

saying that you hid your power charm in the mountains? Really you never go there before you hunt seal. What is the charm from which you get your power? Show it to me, and I will help you guard it." He gave no reply. The next day, she was even more attentive and fulfilled her husband's every wish. That night she again asked him where he obtained his powers. Finally, as he was tired and sleepy, he blurted out, "I get my gift from my shirt. I will never take it off. Should I take it off, then all my powers would vanish." After the woman had heard this, she knew that he had told the truth, for he never took off his leather shirt. So she told her brother, "My master wears his powers next to him. It is on his shirt, which he never takes off."—"You must cut it off him while he sleeps. You must destroy it!" She now became even more endearing to her husband, and he had no suspicion, even though he had been warned by his Niskæ wife. Day after day, his deceitful wife tended him.

One night, he came in very tired, as they had been a long way off, and he had paddled all day in the calm weather. So he was exhausted. His wife kept him awake playing with him as long as she could to tire him completely. Then, in the end, he dropped off into a heavy sleep. When he was unaware of it, she endeavoured to arouse him pleading with him to awaken. But he was too completely lost. Then she took her shell knife, cut off his shirt, and destroyed it. He was left naked. Late in the morning, when he awoke, he found that his shirt was gone and also his endearing wife. He then realized he had been tricked. His powers were gone, and he made up his mind to leave his home, for he had been humiliated by his own wife. He took his Niskæ wife, his nephews and nieces, and his family and left to go up the Nass River. There he settled down and formed the household of Towq, as we know it to-day.

Only his brother Asaralryæn remained among the Tsimcyan, and he became a part of the Gitsees tribe¹.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY CHILD?"

(A narrative recorded in 1953 by William Beynon, from Mrs. Clifton and Mrs. Robertson, both belonging to the Eagle or Thunderbird household of Sen'arhæt, in the Git'amat tribe of the Tsimcyan.)

Years ago, the people from Gitrhahla were great sea-otter hunters and would go to what is now Aristobel Island. This was the hunting ground for sea-otter, but farther off shore, what is known now as Big Ganders and Little Ganders (Negun'aks), was the best hunting ground for sea-otter, and it was there that the hunters got most of their pelts. But Negun'aks was

¹Gamlugyides is represented on a pole: No. 193, page 440, in Barbeau's *Totem Poles*, Vol. II.

also the abode of a great sea monster [in the form of a whirlpool] who used to bait the people and draw them to the passage between the small islands in the group. Their village was established on Aristobel Island, and from there they would go to the very dangerous sea-otter hunting grounds. Almost every day a canoe would be sucked down by the great whirlpool, and the hunters planned on retaliating, but they were always overcome by the monster, which concealed itself in the foam it made by creating the huge whirlpool. It always defeated those who came for an attack.

Early in the morning the sea-otter hunters would set out for the hunting ground. As they came to the Ganders, they could see a floating infant on the water. This to a hunter is generally a goodluck omen, if he is able to capture the child alive. When a hunter meets a woman carrying a crying baby, he makes an attempt to capture the child. She defends herself with copper talons and exerts herself to recover her weeping child, who is called Wihaudemhik (weeping)¹. Whoever takes the weeping child keeps possession of it until the woman promises wealth and powers to the captor and gives a crystal, a token of [mystic] powers. Then the child is given back to the woman, who disappears. This is what the people thought of the weeping child that the hunters saw, from time to time, on the waters of the narrow channel in the whirlpool. When the hunters caught sight of the floating infant, it began to cry out very loudly. Then the hunters speared it and took it into their canoe. As they did this, a weeping voice called out, "O my child, what have you done to my child? Give me back my child." The woman appeared at the surface of the water. She followed the canoe and kept repeating her cries for the child. As the people in the canoe ignored her, there suddenly arose a great storm, and foam covered the waters. A great whirlpool drew in the canoe. It disappeared. The people in the other canoes, watching from a distance, returned home and told those in the mainland village what had happened.

Many days after the people had finished mourning, another group of hunters set out. When they came to the sea-otter grounds, they got many sea-otter pelts and were returning to their village when they also saw the crying child floating on the waters. It was crying very loud. One of the canoes went into the narrow passage. The bowman took his weapon and speared the crying baby. He dragged it into the canoe. As he did, a woman came out of the water calling, "O my child, what have you done to my child? Give me back my child!" This she kept repeating over and over again. All the while the hunters in the canoe were paddling away when a gigantic wave arose and covered the waters with foam. A huge whirlpool began to draw the canoe down. It soon disappeared in this sea of foam.

¹The narrators have heard of the appearance of this being from three different persons, from Gusai'n, on the Stikine River; from a former Rhpelk, of the Gisparhlaw'ts tribe, and from a former Sashsa'r'h of the Gitwilgyawts tribe.

There now had been many canoes lost in this way, and the hunters were being killed off by this undersea monster. They were all in deep mourning, as many of their best young men had fallen victims of the whirlpool. Only a few were left; so many had been destroyed by this monster of the foam. The survivors then said, "We must find a way to do away with this woman who has killed so many of our young people. Otherwise there soon will be no more hunters left, and the people will suffer. You wise men must think of a way to destroy this being."

Then a young hunter spoke, "I will make a canoe that cannot be shattered in this way, and we may overcome the weeping woman." He and his tribesmen went into the woods, and he chose a large spruce tree, which they felled and made into a canoe. When it was finished, they took it down to the village and made it ready. All the chief's companions went with the leader to see how the canoe could withstand the heavy seas. The canoe travelled very slowly. When it began to crack in the heavy seas, they turned about and went back to their village. The chief broke the canoe into small pieces and burned it. Back they went into the woods and cut down a yellow cedar tree and made a very fine canoe. When it was finished, the chief and his companions took it out to the heavy seas, and it, too, began to crack. So they returned, and the chief broke the yellow cedar canoe into small pieces and burned it. They then tried all the different trees to try to make a canoe that could withstand the storm and the strong whirlpool. In the end they found a yew tree large enough for a big canoe. They carved it in the woods and then carried it out to steam it with hot stones and to shape it. When it was finished, the chief and his companions set out to try the canoe in a severe storm, and it rode on the large waves as light as a leaf. Now they knew that they could attack the monster woman of the foam.

The young chief and his friends fasted and bathed in devil's-club [juice] to make their onslaught a success. When their training period was complete and all was ready, they set out to go to the sea-otter grounds to try to avenge the loss of their fellow tribesmen. They went past the island and slaughtered many sea-otter; then they turned back meaning to return to their village. But as they went near the island, they saw the crying child floating on the water. So the chief gave the command to paddle close to the child. "I will catch it and take it in the canoe," he said; "then you must head the canoe for the small wooded island." The paddlers went right close to where the child lay in the water, and as soon as the child was pulled into the canoe, they headed straight for the island. The crying woman immediately followed, "Give me back my child, my only child!" This she called out, and at once a violent wind blew, and foam covered the surface of the waters. But the chief and his paddlers safely reached the wooded island. Still the crying woman called out, "Give me my child, my only child, or I will wreck you all!"—"Give us back all our people you have taken, and you will get back your



19A. Whale, Shark, and mythic animals.



19B. Other view of No. 19A.

child." The crying woman kept on calling for her child, but the chief was very firm in demanding the return of his people, whom this foam monster had taken.

So just before dark, the storm was at its height. It almost submerged the island, but still the chief demanded the return of his people. Finally the crying woman cried out, "Give me back my child, or I shall turn the island over and you shall perish." The chief turned to his canoemen and said to them, "As soon as you feel the island moving, all get into the canoe, and we will be safe."

During the night, the people felt the island moving as if turning over. They at once stepped into their yew canoe, and the canoe lay at some distance. When the island had completely turned over and righted itself, the chief and his people went back unto it. It now was bare. The chief remained firm in demanding the return of his people, and the crying woman was as firm in asking for her child. The chief now was sure that his training had made him stronger than the monster of the foam.

Before long, the child of the monster died, as it had been too long out of the water. As soon as it died, the woman ceased her calls and disappeared. The chief knew that he had overcome the monster woman. So he awaited the end of his "power" period. Then he and his people started off for their village. As they were leaving, the woman monster of the foam appeared again, this time near the canoe. The chief took his spear and killed her. They pulled her body into the canoe and set out for their village.

They were very happy to have overcome the monster of the foam. But they were sad, as their village was almost empty because of the loss of its hunters. When they turned their faces towards the village opposite theirs at Metlakatla Passage, they decided to go over. As there were many inhabitants there, the people intermarried and eventually their village was again populated with many young folk. The surviving chief took as his crest the Monster of the Foam and her child. After this there was no more danger at the sea-otter grounds, as the hagwelorh (monster) had been destroyed.

THE ORIGIN OF LIGHT

(Traditional narrative recorded by William Beynon in 1952, from Mrs. S. Young, a Kaigani Haida of Kassan, Alaska, of the Eagle or Thunderbird phratry, aged 70.)

The whole world at one time was in darkness. The people worked under great hardship, and while darkness was not complete all the time, at best one could hardly see anything. The people could barely get the food they needed; they were always on the verge of starvation. It was then that 'Iyayhl, the Raven, came to be known. He was a great spirit and able to change his