

## AN OLD STORY.

Long ago on the shores of old England  
In the days when King Alfred was young  
The song I would tell in new numbers  
By saga-men sailors was sung.

A Scottish king heard of a country  
Where silver and gold were as dirt,  
And the cedar, the oak, and the elm,  
The hills and the mountains begirt.

Then calling his nobles about him  
He asked them if any would go  
And find the new country, and bring him,  
The tidings he so longed to know.

And there in that mighty assemblage  
But one man spake thus to the throne  
"I will seek Oh my King till I find it  
Else never return to my home."

He sailed 'mid the shouts of the nation,  
But old men stood wagging their heads  
As to catch the soft favouring breezes  
The venturesome sail he outspreads.

The soft winds soon left the bold sailor  
And ruder blasts drove him astray  
Long days and long nights of fierce tempest  
And then he grew weak, who was gay.

As sadly he sat in his lone boat  
And wearily watched the white foam  
A lovely sea maid swam before him,  
He thought of his wife and his home.

But a voice like the e'ery rippling  
Of wood streams o'er pebbles at eve  
Bade him love her and loving go with her  
His King and his mission to leave.

Her limbs in their beauty and whiteness  
Were moving in grace by his side  
As moonbeams will glide o'er the surface  
And under the calm summer tide.

Her long glossy hair was loose, flowing,  
And fell on the heaving breast, white  
Like the clear bubbling spring of the forest  
In purity rising to sight.

She threw her white arms then about him  
And drew his head down to her breast  
On his wan cheeks, and lips pale with fasting  
Her warm loving kisses she pressed.

Oh! come with me, come! cried the maiden  
Oh! come with me under the sea  
There soon shall we free from all trouble  
At rest in a coral bed be.

The wild waves are bitterly beating  
The wild winds are cruel and keen,  
I love you and offer my loving  
And visions of joy yet unseen.

Her liquid eyes, each a blue ocean,  
In miniature, brimful of love,  
In their sweetness and gentle expression  
Would rival the fairest fair dove.

How could he do other than answer  
And seize on the upward turned lips,  
While released from his rule in a moment  
His vessel beneath the wave dips.

As 't locked in a loving enclosure  
Of arms clear and smooth as the pearl  
He sank in a dream of love longings  
To live with the ocean-born girl.

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Long years did the King wait his coming  
And long years waited his wife  
And she never knew how he had struggled  
And how lost an evil love strife.

I. F. A. W.

## THE HYDAH INDIANS.

In the Pacific Ocean between the parallels of 51 and 55 degrees of north latitude, lie a group of islands, of which, until lately, little was known. These islands by name The Queen Charlotte, are inhabited by a tribe of Indians called the Hydah, who certainly are a very remarkable people. In number they are about 800. The most common type of the adult averages 5 feet 6 inches in height, thick set, large boned, with rather regular features, black hair and eyes, and bronze complexion. They have, as a rule, both men and women, well developed breasts and arms, caused by their use of the canoe paddle from infancy, but as a result from much squatting and little walking, few have well formed legs. On the whole, however, they compare very favourably as to physique, with any other aboriginal race, though certainly they cannot be called handsome. In dress, to a great extent, they have adopted the costume of the whites, but still adhere to the use of the blanket or *ra-xin*, which is generally very costly, woven from the wool of the mountain goat, and is worn thrown over the shoulder. The women are very fond of bright colors, and indeed the men also, but occasionally they exhibit considerable taste in the selection of their garments. Nearly all the adults are tattooed, the designs representing family crests and *totems*. These latter are five in number, and were established apparently to avoid too close intermarriage, as those of the same *totem* are forbidden to marry, and the children perpetuate the system by adopting the same *totem* as the mother. The women paint the face for dancing—a habit not altogether confined to the Hydah Indians—they are very fond of ornaments, and when possible to obtain it, wear jewellery in great profusion. The domestic relationship of these people commence at a very early stage in life, the females frequently entering the marriage state at the age of fourteen. The ceremony of marriage is a simple one, consisting merely of a family meeting where the praises of the young man are recited by his friends, if the girl is satisfied with the encomiums lavished upon him, she rises from her place and sits down beside her intended husband, and taking his hand in hers the ceremony is complete. Formerly polygamy prevailed to a large extent, but under missionary influence it is being gradually discontinued. The Hydahs are very fond of dancing, and display great ingenuity in devising fanciful costumes for wearing upon such occasions, and the representation of every beast, bird, and fish of which they have any knowledge, is called into requisition in order to decorate their garments. Special ceremonies have their own peculiar dance, such as the death dance, and the house-building dance, nearly all these, however, have been abandoned in those villages which missionaries have reached.

Religion of any sort, amongst these people, so far as our information extends, is almost unknown. They believe in a Great Spirit, a future life, and transmigration