiefs asked her hand in marriage. The old chief and his wife would not consider any of these, but when the young prince who was to be the successor of the old chief came, consent was given, and so the young woman married the chief's nephew.

When the chief and his wife died, and the young woman was the wife of the chief, many people were very jealous. She became the mother of two bright and clever boys who were favourites with their father. He would take them out on all his hunting trips, to the great chagrin of the chief's nephews. These two sons were much cleverer than any of the young people in the village, outdoing all others in games and in fishing and hunting. This bred jealousy, almost hatred.

One day, the brothers were competing with the other young men of their age in rock-throwing. They were the last to come forth, and when the elder threw, he far outdistanced all others. This so provoked the rest that one of them said, "I wonder who these strangers' uncles are, that they are so proud and happy and clever." Because of this taunt, the brothers went to their mother and asked, "Mother, who are our uncles?" She looked at them and answered, "Why do you ask?" They explained what had happened, and what the other boys had said. "I must tell you, my sons. Your own people have all perished. We are the only survivors of a great disaster. But now that these strangers are ridiculing you, I will take you to where your other relations are. You have many in another great village where your grandfather is a great chief. His name is Gitrhawn. Let us go there."

She went aside and wept for a while, refusing all food. Finally her husband came. "Why do you weep?" he asked. She replied, "You knew that I was without origin and have no uncles, yet you chose me as the mother of your sons. To-day they have been taunted by your nephews and your tribe. There is nothing we can do, so I am taking my children to their uncle Gitrhawn. We can no longer stay here. I will ask some of the Eagle clan to help me with a canoe and provisions."

When the Eagle clan knew of her intention, and when they realized whom she was, they were very embarrassed. One of the Gitrhawn princesses should not have been so badly treated. They prepared a canoe for her, filling it with food and provisions, and gave instructions to her husband, who was a

great hunter. He said, "You will travel until you come to a great sandspit. When you reach the end, wait until it blows towards sunrise to set out, just when you have lost sight of the Haida mountains. Then you will see some islands in the far distance, in the direction of sunrise. You will keep on in this direction until you come to a large island which is Kwarhl (Dundas Island). You will find here many villages of the Hlingit (Tlinkit). Beware, for they are not to be trusted. Then travel towards the mainland, following the same direction. Soon you will arrive at the Tsimsyan country. Never stop until you enter the mouth of Skeena River. Ascend this river up to the canyon. This is 'Ondudoon (now Kitsalas). There you will find your uncle. If at any time my sons think of me, let them return. Many people here now know them."

When the young woman and her children had travelled many days, they came to the mouth of a river, but they did not know where they were. So they kept on travelling until they came to a village with many inhabitants. As these were the Nass people, the travellers made themselves and their destination known. They stayed here for a while, under the protection of an Eagle family of the Gitrhawn clan. Then they went on up the river and, after an overland journey, met their uncle on the Skeena.

Here they lived until a great war broke out between the Eagle and the Gitrhawn groups. They were overcome by the Gispewudwade [phratric] group, and went on down the coast from Skeena River. Some of them returned with the woman to the Queen Charlottes, and that is why we have the Gitrhawn group among the Haidas.

Djilaqons, the ever-recurring figure in Haida mythology, according to J. R. Swanton (1; 92).¹

The story of the Eagle side refers back to Djilaqons as that of the Raven side to Foam-Woman. Djilaqons, however, was a quite different person. Whereas Foam-Woman appears only once in Haida story, long enough to give birth to the Raven families, Djilaqons is a conspicuous and ever-recurring figure in their mythology. She was brought from the mainland by He-Whose-Voice-is-Obeyed, either, as one account has it, from Tlalgimi, or, according to another, from Nass River, and placed in the west arm of Cumshewa Inlet, where a stream called Kaoqons flows down, of which she became Creek-Woman. As had been related, she was present when Rhagi arose out of the flood.

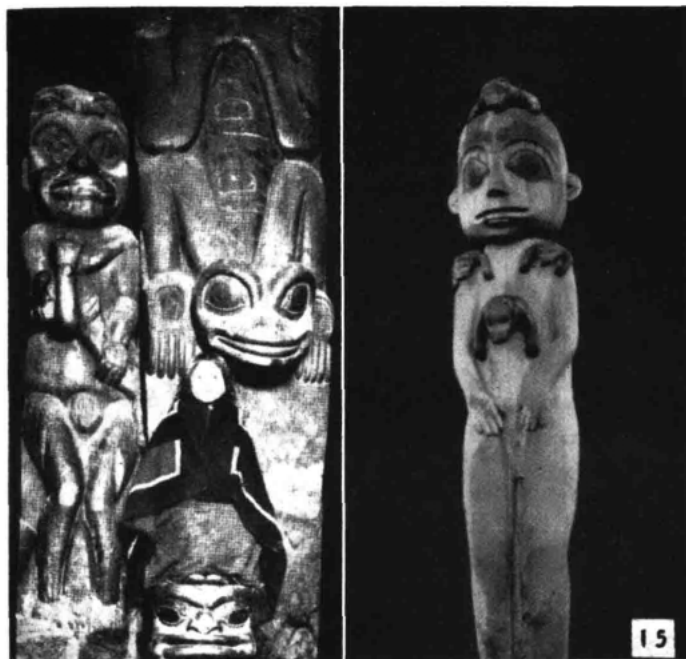
From the same Ninstints story which detailed the origin of the Ravens I quote the following particulars about this clan:—

All the Eagles upon this island came in succession out of the womb of Djilaqons. In process of descent they became differentiated [into the various families]. Swiftly-Sliding-Woman, a child of Djilaqons, sat up and wove a blanket. She put two coppers on it. A yellow-cedar blanket was the kind she wove. It was she who taught the people how to do this. She bore a child called Greatest-Mountain. She also bore children in Tlkadan. The children who came from her were called Those-Born-at-Saki and Those-Born-in-the-Ninstints-Country. She, however, became a mountain.

Dzelarh'aons according to Herbert Wallace, Kanhade head-chief of the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimsyans at Port Simpson, in 1915, was a mythical being described in two stories. This Haida word was also the name for Frog.

The Mountain Spirit of the Kiksetti Tribe of the Tlingits, Alaska, as explained in a circular of Hall's Trading Post, at Ketchikan.

¹No. 1 refers to the numbered title in the Bibliography. The second figure, to the page of the book quoted.



The Frog to the right of the cannibal giant Goo-teekhl, of Klukwan, (left)

The top figure on this totem represents the Mountain Spirit. Next is the face of a man; below is the Frog. The story follows: This man shown on the totem climbed a very high mountain which no other had ever climbed before. While on the top of this high mountain he went into a trance and had a vision in which the Frog came to him and told him that Frogs and Man were brothers and that Man should treat the Frogs better than they were. When this man came out of his trance, there was much rejoicing among his tribe. They said, "Let us build a totem in honor of our brother the Frog!" They chose a large log and, after a big feast, the carvers began work on this totem on which they made the Frog the emblem of their tribe. The figure beneath the Frog is of the old Raven, who is shown talking to the young Raven, the creator of man. The lower figure is of the Killisnoo Beaver. The father of this man they built the totem for belonged to the Beaver family, and his mother to the Frog.

Weeping-Woman, the pole of Paræt'nærhl, an Eagle chief of the same clan or household as Hlæq. It was the eighteenth in the row from the uppermost along the Nass river front.

Description. The figures on this pole were: 1. (Forgotten); 2. Weeping Woman (*ksemwiyaitk*) with a labret in her lower lip; the tears on her dark face were painted white; 3. many small human figures the whole length of the pole, called *rhpededo'dze*; 3. the mythical Gyæbelk bird, at the bottom.

Carver, age. It was carved by Hladerh, of a Killer-Whale clan of the Gitrhadeen tribe below, on Nass River, about 60 years ago. This carver

was good-natured, not the proud and angry chief who tried to keep other chiefs from erecting poles taller than his own.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamsk.)

The Frogs cast into the Campfire, the Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn) myth in a version recorded in Prince Rupert from Peter Calder, a Nass River chief of the Wolf phratry, in 1947; William Beynon acting as interpreter.



Frogs among the Tlingits of southern Alaska

He cast this frog into the fire also. This happened twice more, until four frogs had interfered and been destroyed.

Then a voice descended from far up into the hills, a woman's voice. Among the five fishermen one was wiser than the others. He said, "This is an ill omen for us. We had better leave at once. Let us go!" And they paddled away from there in haste.

A woman appeared at a distance on the shore, wearing a large labret in her lower lip, holding in her hand a cane surmounted by the Frog, and continually crying, "O my child, O my child! What has happened to my child?" As the people in the canoe would give no answer and kept going away from the scene, she cried out to them, "After you have travelled some distance, one of you shall die. After another short distance is covered, another one shall drop dead." So it happened, and this went on as predicted

In springtime, five people, among them a Prince, paddled away in a canoe from the Haida town of Skidegate, and went a short distance to a stream where they intended to fish trout. Once they had reached the spot, they looked for a shaded place where the fish would be plentiful. They saw that the trout abounded, and began to fish. The Prince, while fishing, kept on losing his Cormorant Hat (*gaidem-haots*) in the water over and over again. Much angered, he took the hat and beat it on the water.

After they had caught some trout, they roasted them over a fire, and placed the roasted fish on skunk cabbage leaves. A frog appeared and jumped upon the trout. The Prince, who was sulking, at once caught the frog and threw it into the fire. He reached out for another fish to eat, but another frog spoiled his meal.

until only two in the boat were left alive. These survivors never relented, and they were about to reach the village when the voice of the woman broke the silence once more, causing the collapse of the fourth fisherman. "You who survive," she clamoured a last time, "shall no sooner have told your people what happened than you shall die."

After the last man had perished like the four others, fire broke out at all parts of this village, completely razing it. A young woman who was away from the village at the time and fasting after having reached the age of puberty, was saved, as also was her mother. The fire passed them by. Another woman escaped — only three had survived.

Every day the survivors mourned the fate of their people. While the young woman was crying with her elders, a man appeared before her, and said, "Why do you weep?" "I weep for the loss of my people." The man asked, "What do you wish me to do for you?" "We fear we may die here like our folk. We want to be taken away from here."

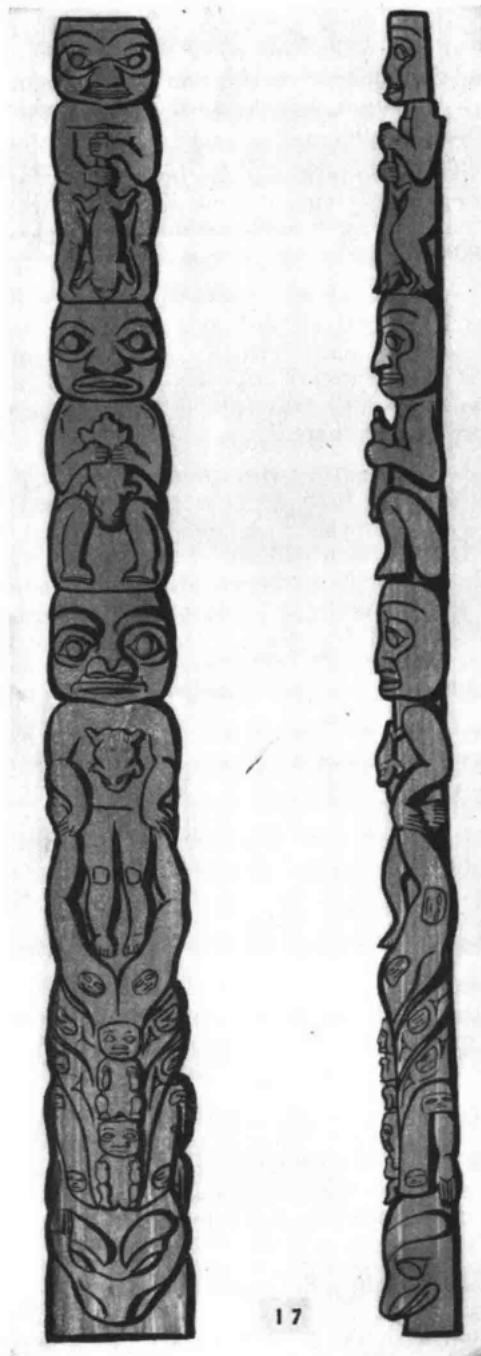
This stranger, who was the Eagle, took two of the women and placed them under his wings. The mother was left behind. The Eagle flew with his load until he came in sight of a village, where he landed. Eventually one of the women the Eagle had brought there was married. The other, the young woman, was taken away by the Eagle to Nass River, where she was left at the mouth of Knemas River. As the folk established there in a village could not get oolaken grease, and found themselves too far away from the others, they decided to move up the river and join up with another tribe. This happened at a place called Gunwawq near Angyadæ.

It was here that the new tribe which the young woman had joined, built a totem pole, the pole we still know, showing the Eagle at the top with persons under his wings, and sitting on a nest. These persons were the survivors of the fire that had destroyed their village. The names for the members of the family which they had used among the Haidas were preserved intact among the Niskæs. This still reminds us of their Haida origin. The Eagle's Nest totem pole first erected at Gunwawq was later replanted at Gitiks [this is the tall pole which the author acquired for the Quebec Government, and which now stands at the Zoological Garden at Charlebourg near Quebec city.]

The Frog in the Fire, the myth explaining what happened when two little boys threw "toads" ("frogs" is meant) into the fire. As recorded in 1947 from a Skidegate Haida by Miss Alice Philip, of Vancouver, British Columbia.

On the edge of the lava (actually there is no lava there) at Cumshewa (the former village of Cumshewa on Moresby Island, on the southern part of the Queen Charlotte Islands), stands a totem pole showing an old person weeping. At the lower end of the large tears dropping from each eye, are two human faces — those of little boys. Here is the legend explaining this carving:

A hunting party camped at this place, made a fire and left two little boys to tend it. The boys amused themselves by catching toads and throwing them in the fire, where they exploded with the heat. They caught a very large one, and when it exploded it put out the fire. The boys were frightened of what would happen to them for letting the fire out.



Pole of the Three-Persons-Along, at Gitlarhdamks

Just then the hunting party came back and scolded the boys for not looking after the fire. The boys told them what had happened, and at once the old grandfather was much alarmed. He said, "Come, let us hurry away from here or else evil will come to us for sure, because these boys were cruel to animals for no good reason".

But they were too late. Just then the mountain erupted, and the whole party was destroyed.

The totem was erected to remind all not to be cruel to animals.

The Three-Persons-Along (*khlugula'wn*) Pole of Ksemrh-san, at Gitlarhdamks.

This pole is of the upper Nass, where not so long ago this river was forced out of its course by the volcano. It stood for many years at Gitlarhdamks, not far from the rock spur called *Ta'awdzep*, which was formerly used by the natives as a fortress against the invaders. This totem pole of the Frog and Lizard is one of the two that were saved at the time of the religious revival in 1918 which brought about the destruction of most poles. Like the others it had been cut down, but not burnt as firewood. It served as a fence on the river front for the owners' potato patch.

Its carvings are among the finest in existence; they are firm and highly individual, yet smoothly rounded out. They combine the two main qualities of Tsimsyan art: traditional style and æsthetic realism. The two lower figures are most skilfully handled as a unit; they illustrate a clan emblem and myth. The

two detached upper figures, though treated apart, in spirit form part of the same composition. The carver was Ahrtsip of the Canyon of the Nass, the village of the Lizard tribe. Ahrtsip was a member of the household of Gwanks, which belonged to a Fireweed clan. He is said to have been one of the outstanding carvers of his day, Oyai being the foremost.

This pole was erected about ninety years ago — old Menæsk still remembered — in commemoration of Leelusk (Thief), by his heirs; the leaders of these heirs were the two half-brothers Kamsedephræt and Kamlu'aks. Its usual name is Pole-of-the-Frog (*ptsænem-kana'o*). It is also called Along-Three-Persons (*hlkugwelawn*), or Three-Persons on top of each other. It formerly stood in front of the house of the house of Ksemrhan, the head of the family. The house was called Person-of-the-Smoke-Hole (*gyædemann'alæ*), from a family emblem which it represented. Its rafters were not round as elsewhere, but oval in shape, and their name was Roosting-Place-of-Raven (*hakawhlqærh*), another emblem.

The figures on the pole are heraldic in character; they illustrate traditional narratives or myths which are shared by other families of the same clan elsewhere, mostly on the upper Skeena River: Hlengwah and Lælt, of Kitwanga, Wee'alerh, of Kispayaks, and several others. The coats of arms of those families are variants of the same ancestral traditions. The clan in time became ramified, and its branches acquired new emblems, for instance the Lizards.

The emblems illustrated on the pole are — from the top down:

1. Person-of-Lizards, repeated twice, each holding a lizard (*ksihlku*), one by the sides, the other by the tail.
2. The Flying-Frog (*kpaigem-kana'o*), hanging down, with Ribs-of-the-Frog (*leplanhl*), the small figures on its ribs and body.

Person-of-Lizards may not be as old an emblem as the Frog. It belongs exclusively to this Nass River family. In the accounts of origin, it is linked up with the Flying-Frog. Person-of-Lizards is supposed to have appeared at Antegwalæ at the same time. It refers to the volcano eruption on the Nass 150 or 200 years ago. The village at the canyon, after the eruption, was named Gitwinksihlk (Lizard Tribe). The reason for the name was that, before the eruption, there was a lake in this neighbourhood, known for its stench. It was full of lizards, frogs, and fierce animals. The lava from the volcano rolled over the flat country, obliterated the lake, and changed the course of the river, pushing it several miles to the north. (Informants, Giteen, Menæsk, and Peter Neesyawq, of Gitlarhdamks, in 1927.)

The traditional accounts that explain the Flying-Frog emblem are the same as are given by other members of the clan on the Skeena. (The myth of Ksemrhan, Raven, Gitlarhdamks. Informants, Menæsk and Neesyawq.) Yet the old people of Gitlarhdamks insisted on a distinction which was not clearly explained, that is: this emblem is not the Woman-Frog seen elsewhere; this belongs to other families, for instance, Neestsawl of Gitrhadeen and Kweenu of Kitwinkul. But it is the Flying-Frog.

The myth of 'Neegyamks, the ancestress of the clan, explains both Flying-Frog and Woman-Frog. In brief, it relates that 'Neegyamks was the daughter of Negwa'on, on the Nass. Several chiefs had courted her without



Pole of the Three-Persons-Along, at Gitlarhdamks

success. One night, while she slept in the maidens' compartment at the rear of the house, she disappeared; and the frogs were heard, as every day, croaking in the lake above the village of Antegwalæ, where Negwa'on and his family lived. Her relatives thought that one of her suitors had kidnapped her. For two years they could not find her. The people, one day beheld two Frogs in Negwa'on's doorway; one of them carried the other on its back. They were apparently trying to speak, one saying, "Tsewit," and the other "Qakerh." These were later to be their names. And they led the people on to the lake. Negwa'on invited the neighbouring tribes, Gitlarhdamks and Gitwinksihlk, to come and help in draining the lake. When the lake was drained, the people beheld a huge number of small frogs taking to flight; then the Flying-Frogs flew by. A Gitwinkul man, Sedawqt — of the family of Wutarhayæts — caught a Flying-Frog that had wings and looked like a moth. When the lake was nearly dry, a house-front painting was seen floating; and the young woman, 'Neegyamks, sat upon it. One of her brothers speared the house-front, and captured it. The people then saw that 'Neegyamks had frogs all over her body — on her knees, the back of her hands, her breasts, her eyebrows. Many small frogs were painted on the house-front. Since then the Frogs have been the special crest of this clan. 'Neegyamks said, after she had been rescued from the lake, "I am not fit to come among the people again. You had better kill me. Put me away, but keep my children." After they complied with her requests, they saw a huge cane, the Pole-whereon-climb-Frogs (*Randeptæhl-kana'o*) rising from the lake bottom. At its base was a human-like being; a number of small frogs climbed along the shaft; and a large Frog sat at the top. They decided to use the same figures on their own pole. Between the ribs of the large Frog, the Frog-Chief, the heads of people were to be seen. They killed this Frog, and adopted it as their principal crest. After 'Neegyamks had died they heard from the lake bottom a song, which they have since retained as a dirge. This summary will explain the mythical origin of the several Frog crests of Lælt and his clan; the Hanging-Frogs, Ribs-of-the-Frog, Person-of-the-Lake, Frogs-of-the-Doorway (of Frogs-jammed-up), Real-Frog-Chief, and Pole-whereon-climb-Frogs.

The Three-Persons-Along (*khlugulawn*), pole of Ksemrhsan, member of a Raven clan of Gitlarhdamks. It stood fifth from the uppermost pole along the river front.

Description. It stood in front of a house named Person-on-the-Smoke-Hole (*gyædemqan'ala*), from one of its crests. The rafters of this house were of an oval shape (not round like the others), and were described as the Roosting-place-of-the-Raven (*haqawhl-qærh*). The figures on the pole are: 1. Person-holding-a-Frog; 2. Person-holding-a-Lizard; 3. the Frog (*kanao*). It belongs to the *ptsæn* type of totem pole, carved and with a hollow back.

Function. Erected by Leeluks in commemoration of a former Ksemrhsan. When seen and photographed by the author, in 1927, it rested on its side as a fence for a small garden next to the river-bank, and had been cut down in the religious revival craze a decade earlier. It was then purchased and removed to the Royal Ontario Museum, where with three others it now decorates the central stairway.

Carver, age. Carved by Arhtsip, member of a Fireweed clan of Gitlarhdamks. (Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks, upper Nass.)

The Nass-River Volcano. The story of Toq's totem pole in Prince Rupert as given on the label put up on the pole at the time of its erection:

This totem pole formerly belonged to a Nishka chief named Dauk and stood in front of his lodge at Gitlakdamix on upper Nass River.

The carved figures seen on the top of the pole represent the principal actors in legends describing the origin of family crests. The owner of the totem pole belonged to the Wolf crest.

The principal legend is:

One day long ago a great lava eruption took place at Gitwinskiqu on upper Nass River. The molten mass pushed the waters of the river back across the valley to the mountainside, and formed a great lava plain which extends from the headwaters of the Kshluich at the canyon at Gwisha. The fiery flow overwhelmed villages and fishing hamlets in its path, and the people fled to the surrounding hills. Among these fugitives was a chief named Gumlugidis, the ancestor of the owner of the pole. Gumlugidis fled with his family to the highlands of the Shkamal River, where they camped. Night after night they had no rest, but were disturbed by weird sounds and voices accompanied by the beating of tomtoms. At length the chief and some of his nephews determined to set out and discover where the sounds came from. The legend describes how they found themselves in the abode of luluks, spirits of the dead, where they beheld many strange things. Escaping from these haunted regions, Gumlugidis, overcome by fear, again took up his flight, this time across the Grease Trail to Skeena River, leaving the Nass with its terrors far behind. When the winter snows had melted and the ice had left the river, Gumlugidis and his companions travelled down the Skeena in dugouts made out of cottonwood trees, until they reached the island of Khern, now known as Kaien Island, on which Prince Rupert is situated. Not very long after they had settled at Khern, Gumlugidis' rest was once more disturbed, this time by the mighty howls of wolves, which seemed to be calling Gumlugidis by his name. The old fear overcame him once more, for they thought the spirits of the lava had again found him out. After the howling had continued for two nights, the old chief determined to meet his fate. Dressed in his ceremonial robes with face painted and his long hair tied in a knot, after the manner of the warriors of his tribe, he sat out away from the camp, armed with his chief's tomahawk set with abalone shell. Following the direction from which the sounds proceeded, Gumlugidis came face to face with a large white wolf. Raising his tomahawk, prepared to defend himself, he noticed that the animal was suffering great pain, and was unaware of his approach. It was trying in vain to dislodge a sharp piece of deer bone which had pierced its jaw. Gumlugidis said to the wolf: "Brother, do me no harm, and I will remove the bone before it causes your death." After Gumlugidis had removed the bone the white wolf became very friendly, and each time the chief went out hunting, the wolf killed the deer for him. This supplied him and his family with food.

So now, the legend states, Gumlugidis adopted the white wolf for his ayuks (crest), and in his ceremonial dances he always wore a white wolf skin robe.

After some years of peace, Gumlugidis became homesick and returned to the Nass, for he longed to fish once more in the waters of the Kshlich for the haugiwozuch (white salmon spawn).

The Lizards and the Volcano Eruption of the Nass, according to the tradition of Weehawn (Large-Salmon), a chief among the Niskæs, recorded in 1929; William Beynon acting as interpreter.

Tsawltsap was the name of the river, before the volcano eruption. The valley of the river and the village were situated to the north of the Nass River in the neighbourhood of the present canyon; the Nass then had its course farther south, curving down from Gitlarhdamks to the foothills. The original river *Si'aks* (new-waters), running north and south for a distance, was called Kyimwidzeq and formed the bed of the Nass. After the eruption, the New-River was so called because it appeared only after the volcanic eruption. Up against the mountain side there was a village named Place-of-Alders (*larh-kseluiyh*), where the tribe was named People-of-Above (*gitsærh*). They are all extinct now.

The origin of the name People-of-the-Lizards (*Gitwinksihlk*) for the canyon tribe was that, before the eruption, a lake was full of lizards, frogs, and fierce small animals, and emitted a strong stench. This lake was wiped out by the lava. After the eruption, the tribe north of the canyon, which stands immediately north of the vast lava field, was named People-of-the-Lizards. The lizards never were used as a crest, although they appear on at least one totem pole. . .

The cause of the volcano eruption was the ill-treatment of a little hump-back salmon by a young man of the family of Wigyidemrshkyæk (Large-Person-Eagle). He had thrust a sharp sliver of granite rock into its back and thrown it into the river, where it had tried to swim away with this spur. That night, after the people had partaken of food, rumbling and shaking began, and they ran away from their houses into the bush. The flames were coming from hills in the vicinity of the present New-River. Many fugitives went in the direction of the Lake-of-Lizards, which was then on a high plateau.

A young woman of good extraction living at the rear of a house, apart from the others, during her puberty seclusion, was left behind, forgotten in the panic. The whole village was destroyed and burned by the lava, which poured down in huge, swift currents. Long after the eruption when the lava beds seemed to have cooled off, the people went to explore. To discover whether the going was safe, they cast dogs before them, but these sank into the molten rock. It was still too soon to go farther. Even when, long after the flames had subsided, they again tried to approach, the heat had not sufficiently abated. So they were held back in their desire to see what had happened to the girl in seclusion, whose loss they regretted.

Later they reached the place where the village had been, and the former site of the chief's house where the girl had been left. The front and rear still stood, but the sides had collapsed. There they beheld her sitting in the house, with a head covering reaching down to her shoulders. She was quite recognizable, with all the same features, only now she was a small pillar of lava rock. (In 1927, the author saw and took a photograph of this rock, standing two or three miles from the canyon along the trail across a tip of the barren lava field. The guide pointed to a spot nearby where a salmon trap had also been changed to reddish lava.)

The Squirrel, the totem pole of Paræt'nærhl and Quamnæitk, members of the Eagle group at Gitlarhdamks.

1. The Squirrel, a crest of this clan, was shown on this totem pole. So was the Thunderbird Rhsyaimsem. Informant, John Davis, of the Fireweed clan at Gitlarhdamks, had forgotten the other totem figures on the pole.

2. Another pole, older, the figures of which could not be remembered by the informant, had been erected in memory of Nawrhs-kam-næitk. It stood until recently. The carver was Nakadzæih, of a Wolf clan at Gitrhadeen on the lower Nass.

The White-Squirrel (*mashlsenhlik*) of Hrtsiyæ, member of an Eagle clan at Gitlarhdamks. It was the last or twenty-fourth pole at the lower end of the row of totems on the Nass river front.

Description. A small pole, it contained the only figure of the White Squirrel.

Function. It commemorated Qastu'in of the same household.

Carver, and age. It was carved about 50 years ago, by 'Niesyawq, head of a Wolf group in the same village, who was an old man in 1927. He was assisted in his work by Witiyætk, of a Fireweed clan at Gitsegyukla on the Skeena River.

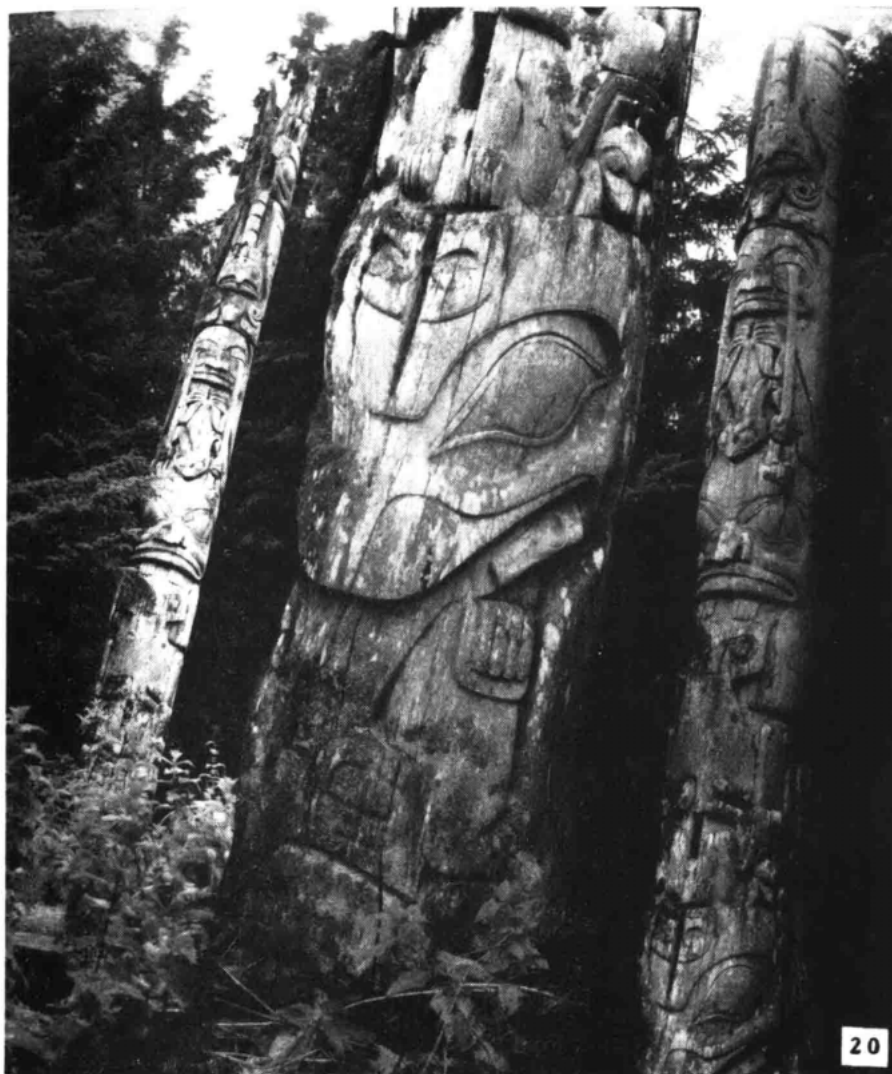
(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)



Dzelarhkons totem of the Haidas, at Tanu (to the left)

Coffin House of the Frog. The Frog crest connected with the Bear crest in the "Coffin house of the frog ton", as recorded by James Deans, 36:55, 56).

This story, although connected with the Chooitza-ton or bear crest, is the only one in existence, as far as I have been able to learn, connected with the Kimquestan-ton or frog crest. I have been told that this was a secret society belonging exclusively to women. This society had their "coffin house of the frog ton," (*sathling-nak-kimquestan*); I have been inside of it. Having seen it, I will give a description of it. When I saw it in the summer



Dzelarhkons pole, at Tanu

of 1883, it was strongly built of cedar planks, enclosing a space twenty feet square. Its roof was nearly flat and covered with cedar boards. Right in

the centre of the house stood a huge wooden frog. Forming a square around this frog and six feet from it on each side were piled, one above the other, fifty or sixty coffins, that is, boxes of all shapes and sizes. In each one were the dried-up remains of a human being. This story is from the Queen Charlotte Island Hidery.

Long ago there were many frogs on these islands. Now there are none, because they have all left. This is the story of their departure: Long ago, a frog was walking and jumping about amongst the wild flowers in the woods, making a meal of every little fly he found on his way. Eventually he came upon a bear's road. This road he followed for some time, until he met a large bear coming along. Seeing such a diminutive object coming along on his pathway, the bear stopped awhile, looking at it, saying, "You ugly little brute, what are you doing on my path?" The frog said not a word, but began to swell up a little. Seeing this the bear picked him up, smelled him, held him up, turned him round and round, then set him down, saying, "You dirty little brute, ugly for me;" so the bear passed on his way. The frog, after such rough usage, was so terribly frightened, that he could do nothing for a long time. The frog, mustering courage enough to move, went straight home, telling every living thing he met what a terrible monster he had seen, how it took him up and put him to its mouth, as if it would

devour him, then, after nearly shaking him to pieces, smelled him. Then it had set him down and walked away, calling him an ugly little brute. "Now", said the frog, "what is to be done? We must get him out of the way or we will be all killed, every one of us."

So they called together a council of all the frogs to meet on a certain day. At the council, the first frog gave a description of the bear in such a manner that many of the frogs nearly died from fright. Before the council broke up, they decided that it was useless trying to kill or drive such a terrible animal out of the country. The best thing for the frogs themselves to do was to leave. To the above decision they all agreed and left the country, one and all of them. Nowadays frogs are neither seen nor heard on these islands.

Dzelarkons at Kitamat, a southern tribe of the Tsimshians at the northernmost frontier of the Kwakiutl nation.

The only photograph available of this pole (the single one standing at Kitamat) is from Mrs. Jean Ness Findlay. It is reproduced here.

Description. A fairly old pole, about 25 or 30 feet high, it contains three figures:

1. The ancestress Dzelarkons wearing a tall conical hat surmounted by three cylinders, at the top;
2. The Halibut, head down;
3. The Frog, also head down.



Dzelarkons
pole, at
Kitamat

These emblems, like the episodes illustrated in this account, form part of the outstanding tradition (*adaorh*) of Gitrhawn, reproduced elsewhere.

Myth of origin of the Eagles at Kitkata. (Recorded by William Beynon, in 1947, from Edmund Patalas, 80 years old, belonging to the Kitamat tribe at Hartley Bay.)

The Kitkata originally belonged to two clans, at the time when they migrated southwards from the Nass River to Kitamat. The Wolves (*larhkibu*) were then the leaders in this area. They would stretch a cedar bark rope across Greenville Channel so that no canoe could pass by without their knowledge. After 'Wæmawdonhik had associated with some Kanhadas, a group of Larhskeek of Haida origin arrived in the country. These were the Tselarh'awns group, whose myth is as follows:

These people came originally from the Queen Charlotte Islands. One day, a young prince and two of his companions went trout-fishing some distance from the village, intending to camp out overnight. They considered themselves great hunters. On the way, the young chief shot a cormorant, skinned it, and made a head-dress of it which he called the Cormorant-Hat (*gaidem hauts*). He wore it as he sat in the stern of his canoe.

When they reached the stream where they were going to fish, they anchored the canoe and cast their lines. The prince's two companions were very lucky, but every time he had a bite, the cormorant suddenly came to life, dove into the water, and ate the trout. Then it would return and perch on his head again. This happened so often that the prince became angry. Finally he took the Cormorant-Hat and cast it off. It fell to the bottom of the canoe. After this, he caught a few trout.

When the day drew to a close, the canoe folk paddled to shore and made a fire. The trout were cleaned and toasted, and made ready to eat. But just as the prince's trout was put before him, a large frog jumped onto the fish. The young chief took the frog, threw it up into the bushes, and turned again to his roasted trout. Once more the frog jumped, and again it was tossed into the bushes. When this happened a third time the prince became angry. He took the frog and threw it into the fire, poking it with his spear to make sure it was dead.

When they had finished eating, they prepared to sleep. Their rest was disturbed by the voice of a woman crying, "Oh! my child! Bring it back to me! What have you done to my child?" This lament went on all night, keeping the young men from sleeping. Their foreboding was that something fearful was about to happen, for they suspected that the prince had done something wrong in burning the frog. Now all they wanted was to get away quickly, before harm befell them.

They rose early in the morning and embarked in their canoes. As they started to paddle away to their village, they heard a voice on the shore calling, "My dear men, wait until I speak to you! For what you have done to me you shall all be punished. As soon as you pass the first point, the man in the bow of the canoe shall fall dead. At the next point, the man in the middle shall die. When the canoe lands, and as soon as the last man tells his story, he shall also die. The entire village is doomed to destruction."

The young men looked at one another fearfully; they did not know what to do. An old woman appeared to them in the distance, badly burned,

continually crying out, "Oh! my poor child! My poor child! What have you done to my child?" Still crying, she went up into the woods. The prince and his companions, by this time very much frightened, set off at once for their village. When they passed by the first point, the man in the bow of the canoe fell back dead. The remaining two paddled on vigorously, but when they came to the next point, the man sitting in the middle lost his life. Only the prince remained, and he went on alone. Finally, wearing his Cormorant-Hat, he landed at the village. At first he did not speak, but just pointed to his dead companions in the canoe. He wanted to tell his people all that had happened, but knew that as soon as he had finished he would also die. He just sat on the beach in a daze. The chief, his father, said, "What has happened to you and your companions? Come, speak! What has happened?"

After a long while the young prince spoke: "We went to fish some trout. While we were preparing them for eating, a frog jumped onto my portion. I made two attempts to throw it up into the bushes, but in the end cast it into the fire. Next day a woman came to the beach and cried out, 'Before you get to the first point, the man sitting in the bow shall die. When you pass the next point, the man sitting in the middle shall fall dead. When you get to your village you will also fall dead when you have finished telling of your experiences.' This is what the woman said, and you see for yourselves that these men are dead." No sooner had the prince finished speaking than he too died. The grief in the village was great.

Soon rumblings came from the mountains, and the people saw first smoke and then fire approaching. It seemed as if the village would be engulfed from all directions. First the canoes were burnt. The people could find no safe place in which to hide. There was no escape from the great fires which poured from the mountains. At the rear of the great chief's house was a cave in which all the young women were kept during their first puberty period. At this time a young girl was secluded in the cave with her grandmother, who was caring for her. Her father, the chief, now made her more secure by closing up the entrance with large copper shields. While the child and her grandmother kept in hiding, all the people were destroyed by the great fires from the mountains.

Many days passed, and the old grandmother heard a woman's voice singing a dirge outside. After the voice had faded away, the old woman started to clear away the debris from the mouth of the cave. When she stepped out she saw that of the whole village nothing remained. She took the young girl and they went away.

One day the old woman was so weak from travelling and hunger that she could go no farther. After she had died, her granddaughter, left all alone, wept with fear. It was then that a huge bird came down and alighted beside her. "Why do you cry, my child?" asked the spirit. "I am all alone, and do not know what to do or where to go. My grandmother told me of a very distant land I must try and reach. But she is dead, and now I do not know what is to happen." The great bird-like being was in reality the supernatural Eagle. "I will take you to meet those of whom your grandmother spoke," it said. "You must carry pebbles in your hand. When I tell you to drop some into the water, you must obey. Come, hold tight on my back." So saying, the Eagle took off, carrying away the child.

After flying a long while the bird began to tire. "Drop some of the pebbles you carry," it said to the girl, "and we may rest." At once several islands sprang out of the water, and on one of these they alighted and rested. This was the home of the Nugunaks clan. When they had rested, the Eagle and the girl kept on travelling until they reached a great village. Here the Eagle left her, saying, "The people will be ready to meet you here. You can find your way by waiting near their village." The child was then put down, and the great Eagle flew away. She seated herself on a log which seemed to be a fresh burial place, and watched a canoe approach. In it sat a man and a woman. As soon as they saw the girl, they ran up and embraced her, saying, "My child! My child! You have come back to us. You have pitied our poor humble weeping, and you will come back with us." These people had just buried their only daughter, and had been accustomed to coming over to her grave every day to mourn for her. When they saw the child, they thought it was their own daughter returned to them, for this young girl resembled the dead one very closely. They returned to their village and held a great feast, rejoicing that their daughter had come back to them. Now this was the Kitamat people, and the house into which the young girl was taken was the Sun'arhæt Eagle house. These in turn came to the Kitkata tribe, and are now the royal Eagle house of Kitkata.