kly Number 14 June 16, 1886

VERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

WITH NOTES

IN TWO PARTS

PART II.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter

Single Numbers FIFTEEN CENTS
Double Numbers THIRTY CENTS

Quarterly Subscription
(13 Numbers) $1.60

The Riverside Literature Series.

With Introductions, Notes, Historical Sketches, and Biographical Sketches. Each regular single number, paper, 15 cents.

1. Longfellow's Evangeline.* ‡‡
2. Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish; Elizabeth.*
3. Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish. DRAMATIZED.
4. Whittier's Snow-Bound, and Other Poems.* ‡‡ **
5. Whittier's Mabel Martin, and Other Poems.**
6. Holmes's Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, etc.**

7, 8, 9. Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair: True Stories from New England History. 1620–1803. In three parts.‡‡

10. Hawthorne's Biographical Stories. With Questions.**
11. Longfellow's Children's Hour, and Other Selections.**
12. Studies in Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell.

13, 14. Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha. In two parts.‡

15. Lowell's Under the Old Elm, and Other Poems.**
16. Bayard Taylor's Lars: a Pastoral of Norway, etc.

17, 18. Hawthorne's Wonder-Book. In two parts.‡

19, 20. Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography. In two parts.‡

21. Benjamin Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanac, etc.

22, 23. Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales. In two parts.‡

24. Washington's Rules of Conduct, Letters, and Addresses.*

25, 26. Longfellow's Golden Legend. In two parts.‡

27. Thoreau's Succession of Forest Trees, Wild Apples, and Sounds. With a Biographical Sketch by R. W. EMERSON.
28. John Burroughs's Birds and Bees.**
29. Hawthorne's Little Daffydowndilly, and Other Stories.**
30. Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, and Other Pieces.* ‡‡ **
31. Holmes's My Hunt after the Captain, and Other Papers.**
32. Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech, and Other Papers.

33, 34, 35. Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. In three parts.‡‡

36. John Burroughs's Sharp Eyes, and Other Papers.**
37. Charles Dudley Warner's A-Hunting of the Deer, etc.*
38. Longfellow's Building of the Ship, and Other Poems.
39. Lowell's Books and Libraries, and Other Papers.**
40. Hawthorne's Tales of the White Hills, and Sketches.**
41. Whittier's Tent on the Beach, and Associated Poems.
42. Emerson's Fortune of the Republic, and Other Essays, including The American Scholar.**
43. Ulysses among the Phæacians. From W. C. BRYANT'S Translation of Homer's Odyssey.
44. Edgeworth's Waste Not, Want Not; and The Barring Out.
45. Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.*
46. Old Testament Stories in Scripture Language.

47, 48. Fables and Folk Stories. In two parts.‡

49, 50. Hans Andersen's Stories. In two parts.‡

51, 52. Washington Irving: Essays from the Sketch Book. [51.] Rip Van Winkle, and Other American Essays. [52.] The Voyage, and Other English Essays. In two parts.‡

53. Scott's Lady of the Lake. Edited by W. J. ROLFE. With copious Notes and numerous Illustrations. (*Double Number, 30 cents. Also, in Rolfe's Students' Series, cloth, to Teachers, 53 cents.*)
54. Bryant's Sella, Thanatopsis, and Other Poems.*
55. Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. THURBER.* **
56. Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration, and the Oration on Adams and Jefferson.

Also, bound in linen: * 25 cents. ** 4 and 5 in one vol., 40 cents; likewise 6 and 31, 11 and 63, 28 and 36, 29 and 10, 30 and 15, 39 and 123, 40 and 69, 55 and 67, 113 and 42. ‡ Also in one vol., 40 cents. ‡‡ 1, 4, and 30 also in one vol., 50 cents; likewise 7, 8, and 9; 33, 34, and 35.

The Riverside Literature Series

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, NOTES, AND A VOCABULARY

IN TWO PARTS

PART II.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
Boston: 4 Park Street; New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street
Chicago: 378-388 Wabash Avenue
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

CONTENTS.

PART II.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

XI.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
5 He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
10 That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gayly,
And the guests be more contented.
Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
15 All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.
She had sent through all the village
20 Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting;
And the wedding guests assembled,

Clad in all their richest raiment,
25 Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.
First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
30 Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
35 And the wild rice of the river.
But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
40 Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

32. "The dish of 'pemican and marrow fat' of which I spoke was thus: The first an article of food used throughout this country as familarly as we use bread in the civilized world. It is made of buffalo meat dried very hard, and afterward pounded in a large wooden mortar until it is made nearly as fine as sawdust, then packed in this dry state in bladders or sacks of skin, and is easily carried to any part of the world in good order. 'Marrow fat' is collected by the Indians from the buffalo bones which they break to pieces, yielding a prodigious quantity of marrow, which is boiled out and put into buffalo bladders which have been distended; and after it cools becomes quite hard like tallow, and has the appearance and very nearly the flavor of the richest yellow butter." — Catlin's *Manners and Customs of the North American Indians*, p. 191.

41. "In all tribes in these western regions it is an invariable rule that a chief never eats with his guests invited to the feast; but while they eat, he sits by at their service and ready to wait upon them; deliberately charging and lighting the pipe which is to be passed around after the feast is over." — Catlin, p. 190.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
45 Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.
Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
50 Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"
55 Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.
60 Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
65 Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.
Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
70 Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,

47. K'nick-k'nick, or bark of the red willow. — Catlin, p. 190. From this word comes the name of a favorite smoking tobacco, "Killi-kinic."

For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.
He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
75 White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buck-skin,
80 Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.
85 Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
90 Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
95 Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.
First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
100 Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
105 Eddying round and round the wigwam,

" Treading softly like a panther "

Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.
Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!
Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.
Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
Songs of love and songs of longing,

118. "The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert." — Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 131.

That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"
And the gentle Chibiabos
135 Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing;
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
140 Sang he softly, sang in this wise:
"Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!
145 "If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!
"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
150 Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling.
"Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
155 As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are brightest?
"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,
As the sighing, singing branches
160 In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!
"When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,

141. The original of this song may be found in *Littell's Living Age*, vol. xxv. p. 45.

As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!
165 "When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.
"Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
170 Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!
"I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
175 O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!"
Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
180 He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave him,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
185 Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.
Very boastful was Iagoo;
190 Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvellous story
195 But himself could tell a stranger.

179. Iagoo — an Indian Munchausen or Gulliver.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
200 Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!
None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
205 None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller!
210 Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people;
And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
215 Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!
Here 's Iagoo come among us!"
He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
220 Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
225 And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"
And Iagoo answered straightway,
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended."

XII.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,

3. From Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, vol. ii. p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring in the first game.

"They were to shoot no other animal," so the legend says, "but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways: Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking perhaps he was deceived; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered

Wounded by the magic arrow,
5 Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life-blood,
Filling all the air with splendor,
With the splendor of its plumage?
Yes; it is the sun descending,
10 Sinking down into the water;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson!
No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
15 To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened!
Over it the Star of Evening

in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bowstring up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brothers' arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brothers' saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigor, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off toward the sinking of the sun."

Melts and trembles through the purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
20 No; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the heavens.
This with joy beheld Iagoo
25 And he said in haste: "Behold it!
See the sacred Star of Evening!
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo!
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!
30 "Once, in days no more remembered,
Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
35 With ten young and comely daughters,
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
40 Was the fairest of the sisters.
"All these women married warriors,
Married brave and haughty husbands;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
45 All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with coughing,
Always coughing like a squirrel.
50 "Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,

From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion!
55 All its fire was in his bosom
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language!
"And her lovers, the rejected,
60 Handsome men with belts of wampum,
Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said: 'I care not for you,
65 Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,
Care not for your jest and laughter;
I am happy with Osseo!'
"Once to some great feast invited,
70 Through the damp and dusk of evening
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him;
75 All the others chatted gayly,
These two only walked in silence.
"At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
80 At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman;
And they heard him murmur softly,
'*Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa!*
Pity, pity me, my father!'
85 "'Listen!' said the elder sister,

'He is praying to his father!
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling!'
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.
"On their pathway through the woodlands
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.
And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.
"Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty;
But, alas for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful!
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.
Changed into a weak old woman,
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.
"But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her,
Took her hand, as brown and withered
As an oak-leaf is in winter,
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,

120 Soothed her with soft words of kindness,
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,
Till they sat down in the wigwam,
Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.
125 "Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,
At the banquet sat Osseo;
All were merry, all were happy,
All were joyous but Osseo.
Neither food nor drink he tasted,
130 Neither did he speak nor listen,
But as one bewildered sat he,
Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Oweenee, then upward
At the gleaming sky above them.
135 "Then a voice was heard, a whisper,
Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender;
And the voice said: 'O Osseo!
140 O my son, my best beloved!
Broken are the spells that bound you,
All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil;
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!
145 "'Taste the food that stands before you:
It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.
All your bowls and all your kettles
150 Shall be wood and clay no longer;
But the bowls be changed to wampum,
And the kettles shall be silver;
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

155 "'And the women shall no longer
Bear the dreary doom of labor,
But be changed to birds, and glisten
With the beauty of the starlight,
Painted with the dusky splendors
160 Of the skies and clouds of evening!'
"What Osseo heard as whispers,
What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
165 Of the whippoorwill afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.
"Then the lodge began to tremble
Straight began to shake and tremble,
170 And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the tree-tops
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches;
175 And behold! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scarlet!
And behold! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver!
And the roof-poles of the wigwam
180 Were as glittering rods of silver,
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.
"Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
185 All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plumage.
Some were jays and some were magpies,
Others thrushes, others blackbirds;

And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,
190 Perked and fluttered all their feathers,
Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded.
"Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
195 Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered
200 By the oak-tree in the forest.
"Then returned her youth and beauty,
And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
205 Yes, a shining silver feather!
"And again the wigwam trembled,
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,
Through transparent cloud and vapor,
And amid celestial splendors
210 On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.
"Forth with cheerful words of welcome
215 Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: 'My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,
220 Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,
And they entered in and gladly
225 Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: 'O my Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty,
230 Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their husbands;
Changed them thus because they mocked you;
In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
235 Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your youth immortal;
Only Oweenee, the faithful,
Saw your naked heart and loved you.
"'In the lodge that glimmers yonder,
240 In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapors, on the left hand,
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old man.
245 Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him
Are the power of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses.'
"Many years, in peace and quiet,
250 On the peaceful Star of Evening
Dwelt Osseo with his father;
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of silver,
255 And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo,

With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.
"And the boy grew up and prospered,
260 And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his aunts and uncles,
All those birds with glossy feathers,
265 For his little son to shoot at.
"Round and round they wheeled and darted,
Filled the Evening Star with music,
With their songs of joy and freedom;
Filled the Evening Star with splendor,
270 With the fluttering of their plumage;
Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And a bird, with shining feathers,
275 At his feet fell wounded sorely.
"But, O wondrous transformation!
'T was no bird he saw before him!
'T was a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom!
280 "When her blood fell on the planet,
On the sacred Star of Evening,
Broken was the spell of magic,
Powerless was the strange enchantment,
And the youth, the fearless bowman,
285 Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sinking
Downward through the empty spaces,
Downward through the clouds and vapors,
Till he rested on an island,
290 On an island, green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining feathers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,
295 Like the painted leaves of Autumn;
And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,
By the winds of heaven uplifted,
300 Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.
"Then the birds, again transfigured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
305 Took their shape, but not their stature;
They remained as Little People,
Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,
And on pleasant nights of Summer,
When the Evening Star was shining,
310 Hand in hand they danced together
On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.
"Still their glittering lodge is seen there,
On the tranquil Summer evenings,
315 And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy voices,
Sees them dancing in the starlight!"
When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was ended,
320 Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iagoo added:
"There are great men, I have known such,
Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of,
325 Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo
Let us learn the fate of jesters!"
All the wedding guests delighted
Listened to the marvellous story,
330 Listened laughing and applauding,
And they whispered to each other:
"Does he mean himself, I wonder?
And are we the aunts and uncles?"
Then again sang Chibiabos,
335 Sang a song of love and longing,
In those accents sweet and tender,
In those tones of pensive sadness,
Sang a maiden's lamentation
For her lover, her Algonquin.
340 "When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"Ah me! when I parted from him,
345 Round my neck he hung the wampum,
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"I will go with you, he whispered,
Ah me! to your native country;
350 Let me go with you, he whispered,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"Far away, away, I answered,
Very far away, I answered,
Ah me! is my native country,
355 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"When I looked back to behold him,
Where we parted, to behold him,
After me he still was gazing,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

360 "By the tree he still was standing,
By the fallen tree was standing,
That had dropped into the water,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"When I think of my beloved,
365 Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"
Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
370 Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos;
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
375 With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII.

BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

Sing, O Song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful!
5 Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields!

5. The Indians hold the maize or Indian corn in great veneration. According to Schoolcraft, their story-tellers invented various tales to prove its origin from the Great Spirit. The Ojibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-da-min, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations;
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
Unmolested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.
All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
'T was the women who in Spring-time
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin;
'T was the women who in Autumn

It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests. — *Oneóta*, p. 82.

"'T was the women who in autumn"

Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
30 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Even as Hiawatha taught them.
Once, when all the maize was planted,
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spake and said to Minnehaha,
35 To his wife, the Laughing Water:
"You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,
Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
40 Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!
"In the night, when all is silence,
In the night, when all is darkness,
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
45 Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
So that not an ear can hear you,
So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Lay aside your garments wholly,
50 Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the corn-fields,
Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a garment.

53. A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom which was related to me concerning corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or over-clouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habillement*, around the field. For this purpose, she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then taking her *matchecota*, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it

"Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,
And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mildew,
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o'er the magic circle;
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,
Nor the mighty caterpillar,
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,
King of all the caterpillars!"
On the tree-tops near the corn-fields
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
With his band of black marauders,
And they laughed at Hiawatha,
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,
With their melancholy laughter
At the words of Hiawatha.
"Hear him!" said they; "hear the Wise Man,
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"
When the noiseless night descended
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,
When the mournful Wawonaissa
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
From her bed rose Laughing Water,
Laid aside her garments wholly,

around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line. — *Oneóta*, p. 83.

And with darkness clothed and guarded,
85 Unashamed and unaffrighted,
Walked securely round the corn-fields,
Drew the sacred, magic circle
Of her footprints round the corn-fields.
No one but the Midnight only
90 Saw her beauty in the darkness,
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom;
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her
Closely in his sacred mantle,
95 So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, "I saw her!"
On the morrow, as the day dawned,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
100 Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
And descended, fast and fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of the Mondamin.
105 "We will drag Mondamin," said they,
"From the grave where he is buried,
Spite of all the magic circles
Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred footprints
110 Minnehaha stamps upon it!"
But the wary Hiawatha,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.
115 "Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!

I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten!"
He had risen before the daybreak,
He had spread o'er all the corn-fields
Snares to catch the black marauders,
And was lying now in ambush
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,
Waiting for the jays and ravens.
Soon they came with caw and clamor,
Rush of wings and cry of voices,
To their work of devastation,
Settling down upon the corn-fields,
Delving deep with beak and talon,
For the body of Mondamin.
And with all their craft and cunning,
All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near them,
Till their claws became entangled,
Till they found themselves imprisoned
In the snares of Hiawatha.
From his place of ambush came he,
Striding terrible among them,
And so awful was his aspect
That the bravest quailed with terror.
Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twenties,
And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated corn-fields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.
Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,

He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people.
With his prisoner-string he bound him,
Led him captive to his wigwam,
155 Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.
"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,
"You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
160 The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behavior!"
And he left him, grim and sulky,
165 Sitting in the morning sunshine
On the summit of the wigwam,
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
Flapping his great sable pinions,
Vainly struggling for his freedom,
170 Vainly calling on his people!
Summer passed, and Shawondasee
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the South-land sent his ardors,
Wafted kisses warm and tender;
175 And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,

153. "These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe-keeping." — *Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

And the maize-ears full and shining
180 Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.
Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:
"'T is the Moon when leaves are falling;
All the wild-rice has been gathered,
185 And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow!"
190 And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
195 To the harvest of the corn-fields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.
On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
200 Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,
205 To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,
Heard them singing like the robins.
And whene'er some lucky maiden
210 Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
"Nushka!" cried they all together,

"Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband!"
"Ugh!" the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.
And whene'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the corn-fields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together:
"Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields!
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!"
Till the corn-fields rang with laughter,
Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Screamed and quivered in his anger,
And from all the neighboring tree-tops
Cawed and croaked the black marauders.
"Ugh!" the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-trees!

217. The poet seems to give a sidelong glance at the New England husking frolic, and the fun incident to the finding of a red ear.

"The literal meaning of Wagemin is a mass or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn, so called, is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a corn-field. This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase Paimosaid, a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb Pimosa, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks*, or *the walker;* but the ideas conveyed by it are, he who walks by night to pilfer corn. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term." — *Oneóta*, p. 254.

XIV.

PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,
"Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
5 The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
10 Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!
"Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
15 That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be!
"On the grave-posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no figures painted;
20 Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.
Of what kith they are and kindred,
From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear or Beaver,
25 They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.
"Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
Cannot send our voices from us

30 To the friends that dwell afar off;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others."
35 Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.
From his pouch he took his colors,
40 Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
45 Each some word or thought suggested.
Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
50 Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.
Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
55 As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.
Life and Death he drew as circles,
60 Life was white, but Death was darkened;
Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for day-time,
Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.
Footprints pointing towards a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.
All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said: "Behold, your grave-posts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures;
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."
And they painted on the grave-posts
On the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

"Such as these the shapes they painted"

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
100 The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
105 Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
110 Flashing light through all the heaven;
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven;
In the sky the sun, that glistens,
115 And the moon eclipsed and dying;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic;
Headless men, that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
120 Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-captains
Grasping both the earth and heaven!
Such as these the shapes they painted

123. "The number of such arbitrary characters in the Chippeway notation is said to be over two hundred, but if the distinction between a figure and a symbol were rigidly applied, it would be much reduced. This kind of writing, if it deserves the name, was common throughout the continent, and many specimens of it, scratched on the plane surfaces of stones, have been preserved to the present day. Such is the once celebrated inscription on Dighton Rock, Massachusetts, long supposed to be a record of the Northmen of Vinland." — Brinton's *Myths of the New World*, p. 9.

On the birch-bark and the deer-skin;
125 Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic,
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.
130 Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,
The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunting!
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
135 Symbol and interpretation.
First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet;
'T is the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, "My painting
140 Makes me powerful over others."
Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, "Listen!
'T is my voice you hear, my singing!"
145 Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
"I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion!"
150 Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped together
That they seem in one united,
And the words thus represented
155 Are, "I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with blushes!"
Next the maiden on an island,

In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested
160 Was, "Though you were at a distance,
Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to me!"
165 Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, "Though you were far from me
In the land of Sleep and Silence,
170 Still the voice of love would reach you!"
And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
175 "Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!"
Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
180 All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,

And his love for Chibiabos,
5 Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them,
To molest them and destroy them.
Hiawatha, wise and wary,
10 Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
15 Answered ever sweet and childlike,
"Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near me!"
Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
20 When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,
Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,
Covered all the earth with silence, —
Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,
25 Heeding not his brother's warning,
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
All alone went Chibiabos.
Right across the Big-Sea-Water
30 Sprang with speed the deer before him.
With the wind and snow he followed,
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,
Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting.
35 But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,

Dragged him downward to the bottom,
Buried in the sand his body.
40 Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.
From the headlands Hiawatha
45 Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the prairies,
And the thunder in the distance
50 Starting answered "Baim-wawa!"
Then his face with black he painted,
With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,
55 Uttering still this moan of sorrow: —
"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
60 To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!"
And the melancholy fir-trees
Waved their dark green fans above him,
65 Waved their purple cones above him,
Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.
Came the Spring, and all the forest
70 Looked in vain for Chibiabos;

56–86. Read at Longfellow's funeral.

Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.
From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
75 "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
He is dead, the sweet musician!"
From the wigwam sang the robin,
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
80 He is dead, the sweetest singer!"
And at night through all the forest
Went the whippoorwill complaining,
Wailing went the Wawonaissa,
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
85 He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!"
Then the medicine-men, the Medas,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
90 Came to visit Hiawatha;
Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,
To appease him, to console him,
Walked in silent, grave procession,
Bearing each a pouch of healing,
95 Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Filled with magic roots and simples,
Filled with very potent medicines.
When he heard their steps approaching,

97. Medicine with the Indian is mystery, and his regard for his medicine bag is one of the most curious features among his customs. "The manner in which this curious and important article is instituted is this; a boy, at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is said to be making or 'forming his medicine,' when he wanders away from his father's lodge and absents himself for the space of two or three and sometimes even four or

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
Called no more on Chibiabos;
Naught he questioned, naught he answered
But his mournful head uncovered,
From his face the mourning colors
Washed he slowly and in silence,
Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.
There a magic drink they gave him,
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
Roots of power, and herbs of healing;
Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;
Chanted singly and in chorus,
Mystic songs, like these, they chanted.
"I myself, myself! behold me!
'T is the great Gray Eagle talking;
Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!
The loud-speaking thunder helps me;
All the unseen spirits help me;
I can hear their voices calling,
All around the sky I hear them!

five days; lying on the ground in some remote or secluded spot, crying to the Great Spirit, and fasting the whole time. During this period of peril and abstinence, when he falls asleep, the first animal, bird or reptile of which he dreams (or pretends to have dreamed, perhaps) he considers the Great Spirit has designated for his mysterious protector through life. He then returns home to his father's lodge, and relates his success; and after allaying his thirst and satiating his appetite, he sallies forth with weapons or traps, until he can procure the animal or bird, the skin of which he preserves entire and ornaments it according to his own fancy, and carries it with him through life, for 'good luck' (as he calls it); as his strength in battle, and in death his guardian Spirit, that is buried with him, and which is to conduct him safe to the beautiful hunting-grounds, which he contemplates in the world to come." — Catlin, p. 71.

I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
125 "Friends of mine are all the serpents!
Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!
Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;
I can shoot your heart and kill it!
I can blow you strong, my brother,
130 I can heal you, Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
"I myself, myself! the prophet!
When I speak the wigwam trembles,
135 Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,
Hands unseen begin to shake it!
When I walk, the sky I tread on
Bends and makes a noise beneath me!
I can blow you strong, my brother!
140 Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
Then they shook their medicine-pouches
O'er the head of Hiawatha,
145 Danced their medicine-dance around him;
And upstarting wild and haggard,
Like a man from dreams awakened,
He was healed of all his madness.
As the clouds are swept from heaven,
150 Straightway from his brain departed
All his moody melancholy;
As the ice is swept from rivers,
Straightway from his heart departed
All his sorrow and affliction.

155 Then they summoned Chibiabos
From his grave beneath the waters,
From the sands of Gitche Gumee
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.
And so mighty was the magic
160 Of that cry and invocation,
That he heard it as he lay there
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;
From the sand he rose and listened,
Heard the music and the singing,
165 Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forbade him.
Through a chink a coal they gave him,
Through the door a burning fire-brand;
170 Ruler in the Land of Spirits,
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,
Telling him a fire to kindle
For all those that died thereafter,
Camp-fires for their night encampments
175 On their solitary journey
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.
From the village of his childhood,
From the homes of those who knew him,
180 Passing silent through the forest,
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,
Slowly vanished Chibiabos!
Where he passed, the branches moved not,
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,
185 And the fallen leaves of last year
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.
Four whole days he journeyed onward
Down the pathway of the dead men;

On the dead man's strawberry feasted,
190 Crossed the melancholy river,
On the swinging log he crossed it, —
Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the Stone Canoe was carried
To the Islands of the Blessed,
195 To the land of ghosts and shadows.
On that journey, moving slowly,
Many weary spirits saw he,
Panting under heavy burdens,
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,
200 Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,
And with food that friends had given
For that solitary journey.
"Ay! why do the living," said they,
"Lay such heavy burdens on us!
205 Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,
Than to bear such heavy burdens
On our long and weary journey!"
Forth then issued Hiawatha,
210 Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples
And the antidotes for poisons,
And the cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals
215 All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

191. "Our people all believe that the spirit lives in a future state — that it has a great distance to travel after death towards the West — that it has to cross a dreadful deep and rapid stream, which is hemmed in on both sides by high and rugged hills — over this stream, from hill to hill, there lies a long and slippery pine log, with the bark peeled off, over which the dead have to pass to the happy hunting-grounds." — Catlin, p. 588.

XVI.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis
He, the handsome Yenadizze,
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,
Vexed the village with disturbance;
5 You shall hear of all his mischief,
And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transmigrations,
And the end of his adventures.
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
10 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
It was he who in his frenzy
Whirled these drifting sands together,
15 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
When, among the guests assembled,
He so merrily and madly
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.
20 Now, in search of new adventures,
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Came with speed into the village,
Found the young men all assembled
In the lodge of old Iagoo,
25 Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

2. "The Indian idea is that of a harum scarum. He is regarded as a foil to Manabozho, with whom he is frequently brought into contact in aboriginal story craft." — Schoolcraft, *Algic Researches*, vol. i. p. 201.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
30 How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;
How the Otter first essayed it;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger
35 Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote against the sky their foreheads,
Cracked the sky, but could not break it;
40 How the Wolverine, uprising,
Made him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.
"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,
45 "Once he leaped, and lo! above him
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
50 When the freshet is at highest!
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him
Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,
55 With a bound went in behind him!"
"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he entered at the doorway;
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
60 Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.

Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking."
Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
65 All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they painted,
And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
70 Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.
75 All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks;
These were brass, on one side burnished,
And were black upon the other.
In a wooden bowl he placed them,
80 Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Thus exclaiming and explaining:
"Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing

66. This game of Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft says, "This game is very fascinating to some Indians. They stake at it all their possessions, and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty." Mr. Schoolcraft says, however, that he has known no such desperate playing, and claims that the playing is confined to certain persons who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society. "Among them are persons who bear the term of Jenadizzewug, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios or fops."

85 On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabeek;
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."
Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
90 Threw them on the ground before him,
Still exclaiming and explaining:
"White are both the great Kenabeeks,
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red are all the other pieces;
95 Five tens and an eight are counted."
Thus he taught the game of hazard,
Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various chances,
Various changes, various meanings:
100 Twenty curious eyes stared at him,
Full of eagerness stared at him.
"Many games," said old Iagoo,
"Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
105 Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Iagoo
Must have very nimble fingers;
Though you think yourself so skilful
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
110 I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and Counters!"
So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young men,
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,
115 Played till midnight, played till morning,
Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Of their treasures had despoiled them,

Of the best of all their dresses,
120 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.
125 Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
130 An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,
All this wampum, all these feathers,
On a single throw will venture
135 All against the young man yonder!"
'T was a youth of sixteen summers,
'T was a nephew of Iagoo;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.
As the fire burns in a pipe-head
140 Dusky red beneath the ashes,
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.
"Ugh!" he answered very fiercely;
"Ugh!" they answered all and each one.
145 Seized the wooden bowl the old man,
Closely in his bony fingers
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,
Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
150 As he threw them down before him.
Red were both the great Kenabeeks,
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,

Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,
Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,
155 White alone the fish, the Keego;
Only five the pieces counted!
Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;
Lightly in the air he tossed them,
160 And they fell about him scattered;
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,
165 Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Stood alone among the players,
Saying, "Five tens! mine the game is!"
Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,
170 As he turned and left the wigwam,
Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
175 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.
"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pointing with his fan of feathers,
"To my wigwam far to eastward,
180 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"
Hot and red with smoke and gambling
Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant Summer morning.
185 All the birds were singing gayly,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,

And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,
190 As he wandered through the village,
In the early gray of morning,
With his fan of turkey-feathers,
With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,
Till he reached the farthest wigwam,
195 Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.
Silent was it and deserted;
No one met him at the doorway,
No one came to bid him welcome;
But the birds were singing round it,
200 In and out and round the doorway,
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,
And aloft upon the ridge-pole
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,
205 Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.
"All are gone! the lodge is empty!"
Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,
In his heart resolving mischief; —
"Gone is wary Hiawatha,
210 Gone the silly Laughing Water,
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
And the lodge is left unguarded!"
By the neck he seized the raven,
Whirled it round him like a rattle,
215 Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
From the ridge-pole of the wigwam
Left its lifeless body hanging,
As an insult to its master,
220 As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,
Round the lodge in wild disorder
Threw the household things about him,
Piled together in confusion
225 Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
Robes of buffalo and beaver,
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
As an insult to Nokomis,
As a taunt to Minnehaha.
230 Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Whistling, singing through the forest,
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,
235 Singing gayly to the wood-birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry.
Then he climbed the rocky headlands
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,
240 Perched himself upon their summit,
Waiting full of mirth and mischief
The return of Hiawatha.
Stretched upon his back he lay there;
Far below him plashed the waters,
245 Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;
Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
250 Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,
Almost brushed him with their pinions.
And he killed them as he lay there,
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
Threw their bodies down the headland,

Threw them on the beach below him,
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,
Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!
He is slaying us by hundreds!
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

XVII.

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.
Hard his breath came through his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered
Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming like a hornet.
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him!"
Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he passed it,
To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry-bushes,
25 Found the couch where he had rested,
Found the impress of his body.
From the lowlands far beneath them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,
30 Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountains:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
35 Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain you!"
Over rock and over river,
Thorough bush, and brake, and forest,
40 Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
45 That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
50 Where the rushes waved and whispered.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.
55 From the bottom rose the beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise:
"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;
Change me, too, into a beaver!"
Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer:
"Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers."
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Spouted through the chinks below him,
Dashed upon the stones beneath him,
Spread serene and calm before him,
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little shining patches,
Through the waving, rustling branches.
From the bottom rose the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise:
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from danger;
95 Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver?"
"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,
He the King of all the beavers,
100 "Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water."
Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
105 Black his moccasins and leggins,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;
He was changed into a beaver.
"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
110 "Make me large and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."
"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
115 Ten times larger than the others."
Thus into the clear brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
120 Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine,
Found the lodge with arching doorway,
Leading into spacious chambers.
Here they made him large and larger,

125 Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.
"You shall be our ruler," said they;
"Chief and king of all the beavers."
But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis
130 Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!
135 Hiawatha with his hunters!"
Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
140 Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken.
On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,
145 Sprang the beavers through the doorway,
Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
150 He was puffed with pride and feeding,
He was swollen like a bladder.
Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
155 Vain your manifold disguises!
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"
With their clubs they beat and bruised him,
Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Pounded him as maize is pounded,
160 Till his skull was crushed to pieces.
Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
165 Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.
And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,
Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
170 Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,
When the wintry wind is blowing;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
175 Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Vanishing into the forest.
But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
180 Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest;
Toward the squares of white beyond it,
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
185 Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.
To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,
190 Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,

Steering through the reedy islands.
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,
195 Now they plunged beneath the water,
Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sunshine.
"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,
"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he,
200 "Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."
Straightway to a brant they changed him,
205 With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
210 Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.
Up they rose with cry and clamor,
With a whirr and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
215 From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed, and look not downward,
Lest some strange mischance should happen,
220 Lest some great mishap befall you!"
Fast and far they fled to northward,
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,
Fed among the moors and fen-lands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.
225 On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,

Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,
Rose a sound of human voices,
230 Rose a clamor from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath them.
For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
235 Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.
Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
240 Knew the outcry of Iagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in, and looked downward,
And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
245 Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!
All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round and round and downward,
He beheld in turn the village
250 And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter;
255 Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
260 Fell the brant with broken pinions.
But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,

Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
265 And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: "Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
270 But my vengeance shall attain you!"
And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize him,
His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
275 Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about him,
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
280 Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.
With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
285 Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
290 On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.

293. For a long description of the Pictured Rocks, see Fos-

295 And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
300 In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.
There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against him,
305 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"
But the Old Man of the Mountain
310 Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.
Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
315 Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness,

ter and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II., p. 124.

"The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface, than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn." . . . "Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojou* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories without end of this Indian deity." — Foster and Whitney, p. 125.

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains;
320 And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.
Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
325 Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
330 Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!"
And the crags fell, and beneath them
Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
335 Slain in his own human figure.
Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
340 All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.
Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
345 Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;
But above there in the heavens
350 You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,

To Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."
And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;
He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

Far and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,
No man could compete with Kwasind.
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
They the fairies and the pygmies,
Plotted and conspired against him.
"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,
"If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?

Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?
He will tread us down like mushrooms,
Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the water!"
So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,
All conspired to murder Kwasind,
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!
Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind
In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown too was his weakness;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.
Even there the only weapon
That could wound him, that could slay him,
Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
Known to no man among mortals;
But the cunning Little People,
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,
Knew the only way to kill him.
So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,
Where the red rocks from the margin

50 Jutting overhang the river.
There they lay in wait for Kwasind,
The malicious Little People.
'T was an afternoon in Summer;
Very hot and still the air was,
55 Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows:
Insects glistened in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,
60 With a far-resounding war-cry.
Down the river came the Strong Man,
In his birch canoe came Kwasind,
Floating slowly down the current
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
65 Very languid with the weather,
Very sleepy with the silence.
From the overhanging branches,
From the tassels of the birch-trees.
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;
70 By his airy hosts surrounded,
His invisible attendants,
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin;
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,
Like a dragon-fly, he hovered
75 O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.
To his ear there came a murmur
As of waves upon a sea-shore,
As of far-off tumbling waters,
As of winds among the pine-trees;
80 And he felt upon his forehead
Blows of little airy war-clubs,
Wielded by the slumbrous legions

Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
As of some one breathing on him.
85 At the first blow of their war-clubs,
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;
At the second blow they smote him,
Motionless his paddle rested;
At the third, before his vision
90 Reeled the landscape into darkness,
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.
So he floated down the river,
Like a blind man seated upright,
Floated down the Taquamenaw,
95 Underneath the trembling birch-trees,
Underneath the wooded headlands,
Underneath the war encampment
Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.
There they stood, all armed and waiting,
100 Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,
On his crown defenceless struck him.
"Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden
War-cry of the Little People.
105 And he sideways swayed and tumbled,
Sideways fell into the river,
Plunged beneath the sluggish water
Headlong, as an otter plunges;
And the birch canoe, abandoned,
110 Drifted empty down the river,
Bottom upward swerved and drifted:
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.
But the memory of the Strong Man
Lingered long among the people,
115 And whenever through the forest
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,

And the branches, tossed and troubled,
Creaked and groaned and split asunder,
"Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind!
He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.
Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,
Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
Into stone had changed their waters.
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,
Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,
One uninterrupted level,

As if, stooping, the Creator
With his hand had smoothed them over.
Through the forest, wide and wailing,
Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes;
In the village worked the women,
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-skin;
And the young men played together
On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.
One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.
On their faces gleamed the fire-light,
Painting them with streaks of crimson,
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their shadows
In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.
Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,
As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

60 From their aspect and their garments,
Strangers seemed they in the village;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.
65 Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:
70 "These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!"
Homeward now came Hiawatha
75 From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden;
80 Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her,
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.
85 Then he turned and saw the strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the shadows;
Said within himself, "Who are they?
What strange guests has Minnehaha?"
But he questioned not the strangers,
90 Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

91. "From an invariable custom among these Northern Indians, any one who is hungry is allowed to walk into any man's lodge and eat." — Catlin, p. 240.

When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
95 Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha;
100 Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.
Not a word spake Hiawatha,
105 Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water;
Not a change came o'er their features;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, "They are famished;
110 Let them do what best delights them;
Let them eat, for they are famished."
Many a daylight dawned and darkened,
Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes
115 From the midnight of its branches;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
120 Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.
And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
125 When the evening meal was ready,

And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,
Seized upon the choicest portions
130 Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.
Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
135 Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
140 That the rights of guest and stranger,
That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.
Once at midnight Hiawatha,
145 Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam, dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
150 Heard a sobbing as of sorrow.
From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,
155 Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.
And he said: "O guests! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?

160 Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties?"
Then the shadows ceased from weeping,
165 Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said, with gentle voices:
"We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibiabos
170 Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.
"Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands:
Cries of anguish from the living,
175 Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you;
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
180 And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.
"Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and forever
185 They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.
"Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury,
190 Not such weight of furs and wampum,
Not such weight of pots and kettles,
For the spirits faint beneath them.

Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.
195 "Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments;
Four times must their fires be lighted.
Therefore, when the dead are buried,
200 Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,
May not grope about in darkness.
205 "Farewell, noble Hiawatha!
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions.
210 We have found you great and noble.
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle."
When they ceased, a sudden darkness
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
215 Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night air,
220 For a moment saw the starlight;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX.

THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
5 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
10 Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
15 In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever!
20 O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
25 Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!
Into Hiawatha's wigwam

30 Came two other guests as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
35 In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
40 And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
45 Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.
50 Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
55 Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
60 Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted

In that bitter hour of anguish,
65 "Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
70 Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
75 "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
80 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
85 And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
90 With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
95 Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
100 "Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
105 "'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
110 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
115 Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
120 Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
125 Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
130 Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,

And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
135 That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
140 At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
145 As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
150 In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
155 Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
160 From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
165 Stood and watched it at the doorway,

That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.
All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,

15 As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
20 Bound and plumed with scented grasses;
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.
25 "Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,
"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
30 Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."
From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
35 Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
40 Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
45 Hard as stone becomes the water!"
And the young man answered, smiling:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,

Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"
"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"
"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"
While they spake, the night departed:
From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.
And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!
From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.
Thus it was that in the North-land
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.
Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks;

And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;
120 And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.
In the thickets and the meadows
125 Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee,
130 And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
135 Gazed upon the earth and waters.
From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
140 The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.
And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
145 Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise:
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!"
He had seen, he said, a water
150 Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,

Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
155 Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"
O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
160 Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"
165 From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
170 "Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"
In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
175 And with hair their chins were covered!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
180 "Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!"
Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:

185 "True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
190 People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.
"Gitche Manito the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
195 Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
200 Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.
"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
205 And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.
"I beheld, too, in that vision
210 All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
215 Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.

202. White-man's Foot, — *Plantago major*, common plantain.

In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
220 Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like:
I beheld our nation scattered,
225 All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
230 Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

XXII.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
5 Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
10 Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.
Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
15 From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;

On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
20 Motionless beneath the water.
From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
25 With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.
30 Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
35 As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.
O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
40 Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
45 Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?
It was neither goose nor diver,
50 Neither pelican nor heron,

"Came the Black-Robe chief, . . . the Pale-face"

O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
55 Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
60 He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.
And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
65 Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
70 With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.
Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
75 When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you;
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.
80 "Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,

63. In this manner and with such salutations was Father Marquette received by the Illinois.

As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
85 Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.
"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
90 Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"
And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
95 Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
100 Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"
Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
105 And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.
110 All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
115 Came to bid the strangers welcome;

"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"
In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
120 Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
125 Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"
Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
130 Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
135 How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
140 And ascended into heaven.
And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
145 It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"
Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women

150 Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.
Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer,
155 With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the corn-fields shrill and ceaseless
160 Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.
Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
165 Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
170 Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.
From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
175 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
180 To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;

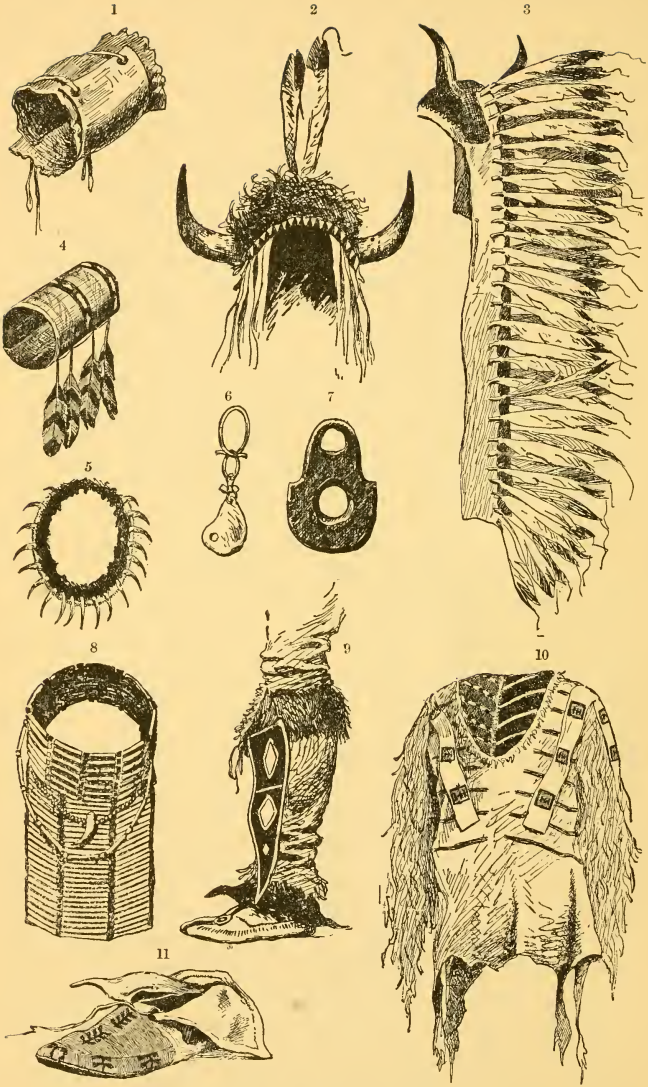
See that never harm comes near them,
185 See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"
Forth into the village went he,
190 Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
195 Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
200 Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!'
On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
205 On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
210 And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
215 One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha

Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
220 Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
225 Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
230 And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
235 Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
Thus departed Hiawatha,
240 Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
245 To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

INDIAN WEARING APPAREL AND UTENSILS.

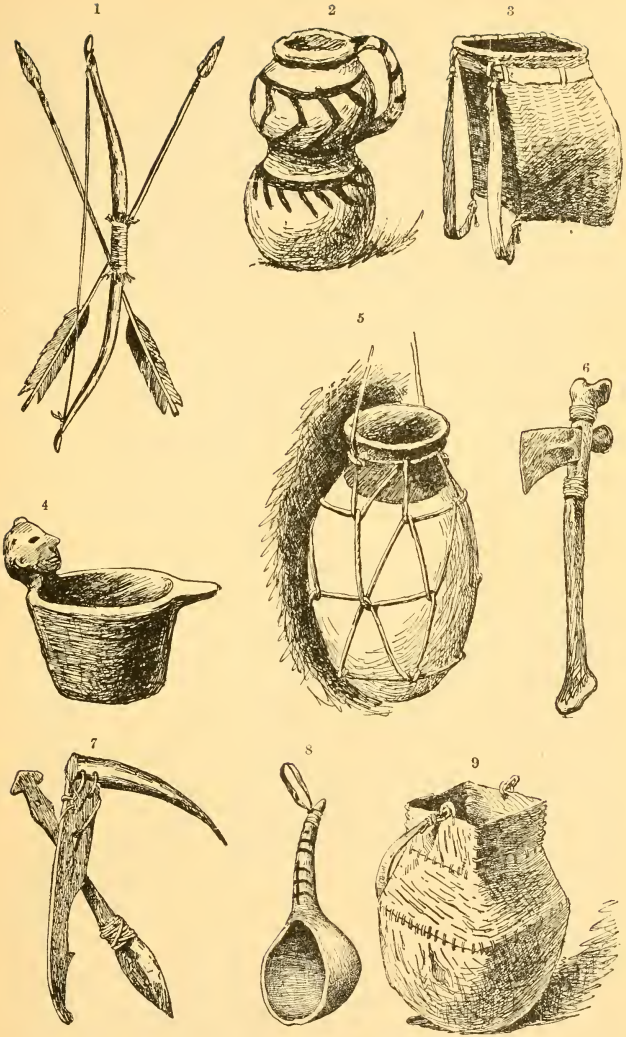
THE dress of the Indians in the northern parts of America was composed of the skins of wild beasts, which they prepared with much care and skill. Shirts, trousers, and robes were fashioned with no little attempt at elegance, being ornamented with porcupine quills and animals' tails. Shoes, or moccasins, were made of moose-hide, or buck-skin, tied with thongs. Long leggings gave additional protection when needed. The head-dresses were especially fantastic, being often adorned with feathers, animals' tails and horns. The love of finery and display was innate in the race.

The Indians displayed much ingenuity in making their few and simple utensils. They had some skill in pottery, and also made dishes of wood, spoons of shells, and mortars of stone. Gourds served them for water-jugs and dippers, and they wove very good baskets of osiers and birch bark. They made convenient bags and pouches, gayly decorating them with shells, quills, and sometimes with an animal's head. Engaging so much in the chase, they naturally expended much care upon their bows and arrows. The arrow-heads were made of very hard stone, usually quartz or flint, and great numbers of them still exist to prove the skill of their manufacture. Tomahawks, axes, and gouges of stone were made so well as to serve very fairly the purposes for which we think it necessary to have steel instruments. For the babies, curious cradles or baskets were used, which could be strapped to the mother's back in travelling, or deposited in any convenient place. Great pipes, sometimes four feet long, were hewn from the catlinite or pipe-stone, and often were beautifully carved and inlaid with bits of ivory taken from the teeth of the walrus or the whale.



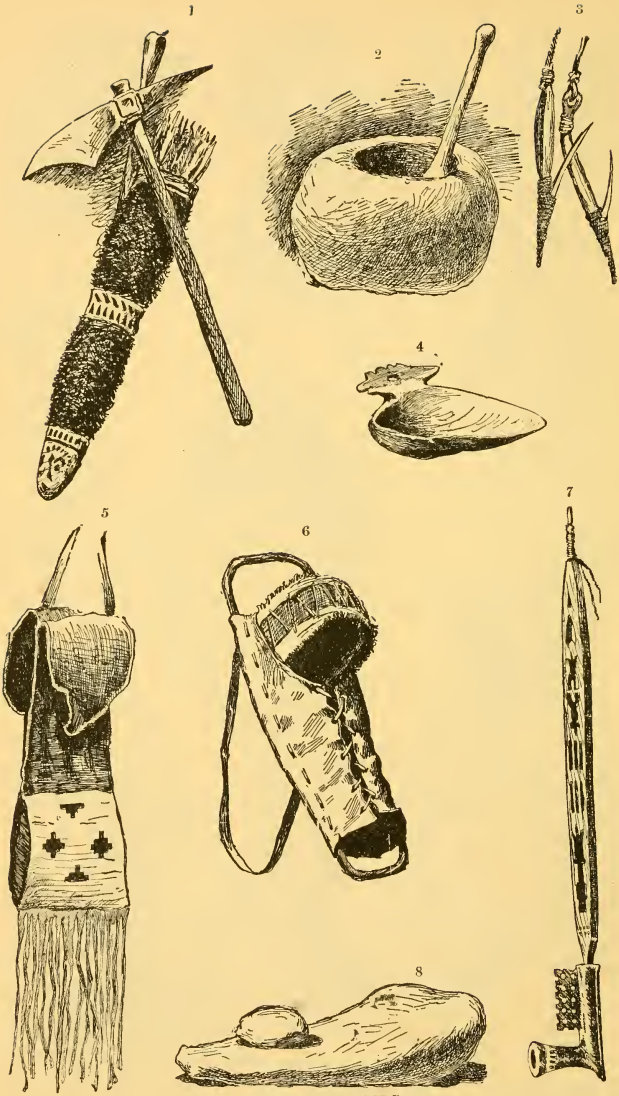
INDIAN WEARING APPAREL.

1. Bowstring guard for wrist. 2. Head-dress, Medicius. 3. Head-dress, Sioux. 4. Bracelet, Wolpi. 5. Bear-claw necklace. 6, 7. Earrings. 8. Necklace. 9. Legging and moccasin. 10. War shirt. 11. Blackfoot moccasin, green.



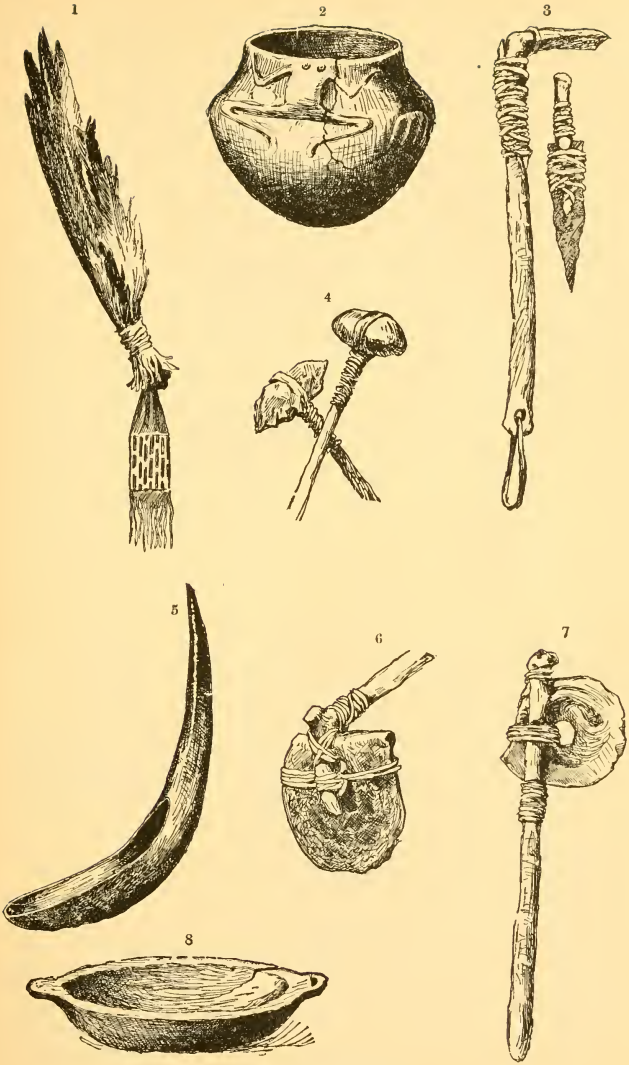
INDIAN UTENSILS.

1. Buffalo bow. 2. Pepago jug. 3. Pack basket. 4. Pottery vessel. 5. Mexican Indian olla. 6. Tomahawk. 7. Bone tool for making arrows. 8. Gourd drinking cup. 9. Iroquois bark vessel.



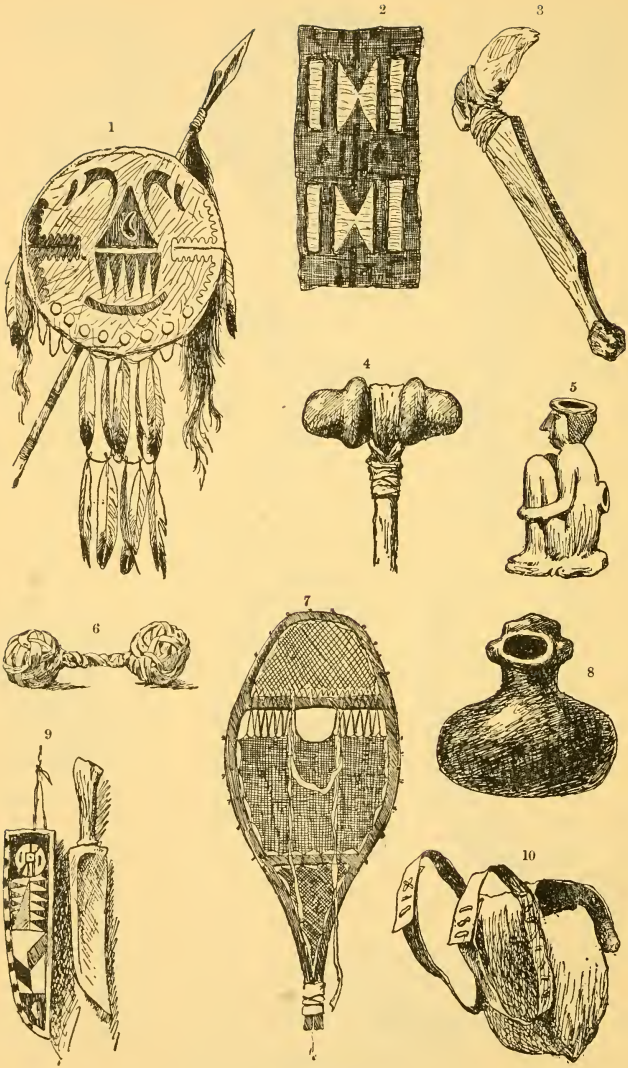
INDIAN UTENSILS.

1. Axe and quiver. 2. Stone mortar and pestle for grain. 3. Fish-hooks, common to northwest coast. 4. Shell spoon. 5. Fire-bag of Crowfoot, head chief of the Blackfeet. 6. Rawhide cradle, Apache. 7. Pipe. 8. Stone "metat" for grinding corn.



INDIAN UTENSILS.

1. Fan of feathers, belonging to Crowfoot, head chief of Blackfeet. 2. Antique vase, Tennessee. 3. Prehistoric hoe and knife. 4. War clubs, antique. 5. Buffalo horn spoon. 6. Hoe. 7. Shell hatchet, antique. 8. Wooden dish, very old form.



INDIAN UTENSILS.

1. Shield and lance. 2. Wampum. 3. War-club. 4. Hammer, antique. 5. Pipe head. 6. Rawhide double ball, used in game like hockey. 7. Snowshoe 8. Pottery. 9. Scalping knife and sheath. 10. Knapsack.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

OF INDIAN NAMES IN THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

There cannot well be an absolutely authoritative pronunciation of Indian names. As they are spelled, they represent the sounds, as nearly as they could be caught and reproduced by those who came in contact with the Indians. Thus there is a mingling of English and French usage, but on the whole the broad sound of the vowels is common. The following vocabulary is an attempt at showing the pronunciation according to the most intelligible standard. The accent will usually be marked by the rhythm of the verse in which the word occurs.

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF MARKS.

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.

A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ădd, ĕnd, ĭll, ŏdd, ŭp.

A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pȧst, ȧbāte, Ȧmericȧ.

A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fäther, älms.

A Dot (.) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in fu̇ll.

A Double Dot (..) below the vowels a or u denotes the sound of a in b̤all and u in r̤ude.

ḕ sounds like e in dḕpḕnd.
ȯ " " o in prȯpōse.
ạ " " a in finạl.
ꞓh " " k.
s̱ " " z.
ġ is soft as in ġem.
g̃ is hard as in g̃et.

Ăd̤jĭd̤au̇′mō, the red squirrel.
Ȧhdeek′, the reindeer.
Ȧhkȯsē′wĭn, fever.
Ȧhmeek′, the King of Beavers.
Ȧh′mō, the bee.
Algon′quin (Ăl̤gŏn′kĭn), Ojibway.
Ăn̤nĕmee′kee, the thunder.
Ȧpŭk′wạ, a bulrush.
Bāim-wạ′wạ, sound of the thunder
Bḕmäh′gu̇t, the grape-vine.
Bḕ′nȧ, the pheasant.
Big Sea Water, Lake Superior.
Būkȧdȧ′wĭn, famine.
Cȧmȧn′chĕs̱, an Indian tribe.
Cheemạun′, a birch canoe.
Chĕtōwāik′, the plover.
ꞓhĭbĭä′bōs, a musician; friend of Hiawatha; Ruler in the Land of Spirits.
Dȧcō′tah, a name including many tribes of the Northwest; doubtless here means the modern Sioux (Soo).
Dȧhĭn′dȧ, the bullfrog.

Dŭsh-kwō-nē′shĕ (or Kwō-nē-shĕ), the dragon-fly.
Ē′sâ, shame upon you.
Ĕscōnâ′bâ, a river in Northern Michigan.
Ēwạ-yeā′, lullaby.
Ghee′zĭs (gēe′zĭs), the sun.
Gĭt′chē Gū′mee, the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.
Gĭt′chē Măn′ĭtō, the Great Spirit; the Master of Life.
Gŭshkēwạu′, the darkness.
Hi-au-ha′ (hī-ō-hä′).
Hiawa′tha (hē-â-wä′thâ), the Wise Man; the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.
Hū′rŏns, an Indian tribe.
Ia′goo (ē-ä′goo), a great boaster and story-teller.
Īnĭn′ēwŭg, men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl.
Ĭshkoodah′, fire; a comet.
Jee′bĭ, a ghost, a spirit.
Jŏss′âkeed, a prophet.
Kā′bēyŭn, the West-Wind.
Kâbĭbōnŏk′kâ, the North-Wind.
Kägh, the hedgehog.
Kä′gō, do not.
Kahgahgee′, the raven.
Kạw, no.
Kâween′, no indeed.
Kāyŏshk′, the sea-gull.
Kee′gō, a fish.
Keewāy′dĭn, the Northwest-Wind, the Home-Wind.
Kĕnä′beek, a serpent.
Keneu′ (kĕn-ụ′), a great war-eagle.
Kĕnō′zhâ, the pickerel.
Kō′kō-kō′hō, the owl.
Kụntâssoo′, the Game of Plum-stones.
Kwä′sĭnd, the Strong Man.
Kwō-nē′shĕ (or Dŭsh-kwō-nē′shĕ), the dragon-fly.
Mahnahbē′zee, the swan.
Mahng, the loon.
Mahn-gō-tāy′see, loon-hearted, brave.
Mahnōmō′nee, wild rice.
Mā′mâ, the woodpecker.
Măn′dăns, an Indian tribe.
Măn′ĭtō, Guardian Spirit.
Măskĕnō′zhâ, the pike.
Mē′dâ, a medicine man.
Mēdä′mĭn, the art of healing.
Meenah′gâ, the blueberry.
Mēgĭssŏg′wŏn, the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth.
Mēshĭnạu′wạ, a pipe-bearer.
Mĭnjēkäh′wŭn, Hiawatha's mittens.
Mĭnnēhâ′hâ, Laughing Water; a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.
Mĭnnēhâ′hâ, Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.
Mĭnnē-wạ′wạ, a pleasant sound as of the wind in the trees.
Mĭshē-Mō′kwâ, the Great Bear.
Mĭshē-Nah′mâ, the Great Sturgeon, King of Fishes.
Mĭskōdeed′, the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.
Mĭtchē Măn′ĭtō, the Spirit of Evil.
Mŏndä′mĭn, Indian corn.
Moon of Bright Nights, April.
Moon of Leaves, May.
Moon of Strawberries, June.
Moon of the Falling Leaves, September.
Moon of Snow-shoes, November.
Mŭdjēkee′wĭs, the West-Wind, father of Hiawatha.
Mŭdwāy-ạush′kâ, the sound of waves on a shore.
Mŭshkōdā′sâ, the grouse.
Mŭs′kōdāy, the meadow.
Nâgōw Wŭdj′ō, the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.
Nah′mâ, the sturgeon.
Nahmâ-wŭsk′, spearmint.
Nâwâdä′hâ, the singer.
Nee-bâ-nạw′bāigs, water-spirits.
Nēnēmoo′shâ, sweetheart.
Nēpäh′wĭn, sleep.
Nōkō′mĭs, a grandmother; mother of Wenonah.
Nō′sâ, my father.
Nụsh′kâ, look! look!
Ōdah′mĭn, the strawberry.
Ōjeeg′, the Summer-Maker.
Ōjĭb′wāys, an Indian tribe, located on the southern shore of Lake Superior.
Ōkâhah′wĭs, the fresh-water herring.
Ōmē′mĕ, the pigeon.
Ōnä′gŏn, a bowl.
Ŏnâwāy′, awake.

Ōpē′chee, the robin.
Ŏssē′ō, Son of the Evening Star.
Ōwāis′sá, the bluebird.
Ōweenee′, wife of Osseo.
Ōzâwạ′beek, a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl.
Pahpŭk-kee′ná, the grasshopper.
Paimosaid′ (pī-mō-sĕd′), a thief of cornfields.
Pạu′gŭk, Death.
Pạu-Pŭk-kee′wĭs, the handsome Yenadizze, the Storm Fool.
Pạuwā′tĭng, Sault Sainte Marie.
Pē′bŏăn, Winter.
Pĕm′ĭcăn, meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded.
Pĕzhēkee, the bison.
Pĭshnēkṇh′, the brant.
Pōnē′mâh, the land of the Hereafter.
Pūgĝâsāing′, Game of the Bowl.
Pūgĝâwạu′gŭn, a war club.
Pŭkwā′ná, the smoke of the Peace-Pipe.
Pŭk-wŭdj′ĭeg, little wild men of the woods; pygmies.
Sah-sâh-jē′wŭn, rapids.
Sah′wá, the perch.
Sĕbōwĭsh′á, a brook.
Sēgwŭn′, Spring.
Shā′dá, the pelican.
Shahbō′mĭn, the gooseberry.
Shah-Shah, long ago.
Shạugōdā′yá, a coward.
Shạwgâshee′, the craw-fish.
Shạwŏndā′see, the South-Wind.
Shạw-shạw, the swallow.
Shĕsh′ĕbwŭg, ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl.
Shĭn′gēbĭs, the diver, or grebe.
Shō′shōnĭĕs, an Indian tribe.
Shōwāin′nĕmē′shĭn, pity me.
Shṇh-shṇh′-gah, the blue heron.
Soan-ge-ta′ha (sōn-ē-tâ′há), strong-hearted.
Sṇbbēkä′shĕ, the spider.
Sugge′ma (sū-jē′má), the mosquito.
Tăm′ărăck, the larch tree.
Táquâmē′nạw, a river in Northeastern Michigan.
Táwâsĕn′thá, Vale of, in Albany County, New York; now called Norman's Kill.
Tō′tĕm, family coat-of-arms.
Ūgh, yes.
Ūgụdwạsh′, the sun-fish.
Ụnktáhee′, the God of Water.
Wạbăs′sō, the rabbit; the North.
Wạbē′nō, a magician; a juggler.
Wạbē′nō-wŭsk, yarrow.
Wạ′bŭn, the East-Wind.
Wạ′bun Ăn′nŭng, the Star of the East, the Morning Star.
Wā′gemĭn, the thief of cornfields.
Wáhŏnō′wĭn, a cry of lamentation.
Wạh-wạh-tāy′see, the fire-fly.
Wạm′pŭm, beads of shell.
Wạubēwȳ′ŏn, a white skin wrapper.
Wạ′wạ, the wild goose.
Waw′beek, a rock.
Waw-bē-wạ′wạ, the white goose.
Wạwŏnāis′sá, the whippoorwill.
Wāy-hâ-wāy′.
Wāy-mŭk-kwá′ná, the caterpillar.
Wāywạs′sĭmō, the lightning.
Wĕn′dĭgōeg, giants.
Wĕnō′nâh, Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis.
Wȳō′mĭng, in Northern Pennsylvania, the scene of a terrible massacre in 1778.
Yĕnâdĭz′zē, an idler and gambler, an Indian dandy.

Craigie House, Cambridge,
November 12, 1897.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.:

Dear Sirs, — The pronunciation used by my father was "He-awa′tha," the accent on the first syllable being slighter than on the "wa," the "a" sounded like "a" in "mar," not "war," as sometimes used.

I should be glad to have this impressed on the public.

Yours sincerely,
Alice M. Longfellow.

The Riverside Literature Series.

Each regular single number, paper, 15 cents.

57. Dickens's Christmas Carol.**
58. Dickens's Cricket on the Hearth.**
59. Verse and Prose for Beginners in Reading.*
60, 61. The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. In two parts.‡
62. John Fiske's War of Independence.§
63. Longfellow's Paul Revere's Ride, and Other Poems.**
64, 65, 66. Tales from Shakespeare. CHARLES and MARY LAMB. In three parts. [Also, in one volume, linen, 50 cents.]
67. Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.* **
68. Goldsmith's Deserted Village, The Traveller, etc.*
69. Hawthorne's Old Manse, and A Few Mosses.**
70. A Selection from Whittier's Child Life in Poetry.**
71. A Selection from Whittier's Child Life in Prose.**
72. Milton's L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, Lycidas, etc.**
73. Tennyson's Enoch Arden, and Other Poems.
74. Gray's Elegy, etc.; Cowper's John Gilpin, etc.
75. Scudder's George Washington.§
76. Wordsworth's On the Intimations of Immortality, etc.
77. Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, and Other Poems.
78. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.§
79. Lamb's Old China, and Other Essays of Elia.
80. Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner, etc.; Campbell's Lochiel's Warning, etc.*
81. Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. (*Triple Number, 45 cents; linen, 50 cents.*)
82. Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales.§§
83. George Eliot's Silas Marner.§
84. Dana's Two Years Before the Mast.§§
85. Hughes's Tom Brown's School Days.§§
86. Scott's Ivanhoe.§§
87. Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.§§
88. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin.§§
89. Swift's Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput.**
90. Swift's Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag.**

Also, bound in linen: * 25 cents. ** 11 and 63 in one vol., 40 cents; likewise 40 and 69, 55 and 67, 57 and 58, 70 and 71, 72 and 94, 89 and 90. ‡ Also in one vol., 40 cents. § Double Number, paper, 30 cents; linen, 40 cents. §§ Quadruple Number, paper, 50 cents; linen, 60 cents.

EXTRA NUMBERS.

A American Authors and Their Birthdays. Programmes and Suggestions for the Celebration of the Birthdays of Authors. By A. S. ROE.
B Portraits and Biographies of 20 American Authors.
C A Longfellow Night. For Catholic Schools and Societies.
D Literature in School. Essays by HORACE E. SCUDDER.
E Harriet Beecher Stowe. Dialogues and Scenes.
F Longfellow Leaflets.
G Whittier Leaflets.
H Holmes Leaflets.
O Lowell Leaflets.
(Each a *Double Number, 30 cents; linen, 40 cents.*) Poems and Prose Passages for Reading and Recitation.
I The Riverside Manual for Teachers. Suggestions and Illustrative Lessons leading up to Primary Reading. By I. F. HALL.
K The Riverside Primer and Reader. (*Special Number.*) Paper covers, with cloth back, 25 cents; in strong linen binding, 30 cents.
L The Riverside Song Book. 120 Classic American Poems set to Standard Music. (*Double Number, 30 cents; boards, 40 cents.*)
M Lowell's Fable for Critics. (*Double Number, 30 cents.*)
N Selections from the Writings of Eleven American Authors.

The Riverside L

Each regular single nu

RECENT

91. **Hawthorne's House of the**
92. **Burroughs's A Bunch of Herbs, and Other Papers.**
93. **Shakespeare's As You Like It.*****
94. **Milton's Paradise Lost.** Books I.–III.**
95, 96, 97, 98. **Cooper's Last of the Mohicans.** In four parts. (*The four parts also bound in one volume, linen, 60 cents.*)
99. **Tennyson's Coming of Arthur, and Other Idylls of the King.**
100. **Burke's Conciliation with the Colonies.** Edited by ROBERT ANDERSEN, A. M.*
101. **Homer's Iliad.** Books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV. Translated by ALEXANDER POPE.*
102. **Macaulay's Essays on Johnson and Goldsmith.***
103. **Macaulay's Essay on Milton.***
104. **Macaulay's Life and Writings of Addison.*** Nos. 102, 103, and 104 are edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT.
105. **Carlyle's Essay on Burns.** Edited by GEORGE R. NOYES.*
106. **Shakespeare's Macbeth.** Edited by RICHARD GRANT WHITE, and furnished with Additional Notes by HELEN GRAY CONE.* **
107, 108. **Grimms' German Household Tales.** With Notes. In two parts. (*The two parts also bound in one volume, linen, 40 cents.*)
109. **Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.** Edited by WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.§
110. **De Quincey's Flight of a Tartar Tribe.** Edited by MILTON HAIGHT TURK. With an Introduction, Notes, and Map.*
111. **Tennyson's Princess.** Edited by W. J. ROLFE. With copious Notes and numerous Illustrations. (*Double Number, 30 cents. Also, in Rolfe's Students' Series, cloth, to Teachers, 53 cents.*)
112. **Virgil's Æneid.** Books I.–III. Translated by CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH. With an Introduction and Notes.
113. **Poems from the Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.** Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE H. BROWNE.**
114. **Old Greek Folk Stories.** Told Anew by JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. With an Index of Mythology. Supplementary to Nos. 17, 18, 22, 23.*
115. **Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin, and Other Poems.**
116. **Shakespeare's Hamlet.** Edited by RICHARD GRANT WHITE, and furnished with Additional Notes by HELEN GRAY CONE. §
117, 118. **Stories from the Arabian Nights.** With an Introductory Note. (*The two parts also bound in one volume, linen, 40 cents.*)
119. **Poe's Raven, The Fall of the House of Usher, and Other** Poems and Tales. With an Introduction and Notes.**
120. **Poe's Gold-Bug, The Purloined Letter, and Other Tales.** With Notes. Nos. 119, 120 are edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT.**
121. **The Great Debate between Hayne and Webster: Hayne's** Speech. With Introductions and Notes.**
122. **The Great Debate between Hayne and Webster: Webster's** Reply to Hayne. With Introductions and Notes.** Nos. 121, 122, are edited by LINDSAY SWIFT.
123. **Lowell's Democracy, and Other Papers.****
124. **Aldrich's Baby Bell, The Little Violinist, and Other Verse** and Prose. With an Introduction and Notes.
125. **Dryden's Palamon and Arcite, and Other Poems.** With Introductions and Notes.*

Also, bound in linen: * 25 cents. ** 39 and 123 in one vol., 40 cents; likewise 72 and 94, 93 and 106, 113 and 42, 119 and 120, 121 and 122. § Double Number, paper, 30 cents; linen, 40 cents. §§ Quadruple Number, paper, 50 cents; linen, 60 cents.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.