

And they saw the hand of nature wonders work in countless ways;
Saw the spring become a streamlet, then to brook and river grow,
Saw the flowers of warmest summer bloom by lingering banks of snow;
Saw at morn the sun's bright fingers tip
with light the mountain's crest,
And at eve his flaming chariot roll in
splendor down the west;
Saw the playful squirrel and chipmunk
gather in their winter's store;
Heard the fitting yellow hammer knock-
ing at his dead tree door;
Saw the startled white-tailed rabbit scam-
per through his brushy gate;
Heard the cooing of the wild dove; heard
the bluejay call his mate;
Saw the proud and fearless eagle near the
mountain's summit sweep;
Saw the timid grouse and partridge from
beneath the bushes peep.



"TOTEM STICKS THAT STAND AS WITNESS TO THE CREST THAT MARKS HIS LINE."

Little cared they for what nature had thus spread before their eyes;
Lived they solely for each other; found their exile paradise.
Aimless wandering thro' the forest, loving hand clasped close in hand,
Or on couch of fragrant cedar, by the mountain breezes fanned,
'Neath the broad, umbrageous shelter of the spruce boughs drooping low,
Found they joy and sweet contentment that true lovers only know.
With his bow he slew the wild deer, and from out the shaded brook
Caught the trout, so brightly speckled, with a rudely fashioned hook;
Trapped the grouse with wild vine meshes, woven by the fair maid's hand;
Kept at bay the wolf and cougar with his fire and flaming brand.¹⁰
Thus the summer passed, but winter's chill and icy breath drew near,
Filling the bold Quissam-qedus with an agony of fear.
Then the brave youth sought the village, leaving Kinda-wiss alone,
Who less feared the gloomy forest than her father's angry tone.
Two days only was the lover to be absent from her side,
Two days only were the cravings of their hearts to be denied;
But, alas for human planning, their sad parting was for years,
Years of sorrow and distraction and of agony and tears.
Quissam-qedus was made welcome as one risen from the dead.
When 'twas known the absent maiden had been with him, on his head
Fell the wrath of stern-faced parents, who, to force the maid's return,
Kept the youth in close confinement; but, at last, in much concern
At the maiden's lengthened absence, they released him, and again
Deep he plunged into the forest, sought the bower in the glen.
Crimson shafts the sinking sun now cast athwart the glowing sky,
As in anxious haste the lover to the trysting place drew nigh;
But no maiden ran to meet him, no loved voice made glad reply

NOTE 4—The origin of the tribes on the northwestern coast of America is a matter of much fruitless speculation. It is generally believed that they are of Mongolian ancestry, and reached their present home by way of Siberia and Alaska, or were driven by storms or followed the Japan current in their primitive vessels and were unable to return. The Haidah tribe, occupying the Queen Charlotte islands, possess a greater resemblance to the Chinese than the others, and have a much lighter skin. They were far more skillful in carving, manufactures, etc., than the tribes occupying the mainland when the first navigators found them, and are believed to have been much later arrivals from China than the others. The great superiority of the Haidahs and Nootkas, on the west coast of Vancouver island, was noticed by all the early explorers and fur traders.

When he called, and only mountains echoed back his anguished cry:
"Kinda-wiss! Oh speak, my darling! It is I, be not afraid!"
Sighed the cold winds in the tree tops, ran a young deer through the glade;
But no answer from his loved one soothed his longing, not a trace
Could he find, though long he wandered, searched in each familiar place.
O'er the mountains, through the forest, day and night he wandered on,
Fearing not the savage cougar, heeding not the thunder's tone,
Scanning every copse and thicket that his weary feet drew near,
Calling ever for his lost one in an agony of fear;
Till, at last, starved, bruised and bleeding, with both strength and courage
gone,
He returned with hopeless footsteps to his father's house, alone.

Year by year he sought the lost one, pushing his determined quest
Into far and unknown regions that no Haidah foot had pressed;
Till, one day, he met a shamin,¹¹ old and wrinkled, wise and good,
And related his sad story in a gloomy, hopeless mood.
By his magic art the shamin, with mysterious skill and pow'r,
Learned the fate of Kinda-wiss, and traced her wand'rings from the hour
When she parted from her lover in the distant mountain glen.
In a tree house she was living, with the bears, where she had been
Ever since the bear king caught her, and had made her queen and bride;
And two sons were living with her, never absent from her side.
Glad was faithful Quissam-qedus; his sad heart was light again;
And with two brave Haidah warriors sought the bear king's far domain.
Many days through rugged mountains, through a tangled forest wild,
Toiled these rash youths, by naught daunted, by no leaping deer be-
guled.
Milk white streams, tumultuous, snow-born, dashed across their rocky
way;
Ancient rivers,¹² that for ages, inch by inch and day by day,
Seamed and scarred by ridge and crevice, seaward move with ceaseless
flow,
There to join, 'mid peals of thunder, vast armadas of the snow,
Sailing westward, slowly sinking, vanishing beyond recall,
Stood athwart their narrow pathway, like the Mongol's Tartar wall.



"'NEATH THE BROAD, UMBRAGEOUS SHELTER OF THE SPRUCE BOUGHS DROOPING LOW."

In the canyon's deep defile the snow in drifted masses lay,
Gathered there through the dark winter, while in summer scarce a ray
Of the transient sunlight glistened on the canyon's rocky side.
Yet the lover struggled onward, thinking ever of the bride
Who had from his loving bosom by the grizzly king been torn,
And into this icy region by her ruthless captor borne.

NOTE 5—The war canoe is hollowed out of the trunk of a giant cedar, and in the hands of a skilled crew of natives is a safe craft to navigate very rough waters. The Indians often go as far south as Puget sound in them, a distance of 1,000 miles. They are very large and hold twenty men easily.

NOTE 6—Even the Haidahs themselves do not know the meaning of the words in the bear song. They are unlike any known language of the present day, and may be the only, and meaningless link, that connects them with a remote ancestry.

NOTE 7—An idea that appears prominent in the traditions of nearly every tribe on the Pacific coast is that the grizzly bear was once human, or, that in the youthful days of the world the bear and the Indian lived on an equality, or, that the grizzly was one of the pro-