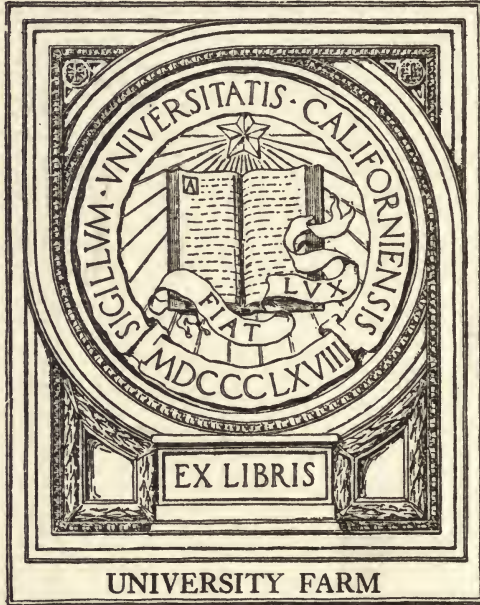


GIFT OF

J. M. NAKAO



IN MEMORIAM
D. SASAKURA

ct. made

Then departed Idianatha
Idianatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening
To the regions of the home
Of the North-west wind Keel
To the Islands of the Bless.
To the Kingdom of Ponema
To the land of the Herea

Henry W. Longfellow

EVANGELINE
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES
STANDISH

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

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EVANGELINE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

IN Hawthorne's *American Note-Books* is the following passage:—

“H. L. C. heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage-day all the men of the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, — among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him — wandered about New England all her life-time, and at last when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise.”

This is the story, as set down by the romancer, which his friend, the Rev. H. L. Conolly, had heard from a parishioner. Mr. Conolly saw in it a fine theme for a romance, but for some reason Hawthorne was disinclined to undertake it. One day the two were dining with Mr. Longfellow, and Mr. Conolly told the story again and wondered that Hawthorne did not care for it. “If you really do not want this incident for a tale,” said Mr. Longfellow to his friend, “let me have it for a poem.” Just when the conversation

took place we cannot say, but the poem was begun apparently just after the completion of the volume, *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*. The narrative of its development can best be told by the passages in Mr. Longfellow's diary which note the progress of the poem.

November 28, 1845. Set about *Gabrielle*, my idyll in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. F. and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem.

November 30. In the night, rain, rain, rain. A pleasant sound. Lying awake I mused thus: —

Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the rattling rain upon the
 roof,
 Ceaselessly falling through the night from the clouds that
 pass so far aloof ;
 Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the village clock that
 strikes the hour,
 Dropping its notes like drops of rain from the darksome bel-
 fry in the tower.

December 7. I know not what name to give to — not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be *Gabrielle*, or *Celestine*, or *Evangeline*?

January 8, 1846. Striving, but alas, how vainly! to work upon *Evangeline*. One interruption after another, till I long to fly to the desert for a season.

January 12. The vacation is at hand. I hope before its close to get far on in *Evangeline*. Two cantos are now done; which is a good beginning.

April 5. After a month's cessation resumed *Evangeline*, — the sister of mercy. I hope now to carry it on to its close without break.

May 20. Tried to work at *Evangeline*. Unsuccessful. Gave it up.

May 25. The days die and make no sign. The Castalian fount is still. It has become a pool which no descending angel troubles.

July 9. Idly busy days ; days which leave no record in verse ; no advance made in my long-neglected yet dearly loved *Evangeline*. The cares of the world choke the good seed. But these stones *must* be cleared away.

October 11. I am in despair at the swift flight of time, and the utter impossibility I feel to lay hold upon anything permanent. All my hours and days go to perishable things. College takes half the time ; and other people, with their interminable letters and poems and requests and demands, take the rest. I have hardly a moment to think of my own writings, and am cheated of some of life's fairest hours. This is the extreme of folly ; and if I knew a man, far off in some foreign land, doing as I do here, I should say he was mad.

November 17. I said as I dressed myself this morning, "To-day at least I will work on *Evangeline*." But no sooner had I breakfasted than there came a note from —, to be answered forthwith ; then —, to talk about a doctor ; then Mr. Bates, to put up a fireplace ; then this journal, to be written for a week. And now it is past eleven o'clock, and the sun shines so brightly upon my desk and papers that I can write no more.

December 10. Laid up with a cold. Moped and mowed the day through. Made an effort, however, and commenced the second part of *Evangeline*. I felt all day wretched enough to give it the sombre tone of coloring that belongs to the theme.

December 15. Stayed at home, working a little on *Evangeline* ; planning out the second part, which fascinates me, — if I can but give complete tone and expression to it. Of materials for this part there is superabundance. The difficulty is to select, and give unity to variety.

December 17. Finished this morning, and copied, the first canto of the second part of *Evangeline*. The portions of the poem which I write in the morning, I write chiefly standing at my desk here [by the window], so as to need no copying. What I write at other times is scrawled with a pencil on my knee in the dark, and has to be written out afterward. This way of writing with a pencil and portfolio I enjoy much; as I can sit by the fireside and do not use my eyes. I see a diorama of the Mississippi advertised. This comes very *à propos*. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river; and as it is to flow through the pages of the poem, I look upon this as a special benediction.

December 19. Went to see Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and the sand-banks crested with cottonwood, and the bayous by moonlight. Three miles of canvas, and a great deal of merit.

December 29. I hoped to do much on my poem to-day; and did nothing. My whole morning was taken up with letters and doing up New Year's gifts.

January 7, 1847. Went to the Library and got Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia* and the *Historical Collections of Pennsylvania*. Also Darby's *Geographical Description of Louisiana*. These books must help me through the last part of *Evangeline*, so far as facts and local coloring go. But for the form and the poetry, — they must come from my own brain.

January 14. Finished the last canto of *Evangeline*. But the poem is not finished. There are three intermediate cantos to be written.

January 18. Billings came to hear some passages in *Evangeline*, previous to making designs. As I read, I grew discouraged. Alas, how difficult it is to produce anything really good! Now I see nothing but the

defects of my work. I hope the critics will not find so many as I do. But onward! The poem, like love, must "advance or die."

January 22. Wrote in *Evangeline*. Then walked a couple of hours. After dinner, a couple more. In the evening, the whist club.

January 23. Morning as yesterday, — sitting by the fire in a darkened room, writing with a pencil in my portfolio, without the use of eyes.

January 26. Finished second canto of Part II. of *Evangeline*.

February 1. During the day worked busily and pleasantly on *Evangeline*, — canto third of Part II. It is nearly finished.

February 2. Shrouded in a cold, which covers me like a monk's hood. I am confident it is often sheer laziness, when a poet refrains from writing because he is not "in the mood." Until he begins he can hardly know whether he is in the mood or not. It is reluctance to the manual labor of recording one's thoughts; perhaps to the mental labor of setting them in due order.

February 17. Find the ground covered with snow, to my sorrow; for what comes as snow departs as mud. Wrote description of the prairies for *Evangeline*.

February 23. *Evangeline* is nearly finished. I shall complete it this week, together with my fortieth year.

February 27. *Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning.

February 28. The last day of February. Waded to church through snow and water ankle-deep. The remainder of the day, was warmly housed, save a walk on the piazza. When evening came, I really missed the poem and the pencil.

March 6. A lovely spring morning. I began to

revise and correct *Evangeline* for the press. Went carefully over the first canto.

April 3. The first canto of *Evangeline* in proofs. Some of the lines need pounding ; nails are to be driven and clenched. On the whole I am pretty well satisfied. Fields came out in the afternoon. I told him of the poem, and he wants to publish it.

April 9. Proof-sheets of *Evangeline* all *tattooed* with Folsom's¹ marks. How severe he is ! But so much the better.

Evangeline was published October 30, 1847, and Hawthorne, who had taken a lively interest in the poem, wrote a few days after, to say that he had read it "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express." Mr. Longfellow, in replying, thanked him for a friendly notice which he had written for a Salem paper, and added : " Still more do I thank you for resigning to me that legend of Acady. This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose."

The notes which we have taken from Mr. Longfellow's diary intimate, in a degree, the method of his preparation for writing the poem. He was not writing a history, nor a book of travels. He drew upon the nearest, most accessible materials, which at that time were to be found in Haliburton's *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, with its liberal quotations from the Abbé

¹ His friend, Mr. Charles Folsom, was then proof-reader at the printing-office where the book was set up.

Raynal's emotional account of the French settlers. He may have examined Winslow's narrative of the expedition under his command, in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society, not then printed, but since that time made easily accessible. He did not visit Grand-Pré nor the Mississippi but trusted to descriptions and Banvard's diorama. At the time of the publication of *Evangeline* the actual history of the deportation of the Acadians had scarcely been investigated. It is not too much to say that this tale was itself the cause of the frequent studies since made, studies which have resulted in a revision of the accepted rendering of the facts. The publication by the government of Nova Scotia in 1869 of *Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*, edited by Thomas B. Akins, D. C. L., Commissioner of Public Records, threw a great deal of light on the relations of the French and English; *A History of Nova Scotia, or Acadie*, by Beamish Murdock, published in 1866, and *The History of Acadia from the First Discovery to its Surrender to England by the treaty of Paris*, by James Hannay, published in 1879, furnish opportunities for an examination of the subject, and recently the work by Dr. Francis Parkman on *Montcalm and Wolfe* gives special attention to the expulsion of the Acadians. Dr. W. J. Anderson published a paper in the *Transactions* of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, New Series, part 7, 1870, entitled *Evangeline and the Archives of Nova Scotia*, in which he examines the poem in the light of Mr. Akins's work, finding,

after all, a substantial agreement between the poem and the documents.

Mr. Longfellow gave to a Philadelphia journalist a reminiscence of his first notice of the material which was used in the conclusion of the poem. "I was passing down Spruce Street one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure.¹ I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline* I placed the final scene, the meeting between *Evangeline* and *Gabriel*, and the death, at the poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic grave-yard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

It will have been noticed that Mr. Longfellow from the outset had no hesitation in the choice of a metre. He had before experimented in it in his translation of *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, and in his lines *To the Driving Cloud*. While engaged upon *Evangeline* he chanced upon a specimen in *Blackwood* of a hexameter translation of the *Iliad*, and expressed himself very emphatically on its fitness. "Took down Chapman's *Homer*," he writes later, "and read the second book. Rough enough; and though better than Pope, how inferior to the books in hexameter in *Blackwood*! The English world is not yet awake to the beauty

¹ The Pennsylvania Hospital.

of that metre." After his poem was published, he wrote: "The public takes more kindly to hexameters than I could have imagined," and referring to a criticism on *Evangeline* by Mr. Felton, in which the metre was considered, he said: "I am more than ever glad that I chose this metre for my poem." Again he notes in his diary: "Talked with Theophilus Parsons about English hexameters; and 'almost persuaded him to be a Christian.'" While his mind was thus dwelling on the subject, he fell into the measure in his journal entries, and in these lines under date of December 18, 1847.

Soft through the silent air descend the feathery snow-flakes;
White are the distant hills, white are the neighboring fields;
Only the marshes are brown, and the river rolling among them
Weareth the leaden hue seen in the eyes of the blind.

Especially interesting is the experiment which he made, while in the process of his work, in another metre. "Finished second canto of Part II. of *Evangeline*. I then tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the song of the mocking-bird:—

Upon a spray that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
Poured such delirious music from his throat
That all the air seemed listening to his note.
Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
The multitudinous music from his tongue, —
As, after showers, a sudden gust again
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

As the story of *Evangeline* was the incentive to historical inquiry, so the successful use of the hex-

ameter had much to do both with the revival of the measure and with a critical discussion upon its value. Arthur Hugh Clough employed the metre in his pastoral poem, *The Bothie of Toper-na-Vuolich*, and wrote to Mr. Emerson: "Will you convey to Mr. Longfellow the fact that it was a reading of his *Evangeline* aloud to my mother and sister, which, coming after a reperusal of the *Iliad*, occasioned this outbreak of hexameters?"

The reader will find the subject of hexameters discussed by Matthew Arnold in his lectures *On Translating Homer*; by James Spedding in *English Hexameters*, in his volume *Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political and Historical, not relating to Bacon*; and by John Stuart Blackie in *Remarks on English Hexameters* contained in his volume *Horæ Hellenicæ*.

"Of the longer poems of our chief singer," says Dr. Holmes, "I should not hesitate to select *Evangeline* as the masterpiece, and I think the general verdict of opinion would confirm my choice. The German model which it follows in its measure and the character of its story was itself suggested by an earlier idyl. If Dorothea was the mother of *Evangeline*, Luise was the mother of Dorothea. And what a beautiful creation is the Acadian maiden! From the first line of the poem, from its first words, we read as we would float down a broad and placid river, murmuring softly against its banks, heaven over it, and the glory of the unspoiled wilderness all around, —

This is the forest primeval.

The words are already as familiar as

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά,

or

Arma virumque cano.

The hexameter has been often criticised, but I do not believe any other measure could have told that lovely story with such effect, as we feel when carried along the tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines. Imagine for one moment a story like this minced into octosyllabics. The poet knows better than his critics the length of step which best befits his muse."

The publication of *Evangeline* doubtless marks the period of Mr. Longfellow's greatest accession of fame, as it probably is the poem which the majority of readers would first name if called upon to indicate the poet's most commanding work. It was finished, as we have seen, upon his fortieth birthday. Two days before, the following lines were written by Mr. Longfellow in his diary:—

EPIGRAMME

Par un ci-devant jeune homme, en approchant de la quarantaine.

“ Sous le firmament
 Tout n'est que changement,
 Tout passe ; ”
 Le cantique le dit,
 Il est ainsi écrit,
 Il est sans contredit,
 Tout passe.

O douce vie humaine !
 O temps qui nous entraîne !

EVANGELINE

Destinée souveraine !

 Tout change.

Moi qui, poète rêveur,

Ne fus jamais friseur,

Je frise, — oh, quelle horreur !

 La quarantaine !

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-
tinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and pro-
phetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on
their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
boring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the
hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-
land the voice of the huntsman ?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of
Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water
the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an
image of heaven ?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers
forever departed !

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
 blasts of October
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
 far o'er the ocean.
 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil-
 lage of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-
 dures, and is patient,
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of
 woman's devotion,
 List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the
 pines of the forest ;
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the
 happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin
 of Minas,
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-
 Pré
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
 to the eastward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
 without number.
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
 with labor incessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons
 the flood-gates
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
 o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward
Bloimidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sounds with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Line 7. Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose
matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affection-
ate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and
serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon
from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of
the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace
and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were
they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the
vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to
their windows ;
But their dwellings were open as day and the
hearts of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived
in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, direct-
ing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride
of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of sev-
enty winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks
as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows .
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers
at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was
the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the
bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet
of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal
beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-
diction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house
of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ;
and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ;
and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in
the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a
penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image
of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the
well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough
for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north,
were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the an-
tique ploughs and the harrows ;
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in
his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-
lage. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and
a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and in-
nocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the vari-
ant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of
mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the far-
mer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened
his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest
devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem
of her garment !

Line 14. Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men ;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes
to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as
a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the
tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of
cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gath-
ering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the labor-
ing bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired
in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going
into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of
the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er
the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests
on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which
the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight
of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of
the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer
were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face
of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of
a woman.

“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called; for
that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
orchards with apples;

She, too, would bring to her husband’s house de-
light and abundance,

Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of chil-
dren.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow
colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion
enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,
from the ice-bound,

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical
islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the
winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old
with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclem-
ent.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded
their honey

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters
asserted

Line 6. Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of
the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed
that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer
of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;
and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-
hood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless
heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in
harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in
the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing
of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,
and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and
yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering
tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection
and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and
twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the
herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their
necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the fresh-
ness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them
followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;
their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry
silence the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from
the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its
odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their
manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and
ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,
idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.
Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light ; and the pewter plates on the dresser

Line 8. Heavily closed, with a creaking sound, the valves of the barn-doors,

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her,
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard,
and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

“ Welcome ! ” the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-
steps paused on the threshold,

“ Welcome, Basil, my friend ! Come, take thy
place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty
without thee ;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box
of tobacco ;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the
mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil
the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the
fireside : —

“ Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest
and thy ballad !

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others
are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin be-
fore them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked
up a horseshoe.”

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evange-
line brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he
slowly continued : —

“ Four days now are passed since the English ships
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are
commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his
Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in
the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-
ple."

Then made answer the farmer : " Perhaps some
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the har-
vests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their
cattle and children."

" Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said,
warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a
sigh, he continued : —

" Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor
Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weap-
ons of all kinds ;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the
scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
farmer : —

" Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no
shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads
of the village

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers
and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of
our children ? ”

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand
in her lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her
father had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary
entered.

III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of
the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the
notary public ;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the
maize, hung

Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and
glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom su-
pernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than
a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his
great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he
languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend
of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or
suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,
and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the
children ;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the
forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water
the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who
unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the cham-
bers of children ;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the
stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up
in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover
and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the
village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the
blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly ex-
tending his right hand,
“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast heard
the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these
ships and their errand.”
Then with modest demeanor made answer the no-
tary public, —
“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am
never the wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know not better
than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil in-
tention
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why
then molest us ?”
“God’s name !” shouted the hasty and somewhat
irascible blacksmith ;
“Must we in all things look for the how, and the
why, and the wherefore ?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of
the strongest !”
But without heeding his warmth, continued the
notary public, —
“Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally jus-
tice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often
consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal.”
This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved
to repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice
was done them.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Jus-
tice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in
its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and
homes of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales
of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the
sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were
corrupted ;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a no-
bleman’s palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a
suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the
household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,

Patently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
Justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-
cended,

Line 1. Whenever neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.

Line 13. Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of
the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath
from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales
of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a
magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls
was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth
no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his
face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in
the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in
the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers
and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of
the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep
and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well
were completed,

Line 8. And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on
the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on
the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of
silver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and
the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed
and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the
fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of
its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention
the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful ma-
nœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was
made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a win-
dow's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding
the moon rise
Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the
meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.

Line 14. Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell
from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway
Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned
in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the
door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it
with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed
on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the
darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of
the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of
her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,
and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evange-
line woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her
husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.

Line 11. Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow
and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of
the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her
lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feel-
ing of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds
in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for
a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw se-
renely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow
her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
with Hagar!

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin
of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were
riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous
labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates
of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and
neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from
the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the nu-
merous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of
wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like broth-
ers together,

All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunquerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the
blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a
summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. With-
out, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,
and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and march-
ing proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-
sonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceil-
ing and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will
of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the
steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal
commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his
Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have
answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make
and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of
our monarch ;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you your-
selves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you
may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people !
Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Maj-
esty's pleasure !”
As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of
summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of
the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and
shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
enclosures ;
So on the hearts of the people descended the
words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and
anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to
the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce
imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er
the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil
the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the bil-
lows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ;
and wildly he shouted, —
“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never
have sworn them allegiance !
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our
homes and our harvests ! ”
More he fain would have said, but the merciless
hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him
down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry
contention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps
of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed
into silence
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to
his people ;
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents
measured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly
the clock strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what
madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you,
and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one an-
other?

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and pray-
ers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is
gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘O
Father, forgive them!’

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘O Father, forgive
them!’ ”

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the
hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
passionate outbreak,

Line 15. Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate out-
break,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O
Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
the people responded,
Not with their lips alone; but their hearts; and
the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings
of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the wo-
men and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with
her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,
that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-
dor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and embla-
zoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth
on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fra-
grant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese
fresh brought from the dairy,

Line 1. And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair
of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as
the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad
ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celest-
ial ascended, —

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgive-
ness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the
village,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts
of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps
they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet
of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
mering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-
scending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evan-
geline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and
the windows

Line 8. Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the
women,

Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome
by emotion,
“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice;
but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloom-
ier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless
house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board
was the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of
her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate
rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree
by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the
echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed
the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of
the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully
slumbered till morning.

Line 5. Smouldered the fire in the hearth, on the board stood the supper
untasted,

Line 8. In the dead of night she heard the whispering rain fall

Line 10. Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the neighboring
thunder

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now
on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of
the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful
procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the
Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods
to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on
their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road
and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged
on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-
ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ;
and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did
the boats ply ;
All day long the wains came laboring down from
the village.
Late in 'the afternoon, when the sun was near to
his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums
from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching
in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —
“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!”
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession
approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with
emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to
meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his
shoulder, and whispered, —
“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one
another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-
chances may happen ! ”
Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly
paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed
was his aspect !
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire
from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart
in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck
and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of
comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and
stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the con-
fusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and moth-
ers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the reflux ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle, All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the
hand of the milk-maid.
Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no
Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires
had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from
wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces
were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the
crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth
in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and bless-
ing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate
sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline
sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the
old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either
thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands
have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses
to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he
looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.

“*Benedicite!*” murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on the threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o’er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon the mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Line 7. Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them

Line 12. Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

Line 15. Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of
flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burn-
ing thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from
a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame in-
termingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in
their anguish,
“ We shall behold no more our homes in the village
of Grand-Pré ! ”
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the low-
ing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of
dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the
sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the
Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to
the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the
herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them ;
And as they turned at length to speak to their
silent companion,
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head
on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber ;
And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld
a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully
gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-
passion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the
faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-
ing senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people, —
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a hap-
pier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown
land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the
churchyard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And there in
haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer
of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service
of sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast
congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar
with the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste
of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking ;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out
of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and
the village in ruins.

Line 14. And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning
of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-
parted,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in
story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians
landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from
city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry South-
ern savannas, —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where
the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down
to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of
the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, de-
spairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a
friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in
the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited
and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering
all things.
Fair was she and young : but, alas ! before her ex-
tended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with
its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed
and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead
and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is
marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach
in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, im-
perfect, unfinished ;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and
sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly
descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the
fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst
of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and
endeavor ;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on
the crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” they said; “Oh yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Coueurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “Oh yes! we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s tresses.”

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,
“ I cannot !

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my
hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and
illuminates the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in
darkness.”

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, “ O daughter ! thy God thus
speaketh within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted ;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them
full of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again
to the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy
work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance
is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven ! ”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of
the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
whispered, “ Despair not ! ”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-
less discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns
of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's
footsteps; —
Not through each devious path, each changeful
year of existence,
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course
through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam
of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at inter-
vals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its con-
tinuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it
reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the
Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the
Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift
Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by
Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from
the shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns
perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of
orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the
eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course ; and, enter-
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs
of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-
air

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of
ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save
by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning
at sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with de-
moniac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed
on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-
taining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as
through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all
things around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of
wonder and sadness, —

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot
be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of
the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrink-
ing mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings
of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of
doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,
that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on
through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the
shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wan-
dered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him
nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose
one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-
venture

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew
a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors
leafy the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to
the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just
stirred to the music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches ;
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the
darkness ;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of
pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian
boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian
rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysteri-
ous sounds of the desert,
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the
forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of
the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the
shades ; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atcha-
falaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undu-
lations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in
beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the
boatmen.

Line 6. Silent at times, and then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,

Line 8. And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of
the desert,

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless
islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the
water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters
and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-
ful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the
island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of
palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay con-
cealed in the willows ;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-
seen, were the sleepers.
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-
bering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud
on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died
in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague supersti-
tion?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to
my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my cred-
ulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled
as he answered, —

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the an-
chor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world
calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the
southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St.
Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again
to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and
his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests
of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest
of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls
of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana!"

With these words of cheer they arose and con-
tinued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the west-
ern horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the
landscape ;
Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and
forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and
mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of
silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the
motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible
sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains
of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and
waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,
wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er
the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious
music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves
seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad: then
soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of fren-
zied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low
lamentation ;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad
in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower
on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that
throbbled with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Tête, where it flows
through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-
boring dwelling ; —
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant low-
ing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by
oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets
at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
A garden

Line 3. Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant
blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself
was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted
together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender col-
umns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious
veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended
around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the
garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual
symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions
of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow
and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself
was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly
expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke
rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran
a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the
limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly de-
scending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy
canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless
calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of
grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf
of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and
stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of
deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the
Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of
its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine,
that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory
freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over
the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and
expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that
resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp
air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of
the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents
of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed
o'er the prairie,

Line 2. Stood a cluster of cotton-trees, with cordage of grape-vines.

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in
the distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through
the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden ad-
vancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-
ment, and forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of
wonder ;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil
the Blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the
garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question
and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent
and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark
doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, some-
what embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, " If you came by the
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's
boat on the bayous ? "

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a
shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a
tremulous accent,

" Gone ? is Gabriel gone ? " and, concealing her
face on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept
and lamented.

Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew
blithe as he said it, —

“Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds
and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet ex-
istence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful
ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his
troubles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and to
maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with
the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the
Ozark Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping
the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the
fugitive lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the
streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew
of the morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his
prison.”

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the
banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael
the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on
Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to
mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and
his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave
Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession;
and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-
ing the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and
gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers
and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-
devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil
and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were
his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would
go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the
breezy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where already the
supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and
feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness de-
scended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape
with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars;
but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in
the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the ta-
ble, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in
endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Nat-
chitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and
smiled as they listened:—
“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have
been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-
chance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the
rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the
farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as
a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blos-
som; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-
claimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed
into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing
your farms and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud
from his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering
down on the table,

So that the guests all started ; and Father Feli-
cian, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way
to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were
milder and gayer : —

“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of
the fever !

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck
in a nutshell ! ”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the
breezy veranda.

Line 9. And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil
the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors :
Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who
before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to
each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-
ceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious
fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves
to the maddening
Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed
to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of
fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the
priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and
future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for
within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible
sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth
into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-
lous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the
magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable long-
ings,
As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the
shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the meas-
ureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-
flies

Line 13. As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,

Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
“Upharsin.”
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, “O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?”
Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill sounded

Line 1. Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.

Line 15. Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.

“ Patience ! ” whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness :

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
“ To-morrow ! ”

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flow-
ers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

“ Farewell ! ” said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold ;

“ See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming.”

“ Farewell ! ” answered the maiden, and, smiling,
with Basil descended

Down to the river’s brink, where the boatmen al-
ready were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over
the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
succeeded,

Found they the trace of his course, in lake or
forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but
vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild
and desolate country ;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from
the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and
companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where
the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the
gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway
and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-
river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps
the Nebraska ;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the
Spanish sierras,

Line 10. Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a
gateway,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the
wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend
to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and
solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,
beautiful prairies ;
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and
sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the
elk and the roebuck ;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of
riderless horses ;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are
weary with travel ;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
children,
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their
terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the
vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered
in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the
heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of
these savage marauders ;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of
swift-running rivers ;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk
of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots
by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the
Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers
behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the
maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day
to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the
smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ;
but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only
embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and
their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata
Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated
and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there
silently entered
Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose
features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great
as her sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her
people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel
Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois,
had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-
est and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the
embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all
his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of
the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept
where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and
repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her
Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and
pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know
that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had
been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and
woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf-
fered was near her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she
 had ended
Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious
 horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated
 the tale of the Mowis ;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and
 wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed
 from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
 sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed
 far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a
 weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilineau, who was
 wooed by a phantom,
That through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in
 the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered
 love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume
 through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by
 her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-
 line listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the re-
 gion around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy
 guest the enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and
filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and
the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest
of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region
of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt
for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing
a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the
phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed;
and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western
slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief
of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of
Mary and Jesus.

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from
the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the stran-
gers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with
benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue
in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into
his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on
cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-
gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with so-
lemnity answered: —
“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden
reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and con-
tinued his journey!”
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with
an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in win-
ter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have
departed.
“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the
priest; “but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the
Mission.”
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek
and submissive,

“ Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes
on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides
and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed
at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each
other, —
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of
maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came,
now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing,
and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-
laged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,
and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened
a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in
the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not
her lover.
“ Patience!” the priest would say; “ have faith,
and thy prayer will be answered !
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from
the meadow,

Line 15. Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true
as the magnet ;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God
has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's
journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller
of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and
hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the win-
ter, — yet Gabriel came not ;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the
robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel
came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor
was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blos-
som.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan
forests,

Lines 1-3. See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet ;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw
River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes
of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the
Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous
marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Mich-
igan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen
to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in sea-
sons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering
maiden ; —

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the
army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous
cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre-
membered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the
long journey ;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it
ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from
her beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom
and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of
gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly
horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the
morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the
Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the
city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the em-
blem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees
of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and
a country.
There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he
departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-
scendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly
streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her
no longer a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou
of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers
and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-
deavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-
complaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.
As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the
morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape
below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and
hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illuminated with love ; and
the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and
fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was
his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last
she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence
and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it
was not.
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed,
but transfigured ;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead,
and not absent ;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air
with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;
frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of
the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves
from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as
the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well
in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of
her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and
fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from
its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on
the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks
of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in
their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a
lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of ex-
istence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to
charm, the oppressor ;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger ; —
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor
attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the
homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadows and woodlands ; —
Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gate-
way and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls
seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord : “ The poor ye al-
ways have with you.”
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of
Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to
behold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints
and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a dis-
tance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would
enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,
deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of
the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers
in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their
fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from
the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the mead-
ows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in
their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour
on her spirit :
Something within her said, " At length thy trials
are ended " ;

Line 13. And, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted

And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of
an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that
shaded his temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its ear-
lier manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who
are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-
sprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and
pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths
in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking
and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush
that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home
of his childhood ;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walk-
ing under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in
his vision.
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by
his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the ac-
cents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what
his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and
the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience !
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
“ Father I thank thee ! ”

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away
from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers
are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the
shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-
guage.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers
from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Evangeline, published in 1847, was followed by *The Golden Legend* in 1851, and that by *Hiawatha* in 1855. The general purpose to make use of Indian material appears to have been in the poet's mind for some time, but the conception as finally wrought was formed in the summer of 1854. He writes in his diary under date of June 22, "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme." A few days before, he had been reading with great delight the Finnish epic *Kalevala*, and this poem suggested the measure and may well have reminded him also of the Indian legends, which have that likeness to the Finnish that springs from a common intellectual stage of development and a general community of habits and occupation.

An interest in the Indians had long been felt by Mr. Longfellow, and in his early plans for prose sketches tales about the Indians had a place. He had seen a few of the stragglers of the Algonquins in Maine, and had read Heckewelder

while in college; he had witnessed the spectacle of Black Hawk and his Sioux on Boston Common; and a few years before, he had made the acquaintance of the fine-tempered Kah-ge-ga-gah'bowh, the Ojibway chief, and had entertained him at his house, trusting not unlikely that he might derive from the Indian some helpful suggestion.

No sooner had his floating ideas of a work taken shape than he was eager to put his plans into execution. "I could not help this evening," he wrote June 25, "making a beginning of *Manabozho*, or whatever the poem is to be called. His adventures will form the theme, at all events;" and the next day; "look over Schoolcraft's great book on the Indians; three huge quartos, ill-digested, and without any index. Write a few lines of the poem." His authority for the legends and the material generally of his poem was in the main Schoolcraft's work, with probably the same author's more literary composition *Algic Researches*, and Heckewelder's narrative. He soon took Manabozho's other and more euphonic name, Hiawatha, into his service, and gave himself up to a thorough enjoyment of the task. "Worked at *Hiawatha*," he wrote on the 31st of the month, "as I do more or less every day. It is purely in the realm of fancy. After tea, read to the boys the Indian story of *The Red Swan*." "*Hiawatha*," he wrote again in October, "occupies and delights me. Have I no misgivings about it? Yes, sometimes. Then the theme seizes me and hurries me away, and they vanish." His misgivings took a concrete shape a few days later, when he read aloud to a friend some

pages of his work. "He fears the poem will want human interest. So does F. So does the author. I must put a live, beating heart into it."

Mr. Longfellow began writing *Hiawatha*, as we have seen, June 25, 1854. It was finished March 29, 1855, and published November 10. It is doubtful if the poet wrote any of his longer works with more abandonment, with more thorough enjoyment of his task, with a keener sense of the originality of his venture, and by consequence, with more perplexity when he thought of his readers. He tried the poem on his friends more freely than had been customary with him, and with varied results. His own mind, as he neared the test of publication, wavered a little in its moods. "Proof sheets of *Hiawatha*," he wrote in June, 1855. "I am growing idiotic about this song, and no longer know whether it is good or bad;" and later still: "In great doubt about a canto of *Hiawatha*,—whether to retain or suppress it. It is odd how confused one's mind becomes about such matters from long looking at the same subject."

No sooner was the poem published than its popularity was assured, and it was subjected to the most searching tests. It was read by public readers to large audiences, and a few years later was set to music by Stoepel and given at the Boston Theatre with explanatory readings by Matilda Heron. It was parodied,—one of the surest signs of popularity, and it lived its parodies down, a surer sign still of intrinsic uncopyableness. It was criticised with heated words, and made the occasion for controversy. The elemental nature of

the poetry led to vehement charges of plagiarism, and altogether the poet found himself in the midst of a violent war of words which recalled his experience with *Hyperion*. He felt keenly the unreasonableness of the attack upon his honesty in the charge that he had borrowed metre and incidents both from the *Kalevala*. He made no secret of the suggestion of the metre, — he had used an acknowledged form, which was not exclusively Finnish; and as for the legends, he openly confessed his indebtedness to Schoolcraft in the notes to the poem. Referring to an article in a Washington paper, embodying these charges, he wrote to Mr. Sumner, December 3, 1855: —

This is truly one of the greatest literary outrages I ever heard of. But I think it is done mainly to show the learning of the writer. . . . He will stand finally in the position of a man who makes public assertions which he cannot substantiate. You see what the charge of imitation amounts to, by the extracts given. As to my having “taken many of the most striking incidents of the Finnish Epic and transferred them to the American Indians” — it is absurd. I can give chapter and verse for these legends. Their chief value is that they *are* Indian legends. I know the *Kalevala* very well; and that some of its legends *resemble* the Indian stories preserved by Schoolcraft is very true. But the idea of making me responsible for that is too ludicrous.

Freiligrath wrote to him with reference to a discussion going on in the London *Athenæum* over the metre: “The very moment I looked into the book I exclaimed, —

Launawatar, Frau die alte,

and was laughing with you again over the pages of the *Finnische Runen*, as thirteen years ago on the Rhine. The characteristic feature, which shows that you have fetched the metre from the Finns, is the *parallelism* adopted so skilfully and so gracefully in *Hiawatha*." In a note in his diary upon this letter, Mr. Longfellow added: "He does not seem to be aware that the parallelism, or repetition, is as much the characteristic of Indian as of Finnish song."

Freiligrath translated *Hiawatha*, as he had other of Mr. Longfellow's poems, and in acknowledging the receipt of the translation, the poet wrote, January 29, 1857:—

It is admirable, this translation of yours, as I knew it would be from the samples sent before. A thousand and a thousand thanks for it, and may Cotta pay you, as the broker paid Guzman de Alfarache, in money *sahumada, y lavada con agua de ángeles*. A passage was changed in the proofs which I sent to Bogne [the English publisher], and which he promised to hand to you. It is in the description of the sturgeon. This was changed to—

As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing line of cedar, —

because the sturgeon, I found, was never guilty of the crime of frightening or eating his fellow fishes. . . . What you say, in the preface, of the close of the poem is very true. The contact of Saga and History is too sudden. But how could I remedy it unless I made the poem very much longer? I felt the clash and concussion, but could not prevent nor escape it.

Meanwhile the book had an unexampled sale, and the letters which the poet received from Emerson, Hawthorne, Parsons, Taylor, and others showed the judgment passed upon his work by those whose poetic perception was not blunted by habits of professional criticism nor taken captive by mere novelty. Several years after, a translation into Latin of a portion of the poem was made for use as a school-book, by Professor Francis W. Newman. A suggestive criticism, by Dr. Holmes, upon the measure of the poem will be found in the notes at the end of this volume.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
“From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.”

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
“In the bird’s-nests of the forest,

In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!

“All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes ;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa !”

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, “Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,”
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow.

“In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

“And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter ;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.

“There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people !”

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries ; —
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ; —
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms

There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened ;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry

Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures ;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it ;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow ;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled .
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,

Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,

Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other ;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity ;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children !

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand ;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise : —

“ O my children ! my poor children !
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you !

“ I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,

Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
Why then are you not contented ?
Why then will you hunt each other ?

“I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord ;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper ;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish !

“Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward !”

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending ;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint ;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

“ Honor be to Mudjekeewis ! ”
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
From the Great Bear of the mountains,
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,

Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains ;
But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,
As he sat upon his haunches ;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise : —

“ Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretended ;
Else you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman !
Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together ;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains !
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered ;
But you, Bear ! sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman ! ”

Then again he raised his war-club,
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.

Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,
He the terror of the nations.

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!”

With a shout exclaimed the people,
“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gayly to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odors for him;
Though the forests and the rivers

Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,
While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming ;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom ;
And forever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,
From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried southward,
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes
Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind him,
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,
Lingering still among the moorlands,
Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
" Who is this that dares to brave me ?
Dares to stay in my dominions,

When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone southward,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Long ago departed southward ?
I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire out !”

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtain of the door-way.
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not ;
Four great logs had he for firewood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
Singing, “ O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal !”

Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,

Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,
Could not bear the heat and laughter,
Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the doorway,
Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
To come forth and wrestle naked
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,
Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered backward,
And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,

In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie ;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing

Line 4. Sent the Opechee, the robin,

Line 17. In the Moon when nights are brightest

For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her.
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her ;
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.

“ Ah! my brother from the North-land,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit!
You have stolen the maiden from me,
You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,
With your stories of the North-land ! ”

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow ;
And the South-Wind o'er the prairie
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,
Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine
Vanished from his sight forever ;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses !

Poor, deluded Shawondasee !
'T was no woman that you gazed at,
'T was no maiden that you sighed for,

'T was the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreamy Summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away forever,
Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corners of the heavens;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,

On the prairie full of blossoms
“ See ! a star falls ! ” said the people ;
“ From the sky a star is falling ! ”

There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
“ Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;
Listen not to what he tells you ;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you ! ”

But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Woodyed her with his words of sweetness,
Woodyed her with his soft caresses,

Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder ;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;
" Oh that I were dead ! " she murmured,
" Oh that I were dead, as thou art !
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin ! "

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
" Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear thee ! "
Lulled him into slumber, singing,

“Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
 Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!”

Many things Nokomis taught him
 Of the stars that shine in heaven;
 Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
 Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
 Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
 Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
 Flaring far away to northward
 In the frosty nights of Winter;
 Showed the broad white road in heaven,
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
 Running straight across the heavens,
 Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
 Sat the little Hiawatha;
 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
 Heard the lapping of the waters,
 Sounds of music, words of wonder;
 “Minne-wawa!” said the pine-trees,
 “Mudway-aushka!” said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,
 With the twinkle of its candle
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
 And he sang the song of children,
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
 “Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
 Light me with your little candle,

Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! ”

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, “ What is that, Nokomis ? ”
And the good Nokomis answered :

“ Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw her ;
’T is her body that you see there.”

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, “ What is that, Nokomis ? ”
And the good Nokomis answered :

“ ’T is the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.”

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
“ What is that ? ” he cried in terror,
“ What is that ? ” he said, “ Nokomis ? ”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“ That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.”

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,

Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers !"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,

But the wary roebuck started,
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,
 Listened with one foot uplifted,
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
 Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,
 By the ford across the river ;
 Beat his timid heart no longer,
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
 As he bore the red deer homeward,
 And Iagoo and Nokomis
 Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
 Made a banquet to his honor.
 All the village came and feasted,
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,
 Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha !
 Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee !

IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

Out of childhood into manhood
 Now had grown my Hiawatha,
 Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
 Learned in all the lore of old men,
 In all youthful sports and pastimes,
 In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him !
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis ;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father ;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
“ I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset ! ”

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting ;

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum ;
On his head his eagle-feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wampum,
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers ;
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,
“ Go not forth, O Hiawatha !
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning ! ”

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning ;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,
As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison ;
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,

Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.

“Welcome!” said he, “Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah!”

Many days they talked together,
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,

His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

 Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting ;
With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed him,
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

 Then he said, " O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm you ?
Nothing that you are afraid of ? "
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, " There is nothing,
Nothing but the black rock yonder,
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek ! "

 And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal,
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, " O my Hiawatha !
Is there anything can harm you ?
Anything you are afraid of ? "

 But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, " There is nothing,
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
Nothing but the great Apukwa ! "

 And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,
“Kago! kago! do not touch it!”
“Ah, kaween!” said Mudjekeewis,
“No indeed, I will not touch it!”

Then they talked of other matters ;
First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka ;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, “O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps ;
You confess it ! you confess it !”
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and gesture
Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,

The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward from him,
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant ;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze the giant bulrush ;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the mountains ;
From his eyry screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, " Baim-wawa ! "

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha

To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall
In the melancholy marshes.

“ Hold ! ” at length cried Mudjekeewis,
“ Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !
’T is impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage ;
Now receive the prize of valor !

“ Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the Wendigoes, the giants,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

“ And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.”

Thus was fought that famous battle
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,

Line 20. All the giants, the Wendigoes,

In the days long since departed,
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
Still the hunter sees its traces
Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;
Sees the giant bulrush growing
By the ponds and water-courses,
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha ;
Pleasant was the landscape round him,
Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of vengeance,
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,

Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter :
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs ?

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches ?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions
Fill the fiery brains of young men ?
Who shall say what dreams of beauty
Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?
All he told to old Nokomis,
When he reached the lodge at sunset,
Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water.

V.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered ;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
“ Master of Life ! ” he cried, desponding,
“ Must our lives depend on these things ? ”

On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water ;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted ;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,

Dressed in garments green and yellow
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset ;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, " O my Hiawatha !
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others ;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

" From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me ! "

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;
At his touch he felt new courage

Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

“’T is enough !” then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
“But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you.”
And he vanished, and was seen not ;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha ;
Came as silent as the dew comes,

Line 10. From her haunts among the fen-lands,

From the empty air appearing,
 Into empty air returning,
 Taking shape when earth it touches,
 But invisible to all men
 In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together
 In the glory of the sunset,
 Till the darkness fell around them,
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 From her nest among the pine-trees,
 Uttered her loud cry of famine,
 And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
 In his garments green and yellow ;
 To and fro his plumes above him
 Waved and nodded with his breathing,
 And the sweat of the encounter
 Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, " O Hiawatha !
 Bravely have you wrestled with me,
 Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
 And the Master of Life, who sees us,
 He will give to you the triumph ! "

Then he smiled, and said : " To-morrow
 Is the last day of your conflict,
 Is the last day of your fasting.
 You will conquer and o'ercome me ;
 Make a bed for me to lie in,
 Where the rain may fall upon me,
 Where the sun may come and warm me ;
 Strip these garments, green and yellow,
 Strip this nodding plumage from me,

Line 10. From her haunts among the fen-lands,

Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

“Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine.”

And thus saying, he departed ;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest ;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, “Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,

Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway,
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle ;
And before him breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him ;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish !

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it ;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,

Drovè away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! "

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it ;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him ;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
 Flutes so musical and mellow,
 That the brook, the Sebowisha,
 Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
 That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
 And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
 Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
 Pausing, said, " O Chibiabos,
 Teach my waves to flow in music,
 Softly as your words in singing ! "

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 Envious, said, " O Chibiabos,
 Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
 Teach me songs as full of frenzy ! "

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
 Joyous, said, " O Chibiabos,
 Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
 Teach me songs as full of gladness ! "

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
 Sobbing, said, " O Chibiabos,
 Teach me tones as melancholy,
 Teach me songs as full of sadness ! "

All the many sounds of nature
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing ;
 All the hearts of men were softened
 By the pathos of his music ;
 For he sang of peace and freedom,
 Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;
 Sang of death, and life undying

In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers ;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many ;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he ;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

“ Lazy Kwasind ! ” said his mother,
“ In my work you never help me !
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forest ;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam !
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing ;
With my nets you never help me !

Line 27. Idly in the fields and forests ;

At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water ;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze !
Go and dry them in the sunshine !”

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer ;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.

“ Lazy Kwasind !” said his father,
“ In the hunt you never help me ;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow ;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward.”

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

“ We must go back,” said the old man,
“ O’er these logs we cannot clamber ;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o’er them !”
And straightway his pipe he lighted,

And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow:
“Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!”

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,

Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,

For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper !”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, “ Behold me !
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me !”

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“ Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !”

With his knife the tree he girdled ;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward ;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“ Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me !”

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance ;
But it whispered, bending downward,
“ Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“ Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me! ”

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“ Take them all, O Hiawatha! ”

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the frame-work.

“ Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me! ”

And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“ Take my balm, O Hiawatha! ”

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!

All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;

Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they.
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches;
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,

With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor ;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spines projecting !
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.

“ Take my bait,” cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,
“ Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma !
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger ! ”
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
“ Take my bait, O King of Fishes ! ”

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting ;
And he said to the Kenozha,

To the pike, the Maskenozha,
 "Take the bait of this rude fellow,
 Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha
 Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
 As he drew it in, it tugged so
 That the birch canoe stood endwise,
 Like a birch log in the water,
 With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
 When he saw the fish rise upward,
 Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
 Coming nearer, nearer to him,
 And he shouted through the water,
 "Esa! esa! shame upon you!
 You are but the pike, Kenozha,
 You are not the fish I wanted,
 You are not the King of Fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bottom
 Sank the pike in great confusion,
 And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
 Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
 To the bream, with scales of crimson,
 "Take the bait of this great boaster,
 Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
 Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
 Seized the line of Hiawatha,
 Swung with all his weight upon it,
 Made a whirlpool in the water,
 Whirled the birch canoe in circles,

Between lines 27 and 28. Like a white moon in the water,

Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
“Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!”

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,

Line 8. Lifting his great disc of whiteness,

Line 14. Wavering downward, white and ghastly,

As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chatted very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasp'd and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward

Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
" 'T is our brother, Hiawatha ! "

And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns :
" O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers ! "

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison,

From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,
On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

“ I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes ! ” said he ;
“ Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls ;
Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes ;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in Winter.”

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands,
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,

Line 3. Was released my Hiawatha.

And Nokomis to her labor,
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,
 Till the sun and moon changed places,
 Till the sky was red with sunrise,
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
 Came back from the reedy islands,
 Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate
 Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
 Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,
 Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
 And upon the sands lay nothing
 But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
 Pointing with her finger westward,
 O'er the water pointing westward,
 To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending
 Burned his way along the heavens,
 Set the sky on fire behind him,
 As war-parties, when retreating,
 Burn the prairies on their war-trail;
 And the moon, the Night-sun, eastward,
 Suddenly starting from his ambush,
 Followed fast those bloody footprints,

Followed in that fiery war-trail,
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha :
“ Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,
Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water ;
You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset !

“ He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sends disease and death among us !

“ Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch-canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly

You may pass the black pitch-water ;
 Slay this merciless magician,
 Save the people from the fever
 That he breathes across the fen-lands,
 And avenge my father's murder ! ”

Straightway then my Hiawatha
 Armed himself with all his war-gear,
 Launched his birch-canoe for sailing ;
 With his palm its sides he patted,
 Said with glee, “ Cheemaun, my darling,
 O my Birch-canoe ! leap forward,
 Where you see the fiery serpents,
 Where you see the black pitch-water ! ”

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
 And the noble Hiawatha
 Sang his war-song wild and woful,
 And above him the war-eagle,
 The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
 Master of all fowls with feathers,
 Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
 The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
 Lying huge upon the water,
 Sparkling, rippling in the water,
 Lying coiled across the passage,
 With their blazing crests uplifted,
 Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
 So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
 Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :
 “ Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
 Let me go upon my journey ! ”
 And they answered, hissing fiercely,

With their fiery breath made answer :
“ Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart ! ”

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents ;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :
“ Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !
Onward to the black pitch-water ! ”

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smear'd them well with oil, that swiftly
He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,
All the water black with shadow,

And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang his war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him ;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface ;
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch-canoe said, " Onward ! "
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Line 2. The mosquitoes, sang their war-song,

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
On the sand one end he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty :
“ Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather !
Hiawatha waits your coming ! ”

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,
Crested with great eagle-feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

“ Well I know you, Hiawatha ! ”
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.
“ Hasten back, O Shaugodaya !
Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father ! ”

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :
“ Big words do not smite like war-clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings !”

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset ;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club ;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose branches trailed the mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :
“ Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,

At their roots the long black tresses ;
There alone can he be wounded ! ”

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounding sorer than the other ;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness ;
At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And, in honor of his service,

Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama ;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,
Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water.
And above him, wheeled and clamored
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,
Homeward through the black pitch-water,
Homeward through the weltering serpents,
With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,

Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his songs of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast, and shouted :
" Honor be to Hiawatha !
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of magicians,
Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sent disease and death among us ! "

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama !
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

" As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other ! "

Thus the youthful Hiawatha

Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
“Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not !
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor’s homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers !”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : “Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight !”

Gravely then said old Nokomis :
“Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands !”

Smiling answered Hiawatha :
“In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker’s daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,

She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people ! ”

Still dissuading said Nokomis :
“ Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open ! ”

Laughing answered Hiawatha :
“ For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever ! ”

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women ;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps ;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
“ Pleasant is the sound ! ” he murmured,
“ Pleasant is the voice that calls me ! ”

On the outskirts of the forests,

'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha ;
To his bow he whispered, " Fail not ! "
To his arrow whispered, " Swerve not ! "
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck ;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were !
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
“ Hiawatha, you are welcome ! ”

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
“ You are welcome, Hiawatha ! ”

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skins dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

“After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.”

Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
“ That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women ! ”

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely :
“ Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha ! ”

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
“ I will follow you, my husband ! ”

This was Hiawatha's wooing !
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water ;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,

“Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!”

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:

“Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,

And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadows, through the forest ;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber ;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward !
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you !"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband !"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha !"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,

Whispered to them, " O my children,
 Day is restless, night is quiet,
 Man imperious, woman feeble ;
 Half is mine, although I follow ;
 Rule by patience, Laughing Water ! "

Thus it was they journeyed homeward ;
 Thus it was that Hiawatha
 To the lodge of old Nokomis
 Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
 Brought the sunshine of his people,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Handsomest of all the women
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 In the land of handsome women.

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,
 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,
 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 ;

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
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,
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,
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,
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,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
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,
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 ! "

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.

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,
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,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,
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,
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.

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,
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,
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,
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,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
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,
 That the feast may be more joyous,
 That the time may pass more gayly,
 And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos
 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,
 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!"

"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
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,
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
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries !

“ When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it !

“ 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,
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 !
Oh awake, awake, beloved !
Onaway ! awake, beloved ! ”

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing ;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
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,
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 ;
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
But himself could tell a stranger.

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 ;
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,
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 !

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,

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,
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,
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,
Wounded by the magic arrow,
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,
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 ;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened !

Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
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 Iago
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 !

“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,
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,
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,
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.

“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 !
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,
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,
 Care not for your belts of wampum,
 Care not for your paint and feathers,
 Care not for your jests and laughter ;
 I am happy with Osseo ! '

" Once to some great feast invited,
 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 ;
 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
 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 ! '

" ' Listen ! ' said the eldest 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,
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.

“ 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,
 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.

“ 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 !
 O my son, my best beloved !
 Broken are the spells that bound you,
 All the charms of the magician,
 All the magic powers of evil ;
 Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

“ ‘ 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
 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.

“ ‘ 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
 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,
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,
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 ;
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
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,
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,
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,

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
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,
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
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
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,
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
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,
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,
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,
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.
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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 !

“ 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,
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,
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,
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,
Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

“ Then the birds, again transfigured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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.

“ 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,
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 ;
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,
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 !

“ 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,
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,
Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII.

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

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

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
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
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,
To his wife, the Laughing Water :
" You shall bless to-night the cornfields,
Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
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,
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,
Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the cornfields,
Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a garment.

“ 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 cornfields
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,
And with darkness clothed and guarded,
Unashamed and unaffrighted,
Walked securely round the cornfields,
Drew the sacred, magic circle
Of her footprints round the cornfields.

No one but the Midnight only
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,
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,
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.

" 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
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.
"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 cornfields
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 cornfields,
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 cornfields,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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 ;
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,
And the maize-ears full and shining
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,
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 ! ”

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,
To the harvest of the cornfields,
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
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,
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
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 cornfields,
 Mimicked in their gait and gestures
 Some old man, bent almost double,
 Singing singly or together:
 "Wagemin, the thief of cornfields!
 Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!"
 Till the cornfields 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!

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,
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
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
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 ;
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,
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
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.”

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,
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,
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.
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,
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,
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 daytime,
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.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
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,
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,
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 listens,
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,
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
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin ;
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.

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,
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
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 ! "

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 ! "

Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped together
That they seemed in one united,
And the words thus represented
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
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 ! "

Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,

Line 18. That they seem in one united,

Saying, "Though you were far from me
 In the land of Sleep and Silence,
 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 :
 "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,
 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,
 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,
 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,
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,
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,
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
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.

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.
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
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
 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,
 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
 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,
 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
 Looked in vain for Chibiabos;
 Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,
 Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
 He is dead, the sweet musician!"

From the wigwam sang the robin,
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,

“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweetest singer !”

And at night through all the forest
Went the whippoorwill complaining,
Wailing went the Wawonaissa,

“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

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,
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,
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Filled with magic roots and simples,
Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approaching,
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 !
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha ! ”

“ Hi-au-ha ! ” replied the chorus,
“ Way-ha-way ! ” the mystic chorus.

“ 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,
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,
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 !
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,

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,
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.

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
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,
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 ;
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
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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 !
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,
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
All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

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 ;
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,
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,
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.

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,
Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
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
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;
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,
“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
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,
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,
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,
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,
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.
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,
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
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,
 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 ;
 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 :
 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,
 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,
 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,
 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,
 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.

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,
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
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
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.

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
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,

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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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.
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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
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.

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,
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 Gumees,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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.
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 ;
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,
“ 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,
Black his moccasins and leggings,
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,
“ 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
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,
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,
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
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 !
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
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,
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 ;
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,
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,
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,
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
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
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
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,

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,
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,
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,
“ 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,
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,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,
With a whirl and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
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,
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.

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,
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,
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,
Knew the outcry of Iago,oo,
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,
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
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 ;
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,
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,
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,
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
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,
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,
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,
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.

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
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,
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
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,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee ;

And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains ;
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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

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-Wudjees, 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
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,
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,
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,
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 ;
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
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 ;
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.

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
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,
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,
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.

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,
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,
 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 North-land,
 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.

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.

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 :
“ 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
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 ;
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.

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,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
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;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,
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;
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
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,

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,
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
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 ;
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,
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,
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,
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,
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 ?
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,
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
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,
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,
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
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,
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.

“ 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,
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.

“ 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.
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.
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,
For a moment saw the star-light ;
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.

Oh, the long and dreary Winter !
Oh, the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
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
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,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

Oh the famine and the fever !
Oh the wasting of the famine !
Oh the blasting of the fever !
Oh the wailing of the children !
Oh the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished ;
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
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
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 ! "
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,
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.

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
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,
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,
“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,
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,
“Minnehaha! Minnehaha!”

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
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,
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,

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,
 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!”
- “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,
 “’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
 Clasp mine amid the darkness!
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”
- And the desolate Hiawatha,
 Far away amid the forest,
 Miles away among the mountains,
 Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
 Heard the voice of Minnehaha
 Calling to him in the darkness,
 “Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”
- Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
 Under snow-encumbered branches,
 Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
 Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

“Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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;
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.
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,
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,
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;
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.

“ 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.
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,
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,
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,
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 into 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 ;
 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
 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,
 And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
 Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
 Heard their voices calling to him,
 Went forth from his gloomy doorway,

Line 25. Sang the Opechee, the robin,

Line 27. Cooed the Omemee, the pigeon,

Stood and gazed into the heaven,
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,
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
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
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,
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,
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 ! ”

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;
“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
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.
“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:
“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
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,
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;

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,
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
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,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
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,
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,
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,
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
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 ;
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,
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.
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.

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,
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,
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?
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,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
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,
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,
 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,
 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,
 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.

“ Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
 Never shone the sun so brightly,
 As to-day they shine and blossom
 When you come so far to see us !
 Never was our lake so tranquil,
 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,
 Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
 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,

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,
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,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

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,
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,
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,
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,
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 ;
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,
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.
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
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 ;
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 cornfields shrill and ceaseless
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
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,
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,
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,
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,
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,
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 ;
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,
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 ;
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 ! ”
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
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,
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,
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!"
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,
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,
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,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

IT is possible that the unmistakable success of *Hiawatha* made Mr. Longfellow more ready to occupy himself with another subject of American life. At any rate, a few weeks after the publication of that poem one of his friends urged him to write a poem on the Puritans and Quakers. "A good subject for a tragedy," he remarks, and began looking over books which would give him incidents. The first outcome was the beginning of *The New England Tragedies*. Then he appears to have begun as an alternative, lighter work a drama, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. This was December 2, 1856. Exactly a year later he writes in his diary: "Soft as spring. I begin a new poem, *Priscilla*, to be a kind of Puritan pastoral; the subject, the courtship of Miles Standish. This, I think, will be a better treatment of the subject than the dramatic one I wrote some time ago;" and the next day: "My poem is in hexameters; an idyl of the Old Colony times. What it will turn out I do not know; but it gives me pleasure to write it; and that I count for something."

He seems to have made a fresh start on the poem, January 29, 1858, and then to have carried it rapidly forward to completion, for the first draft

was finished March 22d, although the book, which contained besides a collection of his recent short poems, was not published until September. When midway in the writing he changed the title to that which the poem now bears. The incident of Priscilla's reply, on which the story turns, was a tradition, and John Alden was a maternal ancestor of the poet. For the rest, he drew his material from the easily accessible historical resources. Dr. Young had published his valuable *Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*, and Mr. Charles Wyllis Elliott his entertaining *History of New England*, in which he had attempted to reconstruct the interior, household life in greater detail than had other learned writers. Mr. Longfellow did not think it necessary to follow the early Plymouth history with scrupulous reference to chronology; it was sufficient for him to catch the broad features of the colonial life and to reproduce the spirit of the relations existing between Plymouth and the Indians. The hexameter verse differs in its general effect from that produced by the more stately form used in *Evangeline*, through its greater elasticity. A crispness of touch is gained by a more varying accent and a freer use of trochees.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I.

MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of
the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive
dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan
leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the
Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands be-
hind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of
warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the
chamber, —
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword
of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical
Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece,
musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and
athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles
and sinews of iron ;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard
 was already
 Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes
 in November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and
 household companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by
 the window ;

Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon com-
 plexion,

Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty
 thereof, as the captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not
 Angles, but Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in
 the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe
 interrupting,

Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish
 the Captain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike
 weapons that hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade
 or inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in
 Flanders ; this breastplate,

Well I remember the day ! once saved my life in
 a skirmish ;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the
 bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arca-
 bucero.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones
of Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in
the Flemish morasses."

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not
up from his writing :

" Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the
speed of the bullet ;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield
and our weapon ! "

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words
of the stripling :

" See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an
arsenal hanging ;

That is because I have done it myself, and not left
it to others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an
excellent adage ;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens
and your inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invin-
cible army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and
his matchlock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and
pillage,

And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my
soldiers ! "

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes,
as the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again
in a moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain
continued :

"Look! you can see from this window my brazen
 howitzer planted
 High on the roof of the church, a preacher who
 speaks to the purpose,
 Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresisti-
 ble logic,
 Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts
 of the heathen.
 Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the
 Indians ;
 Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they
 try it the better, —
 Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore,
 sachem, or pow-wow,
 Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokama-
 hamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully
 gazed on the landscape,
 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath
 of the east-wind,
 Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue
 rim of the ocean,
 Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows
 and sunshine.
 Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those
 on the landscape,
 Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was
 subdued with emotion,
 Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he pro-
 ceeded :
 "Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried
 Rose Standish ;

Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the
wayside !
She was the first to die of all who came in the
Mayflower !
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we
have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of
our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many
already have perished ! ”
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down,
and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books,
and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and
for binding ;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries
of Cæsar
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge
of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was
standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish
paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his con-
solation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous
campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent
Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the pon-
derous Roman,

Seated himself at the window, and opened the
 book, and in silence
 Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-
 marks thick on the margin,
 Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle
 was hottest.
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying
 pen of the stripling,
 Busily writing epistles important, to go by the
 Mayflower,
 Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest,
 God willing !
 Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terri-
 ble winter,
 Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of
 Priscilla !
 Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan
 maiden Priscilla !

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying
 pen of the stripling,
 Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of
 the Captain,
 Reading the marvellous words and achievements of
 Julius Cæsar.
 After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his
 hand, palm downwards,
 Heavily on the page : " A wonderful man was this
 Cæsar !

You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow

Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful ! ”

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful :

“ Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs.”

“ Truly,” continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,

“ Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar ! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after ;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered ;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus !

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together

There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and
 commanded the captains,
 Calling on each by his name, to order forward the
 ensigns ;
 Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for
 their weapons ;
 So he won the day, the battle of something-or-
 other.

That 's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to
 be well done,
 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
 others ! ”

All was silent again ; the Captain continued his
 reading.
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying
 pen of the stripling
 Writing epistles important to go next day by the
 Mayflower,
 Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan
 maiden Priscilla ;
 Every sentence began or closed with the name of
 Priscilla,
 Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the
 secret,
 Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the
 name of Priscilla !
 Finally closing his book, with a bang of the pon-
 derous cover,
 Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier ground-
 ing his musket,
 Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the
 Captain of Plymouth :

“When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient !”

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :

“Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.”

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :

“’T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship ;

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in
heaven,
Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose
name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other
abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have
dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for
the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of
Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words
but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart
of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is
my meaning ;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in ele-
gant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings
and woings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart
of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-
haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed,
bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject
with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand
still in his bosom,

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken
by lightning,

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered
than answered :

“Such a message as that, I am sure I should
mangle and mar it ;

If you would have it well done, — I am only re-
peating your maxim, —

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
others !”

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn
from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Cap-
tain of Plymouth :

“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to
gainsay it ;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste pow-
der for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of
phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place
to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I
dare not.

I ’m not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth
of a cannon,

But of a thundering ‘No!’ point-blank from the
mouth of a woman,

That I confess I ’m afraid of, nor am I ashamed to
confess it !

So you must grant my request, for you are an ele-
gant scholar,

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turn-
ing of phrases.”

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was re-
luctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly,
he added :

“ Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is
the feeling that prompts me ;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name
of our friendship ! ”

Then made answer John Alden : “ The name of
friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the
power to deny you ! ”

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and mould-
ing the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went
on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on
his errand,

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths
of the forest,

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and rob-
ins were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gar-
dens of verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and
freedom.

All around him was calm, but within him commo-
tion and conflict,

Love contending with friendship, and self with
each generous impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving
and dashing,

As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the
vessel,

Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the
ocean !

“ Must I relinquish it all,” he cried with a wild
lamentation, —

“ Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the il-
lusion ?

Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and wor-
shipped in silence ?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and
the shadow

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New
England ?

Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths
of corruption

Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of
passion ;

Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions
of Satan.

All is clear to me now ; I feel it, I see it dis-
tinctly !

This is the hand of the Lord ; it is laid upon me
in anger,

For I have followed too much the heart’s desires
and devices,

Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols
of Baal.

This is the cross I must bear ; the sin and the
swift retribution.”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden
 went on his errand ;
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled
 over pebble and shallow,
 Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers bloom-
 ing around him,
 Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and won-
 derful sweetness,
 Children lost in the woods, and covered with
 leaves in their slumber.
 " Puritan flowers," he said, " and the type of Pu-
 ritan maidens,
 Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of
 Priscilla !
 So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the May-
 flower of Plymouth,
 Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift
 will I take them ;
 Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and
 wither and perish,
 Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the
 giver."
 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went
 on his errand ;
 Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the
 ocean,
 Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless
 breath of the east-wind ;
 Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a
 meadow ;
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical
 voice of Priscilla
 Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puri-
 tan anthem,

Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the
 Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and com-
 forting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form
 of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like
 a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the
 ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the
 wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-
 book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music
 together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall
 of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of
 the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the
 old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel
 of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the
 wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold
 and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight
 and woe of his errand ;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes
 that had vanished,

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless
 mansion,
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful
 faces.
 Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he
 said it,
 "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough
 look backwards ;
 Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of
 life to its fountains,
 Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and
 the hearths of the living,
 It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth
 forever !"

So he entered the house : and the hum of the
 wheel and the singing
 Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step
 on the threshold,
 Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in sig-
 nal of welcome,
 Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your
 step in the passage ;
 For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing
 and spinning."
 Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought
 of him had been mingled
 Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart
 of the maiden,
 Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers
 for an answer,
 Finding no words for his thought. He remem-
 bered that day in the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path
from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that
encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the
house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat
by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of
her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had
he spoken ;
Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had
vanished !
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers
for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and
the beautiful Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower
that sailed on the morrow.
“ I have been thinking all day,” said gently the
Puritan maiden,
“ Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the
hedge-rows of England, —
They are in blossom now, and the country is all
like a garden ;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the
lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of
neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip to-
gether,

And, at the end of the street, the village church,
 with the ivy
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves
 in the churchyard.
 Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me
 my religion ;
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in
 Old England.
 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I
 almost
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely
 and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : " Indeed I do
 not condemn you ;
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this
 terrible winter.
 Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger
 to lean on ;
 So I have come to you now, with an offer and
 proffer of marriage
 Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the
 Captain of Plymouth ! "

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous
 writer of letters, —
 Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beau-
 tiful phrases,
 But came straight to the point, and blurted it out
 like a school-boy ;
 Even the Captain himself could hardly have said
 it more bluntly.

Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the
Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with
wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her
and rendered her speechless ;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the om-
inous silence :
“ If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager
to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble
to woo me ?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not
worth the winning ! ”
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing
the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain
was busy, —
Had no time for such things ; — such things ! the
words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash
she made answer :
“ Has he no time for such things, as you call it,
before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the
wedding ?
That is the way with you men ; you don't under-
stand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after think-
ing of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with
another,

Then you make known your desire, with abrupt
 and sudden avowal,
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps,
 that a woman
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never
 suspected,
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you
 have been climbing.
 This is not right nor just ;/ for surely a woman's
 affection
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the
 asking.
 When one is truly in love, one not only says it,
 but shows it.
 Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that
 he loved me,
 Even this Captain of yours — who knows ? — at
 last might have won me,
 Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can
 happen.”/

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words
 of Priscilla,
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuad-
 ing, expanding ;
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his bat-
 tles in Flanders,
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suf-
 fer affliction ;
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him
 Captain of Plymouth ;
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree
 plainly

Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of
Thurston de Standish ;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest
a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the
blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous
nature ;
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew
how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as
woman's ;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and
headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable
always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was
little of stature ;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,
courageous ;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of
Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and
eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of
his rival,

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-
running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak
for yourself, John?"

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and be-
wildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by
the sea-side ;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head
to the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever
within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic
splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the
Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and
sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets up-
lifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who meas-
ured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed
in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of
the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless mead-
ows of sea-grass,

Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and
gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead,
and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever
within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moan-
ing and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of
the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of
passions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship
wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate plead-
ings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has
chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am
the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the
voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!" — and he thought
of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the
front of the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and
self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the
deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the tempta-
tion of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea,
and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding
at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the
morrow ;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rat-
tle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and
the sailors' " Ay, ay, Sir !"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping
air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and
stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phan-
tom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the
beckoning shadow.
" Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured ; " the
hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bond-
age of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its wa-
ters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts
that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will
abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my
heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old church-
yard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of
my kindred ;

Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame
and dishonor ;
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the
narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel
that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers
of silence and darkness, —
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal
hereafter ! ”

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of
his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along
in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent
and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of
Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of
the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable
Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages
of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Bra-
bant or Flanders.
“ Long have you been on your errand,” he said
with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears
not the issue.
“ Not far off is the house, although the woods are
between us ;

But you have lingered so long, that while you were
 going and coming
 I have fought ten battles and sacked and demol-
 ished a city.
 Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that
 has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the won-
 drous adventure,
 From beginning to end, minutely, just as it hap-
 pened ;
 How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped
 in his courtship,
 Only smoothing a little, and softening down her
 refusal.
 But when he came at length to the words Priscilla
 had spoken,
 Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you
 speak for yourself, John?"
 Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped
 on the floor, till his armor
 Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound
 of sinister omen.
 All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden ex-
 plosion,
 E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction
 around it.
 Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you
 have betrayed me!
 Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted,
 defrauded, betrayed me!
 One of my ancestors ran his sword through the
 heart of Wat Tyler;

Who shall prevent me from running my own
through the heart of a traitor ?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason
to friendship !

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished
and loved as a brother ;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my
cup, to whose keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most
sacred and secret, —

You too, Brutus ! ah woe to the name of friend-
ship hereafter !

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but
henceforward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and im-
placable hatred ! ”

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode
about in the chamber,

Chafing and choking with rage ; like cords were
the veins on his temples.

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at
the doorway,

Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent
importance,

Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions
of Indians

Straightway the Captain paused, and, without
further question or parley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its
scabbard of iron,

Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning
fiercely, departed.

Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the
scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in
the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into
the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot
with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his
hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who
seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful
away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting
his coming ;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in
deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to
heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder
of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat
for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a
nation ;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of
the people !
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude
stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious
in aspect ;

While on the table before them was lying unopened
a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed
in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake
glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and
challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy
tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and
heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message
and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting,
objecting ;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the
Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were
converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Chris-
tian behavior !
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Cap-
tain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was
husky with anger,
“ What ! do you mean to make war with milk and
the water of roses ?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer
planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot
red devils ?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a sav-
age

Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the
mouth of the cannon !”

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder
of Plymouth,

Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent
language :

“ Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles ;

Not from the cannon’s mouth were the tongues of
fire they spake with ! ”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued
discoursing :

“ Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it
pertaineth.

War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is
righteous,

Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer
the challenge ! ”

Then from the rattlesnake’s skin, with a sudden,
contemptuous gesture,

Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder
and bullets

Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the
savage,

Saying, in thundering tones : “ Here, take it ! this
is your answer ! ”

Silently out of the room then glided the glistening
savage,

Bearing the serpent’s skin, and seeming himself
like a serpent,

Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths
of the forest.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose
from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering
village of Plymouth ;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order im-
perative, " Forward ! "
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and
then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the
village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his val-
orous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of
the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of
the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men
of King David ;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God
and the Bible, —
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and
Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of
morning ;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows,
advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order re-
treated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length
the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its
manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke
from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily
eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and
talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing
fair for the Mayflower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the
dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done
in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of
women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the
household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows re-
joiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the
mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at
anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms
of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flap-
ping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands
of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the
ocean,

Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward ; anon
rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and
the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of
departure !
Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of
the people !
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read
from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent
entreaty !
Then from their houses in haste came forth the
Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down
to the sea-shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the
Mayflower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them
here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he
had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest
of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late
from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and
murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it
sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a
moment in silence ;

Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not
awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of
more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself
down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break
of the morning, —
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his
campaigns in Flanders, —
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for
action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden
beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his
armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Da-
mascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out
of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and
yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for
pardon;
All the old friendship came back, with its tender
and grateful emotions;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature
within him, —
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning
fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but
spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and
he spake not!

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the
people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and
Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading
of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down
to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their
feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a
nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a
little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift
to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of
ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming let-
ters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled
together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly
bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed
on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times
with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager
for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his
anguish,

Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel
is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would
rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form
of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all
that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his
intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring,
and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled
from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more
is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mys-
terious instincts !
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are
moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the
wall adamantine !
“ Here I remain ! ” he exclaimed, as he looked at
the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the
mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was stagger-
ing headlong.
“ Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether
above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning
over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and
ghost-like,

Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine
for protection.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the
ether!

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt
me; I heed not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of
evil!

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so
wholesome,

As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is
pressed by her footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible
presence

Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting
her weakness;

Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this
rock at the landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last
at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified
air and important,

Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind
and the weather,

Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded
around him

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful
remembrance.

Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasp-
ing a tiller,

Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to
his vessel,

Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and
 flurry,
 Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness
 and sorrow,
 Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing
 but Gospel !
 Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell
 of the Pilgrims.
 O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in
 the Mayflower !
 No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to
 this ploughing !

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs
 of the sailors
 Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the pon-
 derous anchor.
 Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the
 west-wind,
 Blowing steady and strong ; and the Mayflower
 sailed from the harbor,
 Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far
 to the southward
 Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First
 Encounter,
 Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the
 open Atlantic,
 Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling
 hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail
 of the vessel,
 Much endeared to them all, as something living
 and human ;

Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a
vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and
thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the
rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of
death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the
prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of
the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in
a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of
an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake
with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying,
"Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lin-
gered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash
of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and
flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the
waters.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore
of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla ;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself,
like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing
beside him.

“Are you so much offended, you will not speak
to me?” said she.

“Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when
you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive
and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful per-
haps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so
frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can
never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is
so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths
like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its
secret,

Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,

Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,

Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,

As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,

Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.

Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,

Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:

"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,

Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."

"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;

"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman

Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering
women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean
rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard,
unseen, and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and
profitless murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man,
the lover of women :

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem
to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the
garden of Eden,

More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of
Havilah flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet
of the garden ! "

"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted
the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I
am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and
with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only
and kindness,

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain
and direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer
with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best
that is in you ;

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your
nature is noble,

Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it per-
haps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one
among many,
If you make use of those common and complimen-
tary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking
with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as in-
sulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and
looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more
divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause
of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in
vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or im-
agined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so
awkward and speechless.
" Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what
we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred pro-
fessions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to de-
clare it :
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak
with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted
to hear you

Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the
 Captain Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is
 your friendship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice the
 hero you think him."

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who
 eagerly grasped it,

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching
 and bleeding so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said,
 with a voice full of feeling:

"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who
 offer you friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest
 and dearest!"

 Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of
 the Mayflower,

Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the
 horizon,

Homeward together they walked, with a strange,
 indefinite feeling,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone
 in the desert.

But, as they went through the fields in the blessing
 and smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very
 archly:

"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit
 of the Indians,

Where he is happier far than he would be com-
 manding a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that
happened between you,

When you returned last night, and said how un-
grateful you found me."

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the
whole of the story, —

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of
Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between
laughing and earnest,

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a mo-
ment!"

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he
had suffered, —

How he had even determined to sail that day in
the *Mayflower*,

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the
dangers that threatened, —

All her manner was changed, and she said with a
faltering accent,

"Truly I thank you for this : how good you have
been to me always !"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jeru-
salem journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly
backward,

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs
of contrition ;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever ad-
vancing,

Line 7. But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had
suffered, —

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of
 his longings,
 Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by re-
 morseful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was march-
 ing steadily northward,
 Winding through forest and swamp, and along the
 trend of the sea-shore,
 All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his
 anger
 Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous
 odor of powder
 Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the
 scents of the forest.
 Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved
 his discomfort ;
 He who was used to success, and to easy victories
 always,
 Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn
 by a maiden,
 Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend
 whom most he had trusted !
 Ah ! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted
 and chafed in his armor !

“I alone am to blame,” he muttered, “for mine
 was the folly.
 What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and
 gray in the harness,

Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the
wooing of maidens ?

'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish
like so many others !

What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and
is worthless ;

Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it
away, and henceforward

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of
dangers !”

Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and
discomfort,

While he was marching by day or lying at night in
the forest,

Looking up at the trees, and the constellations be-
yond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian
encampment

Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea
and the forest ;

Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid
with war-paint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking to-
gether ;

Who, when they saw from afar the sudden ap-
proach of the white men,

Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre
and musket,

Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from
among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs
as a present ;

Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts
there was hatred.

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gi-
gantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king
of Bashan ;

One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called
Wattawamat.

Round their necks were suspended their knives in
scabbards of wampum,

Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp
as a needle.

Other arms had they none, for they were cunning
and crafty.

“ Welcome, English ! ” they said, — these words
they had learned from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and
chaffer for peltries.

Then in their native tongue they began to parley
with Standish,

Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok,
friend of the white man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for
muskets and powder,

Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with
the plague, in his cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the
red man !

But when Standish refused, and said he would give
them the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast
and to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front
of the other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake
to the Captain :

“ Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of
the Captain,

Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the
brave Wattawamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a
woman,

But on a mountain at night, from an oak-tree riven
by lightning,

Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons
about him,

Shouting, ‘ Who is there here to fight with the
brave Wattawamat ? ’ ”

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the
blade on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman’s face on the
handle ;

Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister
meaning :

“ I have another at home, with the face of a man
on the handle ;

By and by they shall marry ; and there will be
plenty of children ! ”

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insult-
ing Miles Standish :

While with his fingers he patted the knife that
hung at his bosom,

Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it
back, as he muttered,

“ By and by it shall see ; it shall eat ; ah, ha ! but
shall speak not !

This is the mighty Captain the white men have
sent to destroy us!
He is a little man ; let him go and work with the
women ! ”

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and
figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in
the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their
bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net
of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and
treated them smoothly ;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the
days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the
taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of
Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the
veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching
his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward,
the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierce-
ness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful
sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind
of December,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of
feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud
came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder ; and death unseen
ran before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp
and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset ; but their sachem, the
brave Wattawamat,
Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and swift
had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both
hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the
land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors
lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend
of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart
Captain of Plymouth : —
“ Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his
strength, and his stature, —
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little
man ; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless
before you ! ”

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the
stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the vil-
lage of Plymouth,

And as a trophy of war the head of the brave
 Wattawamat
 Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once
 was a church and a fortress,
 All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord,
 and took courage.
 Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre
 of terror,
 Thanking God in her heart that she had not mar-
 ried Miles Standish ;
 Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from
 his battles,
 He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and
 reward of his valor.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn
 the ships of the merchants
 Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and
 corn for the Pilgrims.
 All in the village was peace ; the men were intent
 on their labors,
 Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot
 and with merestead,
 Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the
 grass in the meadows,
 Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer
 in the forest.
 All in the village was peace ; but at times the
 rumor of warfare

Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of
danger.
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the
land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien
armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the
nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the re-
morse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate
outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush
of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter
and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new
habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the
firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was
covered with rushes ;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes
were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were
excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an
orchard :
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the
well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and
secure from annoyance,

Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to
 Alden's allotment
 In the division of cattle, might ruminatè in the
 night-time
 Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by
 sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet
 would the dreamer
 Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to
 the house of Priscilla,
 Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of
 fancy,
 Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the sem-
 blance of friendship.
 Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the
 walls of his dwelling ;
 Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil
 of his garden ;
 Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible
 on Sunday
 Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described
 in the Proverbs, —
 How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in
 her always,
 How all the days of her life she will do him good,
 and not evil,
 How she seeketh the wool and the flax and work-
 eth with gladness,
 How she layeth her hand to the spindle and hold-
 eth the distaff,

Line 1. Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment

How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or
her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scar-
let cloth of her weaving !

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the
Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her
dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his
life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound
of the spindle.
“ Truly, Priscilla,” he said, “ when I see you spin-
ning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful
of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed
in a moment ;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beau-
tiful Spinner.”
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and
swifter ; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped
short in her fingers ;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mis-
chief, continued :
“ You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the
queen of Helvetia ;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of
Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o’er valley and
meadow and mountain,

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed
to her saddle.

She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed
into a proverb.

So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-
wheel shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its cham-
bers with music.

Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it
was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Pris-
cilla the spinner ! ”

Straight arose from her wheel the beautiful Puri-
tan maiden,

Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him
whose praise was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of
her spinning,

Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering
phrases of Alden :

“Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern
for housewives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model
of husbands.

Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it,
ready for knitting ;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have
changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times
of John Alden ! ”

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his
hands she adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms ex-
tended before him,

She standing graceful, erect, and winding the
thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of
holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled
expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how
could she help it? —
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in
his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless
messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from
the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead! — an Indian had
brought them the tidings, —
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front
of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of
his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people
be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the
hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face look-
ing backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted
in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the
arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own,
and had sundered

Once and forever the bonds that held him bound
 as a captive
 Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of
 his freedom,
 Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what
 he was doing,
 Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form
 of Priscilla,
 Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own,
 and exclaiming :
 "Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man
 put them asunder !"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate
 sources,
 Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks,
 and pursuing
 Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and
 nearer,
 Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the
 forest ;
 So these lives that had run thus far in separate
 channels,
 Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and
 flowing asunder,
 Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and
 nearer,
 Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the
 other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent
of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his gar-
ments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his
forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and
pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor
beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his
feet was a laver !

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the
Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and
Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood
like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the
blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth
and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the
words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the
Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of
Holland.

Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elde.
of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were
founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine
benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form ap-
peared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful
figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the
strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face
on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to
forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited,
unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an
expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart
hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the
rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by
its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but
was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting inten-
tion.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and
the last benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld
with amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the
Captain of Plymouth!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emo-
tion, "Forgive me!

I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I
cherished the feeling;

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God!
it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins
of Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning
for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the
friend of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be
forgotten between us, —

All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall
grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted
Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned
gentry in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of
country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly laud-
ing her husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remem-
bered the adage, —

If you would be well served, you must serve your-
self; and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season
of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater
yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of
their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead ; and they gath-
ered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride
and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each inter-
rupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite over-
powered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian en-
campment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had
not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood
with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and
beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad
in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and
privation ;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren
waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and
the meadows ;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the
Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was
the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and
stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient
of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that
was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations
of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so
proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand
of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its
nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed
for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and
heat of the noonday ;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along
like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the
others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the
hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her
palfrey.
“ Nothing is wanting now,” he said with a smile,
“ but the distaff ;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beauti-
ful Bertha ! ”

Line 6. Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of its
master,

Onward the bridal procession now moved to
their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing
together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed
the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream
of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the
azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pour-
ing his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches
above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the
pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the
valley of Eschol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral
ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling
Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful
always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession
of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward
the bridal procession.

NOTES

I. EVANGELINE.

Page 20. *List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.*

[In the earliest records Acadie is called Cadie; afterwards it was called Arcadia, Accadia, or L'Acadie. The name is probably a French adaptation of a word common among the Miemac Indians, signifying place or region, and used as an affix to other words to indicate the place where various things, such as cranberries, eels, seals, were found in abundance. The French turned this Indian term into Cadie or Acadie; the English into Quoddy, in which form it remains when applied to the Quoddy Indians, to Quoddy Head, the last point of the United States next to Acadia, and in the compound Passamaquoddy, or Pollock-Ground.]

Page 27. *Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow.*

"If the eyes of one of the young of a swallow be put out, the mother bird will bring from the sea-shore a little stone, which will immediately restore its sight; fortunate is the person who finds this little stone in the nest, for it is a miraculous remedy." Pluquet, *Contes Populaires*, quoted by Wright, *Literature and Superstitions of England in the Middle Ages*, I. 128.

Page 28. "*Sunshine of Saint Eulalie*" was she called.

Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie."

PLUQUET in WRIGHT, I. 131.

Page 29. *Flashed like a plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.*

See Evelyn's *Silva*, II. 53. [The story runs back to Herodotus, VII. 31, the "Persian" being Xerxes.]

Page 36. *For he told them tales.*

[The stories of the *Loup-garou*, or were-wolf, and the *Létiche*, and the miraculous properties of spiders, clover, and horseshoes, may be found in Pluquet, *Contes Populaires*, who conjectures that the white, fleet ermine fox gave rise to the story of the *Létiche*.]

Page 37. *Well I remember a story.*

[This is an old Florentine story; in an altered form it is the theme of Rossini's opera of *La Gazza Ladra*.]

Page 44. *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres and Le Carillon de Dunkerque.*

[In Mr. Longfellow's diary under date of April 29, 1846: "Looked over the *Receuil de Cantiques à l'usage des Messions*, etc. Quebec, 1833. A curious book, in which the most ardent spiritual canticles are sung to common airs and dancing tunes. For instance, — *La Mort du Juste: sur l'air, 'On dit que vos parents sont autant de centaures.'* *Pieux sentiments envers Jesus Christ: sur l'air, 'Des Folies d'Espagne.'* Other airs are *Le Carillon de Dunquerque; Charmante Gabrielle; Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres.*" This last was a song written by Ducauroi, *maitre de chapelle* of Henri IV., the words of which are: —

Vous connaissez Cybèle,
Qui sut fixer le Temps;
On la disait fort belle,
Même dans ses vieux ans.

CHORUS.

Cette divinité, quoique déjà grand 'mère,
Avait les yeux doux, le teint frais
Avait même certains attraits
Fermes comme la Terre.

Le Carillon de Dunquerque was a popular song sung to a tune played on the Dunkirk chimes. The words are

Imprudent, téméraire
A l'instant, je l'espère
Dans mon juste courroux,
Tu vas tomber sous mes coups!
— Je brave ta menace
— Être moi! quelle audace!
Avance donc, poltron!

Tu trembles ? non, non, non
 — J'étouffe de colère !
 — Je ris de la colère.

The music to which the old man sang these songs may be found in *La Clé du Caveau*, by Pierre Capelle, Nos. 564 and 739. Paris: A. Cotelle.]

Page 63. *Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses.*

There is a Norman saying of a maid who does not marry — *Elle restera pour coiffer Sainte Katherine.*

Page 66. *On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.*

[Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. The existence of a French population there attracted the exiles, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward established themselves on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast to Baton Rouge and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears. See Gayarré's *History of Louisiana, the French Dominion*, vol. II.]

Page 100. *Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons.*

["Among the country people, large quantities of wild pigeons in the spring are regarded as certain indications of an unhealthy summer. Whether or not this prognostication has ever been verified, I cannot tell. But it is very certain that during the last spring the number of those birds brought to market was immense. Never, perhaps, were there so many before." *A Memoir of the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia in 1793.* By Matthew Carey. Philadelphia, 1793.]

II. THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. This Indian Edda — if I may so call it — is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and

fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenya-wagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, vol. I. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

VOCABULARY.

- Adjidau'mo, *the red squirrel.*
 Ahdeek', *the reindeer.*
 Ahkose'win, *fever.*
 Ahmeek', *the beaver.*
 Algon'quin, *Ojibway.*
 Annemee'kee, *the thunder.*
 Apuk'wa, *a bulrush.*
 Bain-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder.*
 Bemah'gut, *the grapevine.*
 Be'na, *the pheasant.*
 Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*
 Bukada'win, *famine.*
 Cheemaun', *a birch canoe.*
 Chetowaik', *the plover.*
 Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.*
 Dahin'da, *the bull-frog.*
 Dush-kwo-ne'she, *or Kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly.*
 Esa, *shame upon you.*
 Ewa-yea', *lullaby.*
 Ghee'zis, *the sun.*
 Gitche Gu'me, *the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.*
 Gitche Man'ito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.*
 Gushkewau', *the darkness.*
 Hiawa'tha, *the Wise Man, the Teacher; son of Mudjkeewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.*
 Ia'goo, *a great boaster and story-teller.*
 Inin'ewug, *men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl.*
 Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet.*
 Jee'bi, *a ghost, a spirit.*
 Joss'akeed, *a prophet.*

- Kabibonok'ka, *the North-Wind.*
 Kagh, *the hedgehog.*
 Ka'go, *do not.*
 Kahgahgee', *the raven.*
 Kaw, *no.*
 Kaween', *no indeed.*
 Kayoshk', *the sea-gull.*
 Kee'go, *a fish.*
 Keeway'din, *the Northwest-Wind, the Home-Wind.*
 Kena'beek, *a serpent.*
 Keneu', *the great war-eagle.*
 Keno'zha, *the pickerel.*
 Ko'ko-ko'ho, *the owl.*
 Kuntasoo', *the Game of Plum-stones.*
 Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man.*
 Kwo-ne'she, *or Dush-kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly.*
 Mahnahbe'zee, *the swan.*
 Mahng, *the loon.*
 Mahn-go-tay'see, *loon-hearted brave.*
 Mahmomo'nee, *wild rice.*
 Ma'ma, *the woodpecker.*
 Maskeno'zha, *the pike.*
 Me'da, *a medicine-man.*
 Meenah'ga, *the blueberry.*
 Megissog'won, *the great Pearl-Feather, a magician and the Manito of Wealth.*
 Meshinau'wa, *a pipe-bearer.*
 Minjekah'wun, *Hiawatha's mittens.*
 Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water ; a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.*
 Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water ; wife of Hiawatha.*
 Minne-wa'wa, *a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees.*
 Mishe-Mo'kwa, *the Great Bear.*
 Mishe-Nah'ma, *the Great Sturgeon.*
 Miskodeed', *the Spring Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.*
 Monda'min, *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.*
 Mudjeeke'wis, *the West-Wind ; father of Hiawatha.*
 Mudway-aush'ka, *sound of waves on a shore.*
 Mushkoda'sa, *the grouse.*
 Na'gow Wudj'oo, *the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.*
 Nah'ma, *the sturgeon.*
 Nah'ma-wusk, *spearmint.*
 Nee-ba-naw'baigs, *water spirits.*
 Nenemoo'sha, *sweetheart.*
 Nepah'win, *sleep.*
 Noko'mis, *a grandmother ; mother of Wenonah.*
 No'sa, *my father.*
 Nush'ka, *look ! look !*
 Odah'min, *the strawberry.*
 Okahah'wis, *the fresh-water herring.*
 Ome'mee, *the pigeon.*
 Ona'gon, *a bowl.*
 Onaway', *awake.*

- Ope'chee, *the robin.*
 Osse'o, *Son of the Evening Star.*
 Owais'sa, *the bluebird.*
 Oweence', *wife of Osseo.*
 Ozawa'beek, *a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl.*
 Fah-puk-kee'na, *the grasshopper.*
 Pau'guk, *death.*
 Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, *the handsome Yenadizze, the Storm-Fool.*
 Pauwa'ting, *Sault Sainte Marie.*
 Pe'boan, *Winter.*
 Pem'ican, *meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded.*
 Pezheekee', *the bison.*
 Pishnekuh', *the brant.*
 Pone'mah, *hereafter.*
 Pugasaing', *Game of the Bowl.*
 Puggawau'gun, *a war-club.*
 Puk-Wudj'ies, *little wild men of the woods ; pygmies.*
 Sah-sah-je'wun, *rapids.*
 Sah'wa, *the perch.*
 Segwun', *Spring.*
 Sha'da, *the pelican.*
 Shahbo'min, *the gooseberry.*
 Shah-shah, *long ago.*
 Shaugoda'ya, *a coward.*
 Shawgashee', *the craw-fish.*
 Shawonda'see, *the South - Wind.*
 Shaw-shaw, *the swallow.*
 Shesh'ebwug, *ducks ; pieces in the Game of the Bowl.*
 Shin'gebis, *the diver or grebe.*
 Showain' neme'shin, *pity me.*
 Shuh-shuh'gah, *the blue heron.*
 Soan-ge-ta'ha, *strong hearted.*
 Subbeka'she, *the spider.*
 Sugge'ma, *the mosquito.*
 To'tem, *family coat of arms.*
 Ugh, *yes.*
 Ugudwash', *the sun-fish.*
 Unktahee', *the God of Water.*
 Wabas'so, *the rabbit ; the North.*
 Wabe'no, *a magician, a juggler.*
 Wabe'no-wusk, *yarrow.*
 Wa-bun, *the East - Wind.*
 Wa'bun An'nung, *the Star of the East, the Morning Star.*
 Wahono'win, *a cry of lamentation.*
 Wah-wah-tay'see, *the fire-fly.*
 Wam'pum, *beads of shell.*
 Waubewy'on, *a white skin wrapper.*
 Wa'wa, *the wild goose.*
 Waw'beek, *a rock.*
 Waw-be-wa'wa, *the white goose.*
 Wawonais'sa, *the whippoorwill.*
 Way-muk-kwa'na, *the caterpillar.*
 Wen'digoes, *giants.*
 Weno'nah, *Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis.*
 Yenadiz'ze, *an idler and gambler ; an Indian dandy.*

[“ Suddenly and immensely popular in this country, greatly

admired by many foreign critics, imitated with perfect ease by any clever school-boy, serving as a model for metrical advertisements, made fun of, sneered at, abused, admired, but, at any rate, a picture full of pleasing fancies and melodious cadences. The very names are jewels which the most fastidious muse might be proud to wear. Coming from the realm of the Androscoggin and of Moosetukmaguntuk, how could he have found two such delicious names as Hiawatha and Minnehaha? The eight-syllable trochaic verse of *Hiawatha*, like the eight-syllable iambic verse of *The Lady of the Lake*, and others of Scott's poems, has a fatal facility, which I have elsewhere endeavored to explain on physiological principles. The recital of each line uses up the air of one natural expiration, so that we read, as we naturally do, eighteen or twenty lines in a minute, without disturbing the normal rhythm of breathing, which is also eighteen or twenty breaths to the minute. The standing objection to this is, that it makes the octo-syllabic verse too easy writing and too slipshod reading. Yet in this most frequently criticised composition the poet has shown a subtle sense of the requirements of his simple story of a primitive race, in choosing the most fluid of measures, that lets the thought run through it in easy sing-song, such as oral tradition would be sure to find on the lips of the story-tellers of the wigwam." — Oliver Wendell Holmes: *Remarks at meeting of Massachusetts Historical Society*, April 13, 1882.]

Page 114. *In the Vale of Tawasentha.*

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 116. *On the Mountains of the Prairie.*

Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, vol. II. p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Côteau des Prairies*, and the Red Pipestone Quarry. He says:—

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation.

And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red, — that it was their flesh, — that they must use it for their pipes of peace, — that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed ; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Page 123. *Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward.*

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the Indian Nations, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective ; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it. 'Oh,' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well ; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him ?'" — *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, vol. I. p. 240.

Page 133. *Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear thee !*

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, vol. IV. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

"Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the

most ferocious ; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied ; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white color) naked. . . .

“The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: ‘Hush ! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.’”

Page 146. *Where the Falls of Minnehaha, etc.*

“The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the ‘Little Falls,’ forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Minehah-hah, or ‘laughing waters.’” — Mrs. Eastman’s *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Introd. p. ii.

Page 196. *Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo.*

A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand-dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney’s *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 131.

“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.”

Page 196. *Onaway ! Awake, beloved !*

The original of this song may be found in *Littell’s Living Age*, vol. XXV. p. 45.

Page 200. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying.*

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft’s *Algic Researches*, vol. II. p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home 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 he was perhaps 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 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.” — Pages 10-12.

Page 210. *When I think of my beloved.*

The original of this song may be found in *Oneóta*, p. 15.

Page 211. *Sing the mysteries of Moudamin.*

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-da-min, that is, this Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of the 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.

"It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all 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.

Page 213. *Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.*

"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, respecting 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 overclouded 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 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.

Page 216. *With his prisoner-string he bound him.*

"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.

Page 218.

*Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear.*

"If one of the young female huskers finds a *red* ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked*, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite *mondámin*. . . .

"The literal meaning of the term 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 cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

"This term is taken as a 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 *pim-o-sa*, 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." — *Oneota*, p. 254.

Page 233. *Pugasang, with thirteen pieces.*

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in *Oneota*, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society, — men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Ienadizze-wug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

See also his *History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, Part II. p. 72.

Page 248. *To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.*

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract:—

"The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred

feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording for miles no place of refuge, — the lowering sky, the rising wind, — all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

“It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs (‘Les Portails’) is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

“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 the achievements of this Indian deity.”

Page 276. *Toward the sun his hands were lifted.*

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V.

III. THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Page 288. *Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon.*

[Names of Indians who are mentioned in the early chronicles.]

Page 289. *Bariffe's Artillery Guide.*

[The elaborate title of Standish's military book was: *Militarie Discipline; or the Young Artillery Man, Wherein is Discoursed and Shown the Postures, both of Musket and Pike, the exactest way, &c., Together with the Exercise of the Foot in their Motions, with much variety: As also, diverse and several Forms for the Imbatteling small or great Bodies demonstrated by the number of a single Company with their Reducements. Very necessary for all such as are Studious in the Art Military. Whereunto is also added the Postures and Beneficial Use of the Halfe-Pike joyned with the Musket. With the way to draw up the Swedish Brigade. By Colonel William Barriffe. Barriffe was a Puritan, and added to his title-page: "Psalmes 144: 1. Blessed be the Lord my Strength which teacheth my hands to warre and my fingers to fight."*]

Page 290. *Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.*

[Among the names of the Mayflower company are those of "Mr. William Mullines and his wife, and 2 children, Joseph and Priscila; and a servant, Robart Carter."]

Page 293. *She is alone in the world.*

["Mr. Molines, and his wife, his sone and his servant, dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscila survived and married with John Alden, who are both living and have 11 children."—Bradford: *History of Plymouth Plantation.*]

Page 298. *Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him.*

[The Mayflower is the well-known *Epigœa repens*, sometimes also called the Trailing Arbutus. The name *Mayflower* was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic vessel shows, but it was applied by the English, and

still is, to the hawthorn. Its use here in connection with *epigæa repens* dates from a very early day, some claiming that the first Pilgrims so used it, in affectionate memory of the vessel and its English flower association.]

Page 298. *Singing the hundredth Psalm.*

[The words in the version which Priscilla used sound somewhat rude to modern ears, but the music is substantially what we know as Old Hundred. Ainsworth became a Brownist in 1590, suffered persecution, and found refuge in Holland, where he published learned commentaries and translations. His version of Psalm c. is as follows : —

1. Bow to Jehovah, all the earth.
2. Serve ye Jehovah with gladness ; before him come with singing mirth.
3. Know that Jehovah he God is. It's he that made us and not we, his flock and sheep of his feeding.
4. Oh, with confession enter ye his gates, his courtyard with praising. Confess to him, bless ye his name.
5. Because Jehovah he good is ; his mercy ever is the same, and his faith unto all ages.]

Page 299. *While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.*

[Mr. Longfellow received a number of letters questioning his description of Priscilla's wheel, upon the ground that while she was spinning wool, the motions and apparatus were applicable only to flax. He examined the question carefully, especially with the aid of his friend Mr. Charles Folsom, and as a considerable number of authorities made it appear that wool was spun upon the small treadle-wheel in Germany and the Low Countries, the lines were suffered to remain as they stood. Mr. Folsom suggested to the poet the following revision : —

Piled at her knee, her left hand feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her right hand she sped and stayed the wheel in its motion.]

Page 305. *Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall.*

["There are at this time in England two ancient families of the name, one of Standish Hall, and the other of Duxbury Park, both in Lancashire, who trace their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Standish, living in 1221. There seems always to have been a military spirit in the family. Froissart, relating in his *Chronicles* the memorable

meeting between Richard II. and Wat Tyler, says that after the rebel was struck from his horse by William Walworth, 'then a squyer of the kynges alyted, called John Standyshe, and he drewe out his sworde, and put into Wat Tyler's belye, and so he dyed.' For this act Standish was knighted. In 1415 another Sir John Standish fought at the battle of Agincourt. From his giving the name of Duxbury to the town where he settled, near Plymouth, and calling his eldest son Alexander (a common name in the Standish family), I have no doubt that Miles was a scion from this ancient and warlike stock." — *Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, foot-note, p. 125.]

Page 312. *God has sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting.*

[In Stoughton's Election Sermon of 1668 occurs the first use, apparently, of this oft-quoted phrase: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send a choice grain over into this wilderness."]

Page 313. *And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered.*

[As a matter of history, the first recorded instance of the rattlesnake skin challenge was in January, 1622, when Tisquantum the Indian brought a defiance from Canonicus, and the governor returned the skin stuffed with bullets.]

Page 313. *Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted.*

[The poet here uses the sentiment of John Robinson when he wrote to the colonists after the first encounter with the Indians: "Oh, how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you had killed any!"]

Page 319. *With Stephen and Richard and Gilbert.*

[These names are not taken at random. Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Gilbert Winslow were all among the Mayflower passengers, and were alive at this time.]

Page 322.

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter.

[The Gurnet, or Gurnet's Nose, is a headland connecting

with Marshfield by a beach about seven miles long. On its southern extremity are two light-houses which light the entrance to Plymouth Harbor. "So after we had given God thanks for our deliverance, we took our shallop and went on our journey, and called the place The First Encounter." Bradford and Winslow's *Journal* in Young's *Chronicles*, p. 159. The place on the Eastham shore was the spot where the Pilgrims had their first encounter with the Indians, December 8, 1620. A party under Miles Standish was exploring the country while the Mayflower was at anchor in Provincetown Harbor.]

Page 331. *After a three days' march.*

[Mr. Longfellow took his material for this expedition of Standish's from the report in Winslow's *Relation of Standish's Expedition against the Indians of Weymouth and the breaking up of Weston's Colony at that place*, in March, 1623, as given in Dr. Young's *Chronicles*.]

Page 337. *Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.*

[The Alden family retain John Alden's homestead in Duxbury, and the present house is said to stand on the site of the one originally built there.]

Page 339. *You are the beautiful Bertha.*

[For further account of Bertha the Spinner, see the volume of this edition containing *Outre-Mer and Drift-Wood*, pp 277-282.]

Page 343. *After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.*

["May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which, according to the laudable custome of the Low-Cuntries, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civill thing, upon which many questions aboute inheritances doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans, and most consonante to the scripturs, Ruth 4, and no wher found in the gospell to be layed on the ministers as a part of their office." — Bradford : *History of Plymouth Plantation*, p. 101.]

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