

For the joys of youth forgotten, or the essence of a dream—
So the mother love makes other joys a fleeting vision seem.
A sweet song her royal husband made in honor of his bride,
And the bears, to do her honor, often gathered by her side,
Singing softly the weird music, that had pow'r to win her heart,
Like the chantment of the siren or the spell of magic art.

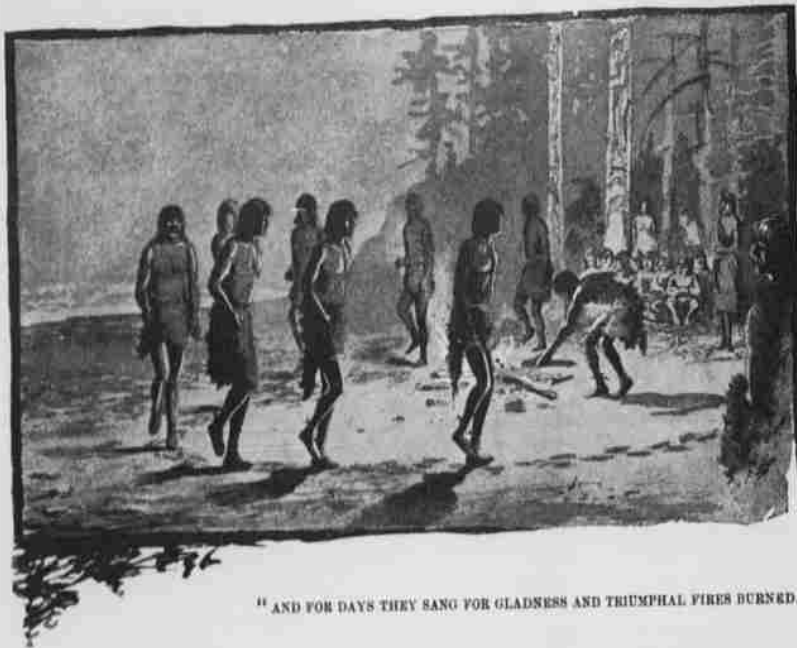
* * *

Great rejoicing made the Haidah when sweet Kinda-wiss returned,
And for days they sang for gladness, and triumphal fires burned.
Then with public pomp and splendor Quissam-qedus took his queen,

And a *chooa* carved in cedar by their cabin door was seen.
Soon the music of the bear song all the Haidah learned to sing.
With its strains a thousand voices made Queen Charlotte's forests ring,
As their arrows slew the wild deer on the hill or in the vale,
Or they sang it on the ocean as they chased the mighty whale.

Till the last of Haidah nation has descended to his grave,
From the war canoe the bear song shall go rolling o'er the wave.

HARRY L. WELLS.



"AND FOR DAYS THEY SANG FOR GLADNESS AND TRIUMPHAL FIRES BURNED."

of the mother, for descent is in the female line, the figure of the ruling crest being at the top of the pole. Totem sticks and crests have been found among the Indians of various tribes from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Cooper speaks of them often, and Longfellow, also, in his "Song of Hiawatha." The Indians of Alaska and British Columbia are quite skillful in carving in cedar, making a multitude of odd devices; but the Haidahs surpass them, as they carve small ancestral columns in stone in a most beautiful style. One of these carved stone totems is worth \$25 in Victoria, the only place where they can be purchased.

NOTE 9—It is against the laws of the Haidahs for two persons of the same crest to marry, even though there be no near relationship between them. As the lovers in the legend were both of the *chooa*, or raven, crest, they were inadmissible for marriage with each other.

NOTE 10—The fear wild animals have of fire is well known among the frontiersmen, and this knowledge has saved the life of many a trapper, hunter or wanderer in the mountains. By building a circle of small fires and remaining within them, one is safe from savage animals, even though they prowling about all night just beyond the glare of the light, giving vent at intervals to their savage disappointment. A flaming brand thrown at one of them is productive of far better results than a rifle shot.

NOTE 11—The shaman is the medicine man of the Haidahs and other northwestern tribes, and is believed to possess wonderful magic powers. He fosters a belief in witchcraft to maintain his power over others, and when he is unable by his incantations to cure a patient, he selects some friendless person among the Indians and pretends by his spells to discover him to be a witch that is making the patient sick. The poor wretch is then tortured in a most inhuman manner, often losing his life in the ordeals he is compelled to undergo. This practice is being rapidly broken up where the white influence is strong enough to make itself felt.

NOTE 12—The mighty glacial rivers of Alaska and Northern British Columbia are objects of great wonder and curiosity to the thousands of tourists who now visit the "Land of the Midnight Sun" every year. The great Muir and Davidson glaciers are the ones most commonly visited. These streams of solid ice, between great rocky walls, move constantly downward, presenting a high bluff of green ice to the action of the waves where they meet the ocean. As the bluffs become undermined, and being pushed forward by the moving ice behind, huge pieces break off with a loud report like the discharge of artillery, falling into the water, which is thrown high into the air, and creating huge waves that threaten destruction to all small boats in the vicinity, and cause steamers anchored near to roll as though struck by a tidal wave. These pieces of glaciers, like great, white ships, "vast armadas of the snow," fill the bay into which the glaciers flow and float away to become the icebergs encountered in the open ocean. The surface of the glaciers is covered with hummocks and is scamed and scoured with vast crevasses, and is very difficult and dangerous to cross, forming even a more serious obstacle to such a journey as that taken by the venturesome Haidahs in the legend than even the snow-blockaded mountain cañons.

NOTE 13—The sunsets of the Pacific are remarkably brilliant and beautiful, especially in this far northern region with its clear atmosphere. Particularly is this so where the ocean is dotted with islands that serve to heighten the effect. The following inimitable description of a sunset on Puget sound is from the gifted pen of Ella Higginson:

"Every land may occasionally have a gorgeous sunset; but think—only think!—of a land where each evening from six o'clock until ten in summer and from four to six in the winter the whole western sky and the sea that dances beneath are one flaming, tremulous,

dazzling glow of blended and blending gold, purple, scarlet, orange, green, blue, opal and pearl—shifting, fading, melting, burning, until one's breath almost fails in a very ecstasy of admiration of it! Column on column of amethyst and pearl pile up and stand toppling, ready to fall, in the clouds; and in the far distance of the rainbow tinted tunnel one sees the sun—one great wheel of flaming gold—lay his trembling rim upon the low purple line of the hill whereon tall, graceful fir trees reach upward quiet arms until each fine, spicy needle stands out, clear and delicate, against that luminous background. And many and many a time while the west is lit with sunset fires, into the clear, blue east rises slowly the harvest moon—silver and cool and large—whitening and softening everything before her. Sometimes, too, when there is a mist brooding upon the bosom of those blue waters, all the tinted sun and cloud rays sinking through it touch it to life and vivid color, till it seems one vast distance of trembling thistle-down, blown this way and that by the strong, salt, sea winds. I have seen the laborer, toiling with bared breast and swelling muscles at the huge walls of rock cliffs with pick and mallet, pause and turn wondering, wistful eyes across the sparkling waves to the glory of the dying day; I have seen the true artist stand with dim eye and hushed breath—speechless—awed into insignificance before the painting God has swung before his children. Here is a painting traced on heaven, such as no man can copy and no man can buy. The voracious beggar that crawls on the earth may drink in the glory of this scene, side by side with the king, if he only has the simple love of beauty and of nature's God in his heart. It is free—free—for the gold of earth can not buy the gold of heaven."

NOTE 14—So dense is the growth of timber in the Coast mountains, and so deeply is the ground covered with the decaying trunks of fallen trees, over which runs a tangled mass of vines, and about which is a thick growth of giant ferns, that even a skilled woodman has great difficulty in making his way through it. The slightest deviation from the trail in such a forest is sufficient to hopelessly confuse one not accustomed to traveling through it, and one feels as completely lost when a hundred feet from the trail as he would were he a mile away. Barriers of fallen timber, ambushed by vines and ferns, rise up to a height of twenty feet, the whole looking dark and formidable in the dim light that struggles through the dense foliage overhead. Added to the anxiety of having lost the trail in the depressing gloom of the forest is the natural dread of unknown dangers, so that one might well lose heart and throw himself down in despair when he had exhausted his physical strength in a vain effort to escape.

NOTE 15—Wild berries of many kinds grow in profusion in the mountains of the Pacific coast, especially in the north, owing to the quickness of the soil in maturing vegetation during the brief summer season in that region. Blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, whortleberries and wild grapes abound, the same as in other portions of the United States. The first two are in great profusion, their long, prickly vines covering the ground like network. There are, also, other berries not so well known elsewhere, such as thimbleberry, salmonberry, salalberry and deerberry, all of which are highly prized by wild animals, especially the bear, who is perfectly happy in a salal thicket or a cluster of salmonberry bushes. The salalberry is about the size and color of a wild grape, and grows upon a bush. The salmonberry somewhat resembles a small raspberry, except that it is a light salmon color. It has a pleasant, acid flavor. The thimbleberry grows upon a bush with large, maple-shaped leaves, and derives its name from the resemblance of the berry to the shape of a thimble. Like the salmonberry, it is of the raspberry species, and is of a dark red color and very pleasant to the taste. The deerberry is of the blueberry family. Tourists to Alaska find the long rows of Indian women sitting in the streets with baskets of berries for sale one of the most interesting and picturesque sights they witness.