

SANNILLAC,

A

POEM.

BY HENRY WHITING

WITH NOTES,

BY

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PREFACE.

CHARLEVOIX, in his *Journal Historique*, in speaking of the island of Michillimackinac, says, 'Elle (the island) est cependant, un des lieux du Canada des plus célèbres, et elle a été longtems, selon quelques anciennes traditions sauvages, la principale demeure d'une nation, qui portoit le meme nom, et dont on a compté, dit on, jusqu' a trente Bourgades, repandues aux environs de l'île. On prétend que ce sont les Iroquois (Mingoes) qui l'ont détruite, mais on ne dit pas en quel tems, ni a' quelle occasion. Ce que est certain, c'est qu'il n'y en a plus aucun vestige.'

Hints for such parts of the following pages, as relate to the wars between the Iroquois and Wyndots, were derived from the manuscripts of Governor Cass, which contain many traditions on this subject, gathered from the Wyndots now living.

These slender materials were deemed sufficient for the construction of a story, whose object is not so much to fill up the outline of aboriginal history, as to exhibit manners and customs, which are generally characteristic of the sons of the forest.

The author is aware of the novelty and hazard of attempting an Indian story, which excludes all agency of the whites, and that most, if not all of those stories which have appeared

heretofore, have derived much of their interest from a due admixture of the European race. Atala might have lost half her charms, had she been made an unadulterated forest maiden.

There is an extreme simplicity in the manners and costume of savage life, which deprives the imagination of many powerful aids. What has been the influence of these disadvantages in the present instance, it is not for the author to determine.

SANNILLAC.

WHERE is the mighty race ! which, ere the keel
Of magnet-guided vessel dar'd to brave
The dark uncertainties, that, like a seal,
Clos'd up for ages all the Western wave, —
Had rov'd from shores which two broad oceans lave,
And down from highest North, through ev'ry clime,
To where the tempests 'round Fuego rave,
On each majestic stream, and height sublime,
In reckless liberty, through all the march of time ?

Not one, of tribes innumerable, that erst
Look'd out on ocean from Atlantic's shore,
Now wanders there, save remnants, poor, accurs'd,
Where wild, primeval virtues shine no more.
The Southern Incas ! all have sunk in gore :
In vain their Andes mingled with the skies ;

While Northern Chiefs have still retir'd before
The Whites, till, looking back, with vengeful eyes,
They see how far behind their Mississippi lies !

But let not Whites bear all the deep reproach,
(Though justly charg'd with more than they can bear,)
For wild, inveterate feuds, that still encroach,
And turn each wigwam into bloody lair,
Had long been spreading desolation there,
Ere Europe's son the Western wilds did know ;
And dark traditions tell how deep their share
In all this work of death, as tale shall show,
Which we have gather'd where the forest still doth grow.

PART I.

ON Huron's wave there stands an isle,
Which lifts on high its tower-like pile,
Guarding the strait, whose promont sides
Press into union various tides,
From broad Superior rushing down,
Chill'd with the arctic winter's frown,
Or coming up from milder skies,
Where Michigania's sources rise.
This isle — by wild tradition long
Made theme of forest tale and song —
In ev'ry age has caught the eye
Of Indian, as he wander'd by,
Who sees it rise, like giant mound,
O'erlooking all the region round,
The clust'ring islands, sever'd main,
And straits drawn out, like liquid chain;
And as his light canoe draws near,

He stays awhile its fleet career,
That, off'ring up a simple prayer,
And leaving simple tribute there,
The Manittou, whom fancy sees
Enshrouded 'mong the rocks and trees,
May send him on his course with fav'ring breeze.

'T was here in far receding times,
While yet in these interior climes,
Unseen had been the White man's trace,
Unheard, mayhap, his name or race,
(Save in vague rumor's startling tale,
Spreading from coast o'er hill and dale,
Of mighty monsters, ocean-bred,
Whose offspring filled the shores with dread,)
That one sequester'd wigwam stood,
Scarce seen beneath the bow'ring wood.

What time the Muse its tale would tell,
There liv'd within this sylvan cell
An aged Indian, weak and blind,
Whose tribe, now many winter's past,
Had sunk before the battle's blast,
And scarce a remnant left behind.
His head with years was furrow'd o'er,

But deeper trace from battle wore ;
And, as in helpless solitude,
He sat before his cabin rude,
With clouded sight bent on the ground,
And ear intent on ev'ry sound,
He seem'd to catch some paddle's stroke,
That faintly up the distance broke,
At first with light and single dash,
Like one lone bark expected near,
But swelling soon with mingled clash,
That fill'd his mind with doubt and fear.

A calm hung o'er the liquid waste,
Where meeting tides in peace embrac'd,
And, like a mirror, seem'd to swim
Around the island's lofty brim,
Reflecting bank, with rifted dell,
And jutting point, and pinnacle,
So brightly, in inverted skies,
That well might untaught Indian eyes,
In fancy deem that glimpse was given,
Beneath the wave, of Red man's heaven.

Gliding along this limpid sheen,
A light and lonely bark was seen,

Which might have seem'd in air upheld,
And like a spirit's skiff impell'd,
Had not some rippling wake betray'd
The wat'ry line on which it play'd.
The lonely voyager that gave
This bark its impulse o'er the wave,
A moment now, as isle drew near,
Appear'd to check its fleet career,
And while, with still subsiding force,
It onward kept its listless course,
A glance went up, as if to seek
Some look'd for signal on the peak.
One wreath of smoke was curling there,
Which like a mist hung in the air ;
And soon, as if that glance had caught
The well-known beacon which it sought,
The paddle's dip, from side to side,
Again sent ripples far and wide,
And onward urg'd the bark once more,
Till safe in deep indented cove,
Dark from the frown of cliffs above,
Its buoyant prow struck on the shore.

The wave, that kiss'd the pebbly strand,
Just as the bark approach'd the land,

Had not yet glided back again,
Leaving behind its humid stain,
Ere she, whose arm the bark had sped,
And sent the rippling wave ahead —
A forest maid — with one light bound,
All eagerly had reach'd the ground.
She briefly paus'd to string her bow,
To strike, if need, the brindled foe,
And simple robe, derang'd by haste,
To gather round her slender waist ;
When, casting up a glance on high
On cliffs that beetl'd o'er the eye,
She trac'd her way, with fearless tread,
Where nimblest deer might shrink with dread,
Till on the lofty brink she stood,
High rais'd above the nether flood.
Nor did the brink her step delay ;
Though well might steep and toilsome way,
That shook with quicken'd throb her breast,
Have claim'd a fleeting moment's rest ;
And though an idler eye might there
Have linger'd long in pleasing trance,
While sending down its airy glance,
O'er dizzy steeps, and shining lake
Enchas'd in ev'ry nook and break,
And found each dwindled charm more fair.

Meantime with keen, impatient ears,
Disturb'd by doubts and anxious fears,
And lost in thoughts of coming fate,
The aged Strendoo list'ning sate.
No more the mingled clash is heard,
That late a thousand echoes stirr'd,
And rose like sound of many barks ;
Though still the lonely dash he marks,
That, quick'ning from the nearer shore,
Came up like Wona's single oar.
His practis'd sense could still pursue
The echoes, as they less'ning grew,
Till, far within embosom'd bay,
'Neath lofty bank they died away.
The desert's stillness now again
O'er wood and glade resum'd its reign,
Unbroken save by drowsy hum,
That still from nature's loneliest scenes will come.

A thousand wayward feelings rush'd —
The past, the present — o'er his mind ;
The past, that saw his nation crush'd,
With scarce a remnant left behind ;
The present, mark'd by strange event,
Unknown its good or ill portent :
Nor did he heed the fawn-like bound,

That up the slope, with scarce a sound,
Came fleetly on his lonely seat ;
Nor knew that one so lov'd was near,
Till name of ' Father ! ' struck his ear,
From Wona bending at his feet.

The human heart, in ev'ry frame,
Or Red or White, beats still the same ;
And though emotions, soft and mild,
May find less nurture in the wild,
Where nature, rough and unsubdu'd,
Teaches by precepts, stern and rude,
And leaves each passion unrepress'd,
To goad and fire the Indian's breast ;
Yet, still, affection's kinder ties
Are found beneath their shadowy guise,
As fairest flowers spring up and bloom
Where forests shed their darkest gloom.

* * * *

' It was not, Wona, thine alone ;
For well thy paddle's stroke was known,
All singly up from waters sent,
Where Strendoo knew thy course was bent.
No — 't was the sound of many oars
That swept their way from other shores.

From shores that catch the morning ray,
When first it reddens into day.
The echoes rose confus'd and loud,
Like murmurs breath'd by gath'ring cloud,
When stooping in its flight, to wake
The sleeping billows of the lake.
And had not faintest gleams of light,
That still break through this clouded sight,
Told me that day's broad blazing eye
Was looking down from purest sky,
My sense, unus'd, since many a snow * —
Since Mingoes laid our nation low —
To hear such clash of barks arise,
Might well have thought it angry skies.'

‘It was not Mingo’s wary stroke :
No sound had *their* approach bespoke,
Whose march had waited darkest hour,
When raven shadows downward lower,
And not a star kept watch above,
Lest its faint light should traitor prove. —
No, Wona, ’t is not foe, with guile,
That boldly thus seeks out our isle,

* The Indians are accustomed to compute years by snows.

Whose very numbers had been told,
If Strendoo's glances, as of old,
Like arrows, shooting far and wide,
Could have look'd out on distant tide.
But, friend or foe, the isle must yield ;
For Strendoo now no arms can wield.
I stand alone, a shatter'd trunk,
The lofty forest 'round me sunk —
But, hark !' — ' My father, 't was but deer,
That hurries through the thicket near.
Shall I pursue ? — My absent bow
Too long has left thy feeding low.
Though it may fly on eagle's wing,
These arms shall soon the victim bring.'
A sign was given ; and while the rush
Of boundings through the tangled brush
Yet fill'd the ear, full on its trace
Was Wona foll'wing down the chase.
She asks but slightest mark to lead
Her practis'd footsteps on the prey ;
The ruffled leaf, the startled tread,
Or broken twig, alike betray.
With quicken'd steps, as scenting harm,
The deer flew off in wild alarm,
Now instant seen, now lost to view,

As swiftly darting through the glade,
Or buried deep in thicket shade ;
While unrelenting steps pursue.
The ready dart, oft drawn to fly,
As glimpses caught the heedful eye,
Was drawn in vain : as if aware
That treach'rous op'nings laid him bare,
The victim gave a fleetier bound,
And left behind the baffled wound.

Thus down the slope the quarry fled,
While on its track the maiden sped,
Till, check'd by steeps, that, shelving down,
Clos'd up his path with threat'ning frown,
The deer an instant stood at bay.
But, just ere twang'd th' impatient string,
And barbed death was on the wing,
He spi'd at hand a yawning cleft,
That still a seeming refuge left,
And turn'd and plung'd and pass'd away.

Nature, at times, in frolic start,
Would seem to rival works of art,
And jumble masses into shape,
As if the Builder's skill to ape.

Here, on this island's lofty edge,
Where rocks lay pil'd up ledge on ledge,
Till proudest surge the lake can lift,
But midway sends its foaming drift,
Just where a knoll rests on the steep,
And hangs its curve above the deep,
The bedded strata, loos'd below,
Mayhap by earth's convulsive throes,
In headlong rush, from summit crown,
Has spread in sloping ruin down,
And left a massive arch on high,
Still trembling in the upper sky.
'T was down this pass, like flash of light,
The wilder'd deer renew'd his flight.
A moment there, in baffled mood,
With bow relax'd, the huntress stood,
Till urged by thought, that broken way
Might give the downward flight delay,
She darted on, that, near the brink,
Where the prone path begins to sink,
The eye, through narrow'd vista sent,
Might catch the range of long descent,
And feather'd shaft, with better hope,
Send down the wreck-encumber'd slope,
And strike the fugitive with death,

Ere mers'd in friendly waves beneath.
But ere her hasty step could reach,
And ope to view, the yawning breach,
Back on his path, as stung by wounds,
The victim came with frantic bounds,
When, meeting death still threat'ning there,
He turn'd aside, where, o'er the steep,
The arch begins its lofty sweep,
And scrambled up the craggy mass,
Till check'd midway by dizzy pass,
He seem'd to pause in fix'd despair

The fatal shaft, half drawn to fly,
Was rising now to Wona's eye,
Fix'd on the victim's panting breast,
When half resolv'd to spare her prey,
Thus kept on trembling verge at bay,
Her bow a moment sunk depress'd.
But ere the pitying thought could claim
Its triumph o'er her yielding aim,
And bid the deer its steps retrace,
To start again in equal race ;
Another dart, from covert hand,
Was seen to reach his lofty stand,
And send him down, with dying spasm,
Headlong to depths beneath the chasm.

The bootless pause of Wona's arm,
That could not stay the ambush'd harm ;
The wound — the fall — the echoing crash,
Had seem'd to pass like lightning's flash ;
And ere the maid, in deep amaze,
Could send around her startled gaze,
Or lend to rising sounds an ear,
To learn if danger hover'd near ;
A forest youth, with bounding leap,
Appear'd above the cloven steep,
And on his manly breast display'd
The antler'd prize his dart had made.
To stranger's form and gaze unus'd,
The island maid shrunk back confus'd,
And, as she stood, her rounded face
Half hid from view in bashful grace,
The stricken deer, whose brindled side,
Was stained with life's fast ebbing tide,
And swelling still with ling'ring beat,
Was laid in triumph at her feet.

‘ Maiden of bold and lofty isle,’
The warrior said, ‘ take back the spoil,
Which, knowing well the wrongful theft,
My surer dart from thine bereft.

Forewarn'd by signals, giv'n by scout
Already fix'd on high look-out,
The rush of coming chase we knew ;
And soon they told of flying deer,
And maiden's foot pursuing near,
Till down the gap the echoes flew.
I clos'd the way, and on his track
The frightened deer sent bounding back,
To meet, I hop'd, thy dart again ;
Nor did I strike till, in the sky,
I saw him o'er the pass-way fly,
And fear'd thy dart had sped in vain.
Fear not that we, like foes have come
To desolate thy wave-girt home.
A tribe from other lands afar,
O'er Huron's wave, we fly from war.
Nor did we thus urge on our way
Beneath the tell-tale light of day,
And boldly flash our many oars,
Unbidden, 'round these lofty shores,
Till lurking scouts, — while yet unseen
We lay in distant island's screen, —
Had stolen on thy hour of dreams,
When night sent down its faintest gleams,
And found the isle, save one lone smoke
No other sign of wigwams spoke.'

With timid glance, scarce giving sight
Of eyes in hazel darkness bright,
'T is true,' she said, 'as thou hast heard,
This isle, whose echoes once were stirr'd
By sounds of men from peak to shore ;
Whose wigwams, seen on every side,
Sent up their smokes in wreathy pride ;
Now shows those busy signs no more.
No warlike whoop now wakes the wood ;
Our fires were quench'd by streams of blood,
(So Wona's sire oft tells the tale,)
Save one which now by me is fed, —
Where Strendoo bows his aged head,
And waits the stranger's voice to hail.

' Since time when war this island swept,
His once keen eyes in gloom have slept,
Nor can he spy the distant wave ;
But yet his ear did catch each stroke
That from thy many paddles broke,
And all thy strength and numbers gave.
And well he knew that foeman's bark
Would never thus its coming mark,
By flashes in the day's bright eye.
Nor when, all thoughtless, save of deer,

She met thy sudden footsteps here,
Did Wona, frightened, turn and fly.
But, friend or foe, this isle has now,
Save this, no hand to draw the bow,
Nor does my dart know higher fame,
Than fall of bird or deer may claim.
Then come, and with thy warriors seek
The smoke that rises near the peak.'
A gesture show'd the path to take,
And, ere the youth reply could make,
The maiden of the isle had gone,
And left him on the brink alone.

Leave we to tell of council grave,
In which the chief his welcome gave,
And how the simple wigwams rose.
The wild, untutor'd architect
Asks but brief season to erect
His rude defence 'gainst sun and snows.
But Time, almost as brief, lays waste
The fragile labors of his haste,
And leaves behind scarce sign or trace,
To show where once throng'd mighty race.
Perhaps on banks of many a stream,
Sloping beneath the day's warm beam,

Tribes may have liv'd from sire to son,
And down through generations run,
Laying their bones within the mound,
Where all their gather'd sires were found,
And yet the place no sign disclose —
Save this rude tomb — that ever there
The hum of men had fill'd the air,
And broke through nature's wild repose.

* * * *

‘ Father ! he came in that still hour,
Just when the heavens begin to turn,
When all its fires the brightest burn,
And night looks down in all its power.
I know not why that Wona's eyes,
That us'd to close ere day's last streak
Had faded off the island's peak,
Were gazing then on twinkling skies !
But so it was : — I saw each star,
That, glitt'ring in its march afar,
Shone in upon me as I lay,
Until the form of Sannillac,
Like shadow passing o'er their track,
A moment chas'd the light away.
I knew at once his warlike plume,
Though scarcely seen amid the gloom,

And saw him stoop within the door.
His step around the fire I heard ;
I saw the sleeping embers stirr'd, —
The bright'ning torch,* — but saw no more.

‘ The drooping lid o’er waking sight,
But half shut out the flickering light.
Too well the eye its course could trace,
Till on my half-averted face
The ruddy lustre all was flung ;
And well I knew what piercing gaze
Was mingling with the guiding blaze,
And o’er my mimic slumbers hung.
I could not still my throbbing heart,
Nor long keep up deceitful part.
A glance, that chanc’d *his* glance to meet,
At once betray’d the simple cheat ;
When, all confus’d, that light should show
The lurking joy that ’gan to glow,

* The common form of courtship among the savages is this : The innamorato goes at the hour of midnight, and lights a small torch by the embers of the wigwam fire. With this he approaches the spot where the object of his visit lies slumbering, or seems to be so. If she blow it out, it is a sign that his visit is agreeable ; if not, he takes the hint, and retires.

I quench'd the torch, — and stars alone
Again within the wigwam shone.

‘ Father ! I knew that thou wert near ;
And what had Wona’s heart to fear ?
He whisper’d tales of many a chase,
In which his dart had won the race ;
How oft his war-club had been stain’d ;
What scalps in battle he had gain’d ;
How lengthen’d hunger, thirst, and pain,
Had tried his stubborn will in vain :
And then in gentler whispers still,
He ’gan my willing ear to fill
With such sweet praise ! — How my dark eye
Was like the star then moving by ;
And that my form, of graceful height,
Was like the slender deer in flight !
I hid my face in deeper shade,
While many a starting tear betray’d —
Though all unseen — how flattering tale
Might o’er the simple heart prevail.

‘ The passing stars now fainter grew,
And slowly one by one withdrew
Far into shadowy depths of heaven,

As if the gentle tinge of day,
That now was scatt'ring o'er their way,
A warning hint to each had given.
But slumbers fled from Wona's eyes,
Till brighter warnings lit the skies,
When broken dreams came o'er my brain,
And Sannillac appear'd again.
But thou, methought, didst sudden wake,
And on his gentle wooings break,
And bade him talk no more of love,
Till scalp of foe his arm should prove.'

'T was thus, in artless nature bold,
Her love the forest-maiden told,
While, sunk in thoughtful silence near,
The aged Strendoo seem'd to hear.
Victims, like him, of Mingo war,
The Wyndot tribe, from lands afar,
Had refuge sought, o'er Huron's wave,
The remnant of their race to save.
And when he heard what sore defeat
Had made them seek this far retreat,
And well remember'd how his band
Had sunk beneath the same strong hand,
A hope arose that vengeful hour

Might yet await the Mingo's power.
But soon the Wyndot's slacken'd bows
Bespoke no thought of distant foes,
And warlike thought, and battle cry,
In peaceful murmurs seem'd to die.

‘ And would'st thou, Wona, quit thy sire,
To join a nameless stranger's fire ?
His feats may all be tales of art,
To catch a simple maiden's heart.
What proof hast thou of dangers run ?
Of scalps in fight or ambush won ?
If Sannillac shall seek to join
The Wyndot race to Strendoo's line,
Let him return to Mingo's land,
And, ambush'd, hover round their band,
Till scalp reward his daring hand .
Then may he own a warrior's name,
And boldly maiden's favor claim,
Which well may yield to deed of fame.
But, till that time, should kindling gleam
Of torch break on thy midnight dream,
Let no fond breath put out its beam ;
But bid it light the warrior's way
To lands beneath the rising day,

Where scalp will all his toils repay.
And when the youth shall safe return,
With such bright fame as perils earn,
And love again its torch shall light ;
Wona may quench its beams in night,
And leave the twinkling stars above
Alone to light the hour of love.'

The cloud that hung o'er Strendoo's eyes,
And dimly let in earth and skies,
All indistinctly gave to view
The sinking form of Wona too ;
Nor saw he that, while thus he bent
His vengeful thoughts on dark intent,
Her tender heart shrunk back with dread,
From errand through such perils sped.
But, all repress'd in silent fear,
No vain remonstrance met his ear.
For what though maiden's tongue might show
How long the way, how fierce the foe ;
How single arm, though skill'd and strong,
Must vainly strive 'gainst warlike throng ;
How Wyndot tribe, their fav'rite gone —
His course and errand all unknown —
By doubt and dark suspicion led,

Might wreak their ire on Strendoo's head :
Yet maiden's fears might ill suggest,
Fit thoughts to guide a warrior's breast.

We would not stay the tale to tell
What gentle contests then befel
In chase, or wood, or silent dell,
'Tween urgent love, and anxious fears ;
Till Wona half the secret told,
Though still intending to withhold
All hint of errand far and bold,
That might find zest in daring ears.
Nor need we say, how soon the thought
Of maiden's love, by perils bought,
The soul of youthful Wyndot caught,
And all his energies inspir'd ;
Nor how the fearful Wona tried,
In vain, to quell the warrior's pride,
By tales of foe and lake's broad tide,
Which only brighter ardors fir'd.

‘I would,’ he said, ‘my dashing oar
Were even now afar from shore,
Led on by trace of war,
That Wona's glance might see me fly,

Still less'ning 'neath her watchful eye,
Till lost in mingling lake and sky,
 Like faintly setting star.—
When once again the rolling heaven
Shall bring about the dusky even,
 And fill with shades the air ;
Let Wona seek the rocky place,
Where first, when led by deer in chase,
Her eyes beheld the Wyndot race,
And meet her warrior there.'

The sun went redd'ning down the west,
And as it touch'd the lake's calm breast,
And seem'd to spread along the wave ;
Well might an Indian's fancy deem
The waters chang'd to molten gleam,
And daylight quench'd in burning grave.
From deep'ning skies, like timid scout,
Each twinkling star came slowly out,
And soon, beneath the growing shade,
The Wyndot youth and island maid,
Were standing near the well-known slope,
Where first they met in brighter hope.
Gazing in silence down the way,
They seem'd to watch a bark that lay,

All ready, with impatient oar,
Half in the wave and half ashore,
Though scarcely seen from such a height,
Amid the falling mists of night.

‘There, Wona, lies my ready bark,
Which soon, beneath the shadows dark,
The warrior on his course will speed ;
Nor may this bosom heave a sigh,
Though far from love and friends I fly,
When onward led by daring deed.
To-morrow’s sun may gild the track
Where through the night sped Sannillac,
But nought of Sannillac will show ;
For love will strengthen lover’s arm,
And danger’s self will lend a charm
To urge me on the distant foe.
But let not Wona’s spirit droop,
Nor fear that Mingo’s victor whoop
O’er captive Sannillac will rise ;
For, train’d to ambush’d wile and cover,
No eye shall see me ’round them hover,
Till far I bear away the prize.
Then, should thy glance, from island’s peak,
Be on the wave, my bark to seek —

Mayhap oft sought before in vain —
'T will see me rise, as from the deep,
And onwards come with winged sweep,
Till, Wona, *here*, we meet again.'

While thus with feelings high and strong,
And wildly running into song,
The warrior nerv'd his soul to part ;
No cheering hope of march of speed,
Nor quick return from daring deed,
Could cheer the drooping Wona's heart.
She saw the broadly spreading lake,
Where bark might well its course mistake,
Whose trackless waste, in night array'd,
More trackless still would soon be made ;
And well she knew how far the land
Where rov'd the pow'rful Mingo band,
And could not trust the flatt'ring boast,
That single arm might foil a host.

' I may not ask a warrior's ear
To list a timid maiden's fear ;
Nor can I catch the lofty mood
That joys to dwell on scenes of blood.
And yet I would not have thy name

Unhear'd in song — unknown to fame ;
And Wona's cheek might shame to know
That Sannillac had met no foe.
But he whose breast bears trace of scar,
Need give no further proof of war.'

'T is true, ere Wyndot race did yield
To Mingo's stronger arm the field,
This arm had dealt full many a blow,
That laid full many a warrior low.
But has not Strendoo bade me prove
By other deeds, my claim to love ?
I did not break thy slumbers sweet,
Till I could boast of battle feat,
For well I knew the kindred power
Of war and love in such an hour.
But since new risks must still be run,
Ere Strendoo's lofty soul be won,
My bark is there, which soon will wake,
With quick'ning stroke, the sleeping lake,
And bear me far through shade and light,
Till distant shores break on my sight.
Deep ambush'd there in well known bay,
My bark shall all unnotic'd lay,

Till, crown'd with spoil of Mingo race,
The lake again shall feel its trace.'

' I know my father's stern command,
And may not hope relenting mind.
Till thou hast sought the foeman's land,
Our wigwam fires may ne'er be join'd.
But though this simple heart might break,
If such event could never be ;
I would not — could not, see thee take
Such dang'rous errand all for me.
For much I fear thy parting oar,
Would wake the echoing isle no more.
Child of the firm-set hill or plain,
Thou dost not know the wat'ry main,
Whose storms, at times, with sudden sweep,
Lift up the bottom of the deep,
And heave the surges on our rock,
Until it quakes beneath the shock.
The breeze alone, mayhap did smile,
When Wyndots sought out Strendoo's isle ;
But though the storms were sleeping then,
Think not they ne'er will wake again.'

' I will not tempt the threat'ning sky,

Nor through the wide-spread waters ply,
Where no kind shore lifts on the eye,
To tell that safety still is nigh ;
But, though I might not fear to ride
When tempests whiten all the tide,
And toss my bark like feather'd spray,
Yet, will I keep familiar path,
Where islands link along the way,
And open quiet nook and bay,
When gath'ring clouds come down in wrath.
But, Wona, if the flood and foe
Still wake in thee such troubled throe,
Bid me remain, and join my fire.
With Sannillac, thy warrior near,
What will thy slumbers have to fear
From Strendoo's unforgiving ire ?

‘ No, Sannillac, it may not be ;
I cannot leave him e'en for thee.
What, though he seem to drive thee far,
To wage with foes unequal war,
And all to win a simple maid,
Whose heart already is betray'd ;
Yet, may I not forget the hand,
That, when, amid our fallen band,

My mother slept her last cold sleep,
Snatch'd me from out the welt'ring heap,
And fed me, till dark shadows came
And settled o'er his eye's bright flame.
'T was then this arm, with growing skill,
Had learn'd the fawn and deer to kill,
And Wona's eye for Strendoo shone,
And look'd abroad for him alone.
And shall I now withdraw the light,
That guides him through his thick'ning night ?
And leave his fire to flicker low,
With no young arm to draw his bow ?
But, Sannillac, though dream of mine
May never wake in lodge of thine,
Yet seek not peril far like this ;
For I would rather still be left
A maiden lone, of love bereft,
Than thus too dearly purchase bliss.'

‘ And would'st thou have me lose my claim
To maiden's love and warrior's name ?
No, e'en if *thou* wert not the star
That guides my vent'rous bark afar,
And deed, that daring soul might wake,
Alone did lead me o'er the lake ;

Yet, would I seek the farthest sun,
And ev'ry risk for glory run.
And shall I shrink, when Wona's charms
Await to crown my feat in arms?
When those bright eyes, with tears now dark,
Will greet with smiles my homeward bark?—
Then, farewell, Wona ! Ere the moon,
That evening skies will light up soon,
And hang aloft, like bended bow,
Shall swell its belt to circle bright,
And fade again to shades of night,
Yon wave once more my bark will show.'

‘ I may not longer trust my heart,
Lest it forget the warrior's part,
And eyes, where tears should never shine,
Grow weak and melt away like thine.
My arm is nerv'd, my bow is strung,
My war-club o'er my shoulder flung,
And ready waits my bark below.
I go to dare the rolling flood —
I give my thoughts to scenes of blood —
I haste to seek the foe.'

The less'ning echoes told each leap,

As, plunging down the shelving steep,
The warrior reach'd the water's side ;
And soon was heard the paddle's stroke,
Which upwards still more faintly broke,
Till the last whisp'ring echo died.—
At length the lonely maiden's strain
Awoke its soft response again.

‘ Thou Manitou ! whose power is felt,
When thunders shake
The isle and lake,
And falling skies,
And waves that rise,
In wild confusion seem to melt ;

‘ Oh, hold the tempests in thy hand,
While Sannillac
Pursues his track
O'er waves afar
To Mingo war,
And smooth his way to foeman's land.

‘ But let me dry my eyes in shame ;
For warrior's bride
Should learn to hide

Her anxious fears,
And shed no tears
To damp the warrior's love of fame.

' And thou, high heaven and starry train !
O bring us soon
The swelling moon,
And quench its light
Once more in night,
That Sannillac may come again.'

PART II.

THE morning came, but Wona's eyes,
That long had watch'd the op'ning skies,
Where slowly o'er the wat'ry line
The kindling tints began to shine,
And gently touch each ruffled wave ;
In vain amid the restless glare,
Look'd out for bark still flitting there ;
No glimpse the wide horizon gave.
But still those eyes, in ling'ring mood,
Half dreaming, dwelt on air and flood,
Nor seem'd to see the streaming light,
That upwards shot, like arrows bright,
Till clouds on high and mists beneath
Hung 'round bedeck'd with golden wreath,
And all the rising orb proclaim'd,
Which soon above the glowing waters flam'd.

But other thoughts than waking dreams,
Unconscious lit by morning beams,
Soon rous'd the sad and lonely maid ;
For, as her glance, from summit crown,
To Wyndot camp went wand'ring down,
She caught the view of troubled crowd,
And heard the murmurs growing loud,
That all an angry state betray'd.
Soon up the slope, with louder note,
The swelling sounds began to float,
Till near the peak, where Strendoo's smoke
Curl'd o'er the trees, the clamor broke.
A moment there the tumult slept,
Then down again in triumph swept ;
And ere, with light and hurried bound,
Her feet could skim the sloping ground,
The island chief, from wigwam torn,
To Wyndot council had been borne.

* * * *

' And is it thus my scars and age
Are made the sport of wanton rage,
By Wyndot tribe, whose wand'ring oars
Found friendly rest on Strendoo's shores ?
Think ye that nerveless arm could smite
A warrior fresh in youthful might ?

Or eyes, that scarce catch glimpse of day,
Could send a dart on murd'rous way ?
Ye say that Wona's hazel eye
Look'd on the youth with witchery,
That Sannillac the maiden lov'd.
And may not maiden's simple freak
Send warrior forth a name to seek ?
For warrior's love by deed is prov'd.

‘ Well may ye now with fearless trega,
Press down to earth this wither'd head ;
For here, like shatter'd trunk, I stand,
A remnant lone of mighty wood,
That, ere the Mingoës came in blood,
O'ershadow'd all this lofty land.
This shatter'd trunk, and one weak flow'r,
Alone surviv'd the wrathful hour.
But Strendoo's soul, unlike his form,
Unbroken rose above the storm.
And think ye, if I did not weep,
When slaughter made this dreadful sweep ;
When wife and children, tribe and all,
In one wide massacre did fall ;
That Wyndot threats of tort'ring stake,
The warrior's stubborn soul can shake ?

‘ What, though ye now, in deep despair,
Wail ’round the dying Tarhee there,
And fear his fire, that faintly burns,
May fail ere Sannillac returns,
Whose kindred blood will claim the place
Which Tarhee now holds o’er your race ?
The Manittoo that rules the wave,
Will guard the life of warrior brave,
And ere another moon shall grow,
And melt again like drift of snow,
His bark, bedeck’d with warlike spoil,
Will hail once more the lofty isle.

‘ Know ye that here have Strendoo’s sires
Enkindled time-forgotten fires ;
That here they liv’d, when bank and steep,
Which now lift up the isle so high,
All buried lay beneath the deep,
And peak alone rose on the eye.*

* We believe it is Henry, who, in his description of Michillimackinac, gives among other traditions connected with this romantic island, that of an Indian, who pointed out the stump of an ancient cedar, still seen on the brink of one of the precipices, about one hundred and fifty feet above the water, to which his ancestors were accustomed to fasten their canoes.

Mark ye the rocks, which here and there,
Like mighty wigwams, rise in air,
With fretted sides half worn away,
That speak of eddies wrathful play ?
Know that the humbled waves, which now
Are seen to break so far below,
Scarce sending up a whisper here,
Once o'er those rocks their dashings flung,
Where floating barks to cedars hung,
Which now among the clouds appear.
And where yon rocks, uplifted, reach,
Like bended bow, across the breach,
Mayhap the sinking torrent swept ;
And, as the crumbling steep went down,
Left knitted rocks stretch'd o'er its crown,
Which still their tott'ring place have kept.

‘ The grey tradition scarce could tell
When first the mighty waters fell ;
And knew not how, or where the sluice
Broke through the hills, that let them loose ;
But sudden from the startled view,
With awful rush, the floods withdrew,
And gave a thousand hills to birth ;
While plains arose, and shores around

Trac'd out each lake's diminish'd bound,
And all was new and strange on earth.

‘ ’T was then the *Michabou*,* who plies
His viewless bark 'neath colder skies,
Seeing his wat'ry world subside,
With mighty strength, kept back the tide,
By piling hills, uptorn in haste,
Where fast out-pour'd the sinking waste,
And check'd midway the wild descent.
The prison'd waters still are spread
Within their vast, though lessen'd bed,
Where then the Sire of Lakes was pent.
And never Indian shoots his way
Down where the choking fragments lay,
And finds his bark 'mong eddies toss'd,
Now wildly whirl'd, now almost lost,
But, as he strikes the quiet oar,
Where rapids vex the stream no more,
And backwards sends a troubled view,
Recalls the tale of Michabou.

* Some of the Indian traditions represent Michabou as the guardian spirit of Lake Superior, and that, at the grand subsidence of the waters which then covered the interior, he made use of some such means as are hinted at in the text, to preserve his present dominion.

‘ Ye say ye fell in treach’rous hour,
Beneath the hateful Mingo’s power.
And think ye Wyndot race alone
Their wiles and conq’ring arms have known ?
If Mingo barks, led on by guile,
Had never struck on Strendoo’s isle,
Ye had not found such stillness brood
In ev’ry island glade and wood,
But heard the whoop of warrior speak
From wave-wash’d shore to lofty peak,
And wigwams seen in clust’ring pride
Send up their smokes from every side.
And who stole on the warrior’s dreams,
And pour’d out sleeping blood in streams ?
The Mingo race !—The same dread foe
That laid the Wyndot warriors low.—
’T was here, where now ye council hold,
That Strendoo’s race, then strong and bold,
In festal mirth was gather’d ’round.
The war-club had aside been thrown—
Their bows, unstrung, around were strown,
And dance and tale and feast alone
Within the lofty isle were found.

‘ Ask ye what treach’rous tongue had borne

To tribes beneath the eye of morn,
The tale of Strendoo's happy band,
All peaceful wrapp'd in wave-girt land ?
A wretch, condemn'd for deepest crime,
Had fled from death to distant clime,
And restless arms too ready found
To strike with him the vengeful wound.
The Mingoes, thirsting still for war,
O'er plain and wave he led afar,
Till, ambush'd close in neighb'ring bay,
Unseen by every eye they lay,
While he, who all too well could trace
Each island path and resting-place,
Should signal give, that dark surprise
Might boldly rush on slumb'ring eyes.

‘ The feast was o'er — the dance had clos'd,
The throng in heavy rest repos'd,
And long the fires had ceas'd to glow.
E'en Strendoo's eyes, that never foe
Had caught in drowsy mood,
While fancy turn'd on revels past,
In dreamy dulness sunk at last,
Nor thought to wake in blood.
Ne'er midnight hour outspread its shade

O'er weary heads more gently laid
On lap of earth,—where warrior's crest,
And chief's grey hairs, in mingled crowd
With women, children, low were bow'd,
All sunk in deep, forgetful rest.

‘ In barks sent on by stifled stroke,
That scarce a whisp'ring echo woke,
The Mingoes reach'd the island strand.
They winded up through pass and dell,
Led on by one who knew them well,
And soon hung o'er our sleeping band.
No whoop was rais'd to warn the ear
That foes and death were hov'ring near,
But each in silence mark'd the brow
At which he aim'd the fatal blow,
And waited but the signal breath,
To join the wide-spread crash of death.—
Great Manittoo !—in that dark hour,
Where was thy all-awak'ning pow'r ?
Why then were skies in silence bound,[†]
Whose bolts so often shake the ground ?
And why did stars look down with beam,[‡]
That sooth'd and lengthen'd out each dream,
When light'nings should have stream'd on high,
And flash'd down warnings from the sky ?

‘ These eyes (which then had keenest sight,
And far could pierce the shades of night,)
Mayhap alone beheld the storm
That hung o’er each unconscious form ;
For Strendoo then, with ready arms,
All us’d to rouse at quick alarms,
Was not stretch’d out in helpless length,
But half reclin’d in wakeful strength ;
And, partly rous’d by sleepless ear,
That caught the sound of movement near,
A drowsy glance just saw the foe,
As o’er my head he rais’d the blow,
And met his fierce and gleaming eye.
Each startled sense at once did wake ;
I darted up, like gather’d snake,
Just as he gave the signal cry.

‘ His prison’d breath, with fainting gasp,
Soon died beneath my madden’d grasp.
But all in vain ; — at signal sound,
Each club had struck its mortal wound,
And one deep groan was heard around.
I rais’d a whoop, loud, wild, and dread ;
But what could rouse the dying head ?
The women, children, only rose,

To meet the quick repeated blows,
And soon alone the victors stood,
All reeking o'er the scene of blood.
'T was Strendoo longest held the fight,
And struck down foes with frantic might.

But what could one alone ?

The warrior's arm, that stiff'ning lay,
Could give no aid to turn the fray ;
And, press'd by grief and blind despair,
At children's shriek, and woman's pray'r,
That found no answer'ing mercy there,
I sunk to earth o'erthrown.

' The bright'ning day sent up its light,
And show'd the horrid deeds of night,
When Mingo hands seiz'd on the dead,
And quickly scalp'd each prostrate head.
The heart of Strendoo still did beat,
And, sending out reviving heat,
Had wak'd the pulse of life again ;
But rising then had been in vain ;
And not a sign to foeman told
That Strendoo's bosom was not cold,
And all within had ceas'd to play.
Nor e'en when victor's knee was felt,

As on my neck he proudly knelt,
Seizing the plumed lock that grac'd
My crown, and round the weapon trac'd,
And tore the clinging scalp away,—
Did quiv'ring flesh, or shrinking start,
Betray that life still warm'd the heart ;
But like the senseless dead I lay.

‘ And soon, indeed, death’s chillness came,
And settled on this mangled frame,
When Strendoo’s soul, last left behind,
Seem’d to break loose and seek its kind.
What suns arose and set again,
And nights bedew’d the fest’ring plain,
Ere quick’ning nature bade me rise,
And look again on earth and skies,
Bewilder’d thought in vain could trace.
But all was still. No warlike sound
Arose from isle or lake around.
In rankling heaps, confus’dly thrown,
The silent dead were there alone,
Sad wrecks of Strendoo’s hapless race.
The conq’ring foe already far
Had borne the spoil of island war,
For not a wave betray’d a mark,
That look’d like Mingo’s flitting bark.

‘I said no sound came on the ear,
To tell that living soul was near.
But tempests, in their wreckful path,
The loftiest trees strike down in wrath,
Yet often spare the flower that shoots
In humble beauty at their roots.
So war that swept down youth and age,
Had spar’d an infant in its rage.
The faint and broken wailings led
My pitying search among the dead,
That near the prostrate wigwams lay.
’T was nestled near its mother’s breast,
Late the warm pillow of its rest,
Now cold and motionless as clay.
I pluck’d it from the arms of death,
Fann’d into life its dying breath,
And bore it off from tainted glades,
To purer air and kinder shades.

‘But Strendoo’s pride and strength had fled.
Dark clouds soon settled on his head,
The sad effect of Mingo scars,
And shut out light of sun and stars.
But, as these shades spread o’er my brow,
And bade me lay aside the bow,

Whose dart went off in erring flight ;
A brighter eye was op'ning near,
That soon could trace the fleetest deer,
And Wona's glance was Strendoo's sight.—
When many a summer's sun had shed
Its with'ring ray on field of dead,
And many a snow had melted there,
And worn away by heats and storms,
Each ling'ring trace of mangled forms,
And left the whit'ning bones all bare ;
We gather'd all the fragments round,
And bore them up to higher ground,
Where lofty rock, in yawning cave,
Had op'd to Strendoo's race a grave.*

‘ ’Twas thus that fifteen snows went by,
While darker still grew Strendoo's eye,
And wasting pains and hasten'd age,
The curse of Mingo's direful rage,

* The ‘ Scull Rock,’ one of those singular protuberances which shoot up from the surface of the island of Michillimackinac, has a cave in its base, which contains a large collection of human bones. The origin of this deposite, is accounted for by some wild traditions. It was in this rude cemetery, that Henry was concealed some days by a friendly Indian, after the massacre at old Michillimackinac.

Forever led the mind to brood,
With vengeful thoughts, on scenes of blood.
And oft the Manitoo I pray'd
To send some tribe to Strendoo's aid.
But barks shot by with rapid oar,
As if they shunn'd the island shore,
And thought the souls of murder'd race
Alone were flitting 'round the place ;
And vainly on their winged track
Would Wona fly to lure them back.

‘Ye came at last, in numbers strong,
Stung with the sense of Mingo wrong,
And all my vengeful hopes were fir'd.
But when I found defeat and scar
Had left a dread of Mingo war,
And gather'd round their dying chief,
The Wyndot's lost their rage in grief,
Again those vengeful hopes expir'd.
I bow'd my soul within my breast,
And ask'd to die and be at rest ;
For length'ning years but lengthen'd woe.
The lonely Wona, left behind,
Would still a shelt'ring wigwam find,
Though Strendoo's fire might cease to glow.

‘ But Strendoo’s spirit did not fly ;
And maiden’s dark and witching eye
Soon brighter prospects round me spread.
I knew the youthful Wyndot’s love,
And bade him first the warrior prove,
By bringing scalp from Mingo’s head.
Methought such daring deed would wake
To venom’d wrath the sleeping snake,
And foll’wing back the trace of blood,
In spite of wile, o’er plain and flood,
The foe would seek again this shore ;
When, yet these ears might catch the groan
Of dying Mingo, overthrown
Where Strendoo’s warriors fell before.

‘ Wait ye ’till curved moon, that now
Hangs wid’ning on each ev’ning’s brow,
To full and rounded light shall grow,
And then again to darkness fade,
Till, save the stars, the lengthen’d night
Shall give to earth no guiding light,
For Indian wand’ring ’neath its shade ;
And if the Wyndot youth, that far
Now seeks the spoil of ambush’d war,
Shall not return in triumph back ;

Then let your torments send this breath,
In long-drawn writhings down to death,
To 'venge the fate of Sannillac.

‘ Meantime, let Wyndot tribe prepare
The *med'cine dance*, where skill and pray'r
May stay the soul of Tarhee brave,
By wounds now hov'ring near his grave.
Know that to Strendoo's tongue is giv'n,
To speak the language heard by heav'n ;
That Strendoo's breath, by charm, has power
To turn aside death's threat'ning hour,
And light up eyes, whose faded ray
Already marks life's last decay.’

Thus spake the island chief. The crowd,
That late had rush'd in clamors loud,
And, thirsting deep for victim's blood,
Around the stake of torture stood ;
Subdued by charm of pow'rful tongue,
That high and wild traditions spoke,—
How earth had chang'd its face when young,
And tribes had fall'n by battle's stroke,—
Now, closer drawn in circling lines,
Forgot its ire and dark designs ;

And when the varied strain did close,
No breath of angry murmur rose.
The Wyndot chiefs, with watchful eye,
Had seen the angry tumult die,
By bold and gifted speech o'ercome ;
And, pleas'd to stay the captive's fate,
Resolv'd the changing moon to wait,
That time might tell the wand'ers doom.

At once they bade the youths surround,
With hasty hedge, th' allotted ground,
Where dance and song (which Indians feel
To heaven'ly powers make strong appeal,)
Might call down healing aid to save
The dying chief from threat'ning grave.
The rude pavilion soon was made,
With *mats* around the borders laid,
And central stakes, whose forks display'd
Each simple off'ring, bow and dart,
And skins with uncouth fancy drest,
War-club and pipe, and plumed crest,
All that could tempt the *Jongleur's* art.
First in the sacred ring appear'd
The aged few, in myst'ries rear'd,
And vers'd in every savage rite,

Whose rattling gourds and deep ton'd drum,
And voices sunk to deepest hum,
Announce the solemn moment come,
When all must in the scene unite.
Then forth each wigwam sends its race,
By Patriarch led, whose guiding trace
 Brings on a lengthen'd line ;
First men, then women — all whose eyes
Had pierc'd these forest mysteries —
 In sequent order join.
Succeeding slowly, each long file
Treads round and round the leafy aisle,
Mid chants and instrumental din,
Till all have duly entered in ;
When signals wake the solemn dance.
All, save the sounding choir advance,
And mingle in a central group,
Where chiefs and men and women beat
The echoing earth with chiming feet,
Till warn'd to rest by closing whoop.

Now Strendoo rises 'mid the choir,
And, as his kindling thoughts inspire,
Outbreaks in chantings wild and deep ;
Addressing oft the Parent earth,

Whose fruitful bosom teems with birth,—
The high-fix'd sun, forever bright,
And pouring down its floods of light,—
The waves that round them broadly sweep,—
Invoking all to send relief,
And raise again the dying chief.

‘ Spirit of Earth ! whose balms are hid
'Neath leaf of herb, or flowret's lid,
And sleep in forked roots below ;
Now mingle in the healing draught,
That, when by pallid fever quaff'd,
The flush of health again may glow.

‘ Spirit of day's broad beaming eye !
That sends down healing warmth from high
Rekindling oft the dying flame ;
On life's chill current dart thy ray,
And melt the frosts of death away,
That now steal on the stiff'ning frame.

‘ Spirit of waters ! if thy waves
Have ought within their glimm'ring caves
That rankling wounds may cleanse and heal ;
Let some kind billows, as they swim

Around the island's pebbly brim,
To Strendoo all the charm reveal.

‘Spirits of earth, and sun and wave !
Ye who the Indian's life can save,
Or take away his fleeting breath ;
Attend us, while we gently bring
The chief within the sacred ring,
And strive against the foeman, Death.’

The wild chant ceas'd ; when leading out
Six youthful warriors, tall and stout,
All fit to bear the heavy head,
Strendoo approach'd the lowly bed
Where Tarhee lay ; whose listless eye,
Already fix'd in vacancy,
Unconscious saw the vain parade,
By weak but fond delusion made,
And seem'd to ask but short repose,
That life might all untroubled close.

Uplifted on a garnish'd skin,
They gently bore their burden in,
And thrice the area circled 'round ;
While ev'ry hand was wav'd on high
And ev'ry voice sent up its cry,

In mingled, deep, lugubrious sound.
One lone attendant, bow'd with grief,
Still follow'd round the stricken chief,
And still sent forth the saddest moan,—
Equa, whose son was now afar,
Victim mayhap of distant war,
By Mingo arts or arms o'erthrown ;
Whose brother, too, with failing breath,
Was trembling now on verge of death,
And soon must heave life's latest groan.
Her wrinkled cheek, and wither'd front,
Bespoke long years of varied brunt,
Privations deep and wasting toil ;
While tangled locks, already grey,
Half veil'd her eyes of burning ray ;
And o'er her spare and shrunken form,
All us'd to brave the sun and storm,
Hung tatter'd skins, imbrown'd with soil.
And when the sad procession clos'd,
And, left at rest, the chief repos'd
On mats beneath the off'rings spread ;
Equa, alone, with mournful tread,
Kept up the dance, which one must ply,
While *med'cine men* their skill shall try,
By charmed simple, prayer and song,
Life's fleeting moments to prolong.

But all in vain the fever'd lip
Is made the charmed draught to sip,
And vain the magic rites begin,
With wild grimace and uncouth sound,
Confus'dly floating 'round and 'round,
While drum and gourd increase the din.
The pallid brow grows paler still,
From limb to limb steals on the chill,
 And strikes the heart at last,
When lapsing cheek, and sinking throe,
And fix'd, cold look, all plainly show
 That fleeting life has past.

 The fruitless rite now died away,
Repress'd by death's appalling sway,
And Equa o'er the senseless clay
 In fast unbroken hung,
While three bright suns their lustre shed,
And night as oft bedew'd the dead ;
And thus, while 'round the Wyndots' stood
Watching the scene in solemn mood,
 Her lamentation sung.

 ' The warrior's plume lies low,
That led the Wyndot tribe in fight.

Who now can draw that bow,
Whose arrow mock'd the bird in flight ?

‘ The Mingo dart that gave
The fatal wound, from ambush came ;
For where was foe so brave,
That dar'd to meet his eye of flame ?

‘ The bones of Wyndot's slain
Had not been whit'ning now, like snow,
On distant Mingo plain,
If Tarhee's plume had not lain low.’

Now ceas'd awhile the mournful strain
When loftier feelings wak'd her breast,
And, rising on the ear again,
The requiem thus the dead address'd

‘ We 'll lay thee on the scaffold high,
That, mould'ring 'neath the day's bright eye,
Thy form may mix with earth and sky,
All, save thy bones of lofty mould ;
These, should another chief be given
To lead us back whence we were driven,
Shall rest beneath familiar heaven,
Where rest thy warlike sires of old.

‘ Another chief ? Yes, Sannillac !
A second Tarhee— shall come back,
And, guiding o’er the well-known track,
Shall give us each remember’d plain ;
For, ere the moon, which, late a spark,
Now brightly gilds the shadows dark,
Shall fade again,— in bounding bark
Will Sannillac return again.

‘ So says the chief with eye-sight dim.
But woe and pains and death to him,
If, when the moon shows faintest rim,
No bark shall bring the wand’rer home.
Bound fast thy wasting form beneath,
His face shall catch the drip of death,
Till slowly fails the smother’d breath,
And Strendoo meets the murd’rer’s doom.*

‘ And woe to her whose fawn-like grace,
And dark bright eye and bounding pacc,
Have charm’d the pride of Wyndot race,

* The severity of Indian justice, often exhibits itself in the most cruel devices. The mode of punishing a murderer, alluded to in the text, is common among tribes which expose their dead upon scaffolds.

And sent him o'er the distant wave.
When Strendoo 'neath the scaffold lies,
Wona shall watch his agonies,
And when at last his spirit flies,
She, too, shall share his fate and grave.'

The requiem thus in anger died,
While kindling looks, from side to side,
Too plainly spoke that Wyndots' stood
All free to shed the victim's blood.—
At length the chief was laid at rest
On scaffold high, profusely dress'd
With implements of peace and war,—
All that could aid his journey far,
And fit his arm the chase to lead,
Or wage new wars, among the dead.

Each coming day, with aching sight,
Equa look'd out from lofty height,
To see if bark were moving there ;
And watch'd each coming eve the moon,
Whose fast decreasing orb would soon
Confirm her hopes, or dark despair.
And Wona too, from hidden dell,
As constant watch'd the distant swell,

And oft mistook, with tearful joy,
For bounding bark, or paddle's play,
Some flitting shade, or lifted spray,
Which the next moment would destroy.
And when each night she saw go down
The waning moon, with dark'ning frown,
And knew full well what awful doom
Hung on its hour of final gloom ;
It was not fear of threat'ning fate
That might herself so soon await,
Which bow'd her head in anguish low,—
But lest the youth had fall'n in war,
Whom love for her had led afar,
'To brave the risks of wave and foe :
And struck with woe, that she (though all
Unwillingly) had caus'd his fall,
She saw unmov'd the day draw nigh,
That doom'd her remnant race to die.

Too soon the rapid moments flew,
That still some gleam of hope withdrew ;
And night at last its shadows spread,
When ev'ry star its lustre shed,
But not a ling'ring ray was seen,
To show where late the moon had been.

By mingled grief and rage urg'd on,
Equa now loudly wail'd her son,
Now louder claim'd atoning blood,
Till ev'ry Wyndot caught the fire,
And, prompt to aid her dark desire,
Rush'd forth in deep revengeful mood.

The destin'd victim soon was found —
The island chief — who, seiz'd and bound,
With fierce reproach and taunting scorn,
Was quickly 'neath the scaffold borne,
Where, fix'd immovably, his head,
Upturn'd to meet the fest'ring dead,
Should intercept, with loathing lip,
Each drop that from the dead might drip.

Through many a weary day and night,
That brought no mercy in their flight,
Equa look'd on the ling'ring strife
That still upheld the victim's life,
While not a yielding sigh or groan
His famish'd bosom's pang made known,
And scarcely shrunk the stubborn breath
Beneath the smoth'ring fall of death.
Relentless still she watch'd the brow,

As if to catch some transient show
Of treach'rous weakness there betray'd,
That ev'ry throb that rack'd his breast,
By warrior's scorn and woman's jest,
More fierce and deep might still be made.

But one there was, who, nearer still,
Sat by with unconsenting will,
Compell'd to see the anguish'd throe,
That soon her own frail form must know,
And learn how many suns must rise,
Ere the tormented victim dies.
The island maid was seated there,
Bent down to earth in mute despair,
As if to ask the pitying ground
A shelter from the horrors 'round ;
Until at last, amid her grief,
She thus implores the dying chief.

' Strendoo ! if thy spirit still
Linger in that wasted frame,
Break, at last, thy stubborn will,
Which such torments well may tame.

‘ Battles oft thy arm has known ;
Scalps thy wigwam still adorn ;
Fear not, then, lest sigh or groan
Wake the Wyndots’ jestful scorn.

‘ Let one yielding look appear,
And some pitying dart invite ;
Strendoo’s race will never hear
How thy spirit took its flight.

‘ For, save Wona, where will be
One who kindred claims to thee ?
And, when Strendoo’s spirit flies,
Well thou know’st that Wona dies.’

The victim’s wan but rigid brow
No yielding look or sign did show,
And though the clouded eye in vain
Would speak its proud contempt of pain,
And vain the stifled voice would strive
The warrior’s dying taunt to give ;
Yet all his stern demeanor spoke,
That Strendoo’s spirit was not broke.
But failing nature soon betray’d
What deep encroachments death had made ;

And, when the silent bosom told
That life had loos'd its last, strong hold,
And left the wasted form at rest,—
The parting soul, which fancy's eye
Saw as it wing'd its way on high,
The hapless maiden thus address'd —

‘ Spirit ! wing thy lofty way ;
Earth no longer binds thee here ;
Leave behind the senseless clay,
Which no torments now can fear.

‘ Would that warriors yet to come,
Strendoo's stubborn death might know ;
But, when Wona's voice is dumb,
Who will speak but faithless foe ?

‘ Spirit ! when in brighter isle,
Thou shalt meet again thy kind,
Say, that but a fleeting while
Wona lingers here behind.

‘ And, if he who dar'd to brave
Foes and death for Wona's love,—

Lost in fight, or on the wave—
Meet thee in that isle above ;

‘ Say that torments soon will close
Wona’s life of many woes ;
When their souls, releas’d from pain,
Join’d in death, may love again.’

Equa, whose heart more vengeful grew,
As life its last slow breathings drew ;
Who saw, with disappointed ire,
The stern, unbending chief expire,
And not a writhing show its trace,
To mark when death swept o’er his face ;
Long ere the parting warmth had fled,
Which lingers ’round the stiff’ning dead,
Impatient tore the bands away,
That still bound down the passive clay ;
And, as aside the corse was laid,
Thus taunting spoke the victim maid :—

‘ The lofty tree could not be bow’d ;
And Strendoo’s spirit, stern and proud,
Has made our torments vain :
But slender twig will bend and break ;

And Wona's spirit, young and weak,
Will soon cry out with pain.

'The warrior's breast can hunger bear,
As trees still proudly wave in air,
 Though earth be parch'd and dry ;
But maiden's breast in hunger sinks,
As slender sapling droops and shrinks,
 When show'rs desert the sky.

'The warrior's nerve is like his bow,
And long can stifle groan and throe,
 That deep the breast may swell ;
But when the maiden's bosom bleeds,
Her nerves will break like brittle reeds,
 And all her anguish tell.'

The vacant stake now ready stood,
As thirsting still for victim's blood,
When Equa seiz'd the island maid.
'Spirit of Sannillac !' she cried,
'The warrior mock'd us in his pride ;
No groan of his thy death repaid.
But feebler victim now we bring,
Whose bosom ev'ry pang will wring,

And loud and bitter wailings wake.
The dead shall hear the cry of woe,
And, pleas'd that vengeance strikes the blow,
Be hov'ring 'round the fatal stake.

‘Come, then, thou maiden last and lone,
The island race, before thee gone,
Awaits thy coming 'yond the grave.
In vain thy gaze is up the slope ;
The lofty peak sends down no hope,
For where is arm thy life to save ?’

‘Here !’ cried a voice, that, fierce and loud,
From higher grounds, broke o'er the crowd ;
And, ere a Wyndot tongue could tell
From whom the startling accents fell,
The youthful chief, amid the fright,
Rush'd in and stay'd the horrid rite.

PART III.

THE scene had chang'd ; and through the isle
Unclouded joy now shed its smile,
Where frowning cruelty so late
Had watch'd o'er Strendoo's awful fate.
And she whose head had bow'd in gloom,
To meet the same vindictive doom ;
Whose life had just been snatch'd from death —
Like drifting leaf, that, as it sweeps
Downward to where the torrent leaps,
By some kind eddy, circling wide,
Is haply caught, and turn'd aside,
Just ere it sinks in gulf beneath ;—
Now heard the Wyndot youth repeat
His tale of love, made doubly sweet
By perils past ; and heard him claim
The boon, which, like a guiding star,

Had led him o'er the waves afar,
And lighted up the field of fame.

The heart of maid in wild that roves,
Unknown to guile, all freely loves ;
Its feelings, like the thousand flow'rs
That bloom unbid in forest bow'rs,
Spontaneous spring, and rise to view,
Nor vainly may a warrior sue.
And Wona's heart that had been won,
Ere waves were cross'd, or perils run ;
Which had not ask'd that more renown
The Wyndot's youthful brows should crown ;
Now hail'd with joy — when stars above
Look'd down again on torch of love,—
The happy signal, bringing back
Life, love, and all, in Sannillac.

In forest life, the simple rite
That bids consenting hearts unite,
And forms the wedded pair,
Though priest nor service solemnize,
Yet holy Nature seals the ties,
And leaves her impress there.
The orphan maid her wigwam left,

Which now, of all its race bereft,
Had lost the charm of early years ;
And, as a rill, whose source has dried,
When woo'd to some full stream aside,
All gladly joins, and disappears,—
So Wona, led by gentle hand
To Wyndot fires, whose bright'ning rays
Chas'd off the gloom of darker days,
Soon lost the trace of Strendoo's band.

Meanwhile the tribe prepares the ground,
Where dance and tale, in grateful round,
Each Wyndot's heart with joy shall wake,
That he, whose life, by perils tost,
And mourn'd awhile as sunk and lost,
Had 'scap'd the risks of foe and lake.
A post within the centre stood,
Familiar oft with tales of blood,
Which war-club never strikes in vain ;
For he whose stroke shall wake the sound
That echo sends from woods around,
Must boast of foes in battle slain.

First 'mid the circling crowd arose
Keelswa, whose life of many snows,

Mark'd by vicissitude and war,
Had left behind deep maim and scar,
Proofs of adventure wild and brave,
In many a land, o'er many a wave.
The brawny limb and spreading breast,
Which furry robe had seldom press'd,
Bespoke the power alike to bear,
Or chilling blast, or sultry air.
The scalp of buffalo, as torn
From off the bull, with mane and horn,
In savage wildness deck'd his brow,
And on his shoulders sunk below,
While serpent eyes, with flashes keen,
Through the rude veil by fits were seen.
Within his nervous grasp was held
A club, that many a foe had fell'd,
Deep stain'd with blood, that show'd what pow'r
Had urg'd its stroke in battle hour.

The rattling gourd and drum's deep stroke
Now all the lusty dancer woke,
Who, cowering low, soon 'gan to beat
The yielding turf with firm-set feet.
His massy club, twirl'd here and there
Like slender twig, danc'd through the air ;

Now glancing by, with threat'ning blow,
Some warrior's unperturbed brow ;
Now struck in seeming rage on earth,
As if some foe had sprung to birth,
And there, as oft in real fight,
Had sunk beneath his weapon's might.
Anon, like buffalo at bay,
When storm of arrows hem his way,
He pauses, as in gathering rage,
And doubtful where the fight to wage,
Till stung with wounds, he gives a spring,
And seems to burst the serried ring.

Thus, through a dance, which iron strength
Alone could stretch to such a length,
In crouching posture still maintain'd,
With ev'ry muscle brac'd and strain'd,
Keelswa mov'd 'round and 'round untir'd ;
Till circling near the central post,
(Which seem'd to wake the warrior's boast,)
At once the far-resounding stroke,
With prelude loud, each ear awoke,
And thus the forest tale inspir'd.

‘ A wanderer far from Wyndot fires,
From graves where long had slept my sires,
By love of wild adventure led,
I stay’d at last my weary oar,
’Mong wigwams on the lofty shore,
Where the *Great Lake* opes wide its sluice,
And lets a thousand waters loose,
That through a thousand regions spread.

‘ The stranger warrior found a mat
In ev’ry wigwam, where he sat
Like one who long had eaten there ;
Nor tongue did ask what distant sky
Had seen the lofty eagle fly,
Whose plume was waving in my hair.

‘ I join’d their barks that often went
Where, down its sloping channel sent,
The stream rush’d wildly from above ;
And where, beneath the eddying foam,
The finny race find restless home,
And ’round like glist’ning arrows move.

‘ I boldly dar’d the raging sweep,
And, hurried on o’er whirl and leap,

With steady eye that saw each rock,
And steady oar that shunn'd each shock,
All in a breath flew swiftly down ;
Or, where the calmer eddies play'd,
A moment on the wing delay'd,
While some bright victim, gliding near,
Might feel the never-erring spear,
And in the bark be thrown.

‘ The tribe oft saw my footsteps turn, .
When stars alone their fires did burn,
To where Neméka slumb’ring lay ;
Well pleas’d they saw — save one, who long
Had woo’d the maid with torch and song,
And found no smile his love repay.

‘ When he beheld the stranger’s plume
Steal onward through the starry gloom,
And in her wigwam disappear ;
With ambush’d dart he ready stood
To drink the daring stranger’s blood,
When, happy in Neméka’s smile,
And thoughtless all of rival’s guile,
His parting step should warn the ear.

‘ But maiden’s sense, at love’s alarm,
Is quick to catch the sound of harm,
And well Neméka knew what eyes
Were watching then ’neath midnight skies,
By jealous hatred kept awake ;
And long the parting hour she stay’d,
And still by some kind word delay’d,
Till, rous’d by hint of rival’s hate,
And darts that on my path might wait,
I bade her dry each anxious tear,
For ambush wak’d in him no fear,
Whose art could all its meshes break.

‘ I left the lodge, when, stooping low,
With club uprais’d in wily show,
On which a warrior’s plume did play,
The ambush’d dart, that sought my path,
Bore all too high its erring wrath,
And in the weapon found a stay.

‘ The feather, pointing back, betray’d
Where vengeance lurk’d within the shade,
And in a moment Keelswa’s stroke
Through thicket-guard and shelter broke,
And laid the skulking warrior low.

Neméka heard his dying groan ;
And would not let me fly alone.
We sought the lake, and, in a bark,
Sped swiftly onward through the dark,
Till, looking back in morn's bright eye,
We saw beneath the glowing sky,
That quick pursuit began to show.

“Speed on,” Neméka cried, “not e'en
A breath upon the lake is seen ;
And while the winds sleep in their caves,
Our bark may skim the quiet waves,
And reach those isles, where, ever bright,
The sacred fire sends up its light,
And shows each frightful peril past ;
For know, young warrior, never oar
May venture by this lofty shore,
Where through the long and weary day,
We look in vain for nook or bay,
When clouds send up their warning blast.”

‘ Thus urg'd, I plied the oar anew,
And onward still more swiftly flew,
And soon beneath those heights was driv'n

Where rocks, up-pil'd, as if to heaven,*
On Keelswa's fragile bark look'd down ;
While caves below, whose yawning sweep,
Let far within the moaning deep,
Darken'd our way with threat'ning frown.

‘ But though we toil'd, as life to save,
And like a bird skimm'd o'er the wave,
Yet faster still pursuers came ;
For ev'ry bark was swept along
By many a hand, well skill'd and strong,
Whose ever glancing paddles spoke
How quickly fell each nervous stroke,
And all how soon the less'ning space,
That still kept back the eager chase,
Would bring it on the weary game.

* The ‘ Pictured Rocks,’ on the south side of Lake Superior, are about twelve miles in length, and guard the shore like a stupendous wall throughout that extent, prohibiting all approach, and rendering it highly perilous to pass by them, except during a calm, which is always liable to be disturbed by a storm before the transit can be made. At the base, upon a level with the water, there are many large and deep openings, which look like the ‘ Chambers of Death,’ and often prove to be such. There is a tradition among the Indians, of a miraculous escape, like that described in the text.

‘Pursuers now, like those who fled,
Along the steeps unheeding sped,
Nor saw, till o’er the distant flood,
Dark clouds look’d up in angry mood,
That coming winds were on the lake,
And ’gan the sleeping waves to wake.
And white crests soon were seen to play,
Dancing across our troubled way,
As if to check our course,
Till all in vain we strain’d each limb
The fast succeeding swells to climb,
Which seem’d to mock our force.

‘I saw Neméka’s shrinking eye
Fix’d on the beetling rocks hard by,
And turn’d to follow back our path ;
For what was now pursuers’ wrath ?—
With desp’rate strength we striv’d to keep
Our slanting course from off the steep,
But vain was human might and skill :
Each moment drove us nearer still.
And soon we saw, beneath the height,
Neméka’s band, now lost to sight,
Now wildly sent, a helpless prey,

Where waves went up in frightful play,
As if to hang each foaming crest
High on the rocks' o'ertopping breast.

‘ Our dizzy eyes beheld no more ;
For hurried on, 'mid deaf'ning roar,
We reel'd a moment, rack'd and toss'd,
Where waves on waves confus'dly cross'd,
Then, borne by lifted surge on high,
We seem'd to seek the upper sky—

The rest was all a dream.

Methinks while yet aloft we hung,
Neméka from the bark was flung,
And sunk with stifled scream ;
While I was hurried down again,
Mayhap drawn headlong in its train,
Till, met by some returning wave,
That broke beneath on yawning cave,
The inward current seiz'd its prey,
And bore us far from light of day,

Through windings dark and dread.

The clashing drift, with angry shock,
Was soon beat back by closing rock,
When Keelswa's reason fled.

‘ If in the breast the spirit dies,
Or there a time all senseless lies,
And leaves the form, like earth’s cold clay,
In seeming death awhile to lay,—
We wake again, nor know how oft
The light of day has been aloft,
Nor whether nights have gone their round ;
Then ask not Keelswa’s tongue to tell
What mornings rose, or evenings fell,
While yet, as in his silent grave,
He rested where the rushing wave
Had thrown him in the dark profound.

‘ I slowly rous’d to living breath,
With grasp still firm, as clench’d in death,
Around the bark’s unyielding brace.
The lifted wave its prey had left
Where crumbling rocks, or worn, or cleft,
Had oped a shelving place.

‘ The winds that late had swept me in,
Amid the dashing water’s din,
Now scarcely seem’d to breathe ;
For not a murmur’ring sound was heard,
Where late a thousand echoes stirr’d,
Save when the swell — which told the ear

That still the lake was rolling near —
Came winding in with scarce the force
To keep it on its darkling course,
And gently broke beneath.

‘ I slowly rais’d my aching head,
And left my moist and rocky bed ;
Nor need I say how soon my bark
Was floating on the waters dark,
And groping back its way ;
Nor how the glimpse of sunny skies
Again burst on my dazzled eyes,
And led me forth to day.’

The tale was done — and, at its close
The aged Machi-Wetah rose,
A jongleur vers’d in forest lore ;
Whose wild traditions spoke of times,
When earth oft chang’d its face and climes,
And waters knew nor bound nor shore.
No plume hung o’er his wrinkled brow,
No club his trembling hand did show,
Nor wak’d his eye, ’till kindling thought
A glowing inspiration wrought,
When through the whole decrepit man
An energetic frenzy ran.

‘ My tale goes back to days of old.
The plains had then one hunter bold,
And evil spirits held the lake.
A wolf was then the hunter’s child :
Together through the desert wild
They roam’d, the flying game to take.

‘ The stormy blast was driving now,
The earth was white with glist’ning snow,
And waves, that might have swell’d on high,
Bound down, beneath the ice did lie.
The hunter and the wolf were near
The shining lake, when startled deer
Rush’d wildly on the icy plain :
The hunter’s dart twang’d forth to wound,
The wolf went off with winged bound ;
But dart and wolf pursued in vain.

‘ The hunter watch’d them as they flew ;
But neither wolf nor hunter knew
What treach’rous guile led on the way,
Till ’neath the wolf, the prison’d lake,
Uplifting, oped a sudden break,
And closed as sudden on its prey ;
While what had seem’d the flying game,

At once the polish'd ice became,
Which all again unbroken lay.

‘ The hunter now was left alone.
The plains and mountains heard his moan,
And pitying birds look'd on his grief.
At last an eagle, soaring by,
In kindness droop'd its wing from high,
And whisper'd in his ear relief.

‘ He bade him seek the water's side,
And there in closest ambush hide,
Till summer's bright and sultry waves
Should lure the spirits from their caves,
To revel in the sunny air ;
And then, when stretch'd in quiet rest
Upon the water's shining breast,
To pierce them with his arrows there.

‘ The hunter watch'd through light and gloom,
Till earth threw off its robe of snow,
And plains look'd up in green and bloom,
And streams again began to flow.
'T was then, when led by warmth that came
Down from the day's enkindling flame,

To leave their darkling caves beneath,
The evil spirits rose to view,
And, sporting on the surface blue,
Began their thousand forms to wreath.

‘ In wary mood they shoreward drew,
And ’round suspicious glances threw,
As catching glimpse of hostile arm ;
When, fill’d with dread, the hunter pray’d
Kind Manitoo to lend his aid,
And shield him from the threat’ning harm.

‘ At once the hunter’s form outspread,
With trunk below, and branching head,
Like sapling rooted deep in earth.
The spirits saw with jealous eyes
The tree in leafy beauty rise,
And wonder’d at its sudden birth.

‘ A seeming beaver soon came out,
And, circling oft the tree about,
As often gnaw’d its bark around.
The hunter felt the cruel smart,
And groan’d within his prison’d heart,
But let no leaf betray a sound.

‘ Soon forth a seeming serpent roll’d,
And, stretching out full many a fold,
Around the tree coil’d half its length,
And pull’d with all a spirit’s strength.
The hunter felt the painful rack,
As root on root began to crack,
Like limbs or sinews giving way,
But let no plaint or moan betray
That through each root ran living blood,
And gave its life to all the wood.

‘ At last, as spent with fruitless toil,
The wearied serpent loos’d its coil,
And, with the beaver, sunk to rest ;
Close watch’d by eyes in foliage hid,
To see whene’er the heavy lid
Should tell that careless slumbers press’d : —

‘ When listless form and breathings slow,
The spell of sleep began to show,
And all unguarded ’neath his shade,
The hunter saw the spirits laid,
At once each branch a bow became,
And downward flew an arrowy storm,
That pierc’d an hundred times each form,
Outstretch’d beneath its deadly aim.

‘ One hideous groan, that seem’d to wake
An answ’ring cry from all the lake,
From both the writhing victims rose ;
When beaver’s form and serpent’s train,
Stiff’ning in death, lay on the plain,
And all again was deep repose.

‘ The tree now sunk, — and on the shore
The lonely hunter stood once more,
And look’d in triumph on the dead.
But quick the exultation pass’d,
For soon the waters swelling fast,
 Began to leave their bed,
And rolling on with deaf’ning sound,
O’erleap’d the shore and spread around,
 While fast the hunter fled.

‘ He sought the hills in breathless haste ;
But still the wild and foaming waste
Came sweeping on his flying trace.
He sought the mountain’s lifted height,
And ended there his desp’rate flight,
For earth sent up no higher place.

‘ But soon the ever-climbing flood
Upon the highest summit stood,
And dash’d against his shrinking foot ;
When, lo ! a tree, with sudden shoot,
Stretch’d up with trunk and branch in air,
As if to give him shelter there.

‘ He grasp’d the trunk, and, mounting high,
Sought shelter in the upper sky.
But all in vain : — the rising wave,
First trunk, then lofty branch, did lave,
Till scarce a leaf its form betray’d.
In deep despair the hunter saw
The last remains of earth withdraw,
And ask’d the Manitoo for aid ;
When, rising from the depths beneath,
Some animals came up to breathe,
And see if yet the floods were stay’d.

‘ He call’d on those whose home is found
Both in the wave and on the ground, —
Seeming a double life to bear,
To dive within the deep again,
And, seeking buried hill or plain,
Bring up some sign of surface there.

‘ At once the ready beaver dove,
And downward through the waters strove,
But sunk, exhausted with the toil ;
When, in his train, with oary sweep,
The otter darted down the deep
And reach’d at last the drowned soil.

‘ The hunter watch’d each heaving swell,
That now upon his shoulders fell,
And oft against his chin would rise ;
When, floating on the circling wave,
As just come up from earth’s deep grave,
The otter met his joyful eyes.

‘ He quickly seiz’d his webbed hand,
And finding there some trace of land,
Took off each dust, with anxious care,
And dried it in the sunny air,
Then blew them on the surface round.
At once the humbled waters fled,
And shrunk within their former bed,
While hills uprose and plains outspread,
And earth again its broad dimensions found.’

The aged Jongleur clos’d his strain,
And slowly sunk to earth again.

We need not ask how forest lore
Has gather'd up its ample store
Of wild traditions, that would seem
To catch from darkest times a gleam,
And bring down glimpse from ages far,
When land and flood wag'd mighty war.
But true it is ; — no pilgrim's trace,
Though stretch'd to earth's remotest race,
Has met with tribe, however rude,
And wild and deep its solitude,
That has not show'd by song or tale,
How time-worn eras still prevail,
Though oral song and tale alone
Have sent them down from sire to son.

Nor may we underrate the power,
That, tasking oft the storied hour,
Preserves by aid of list'ning ears,
The shadowy trace of countless years.
Each feast awakes the aged tongue,
When elder times, or said or sung,
Are made the oft repeated strain ;
While younger ears imbibe the tale,
And, as the hoary fathers fail,
With gifted minds prolong the chain.

Dacotah now the ear demands.
A warrior he from distant lands,
Whose vent'rous bark, with weary oar,
Had lately struck the island shore.
His form was high, his front was bold,
Though age and toil, and seeming care,
Had left their deep impressions there ;
And thus his mournful tale was told.

‘ Know ye the stream which winds its way
Through lands beneath the western day —
The mighty stream ! — whose springs are lost
High in the plains of ice and frost —
Whose current ever downward runs,
’Till hid beneath earth’s brightest suns.
Dacotah’s tribe is on that stream,
Where, swell’d by waves from ev’ry side,
Sent in by prairies far and wide,
The Mississippi takes its leap
All glittering down the northern steep,
Like lofty wall of foam and gleam.

‘ Dacotah had a wife and child.
No prouder warrior rov’d the wild.
His arm was strong, his dart was true,
The foeman well his valor knew ;

And when call'd forth with ready bow,
To chase the herding buffalo,
That stretch, in never-ending train,
Across the bald and boundless plain ;
Or when, in fishing moons, he went
To watch the water's broad descent ;
His wife was ever in his track,
With child and wigwam on her back,
In patient love and duty strong,
Though paths were rough and ways were long.

‘ Dacotah's wigwam now had stood
Through many moons beside the flood,
That, floating 'round, his spear might mark
Its victims glancing 'neath his bark,
When to his fire a stranger came.
His step was firm, his form was high,
And lightnings wak'd his lofty eye,
When mem'ry dwelt on fields of fame.

‘ The stranger's head had known no blight,
For snows of youth are few and light.
So too, Dacotah's wife — a flower
That yet had known no with'ring hour.
Not so Dacotah — *he* had seen

The changeful earth look white and green,
Till wrinkles gath'ring up his brow,
Show'd signs of many a blighting snow.

‘The rounded moon its light that gave,
When first the stranger left the wave,
And sought Dacotah's friendly smoke,
Had now grown old and pass'd away ;
Yet still the stranger's lengthen'd stay,
No fears, nor dark suspicion woke.

‘But trouble, like the ambush'd dart,
No boding lends to warn the heart.
Dacotah's bark was now afar,
The dark'ning night and bright'ning star,
Still found him floating down the stream,
Each moment sending on his gaze,
To catch the bright familiar blaze,
Which, soon as shadows hid each trace,
That told by day the well known place,
Was wont to lend its guiding beam.

‘But vainly now he pierc'd the shade.
No glimmer on the shadows play'd, —
The current, shore, and all was dark ;

And soon he found the stranger gone,
That wife and child and all had flown —
All in the treach'rous stranger's bark.

‘Dacotah now, in mute despair,
Stood o'er the dying embers there,
And strew'd them on his head.
But vengeance soon new thoughts awoke;
And down the stream with lightning stroke,
He follow'd those who fled.

‘Day rose again. But night and day
Oft shifted o'er his lengthen'd way,
As, now misled by floating bird,
And now by fish the wave that stirr'd,
And in the hazy distance wore
A fleeting look of bark or oar,
He hurried on his downward course;
Till morn, at length, with friendly light,
Betray'd the treach'rous pair in flight,
Urg'd on with never-flagging force.

‘But mighty power from madness springs :
Dacotah flew with eagle wings,
And fast gain'd on the pair.

But, ah ! too soon his rushing speed
Was check'd by stranger's cruel deed ;
Who seiz'd the child, ere mother's arm
Could turn aside the threat'ning harm,
And hurl'd it in the air.

‘ The frantic mother gave a leap
To save her infant from the deep,
And both went down in close embrace.
The rising bubbles mark'd their grave,
And ripples spread o'er all the wave ;
But soon the ruffled surface slept,
And on again the current swept,
As if no death had mark'd the place.

‘ Dacotah long bent o'er the stream,
And follow'd down each glancing beam
That lighted up its shadowy bed ;
But though the fishes, quiv'ring nigh,
Oft wak'd with hope the cheated eye,
Yet still Dacotah watch'd in vain ;
Nor wife nor child arose again —
The heavy wave kept down the dead.

‘I need not say what fruitless trace
Thus far has led me on the chase,
Pursuing still the stranger’s path ;
But ne’er again Dacotah’s eyes
May rest on plains where day-light dies.
And ne’er again Dacotah’s hand
May feel the grasp of kindred band,
Till he has paid the debt of wrath.’

Soon as the pitying murmur died,
That met the ear from ev’ry side,
As clos’d the injured warrior’s tale,
The youthful Sannillac arose,
Fresh from the field of hated foes ;
And, as he gave the signal sound,
Responsive echoes wak’d around,
And bade the spoil-crown’d victor hail
The trophy, through privations sought —
By lengthen’d toils and perils bought —
The Mingo scalp — hung on his breast,
With various dyes and feathers dress’d ;
And on his back — the spoil of foe —
Hung down the Mingo club and bow ;
While thus to list’ning crowds, he gave
His proud adventures o’er the wave.

‘ Had Sannillac to gain a name ?
Was he unknown to warlike fame ?
The Wyndot tribe will answer, no !
Ere yet this arm had strength to fight,
This heart had all the warrior’s might,
And long’d to strike a Mingo low ;
And when, at last, by Tarhee’s side
I revel’d in the battle’s pride,
What warrior dealt a surer blow ?

‘ But highest peak is lost to eyes
Whose glance is sent from distant skies ;
And proudest deeds may hope in vain
For list’ning ears on distant plain.
No voice had borne across the wave
That Sannillac, though young, was brave,
And oft the desp’rate scout had led.
The island chief, o’er lake afar,
Had caught no sound of Wyndot war,
And bade me, when I talk’d of love,
A warrior’s claim to Wona prove,
By scalp from hateful Mingo’s head.

‘ The blood runs warm in youthful breast ;
And love and vengeance onward press’d.

The warlike hint was scarcely given,
Ere Sannillac was in his bark,
And, plying fast through shadows dark,
Was far, when morn lit up the heaven.

‘The sun oft came and pass’d away,
Ere, nestled close in lonely bay,
My bark had struck the distant land ;
And many a wary march was made,
Like stealthy wolf, through light and shade,
Ere glimpses rose of Mingo band.

‘In coverts close I watch’d around,
Forever near their wigwams found,
Ready to give the fatal wound
To warrior who might stray apart ;
But weary days and nights went by,
Ere fortune sent a victim nigh,
To meet the ambush’d Wyndot’s dart.

‘At last, led forth by wand’ring mood,
A warrior loiter’d near the wood
Where, like a coil’d-up snake, I lay.
With careless step he onward came,
Nor thought of foe or deadly aim,

Till, all too late, the twanging bow,
Deep hid in shade of thickets low,
Gave sign that death was on its way.

‘ With piercing whoop the Mingo fell,
Which far around his fate did tell,
And ere this hand could seize its prize —
The wish’d-for scalp — approaching cries
Bespoke a rush of warriors near.
The single arm with wile is strong,
But does not dare the gather’d throng, —
I shrunk away, though not from fear.

‘ I heard the keen pursuit spread out,
And glimpses caught of many a scout,
That pass’d me in tumultuous din ;
While others, tired of searchings vain,
In wailings gather’d round the slain,
And to the wigwams bore him in.

‘ Think not that, when my bow was bent,
A Wyndot tell-tale dart was sent.
’T was Mingo’s dart — the spoil of times
When Tarhee fought in Mingo climes —
That pierc’d the straggling warrior’s breast ;

And soon the barb of kindred band,
Led dark mistrust to kindred hand,
And thoughts of foe all sunk to rest.

‘ When, kindling ’neath the brow of night,
The wigwam fires sent up their light,
And wail of death rose on the air,
Like noiseless snake that hugs the ground,
I stole along beneath the sound,
More near to note the revels there.

‘ The ruddy blaze chas’d off the shade,
And all the living forms betray’d,
And where the dead in silence lay,
I watch’d ’till fires began to fail,
When slowly sunk the broken wail,
And ere the stars, from highest night,
Had ’gan to turn in downward flight,
No Mingo’s eye look’d on their ray.

‘ More boldly now I ventur’d near,
And, op’ning oft the wary ear,
Still onward mov’d with cautious tread ;
Till, passing through the prostrate crowd,

Whose slumbers spoke in breathings loud,
I stood beside the dreamless dead.

‘ At once, with bended knee, I press’d
The Mingo’s cold unyielding breast,
And from his senseless temples tore
The prize, my dart had won before.
But, as I seiz’d his club and bow,
The fitful fire began to glow,
And cast around a transient gleam,
Which, striking on a warrior’s eye,
Who all uneasy slumber’d nigh,
Shook off his broken dream.

‘ I watch’d him as he slowly rose,
His senses still half lost in doze,
And felt his grasp my ancle bind.
Escape had then been vainly tried ;
So, sinking gently by his side,
Like one whom wakeful thoughts had led
To leave awhile his earthy bed,
I stretch’d me out in slumb’ring guise,
Till sleep again should close his eyes
And lull his startled mind.

‘ His loos’ning grasp soon lost its hold,
When slow and heavy breathings told
That all was calm again.
No plant more stilly springs to birth,
Than Sannillac then rose from earth.
The sleeping Mingoës caught no sound,
As striding on, with deer-like bound,
I sought the outer plain.

‘ But what can dog’s keen senses charm,
That rouse at slightest breath of harm ?
No growl had met my coming in,
For scarcely then had sunk the din,
Which long had mark’d the wail of blood.
But now the quiet hour had come,
When nought was heard, save drowsy hum,
That rose from wigwams, plain, and wood.

‘ My step, which scarce the herbage stirr’d,
The ever restless watch-dog heard,
And rais’d his head in growling wrath.
’T was vain I striv’d, by slacken’d pace
To wear the look of friendly race ;
His eye look’d through the shadows dark,

And soon his growl became a bark,
As, with a bound, he cross'd my path.

‘ I hurl'd my club against his head,
And in an instant laid him dead.
But all in vain, for not an eye
Was sleeping now, and bark and cry
Through all the troubled wigwams rang.
I fain would bear my club away,
Whose form might Wyndot race betray,
But death was gath'ring fast behind,
And, onward darting like the wind,
I left afar the deaf'ning clang.

‘ Did thirst or hunger stay my feet?
Or rest delay my fast retreat?
When streams were cross'd, my parched lip
Within the wave made hasty dip ;
And where the dangling berries grew,
I caught a handful as I flew ;
But rested not or day or night,
Till on the lake I stay'd my flight.

‘ The wave soon felt my dashing oar,
And fast I left the hostile shore,

For Mingo darts might yet be near.
And true it was, for while my track
Against the beach still rippled back,
Their whoop struck on my startled ear ;
And, e'er an answering echo rose,
A shower of death, from bended bows,
Burst on my fleet career.

‘ The darts came clust’ring o’er my trace,
Like rivals in the eager race,
But did not reach the flying bark.
The bubbling surface as they fell,
The closing flight of each did tell,
All sinking far behind their mark.

‘ I heard their cry of rage and shame,
And heard them shout the Wyndot name,
And say that soon the Mingo’s ire
Would quench again the Wyndot’s fire.—
But night’s deep shade is on the isle, —
Fit time for dark surprise and wile ;
Then let the revels die away,
And each, prepar’d for vengeful foe,
Lie down with ready club and bow,
And wait the coming day.’

The festal hour had now gone by,
And onward mov'd the starry sky,
As hast'ning through its glitt'ring flight,
Ere brighter morn should show its light.
And must we wake the whoop again?
Doth ruthless war forever reign,
The scourge and spoiler of the wild?
Too true it is, that blood and strife
Unsated rule the forest life,
Whose calms are like the halcyon hour,
That ushers in the tempest's power.
Such is the lot of forest child.
If rude tradition's chronicle
The deeds of other times may tell,
The isle, whose scenes — mayhap too long
Have led us on through tale and song —
Has seen whole tribes oft sink in blood,
Whose wigwams once had fill'd its wood.
And where, throughout earth's varying zone,
Which Indian tribes have call'd their own,
Is river, plain, or hill, or dale,
That does not tell its bloody tale?
Nor is it strange that savage mind
In feats of war such charm should find.
What peaceful art, in forest known,

Can give the Indian bright renown?
'T is war alone can raise his name,
And make it theme for song of fame.
In slothful peace his spirit dies,
And all ambitious feeling flies.
The chase is but a skilful sport,
Which youthful rivalry may court ;
But war's proud trophy only gives
The name for which a warrior lives.
Then marvel not that bloody fray
So oft should stain the forest lay.

The Wyndot band now slept profound,
Save sentries fix'd on points around.
Though many a sun its light had shed,
Since Sannillac from Mingoes fled,
Yet far he left them o'er the lake,
With not a bark to trace his wake ;
And still, he thought, new suns must rise,
Ere, all prepar'd for western skies,
Their barks could reach the isle so far,
And bring to Wyndot fires the war.
But rage and shame new promptness gave,
And Mingo barks soon fill'd the wave ;
And now, ere scouts (whose drowsy glance

Had caught too late their still advance,)
Could rouse the isle with whoop and yell,
The Mingoes on the sleepers fell.
But bands of sleep are weak on eyes,
That oft are wak'd by dark surprise ;
And soon the rushing foeman found
That Wyndot arms gave wound for wound.
The fight was short, for, giving way,
The Mingoes seem'd to yield the day.
'T was but a feign'd retreat, for while
The Wyndots follow'd up the guile,
And all unguarded 'round their fires
Left children, wives, and helpless sires,
New foes, led on by him, who late
Had mock'd them with Dacotah's fate,
Fix'd in the treach'rous thickets near,
Rush'd in behind their mad career,
And, sending up a signal whoop,
Fell on the weak and helpless group.
The Wyndots heard the mingled shriek
That echo'd up the island's peak,
And backward turn'd in hasty flight ;
While, closing on their yielding trace,
The Mingoes follow'd down the chase,
And wak'd anew the double fight.

* * * * *

The lofty rocks, like battlement,
Went beetling down, with dread descent,
Beneath the welt'ring scene of blood ;
And seem'd to mock the Wyndot's eye,
That look'd in vain for way to fly,
'Mong crags outstretching o'er the flood.
But *one* there was, who knew full well
Each island, precipice and dell ;
Who up their sides with bounding pace,
Had often scal'd the dizzy trace,
From fissure dark, to jutting head,
Defying less familiar tread ;
And haply now had found a path,
That oped retreat from Mingo's wrath.
And, as the morn, which 'gan to break,
In crescent gleam, o'er isle and lake,
Show'd Wyndot barks already far
From shores where late had wag'd the war, —
The tale may close in fond belief,
That island maid and Wyndot chief,
Were fleeing there to happier shore,
Where Mingo whoop would rise no more.

THUS have we striv'd, with unpretending power,
The Red man's wild vicissitudes to trace;
And though we speak of distant, bygone hour,
Ere white man's ploughshare broke the desert place,
Yet still we find the same primeval race,
Which now, two hundred years or more, has stood,
Repulsing 'bright improvement's' fond embrace,
Unchang'd, unchangeable, in life and mood,
With smokes, as erst, still rising from the boundless wood.

Nor may we wonder that such charm is found
In forest life, where man, like earth, is free ; —
Whose range no limit finds from let or bound,
Save Nature's barrier hill, or stream, or sea.
His wigwam stands beneath the spreading tree,
Or, as he wills, is borne to sunny plain,
Where'er caprice may pleasant dwelling see,
Or chase invite, or war lead on the train,
And lord of all around he seems to hold his reign.

But when the forest sinks, the Red man flies ;
And still he sees the axe, that, like a blast,
Lays down the trees that used to veil the skies,
And o'er his walks a solemn shadow cast.
He sees his once wide regions dwindling fast ;
And, ere another age, his flight may end ;
For he must reach the ocean verge at last.
Then well may those who've seen their smokes ascend,
Though all unus'd to sketch, their faithful pencils lend.

NOTES.

‘——— Let Wyndot tribe prepare
The Med’cine dance.’

Page 53 Part 2d.

IN 1819, when the author was stationed at Prairie du Chein, on the upper Mississippi, which is a place of central resort (being a kind of neutral ground,) for most of the Indian tribes in the region watered by that river and its upper tributaries, he had an opportunity of witnessing a ‘Medicine dance,’ by the Menomonies, of which he made some hasty sketches while the ceremony was fresh in his mind. The following is an extract from them, and exhibits somewhat in detail a custom, to which it was difficult to make more than slight allusions in the text. The author’s *Cicerone* on the occasion, was a veteran Indian agent, who had passed the greater part of a tolerably long life among the savages, and was able to explain many parts of the ceremony, which might otherwise have appeared unmeaning and ridiculous mummerly. With all his explanations, however, it still partook somewhat of that character.

‘On the plain, in the rear of the Lodges, I found an area, about fifty feet long and twenty wide, rudely formed by bushes, which, being stuck in the ground, and half

cut off about four feet from the bottom, were bent down and so interwoven, as to make a thin hedge. At each end was an opening five or six feet wide ; and reed-mats were laid around the inner border. Two upright poles were placed in the centre, in the forks of which another pole was laid across, bearing a blanket, two or three short pieces of calico, a rifle, and some other trifling articles. These, I was told, were the offerings made on the occasion.

‘It should be remarked, that the Medicine Dances have often different objects, being sometimes performed to avert undefined calamities, threatening either a family or a tribe, but more frequently for the cure of some individual, hopelessly sick, and who can afford to pay the price of incantation. The present dance was of the latter description. The subject of it was a young squaw, upon whose case the simple skill of friends had been exhausted in vain, and who now, as a last resort, had made the offering above mentioned, to the *Great Medicine Men* of the tribe, to obtain the intercession of the Manitoo in her behalf.

‘When we reached the spot, the medicine men, about six in number, and most of them leading characters in the tribe, were already seated on the mats in the centre of one side of the area, and vociferating what we were told was a kind of preliminary or propitiatory hymn. The chief of the choir accompanied his voice by beating time on a hollow cylinder, one end of which was tightly covered with a skin, sounding much like a muffled drum. Two others had dry gourds, partly filled with corn, which were rattled in exact time, and with all pos-

sible harmony. — Immediately in the rear of this rude orchestra, without the area, was a small bush-lodge, in which lay the patient, who was in the last stage of a violent fever.

‘In a short time the different families issued from their Lodges, prepared to enter the sacred enclosure, which they approached one at a time, probably according to seniority, or respectability. Each family consisted of from eight to a dozen persons, mostly men. All were dressed, rather decorated (for there was not much dress about the men,) in a gay manner — probably to the extent of their toilet — and each one bore an *otter skin*, or the skin of some other animal, in his hand. These skins, I afterwards found, were the working tools of the craft, the grand instruments of the ceremony.

‘Each family entered the area through the eastern opening, (why, I did not learn,) led by its chief, or patriarch, and passed down to the other end, in front of the medicine men, and such other families as might already have entered and been seated, muttering a kind of salutation, and waving the right hand towards each person, and receiving a similar salutation in return. When arrived at the western opening, a pause was made, and facing towards the east, they sung a hymn. The leader, raising his right arm aloft, and spreading wide his hand, began at the top of his voice, and by gradual cadences, fell to a low and monotonous murmur. The others took up the same note in due succession, being a bar or two behind, and, making the same cadences, by the time the chorus was full, formed what musicians would call a *catch*, rather rude and wild, but not wanting in harmony.

The female voices were particularly striking, being thrown altogether through the nose, and attenuated to the extreme of shrillness. The same music was sung at the eastern opening ; after which, passing along with the usual ceremony of the hand, until opposite a vacant place, each one seated himself in due order on the mat, first waving the hand around the whole circle, and saying what we were told was “ *neeconnuck, neeconnuck, nee-conna,*” and meant a friendly salutation, — though the words probably had something cabalistic in them, as they ended almost everything that was said during the subsequent parts of the ceremony.

‘ After all the families had entered and seated themselves in this manner, the whole assembly (excepting the Medicine men,) about fifty in number, arose, and, forming in the centre of the area, went through a short dance. This being finished, the chief Medicine man got up, and made a sort of harangue, which was spoken with great rapidity and animation. Many of his gestures gave a clue to his meaning, indicating allusions to the heavens, the earth, and the Mississippi. He was followed by two or three others, who appeared to make similar addresses.

‘ These preliminaries ended, the chief Medicine man again arose, and, passing all around, seemed to bless the sedentary circle, his outspread hands being waved over the head of each person ; when he left the area, followed by four young squaws, and went to the lodge of the patient. She was raised upon a blanket, one of these squaws at each corner, and thus, preceded by the Medicine man, borne into the area. A wild and general chorus greeted the procession, while the ashy cheeks and

sunken eyes of the sufferer showed little confidence in the imposing ceremony going on ; the tumult and superstitious terrors of which, seemed more likely to accelerate than retard her dissolution. This sentiment, which could not but be entertained by every spectator, joined to the seeming afflictions of the bearers, and the emphatic gestures of the ancient chief, as he led his mournful train three times around the circle, his arms uplifted, and uttering the most lugubrious sounds, made the scene for a time quite solemn and affecting.

‘ At last the voices sunk, and the patient was placed on a pallet in the centre of the area, made of the presents which had been offered. A coarse sheet, which was raised from her face by a flexible stick arched over her head, sheltered her slightly from the sun. Two of the young squaws who had borne her in, sat down on the ground at her head. One of them appeared to be the chief mourner, or attendant, and took a principal part in all the succeeding ceremony.

‘ Twelve men, including most of the Medicine men, now arose, and placing themselves in a row at the west end of the area, sung a short hymn ; when they moved to the pallet of the patient, and formed a circle around it. Each one then carefully laid his otter skin before him on the border of the pallet, and remained standing, while one of them mixed and administered the medicine which was intended to cooperate in the restoration. This medicine was taken from two or three little bags, containing different colored powders, and embracing probably all the results of forest pharmacology. It was compounded in a clam shell, and administered with apparent

mystery. A second dose was immediately after mixed and administered in like manner, by another Medicine man. Some slight struggles were observable in the patient the last time, and compulsion seemed to be necessary to induce her to take the dose.

‘Soon after this part of the ceremony, the Medicine men, who were attending around the pallet, were all at once seized with violent vomiting. Hanging their heads over their otter skins, which were still lying before them, they retched as if under the operation of a powerful emetic; and to hear their groans — see their hands resting on their knees, their faces flushed, and eyes almost starting from their sockets, one could hardly doubt that such was actually the fact. After much fuss and ado, they were successively relieved, by casting up a small white bone, which fell on the otter skins before them. One or two of them were so long laboring on the bone, that I really thought they would have expired, and felt strongly desirous of giving them some slaps on the back, the usual appliance in such cases. These bones, which one would have supposed to be of considerable magnitude, were about the size of an almond meat. Each one taking up in his hand this evidence of the presence of the Great Spirit, (for so, I was informed, they regarded these little bones,) they all passed around the circle, exhibiting them on the open palm, in an exulting manner, to every eye; while the big tears, which still stood in their eyes, or were coursing down their cheeks, attested the violent exertions the bones had cost them. As soon as the foremost one arrived again near the patient, he suddenly threw this bone into his mouth, and fell on his

hands and knees in a state of convulsion, and groaning most pitiouly. The others swallowed their bones, and fell successively, with similar effects, until the whole were down, and shaking and groaning together. Recovering after a few minutes, they rose, and, taking up their otter skins from the pallet, returned to the west end of the area. While the twelve were thus engaged, the chief Medicine man was employed about the patient, frequently putting his head under the cover, as if in anxious and impatient expectation of some event connected with her disease. At last, he exhibited, with much triumph, a white bone, similar to those which had already played so conspicuous a part. Whether he intended it to be looked upon as having come from himself, or the patient, I could not understand. He forthwith swallowed it, and fell like his comrades.

‘During all this time, the music of voices, of the drum and gourds, had been unintermitting, and the young squaw, who appeared to be chief attendant upon the sick pallet, was constantly dancing at its head. Her movement was a sliding step from side to side, within the space of about eighteen inches, and her eyes were generally filled with tears. There was nothing connected with the ceremony that awakened one’s sensibility more than the sight of this weeping and indefatigable dancer.

‘Soon after the Medicine man had swallowed the ossification of the Great Spirit, which he, perhaps, wished to be believed had come from the patient, he took up his otter skin, and blowing on its head, as if to infuse into it his spiritual ecstacy, he darted it suddenly towards the dancing squaw, with a noise intended to imitate the

escape of wind from confinement, when she was immediately seized with convulsions, and fell according to rule. Recovering in due time, she made a similar infusion into the otter skin with which she was provided, and approaching the leader of the twelve, who was standing with his party at the head of the area, darted it at his face with the like effect, and then returned to her dance at the head of the patient.

‘ Now appeared to begin the grand exorcism upon the poor sick squaw. A mat was held up on each side of the pallet, making a lane sufficiently wide for a person to pass around it, while the attendant squaw knelt at the head, with the sheet held ready in her hand, to lift it from the face of the patient, when the Great Spirit should approach. This spirit was now understood to fill the otter skins of the ossiverous twelve, who stood arranged in single file, prepared to follow the leader around the pallet. Preparatory to this movement, each one held his otter skin, the head by the left hand, the tail by the right, and agitating it so as to represent the sinuous motion of a snake, they all rushed forward, with bodies half bent, feet stamping, eyes glaring, mouth frothing, and making a noise not unlike that of an enraged hog. When the leader approached the pallet, the sheet was raised by the attendant squaw, and he darted his otter skin towards the pallid face of the patient, as if to imbue her with the healing principle with which it was supposed to be charged. The others followed in quick succession, and discharged their skins in like manner, when all calmly returned to their stand at the head of the area. Four times this tumultuous ceremony was repeated, the leader

being changed each time, who was charged with the Spirit, the attendant squaw always acting as a kind of conductor.

‘I could see the face of the patient every time the sheet was raised, and saw that the hand of death was on her. Perhaps she was already too far gone, to be much affected by the terrors which such a scene would naturally excite in a mind debilitated by disease, or to be harassed by the mingled and discordant noises accompanying it; but I could not but imagine, from her wan and shrinking look, each time the boisterous incantation swept by her, that she implored nothing but repose, and had ceased to have any reliance on such inefficacious mockeries. I might, however, have been mistaken; and it is not improbable that she still hoped in their sufficiency, even in the agony of dissolution.

These four experiments upon the patient, seemed to terminate the ceremony in its direct application to her, and she became thenceforth only a secondary object, if she were thought of at all. The twelve who had acted as Medicine men, and a sufficient number of the others within the area, to make a moiety of the assembly, now formed in single file, and moved around the circle, while the other half were standing in their places. The leading person of the moving file darted his otter skin at the first of those who were stationary, and then passed on, while his successors did the same to the others in due order, until one half were prostrate, convulsed and groaning of course. Voices, and the instruments, were sounding in the meantime, with the greatest vehemence. The stationary half now became the moving file, and in its

turn, had the pleasure of seeing the other fall before its blasts.

‘There was much variety in the effects of the otter, and those were deemed the most accomplished in the mystery, who showed the quickest sense of the presence of the Great Spirit, and consequently were the most convulsed, and who groaned the loudest, when it breathed upon them. Some fell very languidly, and seemed to do their parts in rather a slovenly way, seldom falling to the ground, or groaning with any kind of vigor; while others evinced their sensibility and sincerity by uttering a piercing scream, and sinking suddenly and helplessly to the earth, trembling in every limb, as if struck by a palsy. It was, generally, all acting of course, but it was admirably acted, and no stage ever exhibited better specimens of mimic paralysis or agony. I had perceived for some time, that the ceremony was becoming a sport, and fast losing its solemnity; and that a good deal of slyness and covert jocularities was creeping into it. The young Indians took particular delight in darting their otters at the young squaws, who, in return, retorted the joke with much apparent glee, whenever an opportunity occurred: for, it must be understood, that the blasts must be given in strict rotation, and that it was only chance which enabled either sex to dart a puff at a favorite object.

‘After about an hour’s sport of this kind, the ceremony suddenly ceased, and we soon learned that the patient had expired. Nothing could be more abrupt than this conclusion; and I was surprised at the indifference of all at the melancholy event. Not a tear was shed, nor could I

see even a look of sorrow. Even the dancing mourner appeared no longer to grieve, but paid the last offices to one who had cost her so much seeming affliction, and so much fatigue, without any signs of distress or regret.

‘ At the burial, which took place the next day, much the same ceremony was repeated — that is, both in proceeding to the grave, and there, it consisted mostly in the use of the otter skin. There was much more undisguised sport and gaiety at the burial than at the death scene. The approaches of dissolution chastened and kept down for some time the rising exhilaration ; while the slight appearances of solemnity, with which the burial began, were soon lost in the growing sportiveness of the actors. In the present case, there was no restraint as to the persons on whom the *ottering* might be made, and some combinations exhibited themselves which were quite amusing to the spectators. In one instance I observed two young squaws who appeared to have combined against a young Indian, and alternately directed their puffs at him, so that before he could recover from one shock, he was prostrated by another. He could not choose, but tumble each time they gave him a blast, and might have been much longer subjected to such ups and downs, had not some one, either by accident or design, *ottered* one of the conspirators, and given him a chance at retaliation. The earth was very dry, and the trampling soon pulverized its surface, so that the actors exhibited a pretty dusty appearance.

‘ It is said that the probation which fits one for an initiation into the mysteries or rights of this order, are severe, and lasts several months. There were many Indians

employed as the medium of initiatory instruction. Deficient they undoubtedly are, in many terms and expressions to convey intellectual conceptions. Yet, this deficiency is not so great, as might, at first, be imagined. And where it is most apparent, is rather attributable to a state of society and a limited round of wants, which have circumscribed the use of language to sensible objects, than to any radical defects in its principles of regimen and concordance. The use of words in a metaphorical sense, enables them to convey many abstract ideas. Difficulty, fortune, &c, are adequately typified under the representation of a dark cloud, a bright sky, &c. And they experience no embarrassment in discoursing on many objects, not believed by them to possess a material form, such as the Great Spirit, and the whole class of subordinate spirits, and spiritual creations, recognised in the Indian mythology. Analogy furnishes rules, by which such concrete expressions as we translate, he is charitable, he is generous, he is wise — he loves, he thinks, are converted into the abstract substantive forms — charity, generosity, wisdom, love, thought.

It is not our intention to enter into any discussion of the general forms and structure of these languages. We have merely adverted to the topic for the purpose of considering their adaptation to the uses of 'prayer,' referred to, in the context. The Ojibwas, in the ceremonies of the select societies, in which the arts of medicine and ecromancy are taught, without any exact separation of the subjects, use the following address, which we have carefully penned down from the recitation of a chief, who is at once, a *Metay* and a *Wabeno*.

‘ Ne nundahwaindamowau Gezha Monedo tshe pim audjeeid, mahndon taykoonahmaun tshe nojimooshkah-googaun. Kahween neen ningee ozhetoseen. Keen gooshoween, Gitshe Monedo, keegec ozheton mahndon akkee kukkinnah gya minze gaigo. Pezindowishin, showainemishin. I pray to God to save my life, by this token,* and to make it efficacious for my cure. It is not I, who have made it. It is thou, Great Spirit, who hast made this world, and all things. Listen to me, and show me charity.’ While this address is making, the dancers stop, the drum and rattles cease, and all evince a deep and silent attention; and when the address is concluded, the whole assembly responds the words, *gun-nahgaikunnah*; so be it.

The following is a translation of the Lord’s prayer. ‘ Wayosemigoyun, geevhikoong aibeyun. Gaitshe gitshe twahwaindahgwuk ke dezhenokahzowin. Ahpaidush nah taibainemeong. Aizhe minwaindamun izzhewaybud ohomau akkeeng gya ishpimming. Meezhishinaum noongum geezhiguk kay meedjeyong. Ahbwayaynemishinaum kah mudjee dodumahngin, gya neenowind aizhe ahbwayaynemungidwau owweeuh kah mudjee dodahweyunjidgin, kaigo kuggway debainemishakahngain. Ikoonamowishenaum kukkinnuh myonau duk. Minze gaigo keen keedebaidahn, neebwakauwin, taibwaywin, mushkowizziwin kukkinnuh keen oonjee muggud. Kaugegaikummig, gunnahgaikunnah.’

Universal father, in heaven dwelling. Greatly revered be thy name. Thy rule be over us. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our food.

* A magical bone, &c.

Forgive us our evil deeds, as we forgive those who have done evil to us. Do not put a trial before us. Put away from us, that which is bad. For thine are all things — wisdom, truth, and strength. Ever. So be it.

It is found, in the Ojibwa language, that although it provides an *inclusive* and an *exclusive* form of the pronoun 'our,' yet neither of these forms can be applied directly to persons. It is only in speaking *of* persons, that they can be employed. The inclusive form of 'our father,' *includes* the person or persons addressed; the exclusive, *excludes* them. By the former, the objective person is understood to be one of the children, brethren of the speaker; by the latter, he is excluded from the number, and is shown to be the child of another father. It must be manifest, that neither of these forms can be used, when the Creator is addressed; neither can they be, or are they ever used, in addressing the father of a family.

The term 'Wayosemigoyun,' translated 'universal father,' avoids these restricted rules, and literally implies the *father of all*. It can only be applied to the author of being. And the existence of the term, among the Ojibwas, may be regarded as a fact curious and interesting in itself. Corresponding terms probably exist in other North American dialects.

Where the *Great Lake* opes wide its sluice,
And lets a thousand waters loose,
That through a thousand regions spread.

Page 76, Part III.

THE voyager, on his entrance into lake Superior, observes upon his left, an elevated point of land, covered with a dense forest upon its eastern slope, but exhibiting a precipitous front of dark rocks towards the west. A narrow wooded plain extends from the base of these natural cliffs to the margin of the lake, and a small island just rising above the water with its rich green foliage, lies at a short distance. To this high and commanding cape, which is reflected in calm weather, with a twofold beauty in the clear mirror of the lake, modern usage has given the name of Iroquois, a French translation, but a very loose one, of Nádowa wéguning, *Place of the bones of the Nadowa*, or Six Nations. A name which recalls to the Chippewa, as he passes the scene, one of the triumphs of his nation over an ancient and implacable enemy.

The event, to which we have referred, is circumstantially preserved among the traditions of the Ojibwas. Impelled to quit their residence upon the St Lawrence, by the infuriate and incessant inroads of the Iroquois, they did not feel an exemption from their ire, even upon the remote banks of the river St Mary and lake Superior. And during their residence at Garden river, war parties of the Iroquois were frequently upon their borders, and carried off several captives.

A man and his wife and two children, having proceeded down the river, on a fishing excursion, were surprised and taken by a war party of Iroquois, in four canoes. After securing the captives, they continued their ascent of the river, following up the middle channel, by which they placed the island of St George between themselves and the Indian town at Garden river, and thus escaped observation. When it was ascertained that the fisherman and his family had been made captives, a council was called. They determined to pursue the enemy, but as a preliminary step, sent scouts to reconnoitre, and in the meantime, they resolved to collect their warriors.

When the scouts reached the vicinity of St Mary's, they landed, under cover of a small cluster of islands, near the upper end of St George, or Sugar island. Following up the banks of the river cautiously, through woods and grass, till they came opposite the site of the old village of St Mary's, they descried the encampment of the Iroquois, who were engaged in the war dance. The Iroquois warriors formed a circle around a pot containing the boiled flesh of the Chippewa prisoners, slowly moving to the beat of the drum. Each warrior held a spear-club before him, and occasionally thrusting it into the pot, took out bits of the flesh. They then shouted with one voice, in a tone of fearless defiance.

When these facts were reported to the council, they resolved to give immediate pursuit, with all their force. They were joined on the way by the band from Misco-tasage, living on the south channel. When they reached St Mary's, they found the Iroquois had pushed on into lake Superior, but so recently, that they could hear their

drums, as they advanced up the river. On reaching *Point aux Pins*, the Iroquois found the wind ahead, and were detained two days. On the third day they attempted the passage, at a late hour, the waves still running high. It was nearly dark when they reached the cape, since called Iroquois, where they encamped. They had time, before night came on, to peel some bark, the weather being overcast.

The Chippewas had narrowly watched all the movements of their enemy. They were led by four chiefs, one of whom was a prophet. They reached *Point aux Pins* a short time after the Iroquois had left it, and a question arose, as to the propriety of following the enemy that evening. The prophet had recourse to his art, and announced, that if a dark cloud arose, and seemed to pursue an irregular, waving course, their enterprise would be crowned with success. What had been easily foretold, in so unsettled a state of the weather, happened; and the whole force inspirited with so favorable an omen, embarked in two divisions. The first division of canoes holding on into the lake, with a view of striking the shore beyond the Nadowa camp; the other keeping directly across the strait, to make the land on this side. Both parties reached the shore in the dark, and undiscovered. They united, and formed a circle around the camp of the Iroquois, and sent forward their scouts to ascertain the situation of the camp. Their enemies were still up, singing their war songs, and beating their drums, in the same confident tone they had evinced at the falls, and unsuspecting of approaching danger.

This being reported, the leaders of the Ojibwas determined to wait till the enemy should go to sleep. The prophet predicted that it would rain before daybreak. It was determined that they should approach the enemy with the utmost caution and silence, and that each tent should be surrounded before an alarm was given. The warriors were directed to lift up the tent poles, and precipitate the tent upon the sleepers, and then to use their clubs in despatching them, as they arose and struggled to get free. No other weapons, but clubs, were to be used.

The plan succeeded according to expectation. They entered the enemy's camp without alarm, and assailing each tent at the same instant, put to death the entire party except two, who were made prisoners, and afterwards released, as the tradition adds, that they might carry the intelligence of the fate of their companions to their presumptuous countrymen. The number killed in this affair has been variously stated.

The heart of maid in wild that roves,
Unknown to guise all freely loves.
Its feelings, like the thousand flowers
That bloom unbid in forest bowers,
Spontaneous spring and rise to view :
Nor vainly may a warrior sue.

Page 72, Part III.

In the following song, the feelings of an Indian girl, enamored of the fame and personal endowments of a

youthful chief, are transferred from the dialect in which they were originally conceived, with as few changes as the idiom of an unwritten, and consequently an unsettled language, rendered indispensable.

My lover is tall and handsome, as the mountain ash,* when red with berries. He is swift in his course as the stately Addick.† His hair is dark and flowing, as the black bird in spring, and his eye, like the eagle's, is piercing and bright.

Bold and fearless is his heart. His arm is strong in the fight, as the hard bow of oak, which he easily bends. His aim is as sure in the battle and chase, as the hawk which ne'er misses his prey.

Then aid me, ye spirits around ! while I sing his praise. My voice shall be heard. It shall ring through the sky. And echo, repeating the name of my chief, shall cause it to spread on the winds. His noble deeds shall be praised through the land, and his name shall be known beyond the lakes.

* *Sorbus Americana*. † The American species of the Reindeer

[The author is indebted to Governor Cass for the note on 'Sacred Fire.' It develops a new and highly interesting fact relative to the Indian customs; exhibiting somewhat more clearly, a link in that shadowy chain, which is supposed to connect the primitive race of the new world with that of the old.]

And reach those isles, where, ever bright,
The sacred fire sends up its light.

Page 79, Part III.

MANY of the peculiar customs, which formerly existed among the Indian tribes, are now preserved only in tradition; of these, one of the most singular was an institution for the preservation of an eternal fire. All the rites and duties connected with it, are yet fresh in the recollection of the Indians; and it was extinguished after the French arrived upon the great lakes.

The prevalence of a similar custom among the nations of the East, from a very early period, is well known to all, who have traced the history and progress of human superstitions. And from them it found its way to Greece, and eventually to Rome. It is not, perhaps, surprising, that the element of fire should be selected as the object of worship, by nations ignorant of the true religion, and seeking safety in that system of polytheism, which declared the manners and morals of the most polished people of antiquity. The affections seem to require something visible and tangible for their support. And this mysterious agent was sufficiently powerful in its effects and striking in its operation, to appear as a

direct emanation of the deity. But there was a uniformity in the mode of worship, and in the principles of its observance, which leave no doubt of the common origin of this belief. The sacred flame was not only regarded as the object of veneration, but its preservation was indissolubly connected with the existence of the state. It was the visible emblem of the public safety. Guarded by chosen ministers, secured by dreadful imprecations and punishments, and made holy by a solemn and imposing ritual. The coincidences which will be found between these observances and opinions, and the ceremonies and belief of the Indians, indicate with sufficient certainty, that their notions upon this subject were brought with them from the Eastern Hemisphere, and were derived from the fruitful Persian stock.

I have not ascertained the existence of this custom among any of the northwestern tribes, except the Chippewas, although I have reason to believe that the Shawnees were devoted to it, and the Chippewas in fact assert, that they received their fire from the latter. But there is such a similarity, and even identity of manners and customs among all the tribes east of the Mississippi, that I have but little doubt, the same institution would be everywhere discovered, if inquiries were prosecuted under favorable circumstances. It is certain, that the Natchez were fire-worshippers, and without giving full credit to all the marvellous tales related of this tribe by the early French travellers, we may yet be satisfied from many concurring accounts, that they were believers in the efficacy of an eternal fire.

The Chippewa tribe formerly inhabited the regions around lake Superior, and its council house and the seat

of the eternal fire, were west of Keeweenau Point. Here lived the principal chief, called the Mutchekewis, who exercised more authority, and assumed more state, than would be compatible with the present feelings of the Indians. The designation was official and not personal, and the office was hereditary in the direct male line. He was supported by voluntary contributions, his Muskinewa, or provider, making known from time to time his necessities, by public proclamation. Whatever was required upon these occasions, whether food or clothing, was immediately furnished. He appears to have been the chief priest, and could neither engage in war nor hunting.

In the village where he resided, and near his cabin, the eternal fire was kept burning. The altar was a kind of rude oven, over which no building was erected. Four guardians were selected by the Mutchekewis to take charge of the fire. Two of these were men, and two women. They were all married; but the wives of the men employed in this service, were required to cook and do the necessary domestic work, while the husbands of the women destined to the sacred duty, were always engaged in hunting, and providing whatever else was wanted. The four persons devoted to the altar, were thus left without any secular cares, to divert their attention from the holy trust committed to them. A perpetual succession was kept up in this priesthood, by a prerogative of the Mutchekewis, and the principal head women; the former selecting a husband and the latter a wife for the survivor, whenever either of these eight persons died. The chain was thus always unbroken, and the traditionary rights transmitted unimpaired. Death

was the penalty for any neglect of duty, and it was inflicted without delay and without mercy.

The council fires were lighted at the great fire, and carried wherever the council was held. After the termination of the business, a portion of it was carefully returned, and the remainder extinguished. Whenever a person became dangerously ill, if near enough, he was taken to the house of the Mutchekewis, where his fire was extinguished, and a brand was brought from the altar, and a fire kindled, at which a feast was prepared. A great dance was then held, and the viands consumed. And it is added that the patient seldom failed to recover.

Once in eight years, the whole Chippewa tribe assembled at their principal village, about the season of the swelling of the buds. Early in the morning the great pipe was lighted at the sacred fire, and delivered to the Mutchekewis. He took one smoke, and then delivered it to the women, and these to the men, by all of whom, it was in like manner smoked. It was then passed to the children. This ceremony consumed the day, and early the next morning, a feast was held, at which the men, and women, and children, ate in separate groups, silently, and without singing, or dancing. In the evening, they departed for their different villages.

This fire was called kaugageeshkoote, or the everlasting fire. The principal male attendant was Kaugegee Keeghik, or the everlasting sun, and his assistant Kana-waudunkshkoote, or the fire keeper. The principal female was called Kaugegee Gaubeewekna, or the everlasting standing woman, and her assistant Kabagaubewekwa, or the woman who stands all the time.

THE original of the following ballad, is a Shawnee tale, taken by Mr C. C. Trowbridge, of Detroit, from one of the Shawnee tribe, through the medium of a competent and faithful interpreter. It is one among many which were collected at the suggestion of Governor Cass. Together they form a curious and valuable specimen of Indian imagination and intellectual invention, and we hope they will one day be given to the public. In the present instance, the version departs from the original only so far as the simple structure of the rhyme required. Whatever of imagery, fanciful personification, or shadowy mythology, it may possess in the form now given to it, belonged to the tale in prose — in which dress, it might, perhaps, have been better left.

WAUPEE, THE WHITE HAWK,

AND THE

STAR WOMAN.

A SHAWNEE TALE.

THE White Hawk lived in woods remote,
From ev'ry wigwam far ;
And, skill'd in chase, 'gainst beast and bird,
Still waged successful war.

One day beyond his wonted track,
In restless mood he stray'd,
Till on his sight a prairie's light
Beneath the foliage play'd.

He turns at once, in joy, aside,
Leaving the shadowy trees,
And, 'mid the prairie's waving grass,
A smooth-beat circle sees.

He saw that there the game of ball
Had left its recent trace ;
But whence were those who there had play'd ?
No path was near the place.

Resolv'd to see the myst'ry through,
He sought an ambush near,
When, faintly from the upper air,
Strange sounds fell on his ear.

He look'd on high, and in the sky
A flutt'ring speck beheld,
Which still, as earthward down it came,
Upon his vision swell'd.

And soon above the prairie ring,
A wicker basket hung,
In which twelve lovely sisters sat,
Who, while descending, sung.

'Star-women' they, who had come down,
As they were wont each day,
Leaving their shining home above,
Awhile on earth to play.

In joyful mood they touch'd the ground,
And 'gan to strike the ball.
Lovely and fair the sisters were —
The youngest more than all.

The White Hawk saw their graceful forms,
As 'round the ring they mov'd,
Well pleas'd with all ; but ah ! it was
The youngest one he lov'd.

Impatient, from his hiding place,
He saw her thousand charms,
And, rushing toward the ring, he thought
To seize her in his arms.

But when the form of earthly man
Burst on the sisters' view,
They leap'd within their wicker car,
And from the earth withdrew.

The White Hawk watch'd them as they rose,
And mourn'd his haste full sore.
'Alas!' he cried, 'these eyes of mine
Will never see her more.'

Returning to his lonely lodge,
He there no comfort found,
And soon was wand'ring back again
To seek the prairie ground.

But now, more prudent grown, he thought
To cheat the sisters' eyes,
And took the low opossum's form,
His presence to disguise.

Not long he waited, for he soon
Beheld the car appear,
While sweetest music, as before,
Grew on his list'ning ear.

And soon he saw the group descend,
The sportive game renew,
While ev'ry light and graceful form
Was open to his view.

He could not long restrain his feet,
But crawl'd within the ring.
The sisters, startled at the sight,
Within their car did spring.

But, looking thence securely down,
The elder sisters said,
' Mayhap 't is come to show us how
The game by earth is play'd.'

' Ah no !' the youngest sister cried ;
' Quick ! let us seek the sky ;'
And, rising to her gentle song,
The basket mounted high.

The White Hawk took his form again,
And went away in sorrow ;
But found no comfort in his lodge,
And came again the morrow.

But now he brought a hollow stump,
In which some mice were found,
And, putting on their tiny form,
He fix'd it near the ground.

The starry sisters soon came down,
And soon renew'd their game.
The White Hawk in his covert felt
His heart consum'd with flame.

The youngest sister saw the stump,
So lately risen there,
And, flying toward the car, besought
Her sisters to beware.

They only smil'd to see her fears,
And struck the stump in jest,
When out the frightened mice did run,
The White Hawk 'mong the rest.

The sisters kill'd them all, save one,
Which still escap'd their blows ;
And, as the youngest rais'd her bat,
The form of White Hawk rose.

With eager arms he clasp'd her charms,
And held his lovely prize,
While, jumping in their wicker car,
The others sought the skies.

The White Hawk now caress'd his bride,
And wip'd away her tears,
While many a tale of love and chase
Her lonely bosom cheers.

At last he leads her to his lodge,
Well pleas'd to share his life.
The White Hawk asks no other boon
Than such a beauteous wife.

The winter flew, and summer too,
When, in parental joy,
The White Hawk watch'd the breeze-rock'd bough,
That lull'd his little boy.

But, ah ! his wife began to turn
A tearful glance on high,
And long'd to visit brighter scenes,
When stars were in the sky.

And while the White Hawk urg'd the chase,
She built a wicker car,
Rememb'ring well what magic song
Would waft it to her star.

She kept it still conceal'd from view,
Forgetful of her love,
Till she could gather skins and meats
To please her sire above.

The White Hawk now went out to hunt,
 When, all prepar'd to fly,
His Star-wife, with her little boy,
 Began her flight on high.

But first she sought the prairie ring,—
 Her upward course was there ;
And, as she gently soar'd along,
 Her music fill'd the air.

The White Hawk heard her well known voice,
 And to the prairie ran :
But, ah ! he could not reach the ring
 Before the flight began.

He saw his wife and child ascend,
 And rais'd imploring cries ;
But still the wicker car went up,
 Till lost amid the skies.

He watch'd it through his falling tears
 Till the last speck was gone,
Then bow'd his head to earth in grief,
 To find himself alone.

The winter's gloom and summer's bloom
 Brought back no glimpse of joy :
The White Hawk still bewailed his wife,
 But more his little boy.

Meantime, his wife had reach'd the stars,
 Her home of early years,
And, mingling in the bliss above,
 Forgot her husband's tears.

But soon the boy impatient grew,
 And long'd to visit earth :
The stars, though bright, had not the light
 That gilt his land of birth.

The grandsire now with grief was mov'd,
 And bade his daughter go,
And in her wicker car take down
 The child to earth below ;

And ask her husband to come up
 And join the starry race ;
But with him bring a specimen
 Of all he kills in chase.

The White Hawk, ever near the ring,
Was still bewailing there,
When a sweet strain came down the sky,
Soon filling all the air.

His heart leap'd up to meet the sound,
He rais'd his arms in joy ;
And soon he kiss'd his lovely wife,
And kiss'd his little boy.

He heard the message from the stars,
Inviting him above,
And gladly gave assent, for earth
Was nothing without love.

The White Hawk now urged on the chase,
And hunted night and day ;
Each curious beast and bird was made
Its specimen to pay.

A tail, or wing, or foot of each,
Which might the species tell,
They took within the wicker car,
Then bade the earth farewell.

They reach'd the starry plains on high,
And joyful welcome found ;
When, pleas'd to see the fruits of earth,
A crowd collected 'round.

The Star-chief then proclaim'd aloud,
That each his taste might please ;
When one a wing, and one a tail,
And one a foot did seize.

At once a strange confusion rose,
As each drew forth his prize ;
For while a part ran off as beasts,
As birds the other flies.

Waupee, (for that was then his name,)
A white hawk's feather chose ;
His wife and child took up the same,
When each a white hawk rose.

He spread his wings, and, soaring down,
(His wife and child behind,)
Soon reach'd his native earth again,
Where still we see his kind.