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Song of Hiawatha

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# The Song of Hiawatha

By

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES & VOCABULARY: BY*

H. B. Cotterill, M.A.

Editor of 'Selections from Dante,' Goethe's 'Iphigenie.

Virgil's 'Aeneid I. and VI.,' Milton's 'Lycidas'

'Extracts from the Nibelungenlied,' etc.

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## PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the value of a poem, whether or not used for educational purposes, has generally little or nothing to do with the material that it offers to the philologist or antiquarian, it might be interesting, and perhaps not altogether unprofitable, to discover how far the Indian legends out of which *Hiawatha* is constructed are genuine relics of ages anterior to the coming of the white man, and how far Longfellow has preserved the form and the spirit of these old traditions. But such investigation lay beside the scope of this edition. I have therefore limited myself, on this theme, to a few remarks, and to the passages from Schoolcraft, Catlin, and others, which Longfellow has cited in his annotations. As American authors are not included in our ordinary primers of English literature, I have given a short biographical note. Those who may need more details, and who are unable to procure the large *Life* by Longfellow's brother, will find a sympathetic, if rather discursive, account of the poet given by Colonel Higginson, himself a literary man of some note, in *American Men of Letters*. The only cheap life of Longfellow published in England is, I think, one by Prof. Eric Robertson (*Great Writer Series*), which might meet the necessities of the student; but he will learn with surprise, not only that 'the joys and sorrows of these faun-like Red-skins do not move us as we read,' but that Nokomis was the mother of Hiawatha, and that Hiawatha's two great friends were Chibiabos and . . . Pau-Puk-Keewis!

I trust that I shall not be accused of introducing useless padding because I have at times, for the purpose of illustration, drawn on my experiences in a part of the world—Central Africa—which is, or was some 25 years ago, much in the same state as Hiawatha's country was at the first advent of the white man.

The vocabulary of Indian words is founded on that given by Longfellow. References and a few explanations have been added, as well as about twenty words which he seems to have overlooked. On the other hand, I have retained words given by him although they do not occur in the text.

Miss Alice M. Longfellow, daughter of the poet, has most kindly sent me information on various points. As her letter has, unfortunately, arrived too late to allow of corrections being made in my notes, I have added a few extracts from her letter at the end of "Remarks on Hiawatha," p. xxiv.

H. B. C.

CLARENS, *May*, 1903.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

ABOUT 1676—some fifty-five years after the *Mayflower* crossed the Atlantic—William Longfellow, one of the Longfellows or Langfellays of Yorkshire, left his native town, Horsforth, and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts. The fifth in direct descent from him, Stephen Longfellow, a lawyer and member of Congress, married (in 1804) Zilpah, daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, of Portland, Maine. Of these parents was born on the 27th February, 1807—the second of eight children—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet. As a child he went to various preparatory schools, and at the age of fourteen passed the entrance examination of the ‘little rural’ Bowdoin College, where he, together with his elder brother Stephen and the afterwards distinguished novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne, remained about three years and a half. During these years he made his first attempts at authorship, contributing both prose and verse to the *United States Literary Gazette*, in which appeared also poems of Bryant, the ‘American Wordsworth.’

Before he graduated in June, 1825, being then only eighteen years of age, he had definitely made up his mind to devote his future to literature. ‘I most eagerly aspire,’ he wrote to his father, ‘after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it.’ His father, allowing that ‘a literary life, to one who has the means of

support, must be very pleasant,' insists upon a profession ; but it is arranged that Henry shall 'study belles-lettres' for a year at Cambridge—the American 'Cambridge,' which emulates its prototype by the possession of Harvard University.

This plan was upset (such is the tradition) by a neat translation of an Ode of Horace, which so impressed the Bowdoin examining committee that Longfellow, scarcely nineteen years of age and already booked as law-apprentice in his father's office, was nominated to the newly-established Bowdoin chair of modern languages and sent to Europe for three years, with a fair stipend, to prepare himself for his professional duties. Many of the experiences and impressions of those three years, spent in France, Spain, and Italy, are recounted in his *Outre-Mer*, a prose work in the manner of Irving's *Sketch Book* and Goethe's *Italienische Reise*. The chief event of the years 1829-1834, during which he held the Bowdoin Professorship, was his marriage (1831) to Mary Storer Potter. (The way in which the young professor, returning to his old home after three Wanderjahre, saw with other eyes and loved the schoolmate of his childhood, will remind some readers of a beautiful passage in Schiller's *Glocke*.) Besides *Outre-Mer*, some publications on linguistic subjects, and his *Defence of Poetry* (see p. xv), no literary work of any importance was done.

In 1834 he was offered a Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard University, and was once more allowed to visit Europe before undertaking his duties, 'for the purpose of a more perfect attainment of the German.'

After a few weeks in England (where they met Carlyle), Longfellow and his wife visited Sweden. From Stockholm, they went by sea to Copenhagen, and from Hamburg to Amsterdam. The rough voyage proved unfavourable to Mrs. Longfellow's delicate health, and soon after arriving at Rotterdam she died (November, 1835). Longfellow spent another year in Germany

and Switzerland, and began his professional duties at Harvard in December, 1836.

The eighteen years of his Professorship at Harvard, which were interrupted by a third visit to Europe, were (as will be seen from the list of his works) productive of many well-known poems. Besides these, he wrote two novels, the first of which, *Hyperion*, though written in a turgid, sentimental style, is interesting from the fact that in it he gave a portrait of the lady, Frances Appleton, who in 1843 became his second wife.

In 1854 he resigned his official connexion with Harvard—indescribably delighted at the prospect of release from the long drudgery of teaching and examining. It was then that the idea occurred to him of attempting some subject ‘purely in the realm of fancy.’ The subject that he chose was that of *Hiawatha* (about which see following *Remarks*).

In 1848 he had lost his little daughter Fanny (his love for whom inspired the beautiful poem *Resignation*), and in 1861 another grievous blow fell on him. His wife died from injuries received from fire. It had become, says his biographer, Longfellow’s habit more and more to withhold his profoundest feelings from spoken or written utterance. Deeply as he was stricken, he gave no expression to his grief. It was only after his death that a sonnet on the subject of his great loss was found among his private papers.

The next ten years were taken up to a great extent by his translation of Dante’s *Divina Commedia*, and by what he hoped would prove his masterwork, his trilogy *Christus*. This work consists of (1) *The Divine Tragedy*, in which our Saviour’s Passion is related somewhat in the manner of a ‘Mystery Play’; (2) *The Golden Legend* (written 20 years earlier), in which an aspect of mediaeval Christianity is depicted; (3) *The New England Tragedies*, in which pictures are given of the religious persecutions at Salem and other places in New England.

The idea was a great one—to give a representation of Christianity at three of its principal stages—but that posterity will reverse the verdict of contemporary criticism is scarcely likely. The book was received with disfavour, faint praise, or silent indifference, and probably eight out of ten lovers of Longfellow's poems, in England at any rate, are entirely ignorant of the existence of that *Christus* (though they may know the *Golden Legend*) on which the poet hoped to found a fame not incomparable, perhaps, with that of Dante.

During 1868-9 he once more visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and spent two springs in England, where he was warmly received by literary and political celebrities, invested with honorary degrees, and summoned to Windsor by Queen Victoria.

During the remaining ten years of his life he composed a good many poems, but nothing of first-rate importance. The very last that he wrote was a little song called *The Bells of St. Blas*, which concludes with the words :

‘Out of the shadow of night,  
The world rolls into light ;  
It is daybreak everywhere.’

On the 24th of March, 1882, Longfellow died, aged seventy-five.

Two years later his bust was placed in our Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. On this occasion, Mr. Lowell, as representative of the American Government and of American Literature, truly said that he expressed the feeling of the whole English-speaking race in confirming the choice of one whose name was dear to them all ; who has inspired their lives and consoled their hearts, and who has been admitted to the fireside of all of them as a familiar friend.

‘Never,’ he added, ‘have I known a more beautiful character. His nature was consecrated ground, into which no unclean spirit could ever enter.’

## LIST OF LONGFELLOW'S WORKS.

- 1830-35. Various publications on the French, Spanish, and Italian languages and literatures: written partly in those languages. Also articles (till 1840) in the *North American Review*, including the 'Defence of Poetry.'
1835. *Outre-Mer*.
1839. *Hyperion*. *Voices of the Night*.
1841. *Ballads and other Poems*.
1842. *Poems on Slavery*.
1843. *The Spanish Student*.
1846. *The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems*.
1847. *Evangeline*.
1849. *Kavanagh*.
1850. *The Seaside and the Fireside*.
1851. *The Golden Legend*.
1855. *The Song of Hiawatha*.
1858. *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.
1863. *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.
1867. *Flower-de-Luce*.
1868. *The New England Tragedies*.
- 1867-70. *Dante's Divine Comedy (Translation)*.
1871. *The Divine Tragedy*.
1872. *Christus: a Mystery*.  
*Three Books of Song*.
1874. *Aftermath*. *The Hanging of the Crane*.
1875. *The Masque of Pandora*.
1878. *Kéramos and other Poems*.
1880. *Ultima Thule*.
1882. *In the Harbor*.
1883. *Michael Angelo*. *A Tragedy*. } published after his death.

## REMARKS ON HIAWATHA.

EVEN at the period when he seemed most dominated by Old-World influences—the period of *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*—Longfellow constantly ‘expressed in his diaries,’ as Colonel Higginson phrases it, ‘that longing for American subjects which afterwards predominated in his career.’

The persistence of this tendency seems to have ever more and more convinced him that his true course lay in this direction, and that critics, such as Margaret Fuller, were right, who had complained that his poems were more like hot-house exotics than flowers native to American soil.

More than ten years before *Hiawatha* he had given expression to the national conscience in his *Poems on Slavery*, and not much later had chosen a distinctly American subject for his *Evangeline*. But far earlier—many years ere the wrongs of the negro or of Acadian farmers had attracted his notice as themes for verse—he had evidently already conceived the germ which was destined, after lying dormant in his mind for about thirty years, to bring forth *Hiawatha*.

While he was still at Bowdoin College, a youth of about seventeen, he gave evidence of his interest in the subject of the Red Man. For ‘Exhibition Day’ he took as his theme the wrongs of the American Indian, which he exposed in debate with a White Man, represented by one of his fellow-collegians. The poor

Indian had, of course, no chance against the right of might, and his arguments die away into a swan-like dirge bearing a remarkable resemblance to the passage (XXI., 222 *seq.*) in which, thirty years later, the poet described the foreboding vision of Hiawatha. 'Alas!' exclaims the Red Man, 'the sky is overcast with dark and blustering clouds; the rivers run with blood. . . . And now I do remember that the Initiate prophet in my earlier years told from his dreams that all our race should fall like withered leaves when Autumn strips the forest.'

Again, at 'Commencement' (a still grander occasion, apparently, than 'Exhibition Day'), he chose as his theme the subject 'Our native<sup>1</sup> writers,' and in the course of his seven-minute oration ventured on the prophecy that in course of time 'Our native hills shall become renowned in song, like those of Greece and Italy. Every rock shall become a chronicle of storied allusions, and the tomb of the Indian prophet be as hallowed as the sepulchres of ancient kings, or the damp vault and perpetual lamp of the Saracen monarch.'

Some seven years later, in 1832, after his first visit to Europe, and while Professor at Bowdoin College, and as yet only known as the author of some grammatical and linguistic publications, he wrote an article for the 'North American Review' entitled *The Defence of Poetry*, which has an unusual interest; for it contains the poetic theories of one who afterwards wrote genuine, if not always 'national,' poetry. After denouncing in strong terms the materialism and utilitarianism of his age and country, and asserting that 'the true glory of a nation is moral and intellectual pre-eminence,' he speaks of that true literature which gives a voice to the spirit of a nation, and he appeals to the poets of America 'to be more original, and withal more national.' To effect this, he says, 'it is not necessary that the war-whoop should ring in every line, and every page be rife with scalps,

<sup>1</sup> This, of course, does not mean 'Indian.'

tomahawks, and wampum. Shade of Tecumseh forbid! The whole secret lies in Sidney's maxim: *Look in thy heart and write.*<sup>1</sup>

'We repeat,' he continues, 'that we wish our native poets would give a more national character to their writings. In order to effect this they have only to write more naturally, to write from their own impressions, from the influence of what they see around them, and not from any preconceived notions of what poetry ought to be. . . . This is peculiarly true in the descriptions of natural scenery. In these let us have no more sky-larks and nightingales. For us they only warble in books. A painter might as well introduce an elephant or a rhinoceros into a New England landscape. We would not restrict our poets in the choice of their subjects, or the scenes of their story; but when they sing under an American sky, and describe a native landscape, let the description be graphic, as if it had been seen, and not imagined.'

It seems, therefore, that this 'originality' and 'nationality' which Longfellow so strenuously advocates is of rather a superficial nature—scarcely indeed skin-deep. It consists in little else than the substitution of the bluebird and the whippoorwill—the Owaissa and the Wawonaissa—for the skylark and the nightingale, and other such adaptations of the scenic background. And how little he ever conceived the possibility of an American literature such as has been imagined by some of his countrymen—a literature which should give a new voice to the New World—is apparent from words that he wrote some twelve years later, in which he not only seems to have somewhat receded from his former position in regard to scenery, but even states that there *can* be no essentially original American literature. 'A national literature,' he says, 'is the expression of national character and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Prelude to Voices of the Night*, last stanza: 'Look thou into thine heart and write!'

thought ; and as our character and modes of thought do not differ essentially from those of England, our literature cannot. Vast forests, lakes, and prairies cannot make great poets. They are but the scenery of the play, and have much less to do with the poetic character than has been imagined. Neither Mexico nor Switzerland has produced any remarkable poet.'

The inconsistency of his theories is that of a man in whom poetic instinct and not the reasoning faculty is the leading influence. He had that artistic temperament which exacts, for the moment, unconditional surrender to every passing vision of the perfect ; and at the period in which these words of his were written he was almost entirely dominated by European influences. Between 1843 and 1846 were published his *Spanish Student*, his *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, his *Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*, none of which betrayed the slightest evidence of the writer's nationality.

But as soon as such deflecting attraction ceased, his mind reverted once more to its natural position, pointing him towards an American subject. Of all his works the *Tale of Acadie* is at once the most truly national and that which has gained the securest place in European literature.<sup>1</sup>

About seven years after the publication of *Evangeline*, the following entries occur in Longfellow's diary :

'22nd June, 1854. I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians which seems to be the right one and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right one, and the only one, for the purpose.'

'25th June. I could not help this evening making a beginning

<sup>1</sup> *Evangeline* has been translated about thirty times, and the editions of the original published in Europe are very numerous.

of *Manabozho*, or whatever else the poem is to be called. His adventures will form the theme at all events.'

On the 28th he discovers (as he believes) that Hiawatha is another name for the same personage, and thinks he will adopt it. He reads at this time much about Indian history and legends.<sup>1</sup>

On November 13th he makes this entry: 'Read to — some pages of *Hiawatha*. He fears the poem will want human interest So does F[elton]. So does the author. I must put a live beating heart into it.'

On March 21st, 1855, he notes: 'Last Canto of *Hiawatha* finished at noon.'

In November of the same year the poem was published. The first edition (of 5000) was exhausted at once, and in the course of the next eighteen months about 50,000 copies were sold.

'The book,' says Col. Higginson, 'received every form of attention; it was admired, laughed at, parodied, set to music, and publicly read.' Among those who gave it more or less unstinted approval were Emerson, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. 'It gives,' writes Holmes, a 'picture full of pleasing fancies and melodious cadences. The very names are jewels which the most fastidious muse might be proud to wear. Coming from the realm of the Androscoggin and of Moosetukmaguntuk, how could he have found two such delicious names as Hiawatha and Minnehaha?'

Bayard Taylor's criticism is a little less trivial than that of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.' After saying that the whole poem 'floats in an atmosphere of the American Indian summer,' he adds: 'In the chapter of Mondamin (canto v.), which I read

<sup>1</sup> He mentions especially Schoolcraft's *Notes on the Iroquois*, and *Algic Researches*, and *Oneota* (Characteristics of the Red Race), and Catlin's *Manners and Customs of the North American Indians*. He also tells us that he used not unfrequently to invite to tea an educated Ojibway chief whose name seems to have been Kah-ge-gah-bowh.

with special attention, I do not find the moral significance of the struggle so thoroughly expressed as in the original legend. This, to me, was a truly sublime feature in the latter. My own version is perhaps too ambitious, and hence too solemn and stately for the simple beauty of the story. Yours seemed to me a little too sportive—perhaps the result of the measure, which may be tender and pathetic, but cannot be passionate.’

But there were also criticisms of a very different nature. A few days after the publication of the poem, Longfellow noted in his diary: ‘Some of the newspapers are fierce and furious about *Hiawatha*,’ and again: ‘There is the greatest pother over *Hiawatha*.’ On one occasion, we are told by the poet’s brother, something especially savage and insensate had been concocted by some journalistic scribbler, and the publisher Fields went in a state of indignant excitement to see Longfellow. The poet heard the account, and then in a casual way said: ‘By the way, Mr. Fields, how is the book selling?’ ‘Enormously,’ replied the publisher, ‘we are running presses night and day to meet orders.’ ‘Very well,’ said Longfellow quietly, ‘then don’t you think we had better let these critics go on advertising it?’

It will have been noticed that Longfellow had ‘hit upon a measure which he thought the right one and the only one for the purpose.’ This metre was suggested to him by the *Kalevala*, a collection of Finnish songs, which he had been lately reading, and not only the metre, but also two devices of Finnish poetry, which are striking features in *Hiawatha*. ‘All Finnish poems, belonging strictly to the national literature,’ says Mr. Billson in his *Popular Poetry of the Finns*, ‘are composed in verses of eight syllables, in an unrimed metre like that of Longfellow’s *Hiawatha*, who appears indeed to have derived it from Schiefner’s German<sup>1</sup> translation of the *Kalevala*.’ These poems are distin-

<sup>1</sup> A French translation appeared in 1845, seven years before Schiefner’s.

guished by elaborate systems of 'alliteration' and 'parallelism.' By 'alliteration' (a device much used<sup>1</sup> also in Early English poetry) is meant the recurrence of accented syllables beginning with the same consonant, as in—

‘I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wildfowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes.’ (i. 101 *seq.*)

By 'parallelism'—a device that is said to be found also in American Indian songs, and is familiar to us from the *Psalms*—is meant the repetition of a phrase or a thought in a somewhat different form—a 'rime of the sense,' so to say—so that in the second line or in several following lines is repeated in other words, or presented anew with other epithets and under another aspect, what has been given in the first. Of this there are innumerable examples in *Hiawatha*, such as :

‘Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror.’

It may be interesting to note, in passing, that the *Kalevala* is a collection of old Finnish songs (the *Kanteletar*, 'daughter of the dulcimer,' is another) made by a Finnish scholar, Dr. Lönnrot. On its appearance, in 1835, it was hailed as a national epic of not less importance than the *Nibelungenlied*, or even the *Iliad* ; but it proved to be merely a clever compilation, somewhat after the manner of Macpherson's *Ossian*. However, it is not a forgery, says Mr. Billson, for almost every part of it is a genuine national product, deftly combined into an artistic whole. The following translation of a passage from a 'Bride's Farewell' (*Kanteletar*, i.)

<sup>1</sup> *E.g.*           ‘In a somer seson, when soft was the sonne.’

—(*Piers the Plowman*).

Alliteration is often parodied by Shakespeare, *e.g.*

‘Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast.

will allow the reader to form some idea of the nature and extent of Longfellow's indebtedness—except in the matter of alliteration, which is not reproduced by the translator.<sup>1</sup>

'Fare ye well, my native moorlands !  
 Now I leave the grassy uplands,  
 Now I leave the shining waters,  
 Now I leave the sandy beaches, . . .  
 Pools I leave to other bathers,  
 To the wader leave the marshes,  
 Leave the hedgerows to the stranger,  
 Leave the byeways to the beggar, . . .  
 Not a trace of me will linger ;  
 Mother will not hear me crying,  
 Father will not hear me weeping,  
 When I weep with tears of anguish,  
 And lament in hours of sorrow.'

To judge from such translations it would not seem that *Hiawatha* owes any of its poetry or peculiar charm to Finnish ballads.<sup>2</sup> Used by any writer except one with an exquisitely delicate ear, such as Longfellow possessed, this unrimed verse with its 'feminine rhythm,' and its ever-recurring alliterations and parallelisms, would soon become perfectly intolerable. But in *Hiawatha* one experiences a sense of repose and calm ; the whole poem, as Bayard Taylor said, floats in an atmosphere of 'Indian summer' ; the weak trochaic rhythm with its unaccented final syllable gives (as in music) a sensation of pathos and tenderness, unassertive, and undefined—utterly different from the curt decisive self-assertion of the ordinary eight-syllable iambic verse with its masculine rime, such as Scott is fond of using ; and the leisurely repetition of a thought in diverse

<sup>1</sup> In Goethe's *Finnisches Lied*—a paraphrase of a few strophes of a love song in *Kanteletar*, ii.—there is likewise no attempt made to reproduce the alliteration, nor the parallelism, of the original.

<sup>2</sup> One of the 'fierce and furious' newspaper critics accused Longfellow of 'plagiarizing from the *Kalevala* !

forms exercises a delightful charm, transporting one back to golden ages when life was not such a horrid scramble as it is nowadays, and when it was considered no waste of time to dwell for a few moments on a thought and to regard it in various aspects.

We have seen that in his diary Longfellow speaks of 'Manabozho, or whatever else the poem is to be called.' In his preface to the poem (given at the beginning of my Notes) he states that Hiawatha was known under various names, among which one was Manabozho. This seems to be a mistake, for Manabozho is a mythical deity, while Hiawatha was a historical personage, as will be seen from the following quotations—the first from Mr. Horatio Hales' *Four Huron Wampum Records* (edited by Prof. Tylor, Oxford), and the second from a paper contributed by him to the *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science*.

'Towards the conclusion of a long and deadly warfare between the Iroquois confederates<sup>1</sup> and Canada,<sup>2</sup> as well as the Hurons,<sup>3</sup> a remarkable change had taken place in their character, a change which recalls that which is believed to have been developed in the character of the Spartans under Lysurgus and the similar change which is known to have appeared in the character of the Arabians under the influence of Mohammedan precepts. A great reformer had arisen in the person of the Onondaga<sup>4</sup> chief Hiawatha, who, imbued with an overmastering idea, had inspired his people with a spirit of self-sacrifice which stopped at

<sup>1</sup> The so-called 'Five Nations.'

<sup>2</sup> Canada = 'the town'; a name applied to Stadaconé, principal town of the Algonquian Confederacy.

<sup>3</sup> The Hurons were also Iroquois, but had divided off from the Five Nations.

<sup>4</sup> Longfellow's Hiawatha is an Ojibway (Chippeway), i.e. an Algonquin, and therefore would have been at feud with these Iroquois Onondagas.

no obstacle in the determination of carrying into effect their teacher's sublime purpose.<sup>1</sup> This purpose was the establishment of universal peace.'

'A singular fortune has attended the name and memory of Hiawatha. Though actually a historical personage, and not of very ancient date, he has been confused with two Indian divinities, the one Iroquois the other Algonquian, and his history has been distorted and obscured almost beyond recognition. . . . Hiawatha was a chief of the Onondagas, who succeeded in bringing about a league or union of the Five, afterwards Six, Nations. . . . After the breaking up of the Confederacy much that was supernatural became mingled with the history of Hiawatha. One of the legends concerning him was told to Mr. Schoolcraft while he was compiling his *Notes on the Iroquois*. Pleased with the poetical cast of the story and the euphonious name, he made confusion worse confounded by transferring the hero to a distant region and identifying him with Manabozho, a fantastic divinity of the Ojibways. Schoolcraft's volume, absurdly entitled *The Hiawatha Legends*, has not in it a single fact or fiction relating either to Hiawatha or to the Iroquois deity Aronhiawagon [Tarenyawagon?] Wild Ojibway stories concerning Manabozho and his comrades form the staple of its contents. But it is to this collection that we owe the charming poem of Longfellow; and thus, by an extraordinary fortune, a grave Iroquois lawgiver of the fifteenth century<sup>2</sup> has become in modern literature an Ojibway demigod, son of the West Wind, and companion of the tricky Paupuk-keewis, the boastful Iagoo, and the strong Kwasind. If a Chinese traveller during the Middle Ages, inquiring into the history and

<sup>1</sup> See x. 53, 168 *seq.*

<sup>2</sup> If Hiawatha was (as Longfellow imagines) still alive at the advent of the first Jesuit missionaries at the Great Lakes his era would be somewhat before the middle of the *sixteenth* century. America was discovered by Columbus in 1492, and Canada was appropriated by France in 1534.

religion of the western nations, had confounded King Alfred and King Arthur, and both with Odin, he would not have made a more preposterous confusion of names and characters than that which has hitherto disguised the genuine personality of the great Onondaga reformer.'

*Hiawatha* has been translated at least fifteen times: five times into German (one translation being by the poet Freiligrath, whose acquaintance Longfellow made in London) and once into Dutch, Swedish, Danish, French, Italian, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Russian, and Latin.

The following extracts are from the letter of Miss Longfellow, referred to in the preface, p. vi.:

'I do not understand that Nawadaha (Introd. 37) was anything but a purely imaginary person. As *Hiawatha* belonged to the Iroquois Indians, my father probably placed him (Nawadaha) in Albany County, New York, where the Iroquois belonged, although by poetic license he transferred the scene of the poem to the land of the Ojibays.'

'I am not aware that Tawasentha (Introd. 41), now Norman's Kill (not Hill), had any special associations.' [In English editions it is given as 'Norman's Hill.']

'In the *Century Atlas* Map the river's name (vii. 14) is spelled Taquamenon. It is in Northern Michigan, flowing into White Fish Bay, S.E. corner of Lake Superior.'

'The dramatic representation of *Hiawatha* (Appendix i.) was given on the north shore of Lake Huron, on Kensington Point.'

'The tradition of the Indians is that if you see a honey-bee (xxi. 199) you will soon see a white man; as he realises that the white man introduced this insect.'

'Our gray squirrel (iii. 183) makes a rough, short sound, which is fairly well represented by the sound of the word *cough* pronounced quickly, so that a poet might use the expression fancifully.'

'The early Indians used stone for their arrow-heads (iv. 261). The ordinary iron arrow-head was not used till after the advent of the white man, although arrow-points were made of bone and antler-tips, and occasionally of hammered copper. The knife of *Hiawatha* (vii. 27) was probably of stone, though it might have been of hammered copper. Brass was not introduced until the whites came.'

With reference to the words which I have marked in the Vocabulary as not occurring in the text, Miss Longfellow says: 'I think the probability is that my father collected the vocabulary, and that the words you mention were left, although he did not happen to use them. He very likely found that there were no American reindeer in that region, and therefore did not use the word.'

# THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

## INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these  
stories,  
Whence these legends and tradi-  
tions,  
With the odours of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of  
meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wig-  
wams, 5  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains,  
I should answer, I should tell  
you: 10  
"From the forest and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the  
Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and  
fen-lands, 15  
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and  
rushes.  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha, 19  
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask me where  
Nawadaha  
Found these songs, so wild and  
wayward,  
Found these legends and tradi-  
tions,  
I should answer, I should tell you:  
"In the birds'-nests of the forest,  
In the lodges of the beaver, 26  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyry of the eagle.  
"All the wild-fowl sang them  
to him,  
In the moorlands and the fen-  
lands, 30  
In the melancholy marshes;  
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng, the loon, the wild goose,  
Wawa,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushko-  
dasa." 35  
If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?  
Tell us of this Nawadaha,"  
I should answer your inquiries  
Straightway in such words as  
follow. 40

"In the vale of Tawasentha,  
 In the green and silent valley,  
 By the pleasant water-courses,  
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha. 44  
 Round about the Indian village  
 Spread the meadows and the  
 corn-fields,  
 And beyond them stood the forest,  
 Stood the groves of singing pine-  
 trees,  
 Green in Summer, white in  
 Winter,  
 Ever sighing, ever singing. 50  
 "And the pleasant water-  
 courses,  
 You could trace them through  
 the valley,  
 By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
 By the alders in the Summer, 54  
 By the white fog in the Autumn,  
 By the black line in the Winter ;  
 And beside them dwelt the singer,  
 In the vale of Tawasentha,  
 In the green and silent valley. 59  
 "There he sang of Hiawatha,  
 Sang the song of Hiawatha,  
 Sang his wondrous birth and  
 being,  
 How he prayed, and how he fasted,  
 How he lived, and toiled, and  
 suffered,  
 That the tribes of men might  
 prosper, 65  
 That he might advance his  
 people."  
 Ye who love the haunts of  
 Nature,  
 Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
 Love the shadow of the forest,  
 Love the wind among the  
 branches, 70  
 And the rain-shower and the  
 snow-storm,  
 And the rushing of great rivers  
 Through their palisades of pine-  
 trees,

And the thunder in the moun-  
 tains,  
 Whose innumerable echoes 75  
 Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—  
 Listen to these wild traditions,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha !  
 Ye who love a nation's legends,  
 Love the ballads of a people, 80  
 That like voices from afar off  
 Call to us to pause and listen,  
 Speak in tones so plain and child-  
 like,  
 Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
 Whether they are sung or  
 spoken ;— 85  
 Listen to this Indian legend,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha !  
 Ye whose hearts are fresh and  
 simple,  
 Who have faith in God and  
 Nature,  
 Who believe, that in all ages 90  
 Every human heart is human,  
 That in even savage bosoms  
 There are longings, yearnings,  
 strivings,  
 For the good they comprehend  
 not,  
 That the feeble hands and help-  
 less, 95  
 Groping blindly in the darkness,  
 Touch God's right hand in that  
 darkness,  
 And are lifted up and strength-  
 ened :—  
 Listen to this simple story,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha ! 100  
 Ye who sometimes, in your  
 rambles,  
 Through the green lanes of the  
 country,  
 Where the tangled barberry  
 bushes  
 Hang their tufts of crimson  
 berries  
 Over stone walls grey with mosses,

Pause by some neglected grave-  
yard, 106  
For a while to muse, and ponder  
On a half-effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song-  
craft, 109  
Homely phrases, but each letter

Full of hope and yet of heart-  
break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—  
Stay and read this rude inscrip-  
tion !  
Read this Song of Hiawatha ! 115

## I.

## THE PEACE-PIPE.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone  
Quarry,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Life descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry 5  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.  
From his footprints flowed a  
river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging down-  
ward 10  
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the  
comet.  
And the Spirit, stooping earth-  
ward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"  
From the red stone of the  
quarry 16  
With his hand he broke a frag-  
ment,  
Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with  
figures.  
From the margin of the river 20  
Took a long reed for a pipe-  
stem,  
With its dark-green leaves upon  
it ;

Filled the pipe with bark of  
willow,  
With the bark of the red willow ;  
Breathed upon the neighbouring  
forest, 25  
Made its great boughs chafe to-  
gether,  
Till in flame they burst and  
kindled ;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-  
Pipe, 30  
As a signal to the nations.  
And the smoke rose slowly,  
slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of  
morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapour, 35  
Then a snow-white cloud unfold-  
ing,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven, 40  
And rolled outward all around it.  
From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Moun-  
tains, 45

From the Northern lakes and  
rivers,

All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the  
nations 50

Said : " Behold it, the Pukwana !

By this signal from afar off,

Bending like a wand of willow,

Waving like a hand that beckons,

Gitche Manito, the mighty, 55

Calls the tribes of men together,

Calls the warriors to his council ! "

Down the rivers, o'er the  
prairies,

Came the warriors of the nations,

Came the Delawares and Mo-

hawks, 60

Came the Choctaws and Ca-

manches,

Came the Shoshonies and Black-

feet,

Came the Pawnees and Omahas,

Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,

Came the Hurons and Ojibways, 65

All the warriors drawn together

By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,

To the Mountains of the Prairie,

To the great Red Pipe-stone

Quarry,

And they stood there on the

meadow, 70

With their weapons and their war

gear,

Painted like the leaves of Autumn,

Painted like the sky of morning,

Wildly glaring at each other ;

In their faces stern defiance, 75

In their hearts the feuds of ages,

The hereditary hatred,

The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,

The Creator of the nations, 80

Looked upon them with com-

passion,

With paternal love and pity ;

Looked upon their wrath and

wrangling

But as quarrels among children,

But as feuds and fights of

children. 85

Over them he stretched his

right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,

To allay their thirst and fever,

By the shadow of his right

hand ;

Spake to them with voice ma-

jestic 90

As the sound of far-off waters

Falling into deep abysses,

Warning, chiding, spake in this

wise :—

" O my children ! my poor

children !

Listen to the words of wisdom, 95

Listen to the words of warning,

From the lips of the Great Spirit,

From the Master of Life, who

made you !

" I have given you lands to

hunt in,

I have given you streams to fish

in, 100

I have given you bear and bison,

I have given you roe and rein-

deer,

I have given you brant and

beaver,

Filled the marshes full of wild-

fowl,

Filled the rivers full of fishes ; 105

Why then are you not con-

tented ?

Why then will you hunt each

other ?

" I am weary of your quarrels,

Weary of your wars and blood-

shed,

Weary of your prayers for ven-

geance, 110

Of your wranglings and dis-  
sensations ;

All your strength is in your  
union,

All your danger is in discord ;  
Therefore be at peace hence-  
forward,

And as brothers live together. 115

"I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall  
teach you,

Who shall toil and suffer with  
you.

If you listen to his counsels, 120

You will multiply and prosper ;

If his warnings pass unheeded,

You will fade away and perish.

"Bathe now in the stream  
before you,

Wash the war-paint from your  
faces, 125

Wash the blood-stains from your  
fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your  
weapons,

Break the red stone from this  
quarry,

Mould and make it into Peace-  
Pipes,

Take the reeds that grow beside  
you, 130

Deck them with your brightest  
feathers,

Smoke the calumet together,

And as brothers live hencefor-  
ward !"

Then upon the ground the  
warriors

Threw their cloaks and shirts of  
deerskin, 135

Threw their weapons and their  
war-gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their  
faces.

Clear above them flowed the  
water,

Clear and limpid from the foot-  
prints 140

Of the Master of Life descending ;

Dark below them flowed the water,

Soiled and stained with streaks of  
crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it.

From the river came the  
warriors, 145

Cleaned and washed from all  
their war-paint ;

On the banks their clubs they  
buried,

Buried all their warlike weapons.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,

The Great Spirit, the Creator, 150

Smiled upon his helpless chil-  
dren.

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,

Smoothed and formed it into  
Peace-Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the  
river, 155

Decked them with their brightest  
feathers,

And departed each one home-  
ward,

While the Master of Life, ascend-  
ing,

Through the opening of cloud-  
curtains,

Through the doorway of the  
heaven, 160

Vanished from before their faces,

In the smoke that rolled around  
him,

The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

## II.

## THE FOUR WINDS.

"HONOUR be to Mudjekeewis!"  
Cried the warriors, cried the old  
men.

When he came in triumph home-  
ward

With the sacred Belt of Wam-  
pum,

From the regions of the North-  
Wind, 5

From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White  
Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of  
Wampum,

From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,  
From the Great Bear of the  
mountains, 10

From the terror of the nations,  
As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
On the summit of the mountains,  
Like a rock with mosses on it,  
Spotted brown and grey with  
mosses. 15

Silently he stole upon him,  
Till the red nails of the monster  
Almost touched him, almost  
scared him,

Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
Warmed the hands of Mud-  
jekeewis, 20

As he drew the Belt of Wampum  
Over the round ears, that heard  
not,

Over the small eyes, that saw not,  
Over the long nose and nostrils,  
The black muffle of the nostrils, 25  
Out of which the heavy breath-  
ing

Warmed the hands of Mudje-  
keewis.

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

Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of the forehead, 31  
Right between the eyes he smote  
him.

With the heavy blow bewildered  
Rose the Great Bear of the moun-  
tains;

But his knees beneath him  
trembled, 35

And he whimpered like a woman,  
As he reeled and staggered for-  
ward,

As he sat upon his haunches;  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Standing fearlessly before him, 40  
Taunted him in loud derision,  
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

"Hark you, Bear! you are a  
coward

And no Brave, as you pretended;  
Else you would not cry and  
whimper 45

Like a miserable woman!  
Bear! you know our tribes are  
hostile,

Long have been at war together;  
Now you find that we are  
strongest,

You go sneaking in the forest, 50  
You go hiding in the moun-  
tains!

Had you conquered me in battle,  
Not a groan would I have  
uttered;

But you, Bear! sit here and  
whimper,

And disgrace your tribe by  
crying, 55

Like a wretched Shaugodaya,  
Like a cowardly old woman !”

Then again he raised his war-  
club,

Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of his forehead, 60

Broke his skull, as ice is broken  
When one goes to fish in Winter.

Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,  
He the Great Bear of the moun-  
tains,

He the terror of the nations. 65  
“Honour be to Mudjekeewis !”

With a shout exclaimed the  
people,

“Honour be to Mudjekeewis !  
Henceforth he shall be the West-  
Wind,

And hereafter and for ever 70  
Shall he hold supreme dominion  
Over all the winds of heaven.

Call him no more Mudjekeewis,  
Call him Kabeyun, the West-  
Wind !” 74

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen  
Father of the Winds of Heaven.

For himself he kept the West-  
Wind,

Gave the others to his children ;  
Unto Wabun gave the East-  
Wind, 79

Gave the South to Shawondasee,  
And the North-Wind, wild and  
cruel,

To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was  
Wabun ;

He it was who brought the  
morning,

He it was whose silver arrows 85  
Chased the dark o'er hill and  
valley ;

He it was whose cheeks were  
painted

With the brightest streaks of  
crimson,

And whose voice awoke the  
village,

Called the deer and called the  
hunter. 90

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;  
Though the birds sang gaily to  
him,

Though the wild-flowers of the  
meadow

Filled the air with odours for  
him,

Though the forests and the  
rivers 95

Sang and shouted at his coming,  
Still his heart was sad within  
him,

For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning gazing earth-  
ward,

While the village still was sleep-  
ing, 100

And the fog lay on the river,  
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,  
He beheld a maiden walking

All alone upon a meadow, 104  
Gathering water-flags and rushes  
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earth-  
ward,

Still the first thing he beheld  
there

Was her blue eyes looking at  
him, 109

Two blue lakes among the rushes.  
And he loved the lonely maiden,  
Who thus waited for his coming ;

For they both were solitary,  
She on earth, and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with car-  
esses, 115

Wooed her with his smile of sun-  
shine,

With his flattering words he  
wooed her,

With his sighing and his singing,  
 Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
 Softest music, sweetest odours, 120  
 Till he drew her to his bosom,  
 Folded in his robes of crimson,  
 Till into a star he changed her,  
 Trembling still upon his bosom ;  
 And for ever in the heavens 125  
 They are seen together walking,  
 Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
 Wabun and the Star of Morning.  
 But the fierce Kabibonokka  
 Had his dwelling among ice-  
 bergs, 130

In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
 In the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 In the land of the White Rabbit.  
 He it was whose hand in Autumn  
 Painted all the trees with  
 scarlet, 135  
 Stained the leaves with red and  
 yellow ;  
 He it was who sent the snow-  
 flakes,  
 Sifted, hissing through the forest,  
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the  
 rivers,  
 Drove the loon and sea-gull south-  
 ward, 140  
 Drove the cormorant and curlew  
 To their nests of sedge and sea-  
 tang

In the realms of Shawondasee.  
 Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
 Issued from his lodge of snow-  
 drifts, 145  
 From his home among the ice-  
 bergs,  
 And his hair, with snow be-  
 sprinkled,  
 Streamed behind him like a  
 river,  
 Like a black and wintry river,  
 As he howled and hurried south-  
 ward, 150  
 Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and  
 rushes  
 Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
 Trailing strings of fish behind him,  
 O'er the frozen fens and moor-  
 lands, 155  
 Lingering still among the moor-  
 lands,  
 Though his tribe had long  
 departed  
 To the land of Shawondasee.  
 Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
 "Who is this that dares to brave  
 me ? 160  
 Dares to stay in my dominions,  
 When the Wawa has departed,  
 When the wild-goose has gone  
 southward,  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
 gah, 164  
 Long ago departed southward ?  
 I will go into his wigwam,  
 I will put his smouldering fire  
 out !"  
 And at night Kabibonokka  
 To the lodge came wild and wail-  
 ing,  
 Heaped the snow in drifts about  
 it, 170  
 Shouted down into the smoke-  
 flue,  
 Shook the lodge poles in his fury,  
 Flapped the curtain of the door-  
 way.  
 Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
 Shingebis, the diver, cared not ;  
 Four great logs had he for fire-  
 wood, 176  
 One for each moon of the winter,  
 And for food the fishes served  
 him.  
 By his blazing fire he sat there,  
 Warm and merry, eating, laugh-  
 ing, 180  
 Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
 You are but my fellow-mortal !"

Then Kabibonokka entered,  
 And though Shingebis, the diver,  
 Felt his presence by the coldness,  
 Felt his icy breath upon him, 186  
 Still he did not cease his singing,  
 Still he did not leave his laughing,  
 Only turned the log a little, 189  
 Only made the fire burn brighter,  
 Made the sparks fly by the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,  
 From his snow-besprinkled tresses,  
 Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,  
 Making dints upon the ashes, 195  
 As along the eaves of lodges,  
 As from drooping boughs of hemlock,  
 Drips the melting snow in spring-time,  
 Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated, 200  
 Could not bear the heat and laughter,  
 Could not bear the merry singing,  
 But rushed headlong through the doorway,  
 Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,  
 Stamped upon the lakes and rivers, 205  
 Made the snow upon them harder,  
 Made the ice upon them thicker,  
 Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
 To come forth and wrestle with him, 209  
 To come forth and wrestle naked  
 On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,  
 Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
 With the fierce Kabibonokka, 215  
 Till his panting breath grew fainter,  
 Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,  
 Till he reeled and staggered backward,  
 And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
 To the kingdom of Wabasso, 220  
 To the land of the White Rabbit,  
 Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
 Hearing Shingebis, the diver,  
 Singing, "O Kabibonokka, 224  
 You are but my fellow-mortal!"  
 Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
 Had his dwelling far to southward,  
 In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
 In the never-ending Summer.  
 He it was who sent the wood-birds, 230  
 Sent the robin, the Opechee,  
 Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
 Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,  
 Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,  
 Sent the melons and tobacco, 235  
 And the grapes in purple clusters.  
 From his pipe the smoke ascending  
 Filled the sky with haze and vapour,  
 Filled the air with dreamy softness,  
 Gave a twinkle to the water, 240  
 Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,  
 Brought the tender Indian Summer  
 To the melancholy North-land,  
 In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes. 244

Listless, careless Shawondasee !  
 In his life he had one shadow,  
 In his heart one sorrow had he.  
 Once, as he was gazing northward,  
 Far away upon a prairie  
 He beheld a maiden standing, 250  
 Saw a tall and slender maiden  
 All alone upon a prairie :  
 Brightest green were all her garments,

And her hair was like the sunshine. 254

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

For the maid with yellow tresses.  
 But he was too fat and lazy 260  
 To bestir himself and woo her ;  
 Yes, too indolent and easy  
 To pursue her and persuade her,  
 So he only gazed upon her,  
 Only sat and sighed with passion  
 For the maiden of the prairie. 266

Till one morning, looking northward,

He beheld her yellow tresses  
 Changed and covered o'er with  
 whiteness ;

Covered as with whitest snow-  
 flakes. 270

"Ah ! my brother from the  
 North-land,

From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 From the land of the White  
 Rabbit !

You have stolen the maiden from  
 me,

You have laid your hand upon  
 her, 275

You have wooed and won my  
 maiden,  
 With your stories of the North-  
 land !"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee  
 Breathed into the air his sorrow ;  
 And the South-Wind o'er the  
 prairie 280

Wandered warm with sighs of  
 passion,

With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
 Till the air seemed full of snow-  
 flakes,

Full of thistle-down the prairie,  
 And the maid with hair like sun-  
 shine 285

Vanished from his sight for ever ;  
 Never more did Shawondasee

See the maid with yellow tresses !

Poor, deluded Shawondasee !

'Twas no woman that you gazed  
 at, 290

'Twas no maiden that you sighed  
 for,

'Twas the prairie dandelion  
 That through all the dreamy  
 Summer

You had gazed at with such long-  
 ing,

You had sighed for with such  
 passion, 295

And had puffed away for ever,  
 Blown into the air with sighing.

Ah ! deluded Shawondasee !

Thus the Four Winds were  
 divided, 299

Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis  
 Had their stations in the heavens ;

At the corner of the heavens ;

For himself the West-Wind only  
 Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

## III.

## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening  
twilight,

In the days that are forgotten,  
In the unremembered ages,  
From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
Fell the beautiful Nokomis, 5  
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her  
women,  
Swinging in a swing of grape-  
vines,

When her rival, the rejected,  
Full of jealousy and hatred, 10  
Cut the leafy swing asunder,  
Cut in twain the twisted grape-  
vines,

And Nokomis fell affrighted  
Downward through the evening  
twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow, 15  
On the prairie full of blossoms.

"See! a star falls!" said the  
people;

"From the sky a star is falling!"  
There among the ferns and  
mosses,

There among the prairie lilies, 20  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
In the moonlight and the star-  
light,

Fair Nokomis bore a daughter,  
And she called her name Wenonah,  
As the first-born of her daughters.  
And the daughter of Nokomis 26  
Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
With the beauty of the moonlight,  
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,  
Saying oft, and oft repeating, 32

"O, beware of Mudjekeewis;  
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;  
Listen not to what he tells you; 35  
Lie not down upon the meadow,  
Stoop not down among the lilies,  
Lest the West-Wind come and  
harm you!"

But she heeded not the warning,  
Heeded not those words of  
wisdom, 40

And the West-Wind came at  
evening,

Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
Whispering to the leaves and  
blossoms,

Bending low the flowers and  
grasses,

Found the beautiful Wenonah, 45  
Lying there among the lilies,

Wooded her with his words of  
sweetness,

Wooded her with his soft caresses,  
Till she bore a son in sorrow,

Bore a son of love and sorrow. 50  
Thus was born my Hiawatha,

Thus was born the child of won-  
der;

But the daughter of Nokomis,  
Hiawatha's gentle mother,

In her anguish died deserted 55  
By the West-Wind, false and  
faithless,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and  
loudly

Wailed and wept the sad Noko-  
mis;

"O that I were dead," she mur-  
mured, 60

"O that I were dead, as thou art!

No more work, and no more  
weeping !

Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big Sea-Water, 65  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it stood the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-  
trees,

Rose the firs with cones upon  
them ; 70

Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the shining Big Sea-Water.

Thus the wrinkled, old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha, 74  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes.  
Safely bound with reindeer  
sinews ;

Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
"Hush ; the naked bear will get  
thee !"

Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
"Ewa-yea ! my little owlet ! 81  
Who is this, that lights the wig-  
wam ?

With his great eyes lights the  
wigwam ?

Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !"

Many things Nokomis taught  
him 85

Of the stars that shine in heaven ;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the  
comet,

Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;  
Showed the Death-Dance of the  
spirits,

Warriors with their plumes and  
war-clubs, 90

Flaring far away to northward  
In the frosty nights of Winter ;  
Showed the broad, white road in  
heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the  
shadows,

Running straight across the hea-  
vens, 95

Crowded with the ghosts, the  
shadows.

At the door on Summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha ;  
Heard the whispering of the  
pine-trees, 99

Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;  
"Minne-wawa !" said the pine-  
trees,

"Mudway-aushka !" said the  
water,

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-tay-  
see,

Flitting through the dusk of  
evening, 105

With the twinkle of his candle  
Lighting up the brakes and  
bushes,

And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught  
him ; 109

"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire crea-  
ture,

Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me, 114  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !"

Saw the moon rise from the  
water,

Rippling, rounding from the  
water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it.  
Whispered, "What is that, No-  
komis ?"

And the good Nokomis answered ;  
"Once a warrior, very angry, 121  
Seized his grandmother, and  
threw her

Up into the sky at midnight ;  
Right against the moon he threw  
her ; 124

'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky the rainbow,  
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered :  
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you  
see there ; 130

All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and  
perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above  
us."

When he heard the owls at  
midnight, 135

Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
"What is that?" he cried in  
terror,

"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?" 138

And the good Nokomis answered :  
"That is but the owl and owlet,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their  
secrets, 145

How they built their nests in  
Summer,

Where they hid themselves in  
Winter,

Talked with them whenever he  
met them,

Called them "Hiawatha's  
Chickens."

Of all the beasts he learned the  
language, 150

Learned their names and all their  
secrets,

How the beavers built their  
lodges,

Where the squirrels hid their  
acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid, 155

Talked with them whenever he  
met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the traveller and the talker,  
He the friend of old Nokomis, 161  
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;  
From a branch of ash he made it,  
From an oak-bough made the  
arrows,

Tipped with flint, and winged  
with feathers, 165

And the cord he made of deer-  
skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha—  
"Go, my son, into the forest,  
Where the red deer herd together,  
Kill for us a famous roebuck, 170  
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straight-  
way

All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;  
And the birds sang round him,  
o'er him, 175

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside  
him, 180

Sprang the Squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
In and out among the branches,  
Coughed and chattered from the  
oak-tree,

Laughed, and said between his  
laughing,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" 185

And the rabbit from his pathway  
Leaped aside, and at a distance  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Half in fear and half in frolic,  
Saying to the little hunter, 190

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard  
 them,  
 For his thoughts were with the  
 red deer ;  
 On their tracks his eyes were  
 fastened, 194  
 Leading downward to the river,  
 To the ford across the river,  
 And as one in slumber walked he.  
 Hidden in the alder bushes,  
 There he waited till the deer came,  
 Till he saw two antlers lifted, 200  
 Saw two eyes look from the  
 thicket,  
 Saw two nostrils point to wind-  
 ward,  
 And a deer came down the path-  
 way,  
 Flecked with leafy light and  
 shadow.  
 And his heart within him flut-  
 tered, 205  
 Trembled like the leaves above  
 him,  
 Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
 As the deer came down the path-  
 way.  
 Then, upon one knee uprising,  
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow ; 210  
 Scarce a twig moved with his  
 motion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or  
 rustled,  
 But the wary roebuck started,  
 Stamped with all his hoofs to-  
 gether, 214  
 Listened with one foot uplifted,  
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;  
 Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,  
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung  
 him.  
 Dead he lay there in the forest,  
 By the ford across the river ; 220  
 Beat his timid heart no longer,  
 But the heart of Hiawatha  
 Throbbled and shouted and ex-  
 ulted,  
 As he bore the red deer home-  
 ward,  
 And Iagoo and Nokomis 225  
 Hailed his coming with applauses.  
 From the red deer's hide No-  
 komis  
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis  
 Made a banquet in his honour. 230  
 All the village came and feasted,  
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
 Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-  
 getaha !  
 Called him Loon-heart, Mahn-go-  
 taysee !

## IV.

## HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

Out of childhood into manhood  
 Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
 Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
 Learned in all the lore of old men,  
 In all youthful sports and pas-  
 times, 5  
 In all manly arts and labours.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;  
 He could shoot an arrow from  
 him,  
 And run forward with such fleet-  
 ness,  
 That the arrow fell behind him !  
 Strong of arm was Hiawatha ; 11

He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
Shoot them with such strength  
and swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-  
string

Ere the first to earth had fallen ! 15

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-  
skin ;

When upon his hands he wore  
them,

He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder  
He had moccasins enchanted, 21  
Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;

When he bound them round his  
ankles,

When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he  
measured ! 25

Much he questioned old No-  
komis

Of his father Mudjekeewis ;  
Learned from her the fatal secret  
Of the beauty of his mother,  
Of the falsehood of his father ; 30  
And his heart was hot within  
him,

Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
"I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
See how fares it with my father,  
At the doorways of the West-  
Wind, 36

At the portals of the Sunset."

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

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and  
leggings, 40

Richly wrought with quills and  
wampum ;

On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wam-  
pum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the rein-  
deer ; 45

In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with  
feathers,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning, said the old Nokomis,  
"Go not forth, O Hiawatha !

To the kingdom of the West-  
Wind,

To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cun-  
ning !" 55

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning ;  
Forth he strode into the forest,  
At each stride a mile he mea-  
sured ; 59

Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath  
him,

Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery  
vapours, 63

As of burning woods and prairies,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward,  
westward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison ;

Crossed the rushing Esconaba, 70  
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,

Passed the Mountains of the  
Prairie,

Passed the land of Crows and  
Foxes,

Passed the dwellings of the  
Blackfeet, 74

Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
To the kingdom of the West-  
Wind,

Where upon the gusty summits

Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
At the aspect of his father. 81  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy  
tresses,

Gleamed like drifting snow his  
tresses, 84

Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
When he looked on Hiawatha,  
Saw his youth rise up before him  
In the face of Hiawatha, 90

Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-  
Wind! 94

Long have I been waiting for you!  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely;  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;  
You bring back the days de-  
parted,

You bring back my youth of  
passion, 99  
And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked to-  
gether,  
Questioned, listened, waited,  
answered;

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures, 105  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting;  
With a smile he sat and listened,  
Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed  
him, 112

But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm  
you?"

Nothing that you are afraid of?"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, "There is  
nothing, 120  
Nothing but the black rock  
yonder,

Nothing but the fatal Waw-  
beek!"

And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal, 125  
Looked with pride upon the  
beauty

Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!  
Is there anything can harm you?  
Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha 131  
Paused awhile as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, "There is  
nothing, 134

Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

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

Hiawatha cried in terror, 139  
Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"  
"Ah, kaween," said Mudjekeewis,  
"No, indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other  
matters;

First of Hiawatha's brothers, 145  
First of Wabun, of the East-  
Wind,

Of the South-Wind, Shawon-  
dasee,

Of the North, Kabibonokka;  
Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
Of the beautiful Wenonah, 150

Of her birth upon the meadow,  
Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her  
beauty, 156

Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your foot-  
steps ;

You confess it ! you confess it !"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and  
gesture 165  
Laid his hand upon the black  
rock,

On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into frag-  
ments, 170

Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within  
him,

Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-  
Wind 175

Blew the fragments backward  
from him,

With the breathing of his nos-  
trils,

With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant ;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and  
fibres 181

From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze, the giant bulrush ;  
Long and loud laughed Hia-  
watha.

Then began the deadly conflict,

Hand to hand among the moun-  
tains ; 186

From his eyrie screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle ;  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings  
above them. 190

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bul-  
rush ;

And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;  
Till the earth shook with the  
tumult 195

And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the moun-  
tains,

Starting, answered, "Baim-  
wawa !" 199

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the  
mountains,

Stumbling westward down the  
mountains,

Three whole days retreated  
fighting,

Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the doorways of the West-  
Wind, 205

To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
In the melancholy marshes. 211

"Hold !" at length cried Mud-  
jekeewis,

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !  
'Tis impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the im-  
mortal. 215

I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your  
courage ;

Now receive the prize of valour !

"Go back to your home and  
people,  
Live among them, toil among  
them, 220

Cleanse the earth from all that  
harms it,  
Clear the fishing-grounds and  
rivers,

Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the Wendigoes, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the  
mountains.

"And at last when Death  
draws near you, 228  
When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the North-West Wind, Kee-  
waydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keeway-  
din."

Thus was fought that famous  
battle 235  
In the dreadful days of Shah-  
shah,  
In the days long since departed  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hia-  
watha ; 245  
Pleasant was the landscape round  
him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of  
vengeance, 250  
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of  
arrows

Of the ancient Arrow-maker, 255  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-  
trees,

Laugh and leap into the valley.  
There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sand-  
stone, 261

Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the  
edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and  
costly. 265

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

Feet as rapid as the river, 270  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter ;  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water. 275

Was it then for heads of  
arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted,  
In the land of the Dacotahs? 280

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments,  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha 286  
Gleaming, glancing through the  
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of  
branches?

Who shall say what thoughts  
and visions 290

Fill the fiery brains of young men?  
Who shall say what dreams of  
beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha?  
All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at  
sunset, 295  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water!

## V.

## HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle, 5  
And renown among the Warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fast-  
ing,

Built a wigwam in the forest, 10  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-  
time,

In the Moon of Leaves he built  
it,

And, with dreams and visions  
many,

Seven whole days and nights he  
fasted. 15

On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wan-  
dered;

Saw the deer start from the  
thicket,

Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drum-  
ming, 20

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,

Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
Building nests among the pine-  
trees,

And in flocks the wild goose,  
Wawa, 25

Flying to the fen-lands north-  
ward,

Whirring, wailing far above him.  
"Master of Life!" he cried, de-  
sponding,

"Must our lives depend on these  
things?" 29

On the next day of his fasting  
By the river's brink he wandered,  
Through the Muskoday, the mea-  
dow,

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin, 35  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bemah-  
gut,

Trailing o'er the alder-branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance.

"Master of life!" he cried, de-  
sponding, 40

"Must our lives depend on these  
things?"

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,

By the still, transparent water ;  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leap-  
ing, 45

Scattering drops like beads of  
wampum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,

Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
And the herring, Okahahwis, 50

And the Shawgashee, the crawl-  
fish !

" Master of Life ! " he cried, de-  
sponding,

" Must our lives depend on these  
things ? "

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted ; 55

From his couch of leaves and  
branches

Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and  
visions,

On the dizzy, swimming land-  
scape,

On the gleaming of the water, 60  
On the splendour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approach-  
ing,

Dressed in garments green and  
yellow,

Coming through the purple twi-  
light,

Through the splendour of the  
sunset ; 65

Plumes of green bent o'er his  
forehead,

And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,

Looked with pity and compas-  
sion 70

On his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing

Of the South-Wind in the tree-  
tops,

Said he, " O my Hiawatha !

All your prayers are heard in  
heaven, 75

For you pray not like the others,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,

Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle,

Nor renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people, 81

For advantage of the nations.

" From the Master of Life de-  
scending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct  
you, 85

How by struggle and by labour  
You shall gain what you have  
prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with  
me ! " 89

Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
Started from his bed of branches,

From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset

Came, and wrestled with Mon-  
damin ; 94

At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and  
bosom,

Felt new life and hope and vigour  
Run through every nerve and  
fibre.

So they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset, 100

And the more they strove and  
struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;  
Till the darkness fell around them,

And the heron the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,

From her nest among the pine-  
trees, 105

Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

" 'Tis enough ! " then said Mon-  
damin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
 "But to-morrow, when the sun  
     sets, 110  
 I will come again to try you."  
 And he vanished, and was seen  
     not ;  
 Whether sinking as the rain  
     sinks,  
 Whether rising as the mists rise,  
 Hiawatha saw not, knew not, 115  
 Only saw that he had vanished,  
 Leaving him alone and fainting,  
 With the misty lake below him,  
 And the reeling stars above him.  
     On the morrow and the next  
     day, 120  
 When the sun through heaven  
     descending,  
 Like a red and burning cinder,  
 From the hearth of the Great  
     Spirit,  
 Fell into the western waters,  
 Came Mondamin for the trial, 125  
 For the strife with Hiawatha ;  
 Came as silent as the dew comes,  
 From the empty air appearing,  
 Into empty air returning,  
 Taking shape when earth it  
     touches, 130  
 But invisible to all men,  
 In its coming and its going.  
     Thrice they wrestled there  
     together  
 In the glory of the sunset, 134  
 Till the darkness fell around them,  
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her nest among the pine-  
     trees,  
 Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
 And Mondamin paused to listen.  
     Tall and beautiful he stood  
     there, 140  
 In his garments green and yellow ;  
 To and fro his plumes above him  
 Waved and nodded with his  
     breathing,

And the sweat of the encounter  
 Stood like drops of dew upon him.  
     And he cried, "O Hiawatha !  
 Bravely have you wrestled with  
     me,  
 Thrice have wrestled stoutly with  
     me,  
 And the Master of Life, who sees  
     us, 149  
 He will give to you the triumph !"  
     Then he smiled, and said, "To-  
     morrow  
 Is the last day of your conflict,  
 Is the last day of your fasting.  
 You will conquer and o'ercome  
     me ;  
 Make a bed for me to lie in, 155  
 Where the rain may fall upon me,  
 Where the sun may come and  
     warm me ;  
 Strip these garments, green and  
     yellow,  
 Strip this nodding plumage from  
     me, 159  
 Lay me in the earth, and make it  
 Soft and loose and light above me.  
     "Let no hand disturb my  
     slumber,  
 Let no weed or worm molest me,  
 Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
 Come to haunt me, and molest me,  
 Only come yourself to watch me,  
 Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
 Till I leap into the sunshine."  
     And thus saying, he departed ;  
 Peacefully slept Hiawatha, 170  
 But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
 Heard the whippoorwill complain-  
     ing,  
 Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;  
 Heard the rushing Sebowisha,  
 Heard the rivulet rippling near  
     him, 175  
 Talking to the darksome forest ;  
 Heard the sighing of the branches,  
 As they lifted and subsided

At the passing of the night-wind,  
Heard them, as one hears in  
slumber 180

Far-off murmurs, dreamy whis-  
pers :

Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
On the seventh day of his fasting,  
Came with food for Hiawatha, 185  
Came imploring and bewailing,  
Lest his hunger should o'ercome  
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal,  
But he tasted not, and touched  
not,

Only said to her, "Nokomis, 190  
Wait until the sun is setting,  
Till the darkness falls around us,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Crying from the desolate marshes,  
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Noko-  
mis, 196

Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
Fearing lest his strength should  
fail him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
He meanwhile sat weary waiting  
For the coming of Mondamin, 201  
Till the shadows, pointing east-  
ward,

Lengthened over field and forest,  
Till the sun dropped from the  
heaven, 204

Floating on the waters westward,  
As a red leaf in the Autumn  
Falls and floats upon the water,  
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mon-  
damin, 209

With his soft and shining tresses,  
With his garments green and  
yellow,

With his long and glossy plumage,  
Stood and beckoned at the door-  
way,

And as one in slumber walking,  
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,  
From the wigwam Hiawatha 216  
Came and wrestled with Monda-  
min.

Round about him spun the  
landscape,  
Sky and forest reeled together,  
And his strong heart leaped  
within him, 220  
As the sturgeon leaps and  
struggles

In a net to break its meshes.  
Like a ring of fire around him  
Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
And a hundred suns seemed look-  
ing 225

At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
All alone stood Hiawatha,  
Panting with his wild exertion,  
Palpitating with his struggle ; 230  
And before him, breathless, life-  
less,

Lay the youth, with hair dishe-  
velled,

Plumage torn and garments tat-  
tered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha 235  
Made the grave as he commanded,  
Stripped the garments from Mon-  
damin,

Stripped his tattered plumage  
from him,

Laid him in the earth, and made it  
Soft and loose and light above  
him ; 240

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,

From the melancholy moorlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish.

Homeward then went Hiawa-  
tha 245

To the lodge of old Nokomis,

And the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed.

But the place was not forgotten  
Where he wrestled with Mondamin, 250

Nor forgotten nor neglected  
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,

Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
Where his scattered plumes and garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha 256  
Go to wait and watch beside it ;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,

Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings, 260

Kahgahgee, the king of ravens ;

Till at length a small green feather

From the earth shot slowly upward,

Then another and another,  
And before the summer ended 265  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,

And its long, soft yellow tresses ;  
And in rapture Hiawatha 269  
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin !  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin !"

Then he called to old Nokomis  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
Showed them where the maize  
was growing, 274

Told them of his wondrous vision,  
Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
Of this new gift to the nations,  
Which should be their food for ever.

And still later, when the  
Autumn  
Changed the long, green leaves to  
yellow, 280

And the soft and juicy kernels  
Grew like wampum hard and  
yellow,

Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
Stripped the withered husks from  
off them,

As he once had stripped the  
wrestler, 285

Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
And made known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

## VI.

### HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right  
hand

Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ; 5  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man,  
Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the  
pathway,  
Never grew the grass upon it ;  
Singing-birds, that utter false-  
hoods, 10

Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between  
them,

For they kept each other's  
counsel,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much, and much con-  
triving 16  
How the tribes of men might  
prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians, 20  
He the sweetest of all singers.  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers. 25

When he sang, the village  
listened ;  
All the warriors gathered round  
him,  
All the women came to hear him ;  
Now he stirred their souls to  
passion,  
Now he melted them to pity. 30  
From the hollow reeds he  
fashioned

Flutes so musical and mellow,  
That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Ceased to murmur in the wood-  
land,

That the wood-birds ceased from  
singing, 35  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos, 41  
Teach my waves to flow in music,  
Softly as your words in sing-  
ing !"

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos, 45  
Teach me tones as wild and way-  
ward,  
Teach me songs as full of  
frenzy !"

Yes, the Opechee, the robin,  
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as sweet and  
tender, 50

Teach me songs as full of glad-  
ness !"

And the whippoorwill, Wa-  
wonaissa,

Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sad-  
ness !" 55

All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his  
singing,

All the hearts of men were  
softened

By the pathos of his music ;  
For he sang of peace and free-  
dom, 60

Sang of beauty, love, and long-  
ing ;

Sang of death, and life undying  
In the Islands of the Blessed,  
In the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
In the land of the Hereafter. 65

Very dear to Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers ;  
For his gentleness he loved him,  
And the magic of his singing. 71

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man,  
Kwasind,

He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many ; 75  
For his very strength he loved  
him,  
For his strength allied to good-  
ness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
Never played with other chil-  
dren, 80  
Never fished and never hunted,

Not like other children was he ;  
 But they saw that much he fasted,  
 Much his Manito entreated,  
 Much besought his Guardian  
 Spirit. 85

"Lazy Kwasind !" said his  
 mother,

"In my work you never help me !  
 In the Summer you are roaming  
 Idly in the fields and forests ;  
 In the Winter you are cowering  
 O'er the firebrands in the wig-  
 wam ;

In the coldest days of Winter  
 I must break the ice for fishing ;  
 With my nets you never help me !  
 At the door my nets are hang-  
 ing, 95

Dripping, freezing with the water ;  
 Go and wring them, Yenadizze !  
 Go and dry them in the sun-  
 shine !"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwa-  
 sind

Rose, but made no angry answer ;  
 From the lodge went forth in  
 silence, 101

Took the nets that hung together,  
 Dripping, freezing at the door-  
 way,

Like a wisp of straw he wrung  
 them,

Like a wisp of straw he broke  
 them, 105

Could not wring them without  
 breaking,

Such the strength was in his  
 fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind !" said his  
 father,

"In the hunt you never help me ;  
 Every bow you touch is broken,  
 Snapped asunder every arrow ; 111  
 Yet come with me to the forest,  
 You shall bring the hunting  
 homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wan-  
 dered,

Where a brooklet led them on-  
 ward, 115

Where the trail of bear and  
 bison

Marked the soft mud on the  
 margin,

Till they found all further pas-  
 sage

Shut against them, barred  
 securely

By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
 Lying lengthwise, lying cross-  
 wise, 121

And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the  
 old man,

"O'er these logs we cannot  
 clamber ;

Not a woodchuck could get  
 through them, 125

Not a squirrel clamber o'er  
 them !"

And straightway his pipe he  
 lighted,

And sat down to smoke and  
 ponder.

But before his pipe was finished,  
 Lo ! the path was cleared before  
 him ; 130

All the trunks had Kwasind  
 lifted,

To the right hand, to the left  
 hand,

Shot the pine-trees swift as  
 arrows,

Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind !" said the  
 young men, 135

As they sported in the meadow,

"Why stand idly looking at us,

Leaning on the rock behind you ?

Come and wrestle with the others,

Let us pitch the quoit to-  
 gether !" 140

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To the challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and, slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his  
fingers,

Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poised it in the air a moment, 146  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming  
river, 150

Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasind sailed with his com-  
panions,

In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeek, the King of  
Beavers,

Struggling with the rushing  
currents, 155

Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without  
pausing,

Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling  
surface,

Through the whirlpools chased  
the beaver, 160

Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the  
water,

That his terrified companions  
Cried, "Alas! good-bye to Kwa-  
sind!"

We shall never more see  
Kwasind!" 165

But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and  
dripping,

Brought the King of all the  
Beavers.

And these two, as I have told  
you, 170

Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man,  
Kwasind.

Long they lived in peace to-  
gether,

Spake with naked hearts to-  
gether, 175

Pondering much and much con-  
triving

How the tribes of men might  
prosper.

## VII.

## HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-  
Tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-  
Tree!

Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!

I a light canoe will build me, 5  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sail-  
ing,

That shall float upon the river,

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-  
Tree! 10

Lay aside your white-skin wrap-  
per,

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

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha 15  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing  
gaily,

In the Moon of Leaves were sing-  
ing,

And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold  
me!" 21

Geezis, the great Sun, behold  
me!"

And the tree with all its  
branches

Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience, 25  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he  
girdled;

Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to  
bottom, 31

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk un-  
broken.

"Give me of your boughs, O  
Cedar!" 35

Of your strong and pliant  
branches,

My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm  
beneath me!

Through the summit of the  
Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror, 40  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending down-  
ward,

"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"  
Down he hewed the boughs of  
cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a  
framework, 45

Like two bows he formed and  
shaped them,

Like two bended bows together.  
"Give me of your roots, O Tama-  
rack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-  
Tree!

My canoe to bind together, 50  
So to bind the ends together,

That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its  
fibres,

Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched its forehead with its  
tassels, 56

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the  
fibres,

Tore the tough roots of the Larch-  
Tree, 60

Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the frame-  
work.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-  
Tree!

Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together 65  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and  
sombre,

Sobbed through all its robes of  
darkness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered  
weeping, 71

"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"  
And he took the tears of  
balsam,

Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and  
fissure, 75

Made each crevice safe from  
water.

"Give me of your quills, O  
Hedgehog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the  
Hedgehog!

I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty, 80  
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedge-  
hog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at  
him,  
Shot his shining quills like  
arrows,

Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he  
gathered,

All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and  
yellow 90

With the juice of roots and  
berries;

Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming neck-  
lace,

On its breast two stars resplen-  
dent. 95

Thus the Birch Canoe was  
built

In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic, 100  
All the lightness of the birch-  
tree,

All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn, 105  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles  
served him,

And his wishes served to guide  
him; 110

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

Then he called aloud to  
Kwasind,

To his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind,

Saying, "Help me clear this  
river 115

Of its sunken logs and sandbars."  
Straight into the river

Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,

Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,

To his arm-pits in the river, 121  
Swam and shouted in the river,

Tugged at sunken logs and  
branches,

With his hands he scooped the  
sandbars, 124

With his feet the ooze and tangle.  
And thus sailed my Hiawatha,

Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and

windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and

shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man,

Kwasind, 130  
Swam the deeps, the shallows

waded.  
Up and down the river went

they,  
In and out among its islands,

Cleared its bed of root and sand-  
bar,

Dragged the dead trees from its  
channel, 135

Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,

From its springs among the  
mountains,

To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw. 140

## VIII.

## HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,  
On the shining Big Sea-Water,  
With his fishing-line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nah-  
ma, 5

Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,  
In his birch canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent  
water

He could see the fishes swim-  
ming 10

Far down in the depths below  
him ;

See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water  
See the Shawgashee, the craw-  
fish,

Like a spider on the bottom, 15  
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing-line of cedar ;  
In his plumes the breeze of morn-  
ing 19

Played as in the hemlock branches:  
On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the  
bottom 25

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

With his fins he fanned and win-  
nowed,

With his tail he swept the sand-  
floor. 30

There he lay in all his armour ;  
On each side a shield to guard  
him,

Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and  
shoulders

Plates of bone with spines pro-  
jecting ! 35

Painted was he with his war-  
paints,

Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple, 40  
As above him Hiawatha

In his birch canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing-line of cedar.

"Take my bait !" cried Hiawatha  
Down into the depths beneath  
him, 45

"Take my bait, O Sturgeon,  
Nahma,

Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger !"   
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent  
water, 50

Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,  
"Take my bait, O King of  
Fishes !"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water, 56  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamour,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting ; 60  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,

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

In his fingers Hiawatha 65  
Felt the loose line jerk and  
tighten;

As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch canoe stood end  
wise,

Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, 70  
Perched and frisking on the sum-  
mit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him, 75  
And he shouted through the  
water,

"Esa! esa! shame upon you!  
You are but the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted, 79  
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sunfish,  
"Take the bait of this great  
boaster, 85

Break the line of Hiawatha!"  
Slowly upward, wavering,  
gleaming

Like a white moon in the water,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-  
fish,

Seized the line of Hiawatha, 90  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling  
eddies,

Till the circles in the water 95  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,

Lifting his great disc of white-  
ness, 101

Loud he shouted in derision,  
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!"

You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted, 105  
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Slowly downward, wavering,  
gleaming,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha, 110  
Heard his challenge of defiance,  
The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the  
bottom

Up he rose with angry gesture, 115  
Quivering in each nerve and  
fibre,

Clashing all his plates of armour,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-  
paint;

In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sun-  
shine, 120

Opened his great jaws, and  
swallowed

Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river 125  
Shoots and plunges down the  
rapids,

Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter dark-  
ness. 130

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and  
fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round  
him 135

As he leaped and staggered  
through it,

Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion, 141  
Forth he might be hurled and  
perish.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gaily,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labour was completed. 146

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
"O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me;  
Take the thanks of Hiawatha, 150  
And the name which now he  
gives you ;

For hereafter and for ever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you !"  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Gasped and quivered in the water,  
Then was still, and drifted land-  
ward 157

Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the  
margin, 160

Felt him stand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flap-  
ping,

As of many wings assembling, 165  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of  
Nahma,

Saw the glittering eyes of sea-  
gulls, 170

Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the open-  
ing,

Heard them saying to each other,  
" 'Tis our brother, Hiawatha ! "

And he shouted from below  
them, 175

Cried exulting from the caverns,  
" O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings  
widen, 180

Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and for ever  
Men shall speak of your achieve-  
ments,

Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gull,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble  
Scratchers ! " 185

And the wild and clamorous  
sea-gulls

Toiled with beak and claws  
together,

Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma, 189  
And from peril and from prison,  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
Was released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his  
wigwan,

On the margin of the water, 195  
And he called to old Nokomis,  
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,  
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
With the sea-gulls feeding on  
him. 200

" I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
Slain the King of Fishes ! " said  
he ;

" Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon  
him,

Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-  
gulls ;

Drive them not away, Nokomis !  
They have saved me from great  
peril 206

In the body of the sturgeon.  
 Wait until their meal is ended,  
 Till their craws are full with  
     feasting, 209  
 Till they homeward fly at sunset,  
 To their nests among the marshes ;  
 Then bring all your pots and  
     kettles,  
 And make oil for us in Winter."  
 And she waited till the sunset,  
 Till the pallid moon, the Night-  
     sun, 215  
 Rose above the tranquil water,  
 Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
 From their banquet rose with  
     clamour,  
 And across the fiery sunset  
 Winged their way to far-off  
     islands, 220  
 To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
 And Nokomis to her labour,  
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
 Till the sun and moon changed  
     places, 225  
 Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-  
     gulls,  
 Came back from the reedy islands,  
 Clamorous for their morning  
     banquet.  
 Three whole days and nights  
     alternate 230  
 Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
 Till the waves washed through  
     the rib-bones,  
 Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
 And upon the sands lay nothing  
 But the skeleton of Nahma. 236

## IX.

## HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
 Of the shining Big Sea-Water,  
 Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
 Pointing with her finger west-  
     ward,  
 O'er the water pointing west-  
     ward, 5  
 To the purple clouds of sunset.  
 Fiercely the red sun descend-  
     ing  
 Burned his way along the  
     heavens,  
 Set the sky on fire behind him,  
 As war-parties, when retreating,  
 Burn the prairies on their war-  
     trail ; 11  
 And the moon, the Night-Sun,  
     eastward,

Suddenly, starting from his  
     ambush,  
 Followed fast those bloody foot-  
     prints, 14  
 Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
 With its glare upon his features.  
 And Nokomis, the old woman,  
 Pointing with her finger west-  
     ward,  
 Spake these words to Hiawatha :  
 "Yonder dwells the great Pearl-  
     Feather, 20  
 Megissogwon, the Magician,  
 Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
 Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
 Guarded by the black pitch-  
     water ;  
 You can see his fiery serpents 25

The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water ;  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

"He it was who slew my father, 31  
By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
When he from the moon descended,  
When he came on earth to seek me.

He, the mightiest of Magicians, 35  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapours,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
Sends the white-fog from the fen-lands,

Sends disease and death among us. 40

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Pugga-  
waugun,

And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
And your birch canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma, 46  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch-  
water ;

Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever 50  
That he breathes across the fen-  
lands,

And avenge my father's murder !"  
Straightway then my Hia-  
watha

Armed himself with all his war-  
gear,  
Launched his birch canoe for sail-  
ing ; 55

With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my  
darling,

O my Birch Canoe ! leap forward,

Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-  
water !" 60

Forward leaped Cheemaun  
exulting,  
And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and  
woeful,

And above him the war-eagle, 64  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through  
the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery ser-  
pents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water, 70  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,  
So that none could pass beyond  
them. 75

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this  
wise :

"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey !"  
And they answered, hissing  
fiercely, 80  
With their fiery breath made  
answer :

"Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-  
heart !"

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-  
tree, 85  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the ser-  
pents ;

Every twanging of the bow-  
string

Was a war-cry and a death-cry,  
Every whizzing of an arrow 90  
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed, and cried exult-  
ing : 95

"Onward, O Cheemaun, my dar-  
ling !  
Onward to the black pitch-  
water !"

Then he took the oil of  
Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that  
swiftly 100  
He might pass the black pitch-  
water.

All night long he sailed upon  
it,

Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with flags and leaves of  
lilies, 106

Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moon-  
light,

And by will-o'-the-wisps illu-  
mined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men  
kindled, 110

In their weary night encamp-  
ments.

All the air was white with  
moonlight,

All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquitos, sang their war-  
song, 115

And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-  
taysee,

Waved their torches to mislead  
him ;

And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moon-  
light, 119

Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,

Sobbed and sank beneath the sur-  
face,

And anon a thousand whistles  
Answered over all the fenlands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,

Far off on the reedy margin, 125  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hia-  
watha,

Toward the realm of Megissog-  
won,

Toward the land of the Pearl-  
Feather,

Till the level moon stared at  
him, 130

In his face stared pale and  
haggard,

Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,

And before him on the upland  
He could see the Shining Wig-  
wam 135

Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he  
patted,

To his Birch-Canoe said, "On-  
ward !"

And it stirred in all its fibres, 140  
And with one great bound of  
triumph

Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through-tangled flags and  
rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them  
Dryshod landed Hiawatha. 145

Straight he took his bow of ash-  
tree,

One end on the sand he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the  
middle,

Stretched the faithful bow-string  
tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed, 150  
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,

Sent it singing as a herald,  
As a bearer of his message,  
Of his challenge loud and lofty :  
"Come forth from your lodge,  
    Pearl-Feather ! 155  
Hiawatha waits your coming !"

Straightway from the Shining  
    Wigwam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,  
Dark and terrible in aspect, 160  
Clad from head to foot in wam-  
    pum,

Armed with all his warlike  
    weapons,

Painted like the sky of morning,  
Streaked with crimson, blue, and  
    yellow, 164

Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
Streaming upward, streaming out-  
    ward.

"Well I know you, Hia-  
    watha !"

Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
In a tone of loud derision. 169

"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya !  
Hasten back among the women,  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-  
    heart !

I will slay you as you stand there,  
As of old I slew her father !"

But my Hiawatha answered, 175  
Nothing daunted, fearing no-  
    thing ;

"Big words do not smite like  
    war-clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-  
    string,

Taunts are not so sharp as  
    arrows,

Deeds are better things than  
    words are, 180

Actions mightier than boast-  
    ings !"

Then began the greatest battle  
That the sun had ever looked on,

That the war-birds ever wit-  
    nessed. 184

All a Summer's day it lasted,  
From the sunrise to the sunset ;

For the shafts of Hiawatha  
Harmless hit the shirt of wam-  
    pum,

Harmless fell the blows he  
    dealt it 189

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Harmless fell the heavy war-  
    club ;

It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the  
    meshes

Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha, 195

Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,

With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tat-  
    tered, 199

And three useless arrows only,  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,

From whose branches trailed the  
    mosses,

And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-  
    leather,

With the fungus white and  
    yellow. 205

Suddenly from the boughs  
    aboye him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :

"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,

At the head of Megissogwon, 209

Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black  
    tresses ;

There alone can he be wounded !"

Winged with feathers, tipped  
    with jasper,

Swiftly flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,

Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,

At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,  
219

Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other, 224  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other ;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath  
him,

Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew and wounded sorest,  
And the mighty Megissogwon  
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at  
him,

Heard his voice call in the darkness ; 235

At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-  
Feather,

Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the  
branches 241

Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honour of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of  
feathers

On the little head of Mama ; 245  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson  
feathers,

As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of  
wampum 249

From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a signal of his conquest.

On the shore he left the body,  
Half on land and half in water ;

In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water, 256  
And above him wheeled and  
clamoured

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissog-  
won,

All his wealth of skins and wam-  
pum,

Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine, 265  
Wampum belts and strings and  
pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of  
wampum,

Filled with arrows, silver-headed,  
Homeward then he sailed exult-  
ing,

Homeward through the black  
pitch-water, 270

Homeward through the weltering  
serpents,

With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.  
On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos, 275  
And the very strong man,

Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his song of triumph.  
And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and  
dances, 280

Made a joyous feast, and shouted :  
" Honour be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-  
Feather,

Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him who sent the fiery fever, 285  
Sent the white-fog from the fen-  
lands,

Sent disease and death among  
us ! "

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
 Was the memory of Mama, 289  
 And in token of his friendship,  
 As a mark of his remembrance,  
 He adorned and decked his pipe-  
     stem  
 With the crimson tuft of feathers,

With the blood-red crest of  
     Mama. 294  
 But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
 All the trophies of the battle,  
 He divided with his people,  
 Shared it equally among them.

## X.

## HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
 So unto the man is woman,  
 Though she bends him she obeys  
     him,  
 Though she draws him, yet she  
     follows, 4

Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
 Said within himself and pondered,  
 Much perplexed by various feel-  
     ings,

Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
 Dreaming still of Minnehaha, 10  
 Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your  
     people,"

Warning said the old Nokomis ;  
 "Go not eastward, go not west-  
     ward, 15  
 For a stranger, whom we know  
     not !

Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
 Is a neighbour's homely daughter,  
 Like the starlight or the moon-  
     light 19

Is the handsomest of strangers !" "

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
 And my Hiawatha answered  
 Only this : "Dear old Nokomis,  
 Very pleasant is the firelight,

But I like the starlight better, 25  
 Better do I like the moonlight ! "

Gravely then said old Nokomis :

"Bring not here an idle maiden,  
 Bring not here a useless woman,  
 Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;  
 Bring a wife with nimble  
     fingers, 31

Heart and hand that move to-  
     gether,

Feet that run on willing  
     errands ! "

Smiling, answered Hiawatha :  
 "In the land of the Dacotahs 35  
 Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Handsomest of all the women.

I will bring her to your wigwam,  
 She shall run upon your errands,  
 Be your starlight, moonlight, fire-  
     light, 41

Be the sunlight of my people ! "

Still dissuading said Nokomis :  
 "Bring not to my lodge a  
     stranger

From the land of the Dacotahs !  
 Very fierce are the Dacotahs, 46  
 Often is there war between us,  
 There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
 Wounds that ache and still may  
     open ! "

Laughing answered Hiawatha :  
 " For that reason, if no other, 51  
 Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
 That our tribes may be united,  
 That old feuds might be forgotten,  
 And old wounds be healed for  
 ever ! "

Thus departed Hiawatha  
 To the land of the Dacotahs,  
 To the land of handsome  
 women,  
 Striding over moor and meadow,  
 Through interminable forests, 60  
 Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
 At each stride a mile he measured ;  
 Yet the way seemed long before  
 him,

And his heart outran his foot-  
 steps ; 65

And he journeyed without resting,  
 Till he heard the cataract's  
 thunder,

Heard the falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to him through the  
 silence.

" Pleasant is the sound ! " he mur-  
 mured, 70

" Pleasant is the voice that calls  
 me ! "

On the outskirts of the forest,  
 'Twixt the shadow and the sun-  
 shine,

Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
 But they saw not Hiawatha ; 75

To his bow he whispered, " Fail  
 Not ! "

To his arrow whispered, " Swerve  
 not ! " --

Sent it singing on its errand,  
 To the red heart of the roebuck ;  
 Threw the deer across his  
 shoulder, 80

And sped forward without  
 pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs,  
 Making arrow-heads of jasper, 85  
 Arrow heads of chalcedony.  
 At his side, in all her beauty,  
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
 Sat his daughter, Laughing  
 Water, 89

Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;  
 Of the past the old man's  
 thoughts were,  
 And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
 Of the days when with such  
 arrows

He had struck the deer and  
 bison 95

On the Muskoday, the meadow ;  
 Shot the wild-goose, flying south-  
 ward,

On the wing, the clamorous  
 Wawa ;

Thinking of the great war-  
 parties,

How they came to buy his  
 arrows, 100

Could not fight without his  
 arrows,

Ah, no more such noble warriors  
 Could be found on earth as they  
 were !

Now the men were all like  
 women,

Only used their tongues for  
 weapons ! 105

She was thinking of a hunter  
 From another tribe and country,  
 Young and tall and very hand-  
 some,

Who, one morning in the Spring-  
 time, 109

Came to buy her father's arrows,  
 Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
 Lingered long about the doorway,  
 Looking back as he departed.

She had heard her father praise  
him,  
Praise his courage and his  
wisdom ; 115

Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?  
On her mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they  
heard a footstep, 120  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and fore-  
head,

With the deer upon his shoulder,  
Suddenly from out the wood-  
lands

Hiawatha stood before them. 125  
Straight the ancient Arrow-  
maker

Looked up gravely from his  
labour,

Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
"Hiawatha, you are welcome !"

At the feet of Laughing  
Water 132

Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his  
shoulders.

And the maiden looked up at  
him, 135

Looked up from her mat of  
rushes,

Said, with gentle look and accent,  
"You are welcome, Hiawatha !"

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and  
whitened, 140

With the gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its cur-  
tains,

And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-fea-  
thers, 145

As he entered at the doorway.  
Then uprose the Laughing Water  
From the ground, fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before  
them, 150

Water brought them from the  
brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen  
vessels,

Gave them drink in bowls of  
bass-wood,

Listened while the guest was  
speaking,

Listened while her father an-  
swered, 155

But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,

As he talked of old Nokomis, 160  
Who had nursed him in his child-  
hood,

As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,

And the very strong man,  
Kwasind,

And of happiness and plenty 165  
In the land of the Ojibways,

In the pleasant land and peaceful.  
"After many years of warfare,

Many years of strife and blood-  
shed,

There is peace between the Ojib-  
ways, 170

And the tribe of the Dacotahs."  
Thus continued Hiawatha,

And then added, speaking slowly:  
"That this peace may last for  
ever,

And our hands be clasped more  
closely, 175

And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women !"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Paused a moment ere he answered, 181  
 Smoked a little while in silence,  
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
 Fondly looked at Laughing  
 Water, 184

And made answer, very gravely :  
 " Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;  
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha ! "

And the lovely Laughing  
 Water  
 Seemed more lovely as she stood  
 there,

Neither willing nor reluctant, 190  
 As she went to Hiawatha,  
 Softly took the seat beside him,  
 While she said, and blushed to  
 say it,

" I will follow you, my husband ! "

This was Hiawatha's wooing ;  
 Thus it was he won the  
 daughter 196

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs.

From the wigwam he departed,  
 Leading with him Laughing  
 Water ; 200

Hand in hand they went  
 together

Through the woodland and the  
 meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely  
 At the doorway of his wigwam,  
 Heard the falls of Minnehaha 205  
 Calling to them from the distance,  
 Crying to them from afar off,

" Fare thee well, O Minnehaha ! "

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Turned again unto his labour, 210  
 Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
 Murmuring to himself, and say-  
 ing,

" Thus it is our daughters leave  
 us,

Those we love, and those who  
 love us !

Just when they have learned to  
 help us, 215

When we are old and lean upon  
 them,

Comes a youth with flaunting  
 feathers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
 Wanders piping through the vil-  
 lage,

Beckons to the fairest maiden, 220  
 And she follows where he leads  
 her,

Leaving all things for the  
 stranger ! "

Pleasant was the journey home-  
 ward,

Through interminable forests,  
 Over meadow, over mountain, 225  
 Over river, hill, and hollow.

Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
 Though they journeyed very  
 slowly,

Though his pace he checked and  
 slackened 229

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
 In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
 Light he thought her as a feather,  
 As the plume upon his head-  
 gear ;

Cleared the tangled pathway for  
 her, 235

Bent aside the swaying branches,  
 Made at night a lodge of  
 branches,

And a bed with boughs of hem-  
 lock,

And a fire before the doorway  
 With the dry cones of the pine-  
 tree. 240

All the travelling winds went  
 with them,

O'er the meadow, through the  
 forest ;

All the stars of night looked at  
 them,  
 Watched with sleepless eyes their  
 slumber ;  
 From his ambush in the oak-  
 tree 245  
 Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 Watched with eager eyes the  
 lovers.

And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
 Scampered from the path before  
 them,  
 Peering, peeping from his bur-  
 row, 250

Sat erect upon his haunches,  
 Watched with curious eyes the  
 lovers.

Pleasant was the journey home-  
 ward,

All the birds sang loud and  
 sweetly  
 Songs of happiness and heart's-  
 ease ; 255

Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
 "Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
 Having such a wife to love  
 you !"

Sang the Opechee the robin,  
 "Happy are you, Laughing  
 Water, 260  
 Having such a noble husband !"

From the sky the sun benignant  
 Looked upon them through the  
 branches,  
 Saying to them, "O my children,  
 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
 Life is checkered shade and sun  
 shine ; 266  
 Rule by love, O Hiawatha !"

From the sky the moon looked  
 at them,  
 Filled the lodge with mystic  
 splendours,  
 Whispered to them, "O my chil-  
 dren, 270

Day is restless, night is quiet,  
 Man imperious, woman feeble ;  
 Half is mine, although I follow ;  
 Rule by patience, Laughing  
 Water !"

Thus it was they journeyed  
 homeward ; 275

Thus it was that Hiawatha  
 To the lodge of old Nokomis  
 Brought the moonlight, starlight,  
 firelight,  
 Brought the sunshine of his  
 people,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water, 280  
 Handsomest of all the women  
 In the land of the Dacotahs,  
 In the land of handsome women.

## XI.

## HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis,  
 How the handsome Yenadizze  
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
 How the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the sweetest of musicians, 5  
 Sang his songs of love and long-  
 ing ;

How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 He the marvellous story-teller,  
 Told his tales of strange adventure,  
 That the feast might be more  
 joyous, 10  
 That the time might pass more  
 gaily,  
 And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
 Made at Hiawatha's wedding.  
 All the bowls were made of bass-wood, 15  
 White and polished very smoothly,  
 All the spoons of horn of bison,  
 Black and polished very smoothly.  
 She had sent through all the village  
 Messengers with wands of willow,  
 As a sign of invitation, 21  
 As a token of the feasting;  
 And the wedding-guests assembled,  
 Clad in all their richest raiment,  
 Robes of fur and belts of wampum, 25  
 Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
 Beautiful with beads and tassels.  
 First they ate the sturgeon,  
 Nahma,  
 And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
 Caught and cooked by old Nokomis; 30  
 Then on pemican they feasted,  
 Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
 Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
 Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
 And the wild rice of the river. 35  
 But the gracious Hiawatha,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water,  
 And the careful old Nokomis,  
 Tasted not the food before them,  
 Only waited on the others, 40  
 Only served their guests in silence.  
 And when all the guests had finished,  
 Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
 From an ample pouch of otter  
 Filled the red stone pipes for smoking 45  
 With tobacco from the South-land,

Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
 And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.  
 Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis, 49  
 Dance for us your merry dances,  
 Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
 That the feast may be more joyous,  
 That the time may pass more gaily,  
 And our guests be more contented!"  
 Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis, 55  
 He the idle Yenadizze,  
 He the merry mischief-maker,  
 Whom the people call the Storm-Fool,  
 Rose among the guests assembled.  
 Skilled was he in sports and pastimes, 60  
 In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
 In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
 Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
 In all games of skill and hazard,  
 Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
 Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.  
 Though the warriors called him Faint-heart,  
 Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
 Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,  
 Little heeded he their jesting, 70  
 Little cared he for their insults,  
 For the women and the maidens  
 Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
 He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,  
 White and soft, and fringed with ermine, 75  
 All inwrought with beads of wampum;

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

Till the dust and wind together  
 Swept in eddies round about him.  
 Then along the sandy margin  
 Of the lake, the Big-Sea Water,  
 On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
 Stamped upon the sand and  
 tossed it  
 Wildly in the air around him ;  
 Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
 Till the sand was blown and  
 sifted 115  
 Like great snowdrifts o'er the  
 landscape,  
 Heaping all the shores with Sand  
 Dunes,  
 Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!  
 Thus the merry Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis  
 Danced his Beggar's Dance to  
 please them, 120  
 And, returning, sat down laughing  
 There among the guests assem-  
 bled,  
 Sat and fanned himself serenely  
 With his fan of turkey-feathers.  
 Then they said to Chibiabos, 125  
 To the friend of Hiawatha,  
 To the sweetest of all singers,  
 To the best of all musicians,  
 "Sing to us, O Chibiabos,  
 Songs of love and songs of long-  
 ing, 130  
 That the feast may be more joy-  
 ous,  
 That the time may pass more  
 gaily,  
 And our guests be more con-  
 tented!"  
 And the gentle Chibiabos  
 Sang in accents sweet and tender,  
 Sang in tones of deep emotion, 136  
 Songs of love and songs of long-  
 ing ;  
 Looking still at Hiawatha,  
 Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
 Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

"Onaway ! Awake, beloved ! 141  
 Thou the wild-flower of the forest !  
 Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !  
 Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-  
 like !

"If thou only lookest at me, 145  
 I am happy, I am happy,  
 As the lilies of the prairie,  
 When they feel the dew upon  
 them !

"Sweet thy breath is as the  
 fragrance  
 Of the wild-flowers in the morn-  
 ing, 150  
 As their fragrance is at evening,  
 In the Moon when leaves are  
 falling.

"Does not all the blood within  
 me  
 Leap to meet thee, leap to meet  
 thee,  
 As the springs to meet the sun-  
 shine, 155  
 In the Moon when nights are  
 brightest ?

"Onaway ! my heart sings to  
 thee,  
 Sings with joy when thou art  
 near me,  
 As the sighing, singing branches  
 In the pleasant Moon of Straw-  
 berries ! 160

"When thou art not pleased,  
 beloved,  
 Then my heart is sad and  
 darkened,  
 As the shining river darkens  
 When the clouds drop shadows  
 on it !

"When thou smilest, my be-  
 loved, 165  
 Then my troubled heart is  
 brightened,  
 As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
 That the cold wind makes in  
 rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile  
 the waters, 169

Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
 But I lose the way of smiling  
 When thou art no longer near me !

"I myself, myself ! behold me !  
 Blood of my beating heart, behold  
 me !

O awake, awake, beloved ! 175  
 Onaway, awake, beloved !"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
 Sang his song of love and longing ;  
 And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 He the marvellous story-teller, 180  
 He the friend of old Nokomis,  
 Jealous of the sweet musician,  
 Jealous of the applause they gave  
 him,

Saw in all the eyes around him, 184  
 Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
 That the wedding-guests as-  
 sembled

Longed to hear his pleasant  
 stories,

His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;  
 Never heard he an adventure 190  
 But himself had met a greater ;  
 Never any deed of daring  
 But himself had done a bolder ;  
 Never any marvellous story, 194  
 But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boast-  
 ing,

Would you only give him credence,  
 No one ever shot an arrow  
 Half so far and high as he had ;  
 Ever caught so many fishes, 200  
 Ever killed so many reindeer,  
 Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he  
 could,

None could dive so deep as he  
 could ;

None could swim so far as he  
 could ; 205

None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,  
As this marvellous story-teller !

Thus his name became a by-  
word 210

And a jest among the people ;  
And whene'er a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too  
highly,

Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achieve-  
ments, 215

All his hearers cried, " Iagoo !  
Here's Iagoo come among us ! "

He it was who carved the cradle  
Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of  
linden, 220

Bound it strong with reindeer's  
sinews ;

He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows,

How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
And the arrows of the oak-tree.

So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding

Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, " O good Iagoo, 230

Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more

joyous,  
That the time may pass more  
gaily,

And our guests be more con-  
tented ! " 235

And Iagoo answered straight-  
way,

" You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear the strange adven-  
tures

Of Osseo, the Magician,  
From the Evening Star de-  
scended." 240

## XII.

### THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water ?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crim-  
son, 5

With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendour,  
With the splendour of its plum-  
age ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water ; 10  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crim-  
son.

No ; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water ;  
To the sky its wings are lifted, 15  
With its blood the waves are  
reddened.

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the  
purple,

Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No ; it is a bead of wampum 20

On the robes of the Great Spirit,  
As he passes through the twi-  
light,

Walks in silence through the  
heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo,  
And he said in haste : "Behold  
it ! 25

See the Sacred Star of Evening !  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the Story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

"Once, in days no more remem-  
bered, 30

Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to  
us,

And the gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely  
daughters, 35

Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters. 40

"All these women married  
warriors,

Married brave and haughty hus-  
bands ;

Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome  
suitors, 45

And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with  
coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

"Ah, but beautiful within him  
Was the spirit of Osseo, 51

From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion ;  
All its fire was in his bosom, 55

All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendour in his language.

"And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of  
wampum, 60

Handsome men with paint and  
feathers,  
Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laugh-  
ter.

But she said, 'I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wam-  
pum, 65

Care not for your paint and  
feathers,

Care not for your jests and  
laughter !

I am happy with Osseo !'

"Once to some great feast in-  
vited,

Through the damp and dusk of  
evening 70

Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their hus-  
bands ;

Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him ;  
All the others chatted gaily, 75  
These two only walked in silence.

"At the Western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed implor-  
ing

At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman ; 81  
And they heard him murmur  
softly,

'Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa !

Pity, pity me, my father !'

"Listen !' said the eldest  
sister, 85

'He is praying to his father !  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the path-  
way,

Does not break his neck by  
falling !'

And they laughed till all the  
forest 90

Rang with their unseemly laugh-  
ter.

"On their pathway through the  
woodlands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-  
tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses, 95  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and  
hollow.  
And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man, 100  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight, and strong, and  
handsome.

"Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and  
beauty ; 105  
But, alas ! for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful !  
Strangely, too, was she trans-  
figured,  
Changed into a weak old woman.  
With a staff she tottered on-  
ward, 110  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !  
And the sisters and their hus-  
bands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly  
laughter.

"But Osseo turned not from  
her, 115  
Walked with slower step beside  
her,  
Took her hand, as brown and  
withered  
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nene-  
moosha,  
Soothed her with soft words of  
kindness, 120  
Till they reached the lodge of  
feasting,  
Till they sat down in the wigwam,

Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

"Wrapt in visions, lost in  
dreaming, 125

At the banquet sat Osseo ;  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous, but Osseo.  
Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he, 131  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

"Then a voice was heard, a  
whisper, 135

Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,  
Low, and musical, and tender ;  
And the voice said : 'O Osseo !  
O my son, my best beloved ! 140  
Broken are the spells that bound  
you,

All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil.  
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

"Taste the food that stands  
before you : 145

It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your  
kettles

Shall be wood and clay no longer ;  
But the bowls be changed to  
wampum, 151

And the kettles shall be silver ;  
They shall shine like shells of  
scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and  
glimmer.

"And the women shall no  
longer 155

Bear the dreary doom of labour,  
But be changed to birds, and  
glisten

With the beauty of the starlight,

Painted with the dusky splendours  
Of the skies and clouds of  
evening !' 160

"What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the Whippoorwill afar off, 165  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

"Then the lodge began to  
tremble,  
Straight began to shake and  
tremble,

And they felt it rising, rising, 170  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-  
tops

Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches ;  
And behold, the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of  
scarlet ! 176

And behold, the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver,  
And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of  
silver, 180

And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles !

"Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their hus-  
bands, 185  
Changed to birds of various  
plumage :

Some were jays and some were  
magpies,  
Others thrushes, others black-  
birds ;

And they hopped, and sang, and  
twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their  
feathers, 190

Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

"Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in  
silence,

Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others ; 196  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest. 200

"Then returned her youth and  
beauty.

And her soiled and tattered gar-  
ments

Were transformed to robes of  
ermine,

And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather ! 205

"And again the wigwam trem-  
bled,

Swayed and rushed through airy  
currents,

Through transparent cloud and  
vapour,

And amid celestial splendours  
On the Evening Star alighted, 210  
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle down on water.

"Forth with cheerful words of  
welcome

Came the father of Osseo, 215  
He with radiant locks of silver,  
He with eyes serene and tender.

And he said : ' My son Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring  
there,

Hang the cage with rods of  
silver, 220

And the birds with glistening  
feathers,

At the doorway of my wigwam '

"At the door he hung the bird-  
cage,

And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo's father 225  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,

As he said : ' O my Osseo !  
 I have had compassion on you,  
 Given you back your youth and  
 beauty,  
 Into birds of various plumage 230  
 Changed your sisters and their  
 husbands ;  
 Changed them thus because they  
 mocked you  
 In the figure of the old man,  
 In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
 Could not see your heart of  
 passion, 235  
 Could not see your youth immortal ;  
 Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
 Saw your naked heart and loved  
 you.

" In the lodge that glimmers  
 yonder  
 In the little star that twinkles 240  
 Through the vapours, on the left  
 hand,

Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
 The Wabeno, the magician,  
 Who transformed you to an old  
 man.

Take heed lest his beams fall on  
 you, 245  
 For the rays he darts around him  
 Are the power of his enchant-  
 ment,

Are the arrows that he uses.'

" Many years, in peace and  
 quiet, 249

On the peaceful Star of Evening  
 Dwelt Osseo with his father ;  
 Many years, in song and flutter,  
 At the doorway of the wigwam,  
 Hung the cage with rods of silver.  
 And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
 Bore a son unto Osseo, 256  
 With the beauty of his mother,  
 With the courage of his father.

" And the boy grew up and  
 prospered,  
 And Osseo, to delight him, 260

Made him little bows and arrows,  
 Opened the great cage of silver,  
 And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
 All those birds with glossy  
 feathers,

For his little son to shoot at. 265

" Round and round they wheeled  
 and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with  
 music,

With their songs of joy and free-  
 dom ;

Filled the Evening Star with  
 splendour,

With the fluttering of their  
 plumage ; 270

Till the boy, the little hunter,  
 Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
 Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
 And a bird, with shining feathers,  
 At his feet fell wounded sorely.

" But, O wondrous transforma-  
 tion ! 276

'Twas no bird he saw before him,  
 'Twas a beautiful young woman,  
 With the arrow in her bosom !

" When her blood fell on the  
 planet, 280

On the sacred Star of Evening,  
 Broken was the spell of magic,  
 Powerless was the strange en-  
 chantment,

And the youth, the fearless bow-  
 man, 284

Suddenly felt himself descending,  
 Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
 Downward through the empty  
 spaces,

Downward through the clouds  
 and vapours,

Till he rested on an island, 289

On an island green and grassy,  
 Yonder in the Big Sea-Water.

" After him he saw descending  
 All the birds with shining  
 feathers,

Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,

Like the painted leaves of Autumn ; 295

And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island, 300  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

"Then the birds, again trans-  
figured,

Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their  
stature ; 305

They remained as Little People,  
Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wud-  
jies,

And on pleasant nights of  
Summer,

When the Evening Star was  
shining,

Hand in hand they danced to-  
gether 310

On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level

"Still their glittering lodge is  
seen there,

On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher 315

Sometimes hears their happy  
voices,

Sees them dancing in the star-  
light."

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was  
ended,

Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly Iagoo added ; 321

"There are great men, I have  
known such,

Whom their people understand  
not,

Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision. 325

From the story of Osseo  
Let them learn the fate of  
jesters !"

All the wedding-guests de-  
lighted

Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applaud-  
ing, 330

And they whispered to each  
other,

"Does he mean himself, I wonder?  
And are we the aunts and  
uncles ?"

Then again sang Chibiabos, 334  
Sang a song of love and longing,

In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,

Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin,

"When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved, 341

When my heart is thinking of  
him,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !  
"Ah me ! when I parted from

him,  
Round my neck he hung the

wampum, 345  
As a pledge, the snow-white

wampum,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"I will go with you, he whis-  
pered,

Ah me ! to your native country ;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin ;  
"Far away, away, I answered,

Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me ! is my native country,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !  
"When I looked back to behold

him, 356  
Where we parted, to behold

him,  
After me he still was gazing,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"By the tree he still was stand-  
 ing, 360  
 By the fallen tree was standing,  
 That had dropped into the water,  
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!  
 "When I think of my beloved,  
 Ah me! think of my beloved, 365  
 When my heart is thinking of  
 him,  
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
 Such the dance of Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis,  
 Such the story of Iagoo, 370  
 Such the songs of Chibiabos;  
 Thus the wedding-banquet ended,  
 And the wedding-guests departed,  
 Leaving Hiawatha happy 374  
 With the night and Minnehaha.

## XIII

## BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
 Of the happy days that followed,  
 In the land of the Ojibways,  
 In the pleasant land and peaceful!  
 Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,  
 Sing the Blessing of the Corn-  
 fields! 6  
 Buried was the bloody hatchet,  
 Buried was the dreadful war-  
 club,  
 Buried were all warlike weapons,  
 And the war-cry was forgotten. 10  
 There was peace among the  
 nations,  
 Unmolested roved the hunters,  
 Built the birch-canoe for sailing,  
 Caught the fish in lake and river,  
 Shot the deer and trapped the  
 beaver; 15  
 Unmolested worked the women,  
 Made their sugar from the maple,  
 Gathered wild rice in the  
 meadows,  
 Dressed the skins of deer and  
 beaver.  
 All around the happy village  
 Stood the maize-fields, green and  
 shining, 21

Waved the green plumes of Mon-  
 damin,  
 Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
 Filling all the land with plenty.  
 'Twas the women who in Spring-  
 time 25  
 Planted the broad fields and  
 fruitful,  
 Buried in the earth Mondamin;  
 'Twas the women who in Autumn  
 Stripped the yellow husks of  
 harvest,  
 Stripped the garments from  
 Mondamin, 30  
 Even as Hiawatha taught them.  
 Once, when all the maize was  
 planted,  
 Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
 Spake and said to Minnehaha,  
 To his wife, the Laughing Water:  
 "You shall bless to-night the  
 corn-fields, 36  
 Draw a magic circle round them,  
 To protect them from destruction,  
 Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
 Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,  
 Paimosaid, who steals the maize-  
 ear! 41

"In the night, when all is  
silence,  
In the night, when all is darkness,  
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepah-  
win, 44  
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you,  
So that not an eye can see you,  
Rise up from your bed in silence,  
Lay aside your garments wholly,  
Walk around the fields you  
planted, 50  
Round the borders of the corn-  
fields,  
Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a gar-  
ment.

"Thus the fields shall be more  
fruitful, 54  
And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
So that neither blight nor mildew,  
Neither burrowing worm nor  
insect,  
Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;  
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,  
Nor the spider, Subbekashe, 61  
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-  
keena,  
Nor the mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-  
skin,  
King of all the caterpillars !" 65  
On the tree-tops near the corn-  
fields  
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
With his band of black marauders.  
And they laughed at Hiawatha,  
Till the tree-tops shook with  
laughter, 71  
With their melancholy laughter,  
At the words of Hiawatha.  
"Hear him !" said they ; "hear  
the wise man !  
Hear the plots of Hiawatha !" 75

When the noiseless night de-  
scended  
Broad and dark o'er field and  
forest,  
When the mournful Wawonaissa  
Sorrowing sang among the hem-  
locks,  
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepah-  
win, 80  
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
From her bed rose Laughing  
Water,  
Laid aside her garments wholly,  
And with darkness clothed and  
guarded,  
Unashamed and unaffrighted, 85  
Walked securely round the corn-  
fields,  
Drew the sacred, magic circle  
Of her footprints round the corn  
fields.

No one but the Midnight only  
Saw her beauty in the darkness,  
No one but the Wawonaissa 91  
Heard the panting of her bosom ;  
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped  
her  
Closely in his sacred mantle,  
So that none might see her  
beauty, 95  
So that none might boast, "I saw  
her !"

On the morrow as the day  
dawned,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Gathered all his black marauders,  
Crows and blackbirds, jays and  
ravens, 100  
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
And descended, fast and fearless,  
On the fields of Hiawatha,  
On the grave of the Mondamin.  
"We will drag Mondamin,"  
said they, 105  
"From the grave where he is  
buried.

Spite of all the magic circles  
 Laughing Water draws around it,  
 Spite of all the sacred footprints  
 Minnehaha stamps upon it!" 110

But the wary Hiawatha,  
 Everthoughtful, careful, watchful,  
 Had o'erheard the scornful  
 laughter

When they mocked him from the  
 tree tops.

"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the  
 ravens!" 115

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!  
 I will teach you all a lesson  
 That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the day-  
 break,

He had spread o'er all the corn  
 fields 120

Snares to catch the black marau-  
 ders,

And was lying now in ambush  
 In the neighbouring grove of  
 pine-trees,

Waiting for the crows and black-  
 birds, 124

Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and  
 clamour,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
 To their work of devastation,

Settling down upon the corn-fields,  
 Delving deep with beak and talon,

For the body of Mondamin. 131

And with all their craft and  
 cunning,

All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
 They perceived no danger near  
 them, 134

Till their claws became entangled,  
 Till they found themselves im-  
 prisoned

In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came  
 he,

Striding terrible among them,

And so awful was his aspect 140  
 That the bravest quailed with  
 terror.

Without mercy he destroyed them  
 Right and left by tens and  
 twenties,

And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
 Hung aloft on poles for scare-  
 crows 145

Round the consecrated corn-fields  
 As a signal of his vengeance,  
 As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 He alone was spared among them  
 As a hostage for his people.

With his prison-string he bound  
 him,

Led him captive to his wigwam,  
 Tied him fast with cords of elm-  
 bark 155

To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said  
 he,

"You the leader of the robbers,  
 You the plotter of this mischief,

The contriver of this outrage, 160  
 I will keep you, I will hold you,

As a hostage for your people,  
 As a pledge of good behaviour!"

And he left him, grim and  
 sulky, 164

Sitting in the morning sunshine  
 On the summit of the wigwam,

Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
 Flapping his great sable pinions,

Vainly struggling for his free-  
 dom,

Vainly calling on his people. 170  
 Summer passed, and Shawon-  
 dasee

Breathed his sighs o'er all the  
 landscape,

From the South-land sent his  
 ardours,

Wafted kisses warm and tender ;

And the maize-field grew and  
ripened, 175

Till it stood in all the splendour  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage,  
And the maize-ears full and shining  
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of  
verdure. 180

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
Spake and said to Minnehaha :

" 'Tis the moon when leaves are  
falling ;

All the wild rice has been  
gathered, 184

And the maize is ripe and ready ;  
Let us gather in the harvest,  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,  
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,  
Of his garments green and  
yellow ! " 189

And the merry Laughing Water  
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,  
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled ;  
And they called the women round  
them,

Called the young men and the  
maidens, 194

To the harvest of the corn-fields,  
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,  
Underneath the fragrant pine-  
trees,

Sat the old men and the warriors  
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.  
In uninterrupted silence 201  
Looked they at the gamesome  
labour

Of the young men and the women ;  
Listened to their noisy talking,  
To their laughter and their  
singing, 205

Heard them chattering like the  
maggies,

Heard them laughing like the  
blue-jays,

Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky  
maiden 209

Found a red ear in the husking,  
Found a maize ear red as blood  
is,

" Nushka ! " cried they alto-  
gether,

" Nushka ! you shall have a sweet-  
heart,

You shall have a handsome  
husband ! "

" Ugh ! " the old men all re-  
sponded, 215

From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees.

And whene'er a youth or  
maiden

Found a crooked ear in husking,  
Found a maize ear in the husking

Blighted, mildewed, or mis-  
shapen, 220

Then they laughed and sang  
together,

Crept and limped about the corn-  
fields,

Mimicked in their gait and  
gestures

Some old man, bent almost double,  
Singing singly or together : 225

" Wagemin, the thief of corn-  
fields !

Paimosaid, the skulking robber ! "   
Till the corn-fields rang with  
laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,

Screamed and quivered in his  
anger, 231

And from all the neighbouring  
tree-tops

Cawed and croaked the black  
maurauders.

" Ugh ! " the old men all re-  
sponded,

From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees. 235

## XIV.

## PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,  
 "Lo! how all things fade and  
 perish!

From the memory of the old men  
 Fade away the great traditions, 4  
 The achievements of the warriors,  
 The adventures of the hunters,  
 All the wisdom of the Medas,  
 All the craft of the Wabenos,  
 All the marvellous dreams and  
 visions 9

Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!

"Great men die and are forgotten,  
 Wise men speak; their words of  
 wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,  
 Do not reach the generations 14  
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
 In the great mysterious darkness  
 Of the speechless days that shall be!

"On the grave-posts of our  
 fathers

Are no signs, no figures painted;  
 Who are in those graves we know  
 not, 20

Only know they are our fathers.  
 Of what kith they are and  
 kindred,

From what old, ancestral Totem,  
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
 They descended, this we know  
 not, 25

Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak to-  
 gether,

But we cannot speak when absent,  
 Cannot send our voices from us  
 To the friends that dwell afar  
 off; 30

Cannot send a secret message,  
 But the bearer learns our secret,  
 May pervert it, may betray it,  
 May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking 35  
 In the solitary forest,  
 Pondering, musing in the forest,  
 On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his  
 colours,  
 Took his paints of different  
 colours, 40  
 On the smooth bark of a birch-  
 tree

Painted many shapes and figures,  
 Wonderful and mystic figures,  
 And each figure had a meaning,  
 Each some word or thought sug-  
 gested. 45

Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
 He the Master of Life, was  
 painted

As an egg, with points pro-  
 jecting  
 To the four winds of the heavens.  
 Everywhere is the Great Spirit, 50  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,  
 He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
 As a serpent was depicted,  
 As Kenabeek, the great Serpent.  
 Very crafty, very cunning, 56  
 Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as  
 circles,

Life was white, but Death was  
 darkened; 60  
 Sun and moon and stars he  
 painted,

Man and beast, and fish and  
reptile,  
Forests, mountains, lakes, and  
rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight  
line,  
For the sky a bow above it ; 65  
White the space between for day-  
time,  
Filled with little stars for night-  
time ;

On the left a point for sunrise,  
On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noontide, 70  
And for rain and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a  
wigwam  
Were a sign of invitation,  
Were a sign of guests assembling ;  
Bloody hands with palms up-  
lifted 76

Were a symbol of destruction  
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people,  
And interpreted their meaning, 81  
And he said : " Behold, your  
grave-posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor  
symbol.

Go and paint them all with  
figures,

Each one with its household  
symbol, 85

With its own ancestral Totem ;  
So that those who follow after  
May distinguish them and know  
them."

And they painted on the grave-  
posts

Of the graves yet unforgotten 90  
Each his own ancestral Totem,  
Each the symbol of his house-  
hold ;

Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,

Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token 95  
That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the  
symbol

Lay beneath in dust and ashes.  
And the Jossakeeds, the  
prophets,

The Wabenos, the magicians, 100  
And the medicine men, the  
Medas,

Painted upon bark and deer-skin  
Figures for the songs they  
chanted,

For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful, 105  
Figures strange and brightly  
coloured ;

And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the  
heaven ; 110

The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,  
With his bloody crest erected,

Creeping, looking into heaven ;  
In the sky the sun, that listens,  
And the moon eclipsed and dying ;  
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-  
hawk, 116

And the cormorant, bird of magic ;  
Headless men that walk the  
heavens,

Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
Bloody hands of death uplifted,  
Flags on graves and great war-  
captains 121

Grasping both the earth and  
heaven —

Such as these the shapes they  
painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-  
skin.

Songs of war and songs of hunt-  
ing, 125

Songs of medicine and of magic,

All were written in these figures,  
 For each figure had its meaning,  
 Each its separate song recorded.  
 Nor forgotten was the Love-Song, 130

The most subtle of all medicines,  
 The most potent spell of magic,  
 Dangerous more than war or hunting.

Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
 Symbol and interpretation: 135

First a human figure standing,  
 Painted in the brightest scarlet;  
 'Tis the lover, the musician,  
 And the meaning is, "My painting 139

Makes me powerful over others."  
 Then the figure seated, singing,  
 Playing on a drum of magic,  
 And the interpretation, "Listen!  
 'Tis my voice you hear, my singing!"

Then the same red figure seated 145  
 In the shelter of a wigwam,  
 And the meaning of the symbol,  
 "I will come and sit beside you  
 In the mystery of my passion!"

Then two figures, man and woman, 150  
 Standing hand in hand together,  
 With their hand so clasped together

That they seem in one united;  
 And the words thus represented  
 Are, "I see your heart within you, 155  
 And your cheeks are red with blushes."

Next the maiden on an island,  
 In the centre of an island;  
 And the song this shape suggested

Was, "Though you were at a distance, 160

Were upon some far-off island,  
 Such the spell I cast upon you,  
 Such the magic power of passion,  
 I could straightway draw you to me." 164

Then the figure of the maiden  
 Sleeping, and the lover near her,

Whispering to her in her slumbers,

Saying, "Though you were far from me

In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
 Still the voice of love would reach you." 170

And the last of all the figures  
 Was a heart within a circle,  
 Drawn within a magic circle;  
 And the image had this meaning:

"Naked lies your heart before me, 175

To your naked heart I whisper."

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
 In his wisdom, taught the people  
 All the mysteries of painting,  
 All the art of Picture-Writing,  
 On the smooth bark of the birch-tree, 181

On the white skin of the reindeer,

On the grave-posts of the village.

## XV.

## HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits,  
 All the Manitos of mischief,  
 Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
 And his love for Chibiabos,  
 Jealous of their faithful friend-  
 ship, 5  
 And their noble words and  
 actions,  
 Made at length a league against  
 them,  
 To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
 Often said to Chibiabos, 10  
 "O my brother! do not leave me,  
 Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"  
 Chibiabos, young and heedless,  
 Laughing shook his coal-black  
 tresses,

Answered ever sweet and child-  
 like, 15

"Do not fear for me, O brother!  
 Harm and evil come not near me."

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
 Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-  
 Water,

When the snow-flakes, whirling  
 downward, 20

Hissed among the withered oak-  
 leaves,

Changed the pine-trees into wig-  
 wams,

Covered all the earth with silence:  
 Armed with arrows, shod with  
 snow-shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warn-  
 ing, 25

Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
 Forth to hunt the deer with  
 antlers

All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
 Sprang with speed the deer before  
 him. 30

With the wind and snow he  
 followed,

O'er the treacherous ice he  
 followed,

Wild with all the fierce com-  
 motion

And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits 35  
 Lay in ambush, waiting for him,  
 Broke the treacherous ice beneath  
 him,

Dragged him downward to the  
 bottom,

Buried in the sand his body.

Unktahec, the god of water, 40

He the god of the Dacotahs,

Drowned him in the deep abysses  
 Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
 Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
 Such a fearful lamentation, 46  
 That the bison paused to listen,  
 And the wolves howled from the  
 prairies,

And the thunder in the distance  
 Starting answered, "Ba-  
 imwawa!" 50

Then his face with black he  
 painted,

With his robe his head he covered,  
 In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
 Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
 Uttering still this moan of  
 sorrow:— 55

"He is dead, the sweet musician!  
 He the sweetest of all singers!  
 He has gone from us for ever,

He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music, 60  
To the Master of all singing !  
O my brother, Chibiabos !”

And the melancholy fir trees  
Waved their dark green fans  
above him,  
Waved their purple cones above  
him, 65

Sighing with him to console him,  
Mingling with his lamentation  
Their complaining, their lament-  
ing.

Came the Spring, and all the  
forest

Looked in vain for Chibiabos ; 70  
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
Sighed the rushes in the meadow ;  
From the tree-tops sang the blue  
bird,

Sang the blue bird, the Owaissa,  
“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos ! 75  
He is dead, the sweet musician !”

From the wigwam sang the  
robin,

Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !  
He is dead, the sweetest singer !”

And at night through all the  
forest 81

Went the whippoorwill com-  
plaining,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa,  
“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos ! 84

He is dead, the sweet musician !  
He the sweetest of all singers !”

Then the medicine-men, the  
Medas,

The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
Came to visit Hiawatha ; 90

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,  
To appease him, to console him.

Walked in silent, grave procession,  
Bearing each a pouch of healing,  
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter, 95

Filled with magic roots and  
simples,

Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps  
approaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,  
Called no more on Chibiabos ; 100  
Nought he questioned, not he  
answered,

But his mournful head uncovered,  
From his face the mourning  
colours

Washed he slowly and in silence,  
Slowly and in silence followed 105  
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave  
him,

Made of Nahma-wusk, the spear-  
mint,

And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,  
Roots of power, and herbs of  
healing ; 110

Beat their drums and shook their  
rattles ;

Chanted singly and in chorus,  
Mystic songs like these they  
chanted :—

“ I myself, myself ! behold  
me !

’Tis the great Gray Eagle talking ;  
Come, ye white crows, come and  
hear him ! 116

The loud-speaking thunder helps  
me ;

All the unseen spirits help me ;  
I can hear their voices calling,

All around the sky I hear them ;  
I can blow you strong, my  
brother, 121

I can heal you, Hiawatha.”

“ Hi-au-ha !” replied the chorus,  
“ Way-ha-way !” the mystic chorus.

“ Friends of mine are all the  
serpents. 125

Hear me shake my skin of hen-  
hawk !

Mahng, the white loon, I can kill  
him ;

I can shoot your heart and kill it,  
I can blow you strong, my  
brother,

I can heal you, Hiawatha." 130

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.  
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic  
chorus.

"I myself, myself! the prophet!  
When I speak the wigwam  
trembles,

Shakes the Sacred Lodge with  
terror, 135

Hands unseen begin to shake it.  
When I walk, the sky I tread on  
Bends and makes a noise beneath  
me.

I can blow you strong, my  
brother.

Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!" 140

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,  
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine-  
pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
Danced their medicine-dance  
around him ; 145

And upstarting wild and haggard,  
Like a man from dreams  
awakened,

He was healed of all his madness.  
As the clouds are swept from  
heaven,

Straightway from his brain  
departed 150

All his moody melancholy ;  
As the ice is swept from rivers,  
Straightway from his heart  
departed

All his sorrow and affliction. 154

Then they summoned Chibiabos  
From his grave beneath the  
waters,

From the sands of Gitche Gumee  
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

And so mighty was the magic  
Of that cry and invocation, 160  
That he heard it as he lay there  
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water.

From the sand he rose and  
listened,

Heard the music and the singing,  
Came, obedient to the summons,  
To the doorway of the wigwam, 166  
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they  
gave him,  
Through the door a burning fire-  
brand ;

Ruler in the Land of Spirits, 170  
Ruler o'er the dead, they made  
him,

Telling him a fire to kindle,  
For all those that died thereafter,  
Camp-fires for their night en-  
campments

On their solitary journey 175  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his child-  
hood,

From the homes of those who  
knew him,

Passing silent through the forest,  
Like a smoke-wreath wafted side-  
ways, 181

Slowly vanished Chibiabos.  
Where he passed, the branches  
moved not,

Where he trod, the grasses bent  
not,

And the fallen leaves of last  
year 185  
Made no sound beneath his foot-  
steps.

Four whole days he journeyed  
onward

Down the pathway of the dead  
men ;

On the dead-man's strawberry  
feasted,

Crossed the melancholy river, 190  
On the swinging log he crossed  
it,

Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Land of ghosts and  
shadows. 195

On that journey, moving slowly,  
Many weary spirits saw he,  
Panting under heavy burdens,  
Laden with war-clubs, bows and  
arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,  
And with food that friends had  
given 201

For that solitary journey.

"Ah! why do the living," said  
they,

"Lay such heavy burdens on us?  
Better were it to go naked, 205  
Better were it to go fasting,  
Than to bear such heavy burdens  
On our long and weary journey!"

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
Wandered eastward, wandered  
westward, 210

Teaching men the use of simples  
And the antidotes for poisons,  
And the cure of all diseases.

Thus was first made known to  
mortals

All the mystery of Medamin, 215  
All the sacred art of healing.

## XVI.

## PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

He, the handsome Yenadizze,  
Whom the people called the  
Storm-Fool,

Vexed the village with disturb-  
ance;

You shall hear of all his mischief,  
And his flight from Hiawatha, 6  
And his wondrous transmigra-  
tions,

And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water 11  
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-  
Keewis.

It was he who in his frenzy  
Whirled these drifting sands to-  
gether

On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,

When amongst the guests assem-  
bled 16

He so merrily and madly  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
Danced the Beggar's Dance to  
please them.

Now, in search of new adven-  
tures, 20

From his lodge went Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

Came with speed into the village,  
Found the young men all assem-  
bled

In the lodge of old Iagoo, 24  
Listening to his monstrous stories,  
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story  
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,  
How he made a hole in heaven, 29  
How he climbed up into heaven,  
And let out the Summer-weather,

The perpetual, pleasant Summer ;  
 How the Otter first essayed it ;  
 How the Beaver, Lynx, and  
 Badger

Tried in turn the great achieve-  
 ment, 35

From the summit of the moun-  
 tain

Smote their fists against the  
 heavens,

Smote against the sky their fore-  
 heads,

Cracked the sky, but could not  
 break it ;

How the Wolverine, uprising, 40  
 Made him ready for the encounter,

Bent his knees down like a  
 squirrel,

Drew his arms back, like a cricket.  
 "Once he leaped," said old

Iagoo,  
 "Once he leaped, and lo ! above  
 him 45

Bent the sky as ice in rivers  
 When the waters rise beneath it ;

Twice he leaped, and lo ! above  
 him

Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers  
 When the freshet is at highest.

Thrice he leaped, and lo ! above  
 him 51

Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
 And he disappeared within it,

And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,  
 With a bound went in behind

him ! " 55

"Hark you !" shouted Pau-  
 Puk-Keewis

As he entered at the doorway ;  
 "I am tired of all this talking,

Tired of old Iagoo's stories,  
 Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom. 60

Here is something to amuse you,  
 Better than his endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of  
 wolf-skin

Forth he drew with solemn  
 manner

All the game of Bowl and  
 Counters, 65

Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.  
 White on one side were they

painted,  
 And vermilion on the other ;

Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,  
 Two Ininewug or wedge-men, 70

One great war-club, Pugamaugun,  
 And one slender fish, the Keego,

Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,  
 And three Sheshebwug or duck-

lings.  
 All were made of bone and

painted, 75

All except the Ozawabeeks ;  
 These were brass, on one side

burnished,  
 And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed  
 them,

Shook and jostled them together,  
 Threw them on the ground before

him, 81

Thus exclaiming and explaining:  
 "Red side up are all the pieces,

And one great Kenabeek standing  
 On the bright side of a brass

piece, 85

On a burnished Ozawabeek ;  
 Thirteen tens and eight are

counted.  
 Then again he shook the pieces,

Shook and jostled them together,  
 Threw them on the ground before

him, 90

Still exclaiming and explaining :  
 "White are both the great

Kenabeeks,  
 White the Ininewug, the wedge-

men,  
 Red are all the other pieces ;  
 Five tens and an eight are

counted." 95

Thus he taught the game of hazard,  
 Thus displayed it and explained it,  
 Running through its various chances,  
 Various changes, various meanings ; 99

Twenty curious eyes stared at him,  
 Full of eagerness stared at him.

"Many games," said old Iagoo,  
 "Many games of skill and hazard  
 Have I seen in different nations,  
 Have I played in different countries. 105

He who plays with old Iagoo  
 Must have very nimble fingers ;  
 Though you think yourself so skilful,

I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 I can even give you lessons 110  
 In your game of Bowl and  
 Counters !"

So they sat and played together  
 All the old men and the young men,

Played for dresses, weapons,  
 wampum,

Played till midnight, played till morning, 115

Played until the Yenadizze,  
 Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Of their treasures had despoiled them,

Of the best of all their dresses,  
 Shirts of deerskin, robes of ermine,  
 Belts of wampum, crests of feathers, 121

Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.

Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau Puk-Keewis,  
 "In my wigwam I am lonely, 126  
 In my wanderings and adventures

I have need of a companion,  
 Fain would have a Meshinauwa,  
 An attendant and pipe-bearer. 130  
 I will venture all these winnings,  
 All these garments heaped about me,  
 All this wampum, all these feathers,

On a single throw will venture  
 All against the young man yonder." 135

'Twas a youth of sixteen summers,  
 'Twas a nephew of Iagoo ;  
 Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head  
 Dusky red beneath the ashes, 140  
 So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
 Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.

"Ugh !" he answered very fiercely ;

"Ugh !" they answered all and each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old man, 145

Closely in his bony fingers  
 Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,  
 Shook it fiercely and with fury,  
 Made the pieces ring together  
 As he threw them down before him. 150

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,

Red the Ininewug, the wedgem-

men,  
 Red the Sheshebwug, the duck-

lings,  
 Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,  
 White alone the fish, the Keego ;  
 Only five the pieces counted ! 156

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis

Shook the bowl and threw the pieces :

Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
 And they fell about him scattered ;

Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,  
 Red and white the other pieces,  
 And upright among the others  
 One Ininewug was standing, 164  
 Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Stood alone among the players,  
 Saying, "Five tens! mine the  
 game is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him  
 fiercely,  
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
 him, 169

As he turned and left the wigwam,  
 Followed by his Meshinauwa,  
 By the nephew of Iagoo,  
 By the tall and graceful stripling,  
 Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,  
 Belts of wampum, pipes and  
 weapons. 176

"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis,  
 Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
 "To my wigwam far to eastward,  
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"  
 Hot and red with smoke and  
 gambling

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 As he came forth to the freshness  
 Of the pleasant Summer morning.  
 All the birds were singing gaily,  
 All the streamlets flowing swiftly,  
 And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Sang with pleasure as the birds  
 sing,

Beat with triumph like the  
 streamlets,  
 As he wandered through the  
 village, 190

In the early gray of morning,  
 With his fan of turkey-feathers,  
 With his plumes and tufts of  
 swan's-down,  
 Till he reached the farthest wig-  
 wam, 194  
 Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted ;  
 No one met him at the doorway,  
 No one came to bid him welcome ;  
 But the birds were singing round  
 it,  
 In and out and round the door-  
 way, 200  
 Hopping, singing, fluttering, feed-  
 ing,

And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 Sat with fiery eyes, and, scream-  
 ing,

Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis. 205

"All are gone! the lodge is  
 empty!"

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis,

In his heart resolving mischief ;—  
 "Gone is wary Hiawatha, 209

Gone the silly Laughing Water,  
 Gone Nokomis, the old woman,  
 And the lodge is left unguarded!"

By the neck he seized the raven,  
 Whirled it round him like a  
 rattle,

Like a medicine-pouch he shook  
 it, 215

Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,  
 From the ridge-pole of the wig-  
 wam

Left its lifeless body hanging,  
 As an insult to its master,  
 As a taunt to Hiawatha. 220

With a stealthy step he entered,  
 Round the lodge in wild disorder  
 Threw the household things  
 about him,

Piled together in confusion  
 Bowls of wood and earthen  
 kettles, 225

Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
 Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,  
 As an insult to Nokomis,  
 As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Whistling, singing through the  
 forest, 231  
 Whistling gaily to the squirrels,  
 Who from hollow boughs above  
 him  
 Dropped their acorn-shells upon  
 him,  
 Singing gaily to the wood-birds,  
 Who from out the leafy dark-  
 ness 236  
 Answered with a song as merry.  
 Then he climbed the rocky  
 headlands  
 Looking o'er the Gitche Gumees,  
 Perched himself upon their  
 summit, 240  
 Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
 The return of Hiawatha.  
 Stretched upon his back he lay  
 there ;  
 Far below him plashed the waters,  
 Plashed and washed the dreamy  
 waters : 245

Far above him swam the heavens,  
 Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens ;  
 Round him hovered, fluttered,  
 rustled,  
 Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
 Flock-wise swept and wheeled  
 about him, 250  
 Almost brushed him with their  
 pinions.  
 And he killed them as he lay  
 there,  
 Slaughtered them by tens and  
 twenties,  
 Threw their bodies down the  
 headland,  
 Threw them on the beach below  
 him, 255  
 Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-  
 gull,  
 Perched upon a crag above them,  
 Shouted : "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis !  
 He is slaying us by hundreds !  
 Send a message to our brother,  
 Tidings send to Hiawatha !"

## XVII.

## THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha  
 When he came into the village,  
 Found the people in confusion,  
 Heard of all the misdemeanours,  
 Of the malice and the mischief, 5  
 Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
 Hard his breath came through  
 his nostrils,  
 Through his teeth he buzzed and  
 muttered  
 Words of anger and resentment,  
 Hot and humming, like a hornet.  
 "I will slay this Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis, 11

Slay this mischief-maker !" said  
 he.  
 "Not so long and wide the world  
 is,  
 Not so rude and rough the way is,  
 That my wrath shall not attain  
 him, 15  
 That my vengeance shall not  
 reach him !"  
 Then in swift pursuit departed  
 Hiawatha and the hunters  
 On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Through the forest where he  
 passed it, 20

To the headlands where he rested ;  
 But they found not Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis,

Only in the trampled grasses,  
 In the whortleberry-bushes,  
 Found the couch where he had  
 rested, 25

Found the impress of his body.  
 From the lowlands far beneath  
 them,

From the Muskoday, the meadow,  
 Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning back-  
 ward,

Made a gesture of defiance, 30  
 Made a gesture of derision ;  
 And aloud cried Hiawatha,  
 From the summit of the moun-  
 tain :

"Not so long and wide the world  
 is,

Not so rude and rough the way  
 is, 35

But my wrath shall overtake you,  
 And my vengeance shall attain  
 you !"

Over rock and over river,  
 Through bush and brake and  
 forest,

Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis ; 40

Like an antelope he bounded,  
 Till he came unto a streamlet  
 In the middle of the forest,  
 To a streamlet still and tranquil,  
 That had overflowed its margin,  
 To a dam made by the beavers, 46  
 To a pond of quiet water,

Where knee-deep the trees were  
 standing,

Where the water-lilies floated,  
 Where the rushes waved and  
 whispered. 50

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis,  
 On the dam of trunks and  
 branches,

Through whose chinks the water  
 spouted,

O'er whose summit flowed the  
 streamlet.

From the bottom rose a beaver, 55  
 Looked with two great eyes of  
 wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a ques-  
 tion,

At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the stream-  
 let, 60

Flowed the bright and silvery  
 water,

And he spake unto the beaver,  
 With a smile he spake in this  
 wise :

"O my friend, Ahmeek, the  
 beaver,

Cool and pleasant is the water ; 65  
 Let me dive into the water,

Let me rest there in your lodges ;  
 Change me, too, into a beaver !"

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
 With reserve he thus made  
 answer : 70

"Let me first consult the others,  
 Let me ask the other beavers."

Down he sank into the water,  
 Heavily sank he as a stone sinks,

Down among the leaves and  
 branches, 75

Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the stream-  
 let,

Spouted through the chinks below  
 him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath  
 him, 80

Spread serene and calm before  
 him,

And the sunshine and the shadows

Fell in flecks and gleams upon  
him,

Fell in little shining patches,  
Through the waving, rustling  
branches. 85

From the bottom rose the  
beavers,

Silently above the surface  
Rose one head and then another,  
Till the pond seemed full of  
beavers,

Full of black and shining faces. 90  
To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Spake entreating, said in this  
wise :

"Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
O my friends! and safe from  
danger ;

Can you not with all your cun-  
ning, 95

All your wisdom and contrivance,  
Change me, too, into a beaver ?"

"Yes," replied Ahmeek, the  
beaver,

He the King of all the beavers,  
"Let yourself slide down among  
us, 100

Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among  
them

Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Black became his shirt of deer-  
skin, 104

Black his moccasins and leggings,  
In a broad black tail behind him  
Spread his foxtails and his fringes;  
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-  
Puk-Keewis,

"Make me large, and make me  
larger, 110

Larger than the other beavers."

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,  
"When our lodge below you enter,  
In our wigwam we will make you  
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown  
water 116

Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;  
Found the bottom covered over  
With the trunks of trees and  
branches,

Hoards of food against the winter,  
Piles and heaps against the  
famine, 121

Found the lodge with arching  
doorway

Leading into spacious chambers.  
Here they made him large and  
larger, 124

Made him largest of the beavers,  
Ten times larger than the others.  
"You shall be our ruler," said  
they,

"Chief and king of all the  
beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-  
Keewis

Sat in state among the beavers,  
When there came a voice of  
warning 131

From the watchman at his station  
In the water-flags and lilies,  
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha !

Hiawatha with his hunters !" 135  
Then they heard a cry above  
them,

Heard a shouting and a tramping,  
Heard a crashing and a rushing,  
And the water round and o'er  
them

Sank and sucked away in eddies,  
And they knew their dam was  
broken. 141

On the lodge's roof the hunters  
Leaped and broke it all asunder ;  
Streamed the sunshine through  
the crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the  
doorway, 145

Hid themselves in deeper water,  
In the channel of the streamlet ;

But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Could not pass beneath the door-  
     way,

He was puffed with pride and  
     feeding, 150

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked  
     Hiawatha,

Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!

Vain are all your craft and  
     cunning,

Vain your manifold disguises! 155

Well I know you, Pau-Puk-  
     Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and  
     bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-  
     Keewis,

Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
 Till his skull was crushed to  
     pieces. 160

Six tall hunters, lithe and  
     limber,

Bore him home on poles and  
     branches,

Bore the body of the beaver ;

But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,  
 Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-

Keewis, 165

Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis,

And it fluttered, strove, and  
     struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,  
 As the curtains of a wigwam

Struggle with their thongs of  
     deer-skin, 170

When the wintry wind is blowing ;

Till it drew itself together,

Till it rose up from the body,

Till it took the form and features

Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Vanishing into the forest. 176

But the wary Hiawatha

Saw the figure ere it vanished,

Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Glide into the soft blue shadow

Of the pine-trees of the forest ;  
 Toward the squares of white  
     beyond it, 182

Toward an opening in the forest,  
 Like a wind it rushed and panted,

Bending all the boughs before it,

And behind it, as the rain comes,

Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands

Came the breathless Pau-Puk-

Keewis,

Where among the water-lilies 190

Pishnekuh, the brant, were

sailing ;

Through the tufts of rushes

floating,

Steering through the reedy

islands,

Now their broad black beaks they

lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the

water, 195

Now they darkened in the

shadow,

Now they brightened in the sun-

shine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-

Keewis,

"Pishnekuh, my brothers!" said

he,

"Change me to a brant with

plumage, 200

With a shining neck and feathers,

Make me large, and make me

larger,

Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they

changed him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,

With a bosom smooth and

rounded, 206

With a bill like two great paddles,

Made him larger than the others,

Ten times larger than the largest,

Just as, shouting from the forest,

On the shore stood Hiawatha. 211

Up they rose with cry and  
 clamour,  
 With a whirr and beat of pinions,  
 Rose up from the reedy islands,  
 From the water-flags and lilies.  
 And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
 "In your flying look not down-  
 ward,  
 Take good heed and look not  
 downward,  
 Lest some strange mischance  
 should happen,  
 Lest some great mishap befall  
 you!" 220

Fast and far they fled to north-  
 ward,  
 Fast and far through mist and  
 sunshine,  
 Fed among the moors and fenlands,  
 Slept among the reeds and rushes.  
 On the morrow as they journeyed,  
 Buoyed and lifted by the South-  
 wind, 226  
 Wafted onward by the South-  
 wind,  
 Blowing fresh and strong behind  
 them,  
 Rose a sound of human voices,  
 Rose a clamour from beneath  
 them, 230  
 From the lodges of a village,  
 From the people miles beneath  
 them.

For the people of the village  
 Saw the flock of brant with  
 wonder,  
 Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis 235  
 Flapping far up in the ether,  
 Broader than two doorway  
 curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the  
 shouting,  
 Knew the voice of Hiawatha,  
 Knew the outcry of Iagoo 240  
 And, forgetful of the warning,

Drew his neck in and looked  
 downward,  
 And the wind that blew behind  
 him  
 Caught his mighty fan of feathers,  
 Sent him wheeling, whirling  
 downward! 245

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Struggle to regain his balance;  
 Whirling round and round and  
 downward,  
 He beheld in turn the village,  
 And in turn the flock above him,  
 Saw the village coming nearer,  
 And the flock receding farther,  
 Heard the voices growing louder,  
 Heard the shouting and the  
 laughter, 254

Saw no more the flock above him,  
 Only saw the earth beneath him;  
 Dead out of the empty heaven,  
 Dead among the shouting people,  
 With a heavy sound and sullen,  
 Fell the brant with broken  
 pinions. 260

But his soul, his ghost, his  
 shadow,  
 Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Took again the form and features  
 Of the handsome Yenadizze,  
 And again went rushing onward,  
 Followed fast by Hiawatha, 266  
 Crying: "Not so wide the world  
 is,  
 Not so long and rough the way is,  
 But my wrath shall overtake you,  
 But my vengeance shall attain  
 you!" 270

And so near he came, so near  
 him,  
 That his hand was stretched to  
 seize him,  
 His right hand to seize and hold  
 him,  
 When the cunning Pau-Puk-  
 Keewis 274

Whirled and spun about in circles,  
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,  
Danced the dust and leaves about  
him,

And amid the whirling eddies  
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,  
Changed himself into a serpent,  
Gliding out through root and  
rubbish. 281

With his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,  
Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments.  
But in vain! for Pau-Puk-  
Keewis, 286

Once again in human figure,  
Full in sight ran on before him,  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,  
Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of sand-  
stone,

Looking over lake and landscape.  
And the Old Man of the Moun-  
tain, 295

He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis wel-  
come 301

To his gloomy lodge of sand-  
stone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against  
him, 304

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sand-  
stone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"

But the Old Man of the Moun-  
tain 309

Opened not, and made no answer

From the silent crags of sandstone,  
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to  
heaven,

Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the light-  
ning, 315

And the thunder, Annemeekee;  
And they came with night and  
darkness,

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-  
Water

From the distant Thunder Moun-  
tains:

And the trembling Pau-Puk-  
Keewis 320

Heard the footsteps of the  
thunder,

Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and  
trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Smote the doorways of the  
caverns, 325

With his war-club smote the  
doorways,

Smote the jutting crags of sand-  
stone,

And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-  
Keewis?" 330

And the crags fell, and beneath  
them

Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adven-  
tures, 336

Ended were his tricks and  
gambols,

Ended all his craft and cunning,  
Ended all his mischief-making,  
All his gambling and his dancing,  
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost, his  
shadow,  
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-  
Keewis!  
Never more in human figure 345  
Shall you search for new adven-  
tures,  
Never more with jest and laughter  
Dance the dust and leaves in  
whirlwinds,  
But above there in the heavens  
You shall soar and sail in circles;  
I will change you to an eagle, 351  
To Keneu, the great War-Eagle,  
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,  
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-  
Keewis 355  
Lingers still among the people,  
Lingers still among the singers,  
And among the story-tellers;  
And in Winter, when the snow-  
flakes 359  
Whirl in eddies round the  
lodges,  
When the wind in gusty tumult  
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and  
whistles,  
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-  
Puk-Keewis;  
He is dancing through the vil-  
lage,  
He is gathering in his harvest!"

## XVIII.

## THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations  
Spread the name and fame of  
Kwasind;  
No man dare to strive with  
Kwasind,  
No man could compete with  
Kwasind.  
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,  
They the envious Little People, 6  
They the fairies and the pigmies,  
Plotted and conspired against  
him.  
"If this hateful Kwasind," said  
they,  
"If this great outrageous fellow  
Goes on thus a little longer, 11  
Tearing everything he touches,  
Rending everything to pieces,  
Filling all the world with wonder,  
What becomes of the Puk-  
Wudjies? 15

Who will care for the Puk-  
Wudjies?  
He will tread us down like mush-  
rooms,  
Drive us all into the water,  
Give our bodies to be eaten  
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,  
By the Spirits of the Water!" 21  
So the angry Little People  
All conspired against the Strong  
Man,  
All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,  
The audacious, overbearing, 26  
Heartless, haughty, dangerous  
Kwasind.  
Now this wondrous strength of  
Kwasind  
In his crown alone was seated;  
In his crown, too, was his weak-  
ness; 30

There alone could he be wounded,  
Nowhere else could weapon pierce  
him,  
Nowhere else could weapon harm  
him.

Even there the only weapon  
That could wound him, that could  
slay him, 35

Was the seed-cone of the pine-  
tree,

Was the blue-cone of the fir-tree.  
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
Known to no man among mortals ;  
But the cunning Little People, 40  
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the  
secret,

Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,  
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-  
tree,

Gathered blue-cones of the fir-  
tree, 45

In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
Brought them to the river's  
margin,

Heaped them in great piles to-  
gether,

Where the red rocks from the  
margin

Jutting overhang the river. 50  
There they lay in wait for Kwa-  
sind,

The malicious Little People.

'Twas an afternoon in Summer ;  
Very hot and still the air was,  
Very smooth the gliding river, 55  
Motionless the sleeping shadows :  
Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
Insects skated on the water,  
Filled the drowsy air with  
buzzing, 59

With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong  
Man,

In his birch-canoe came Kwasind,  
Floating slowly down the current

Of the sluggish Taquamenaw, 64  
Very languid with the weather,  
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
From the tassels of the birch-trees,  
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended ;  
By his airy hosts surrounded, 70  
His invisible attendants,  
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Ne-  
pahwin ;

Like the burnished Dush-kwo-  
ne-she,

Like a Dragon-fly, he hovered 74  
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur  
As of waves upon a seashore,  
As of far-off tumbling waters,  
As of winds among the pine-  
trees ;

And he felt upon his forehead 80  
Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
As of some one breathing on  
him.

At the first blow of their war-  
clubs 85

Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;  
At the second blow they smote  
him

Motionless his paddle rested ;  
At the third, before his vision  
Reeled the landscape into dark-  
ness, 90

Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,  
Like a blind man seated upright,  
Floated down the Taquamenaw,  
Underneath the trembling birch-  
trees, 95

Underneath the wooded head-  
lands,

Underneath the war encampment  
Of the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies.  
There they stood, all armed and  
waiting,

Hurled the pine-cones down upon  
 him, 100  
 Struck him on his brawny  
 shoulders,  
 On his crown defenceless struck  
 him.  
 "Death to Kwasind!" was the  
 sudden  
 War-cry of the Little People.  
 And he sideways swayed and  
 tumbled, 105  
 Sideways fell into the river,  
 Plunged beneath the sluggish  
 water  
 Headlong as an otter plunges ;  
 And the birch-canoe, abandoned,  
 Drifted empty down the river,

Bottom upward swerved and  
 drifted ; 111  
 Nothing more was seen of  
 Kwasind.  
 But the memory of the Strong  
 Man  
 Lingered long among the people,  
 And whenever through the forest  
 Raged and roared the wintry  
 tempest, 116  
 And the branches, tossed and  
 troubled,  
 Creaked and groaned and split  
 asunder,  
 "Kwasind!" cried they ; "that  
 is Kwasind ! 119  
 He is gathering in his firewood !"

## XIX.

## THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture  
 On his quarry in the desert,  
 On the sick or wounded bison,  
 But another vulture, watching  
 From his high aerial look-out, 5  
 Sees the downward plunge, and  
 follows ;  
 And a third pursues the second,  
 Coming from the invisible ether,  
 First a speck, and then a vul-  
 ture,  
 Till the air is dark with pinions.  
 So disasters come not singly ; 11  
 But as if they watched and  
 waited,  
 Scanning one another's motions,  
 When the first descends, the others  
 Follow, follow, gathering flock-  
 wise 15  
 Round their victim, sick and  
 wounded,

First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
 Till the air is dark with anguish.  
 Now o'er all the dreary North-  
 land  
 Mighty Peboan, the Winter, 20  
 Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
 Into stone had changed their  
 waters.  
 From his hair he shook the snow-  
 flakes,  
 Till the plains were strewn with  
 whiteness,  
 One uninterrupted level, 25  
 As if, stooping, the Creator,  
 With his hand had smoothed them  
 over.  
 Through the forest, wide and  
 wailing,  
 Roamed the hunter on his snow-  
 shoes ;  
 In the village worked the women,

Pounded maize, or dressed the  
deer-skin ; 31  
And the young men played to-  
gether

On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
On the plain the dance of snow-  
shoes.

One dark evening after sun-  
down 35

In her wigwam Laughing Water  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha  
Homeward from the hunt return-  
ing.

On their faces gleamed the fire-  
light, 40  
Painting them with streaks of  
crimson,

In the eyes of old Nokomis  
Glimmered like the watery moon-  
light,

In the eyes of Laughing Water  
Glistened like the sun in water ;  
And behind them crouched their  
shadows 46

In the corners of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above  
them  
Climbed and crowded through the  
smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the door-  
way 50  
From without was slowly lifted ;  
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,  
And a moment swerved the  
smoke-wreath,

As two women entered softly,  
Passed the doorway uninvited, 55  
Without word of salutation,  
Without sign of recognition,  
Sat down in the farthest corner,  
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their  
garments 60  
Strangers seemed they in the  
village ;

Very pale and haggard were they,  
As they sat there sad and silent,  
Trembling, cowering with the  
shadows.

Was it the wind above the  
smoke-flue, 65  
Muttering down into the wig-  
wam ?

Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,  
Hooting from the dismal forest ?  
Sure a voice said in the silence :  
" These are corpses clad in gar-  
ments, 70

These are ghosts that come to  
haunt you,  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter ! "

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
From his hunting in the forest, 75  
With the snow upon his tresses,  
And the red deer on his shoulders.  
At the feet of Laughing Water  
Down he threw his lifeless  
burden ;

Nobler, handsomer she thought  
him, 80  
Than when first he came to woo her,  
First threw down the deer before  
her

As a token of his wishes,  
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the  
strangers, 85  
Cowering, crouching with the  
shadows :

Said within himself, " Who are  
they ?

What strange guests has Minne-  
haha ? "

But he questioned not the  
strangers, 89

Only spake to bid them welcome  
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was  
ready,  
And the deer had been divided,

Both the pallid guests, the  
strangers,  
Springing from among the sha-  
dows, 95

Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Seized the white fat of the roe-  
buck,

Set apart for Laughing Water,  
For the wife of Hiawatha ;  
Without asking, without thank-  
ing, 100

Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
Flitted back among the shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,  
Not a motion made Nokomis, 105  
Not a gesture Laughing Water ;  
Not a change came o'er their  
features ;

Only Minnehaha softly  
Whispered, saying, "They are  
famished ;

Let them do what best delights  
them, 110  
Let them eat, for they are  
famished."

Many a daylight dawned and  
darkened,

Many a night shook off the day-  
light

As the pine shakes off the snow-  
flakes

From the midnight of its  
branches ; 115

Day by day the guests unmoving  
Sat there silent in the wigwam ;  
But by night, in storm or star-  
light,

Forth they went into the forest,  
Bringing firewood to the wig-  
wam, 120

Bringing pine-cones for the burn-  
ing,

Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha  
Came from fishing or from hunting,

When the evening meal was  
ready, 125

And the food had been divided,  
Gliding from their darksome  
corner,

Came the pallid guests, the  
strangers,

Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Set aside for Laughing Water, 130  
And without rebuke or question  
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha  
By a word or look reproved them ;  
Never once had old Nokomis 135  
Made a gesture of impatience ;  
Never once had Laughing Water  
Shown resentment at the outrage.  
All had they endured in silence,  
That the rights of guest and  
stranger, 140

That the virtue of free-giving,  
By a look might not be lessened,  
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful, 145  
In the wigwam dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were  
burning,

By the glimmering, flickering fire-  
light,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow. 150

From his couch rose Hiawatha,  
From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deer-skin cur-  
tain,

Saw the pallid guests, the  
shadows, 154

Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said : "O guests, why  
is it

That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight ?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha, 161

Wronged or grieved you by un-  
kindness,  
Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from  
weeping,  
Ceased from sobbing and lament-  
ing, 165

And they said, with gentle voices:  
"We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with  
you.

From the realms of Chibiabos  
Hither have we come to try you,  
Hither have we come to warn  
you. 171

"Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends de-  
parted, 175

Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
Therefore have we come to try  
you;

No one knows us, no one heeds us,  
We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed 180  
Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha!  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and for ever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Do not lay such heavy  
burdens  
In the graves of those you bury,  
Not such weight of furs and wam-  
pum, 190  
Not such weight of pots and  
kettles,

For the spirits faint beneath them.  
Only give them food to carry,  
Only give them fire to light them.

"Four days is the spirit's  
journey 195  
To the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Four its lonely night encamp-  
ments;  
Four times must their fires be  
lighted.

Therefore, when the dead are  
buried,  
Let a fire, as night approaches, 200  
Four times on the grave be  
kindled,  
That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful fire-  
light,

May not grope about in dark-  
ness.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha!  
We have put you to the trial, 206  
To the proof have put your  
patience,  
By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.  
We have found you great and  
noble. 210

Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle."  
When they ceased, a sudden  
darkness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle 215  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the door-  
way

Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night-  
air, 219

For a moment saw the star-light;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering  
spirits

From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter.

## XX.

## THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !  
 O the cold and cruel Winter !  
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
 Froze the ice on lake and river,  
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper 5  
 Fell the snow o'er all the land-  
 scape,

Fell the covering snow, and  
 drifted  
 Through the forest, round the  
 village.

Hardly from his buried wig-  
 wam

Could the hunter force a passage ;  
 With his mittens and his snow-  
 shoes 11

Vainly walked he through the  
 forest,

Sought for bird or beast and  
 found none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
 In the snow beheld no foot-  
 prints, 15

In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
 Fell, and could not rise from  
 weakness,

Perished there from cold and  
 hunger.

O the famine and the fever !

O the wasting of the famine ! 20

O the blasting of the fever !

O the wailing of the children !

O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and  
 famished, 24

Hungry was the air around them,  
 Hungry was the sky above them,  
 And the hungry stars in heaven  
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
 them.

Into Hiawatha's wigwam 29  
 Came two other guests, as silent  
 As the ghosts were, and as gloomy.  
 Waited not to be invited,  
 Did not parley at the doorway,  
 Sat there without word of wel-  
 come

In the seat of Laughing Water ;  
 Looked with haggard eyes and  
 hollow 36

At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said, "Be-  
 hold me !

I am Famine, Bukadawin !"

And the other said, "Behold me !

I am Fever, Ahkosewin !" 41

And the lovely Minnehaha

Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
 Shuddered at the words they  
 uttered, 44

Lay down on her bed in silence,  
 Hid her face, but made no answer ;  
 Lay there trembling, freezing,  
 burning

At the looks they cast upon her,  
 At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest 50  
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;

In his heart was deadly sorrow,

In his face a stony firmness ;

On his brow the sweat of anguish

Started, but it froze, and fell not.

Wrapped in furs, and armed  
 for hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
 With his quiver full of arrows,  
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 Into the vast and vacant forest 60  
 On his snow-shoes strode he for-  
 ward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"  
 Cried he with his face uplifted  
 In that bitter hour of anguish,  
 "Give your children food, O  
 father!" 65

Give us food, or we must perish!  
 Give me food for Minnehaha,  
 For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding  
 forest,  
 Through the forest vast and  
 vacant, 70

Rang that cry of desolation,  
 But there came no other answer  
 Than the echo of his crying,  
 Than the echo of the woodlands.  
 "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!" 75

All day long roved Hiawatha  
 In that melancholy forest,  
 Through the shadow of whose  
 thickets,

In the pleasant days of Summer,  
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,  
 He had brought his young wife  
 homeward, 81

From the land of the Dacotahs;  
 When the birds sang in the  
 thickets,

And the streamlets laughed and  
 glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Said with voice that did not  
 tremble,

"I will follow you, my husband!"  
 In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
 With those gloomy guests that  
 watched her, 90

With the Famine and the Fever,  
 She was lying the Beloved,  
 She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said, "I hear a  
 rushing,  
 Hear a roaring and a rushing, 95  
 Hear the falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to me from a distance."

"No, my child!" said old No-  
 komis,

"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-  
 trees."

"Look!" she said, "I see my  
 father 100

Standing lonely at his doorway,  
 Beckoning to me from his  
 wigwam,

In the land of the Dacotahs."

"No, my child!" said old No-  
 komis,

"'Tis the smoke that waves and  
 beckons." 105

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of  
 Pauguk

Glare upon me in the darkness;  
 I can feel his icy fingers  
 Clasp my mine amid the darkness!  
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!" 110

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
 Far away amid the forest,  
 Miles away among the mountains,  
 Heard that sudden cry of an-  
 guish,

Heard the voice of Minnehaha 115  
 Calling to him in the darkness,  
 "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and  
 pathless,

Under snow-encumbered bran-  
 ches,

Homeward hurried Hiawatha, 120  
 Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,

"Wahonomin! Wahonomin!  
 Would that I had perished for  
 you,

Would that I were dead as you  
 are! 125

Wahonomin! Wahonomin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
 Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
 Saw his lovely Minnehaha 130  
 Lying dead and cold before him;

And his bursting heart within  
him

Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and  
shuddered,

That the very stars in heaven 135  
Shook and trembled with his  
anguish.

Then he sat down, still and  
speechless,

On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet, that never  
More would lightly run to meet  
him, 141

Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he  
covered,

Seven long days and nights he  
sat there,

As if in a swoon he sat there, 145  
Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;  
In the snow a grave they made  
her,

In the forest deep and dark-  
some, 150

Underneath the moaning hem-  
locks ;

Clothed her in her richest gar-  
ments,

Wrapped her in her robes of  
ermine,

Covered her with snow-like  
ermine ;

Thus they buried Minnehaha. 155

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was  
kindled,

For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.

From his doorway Hiawatha 160  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hem-  
locks ;

From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the door-  
way, 165

That it might not be extin-  
guished,

Might not leave her in the dark-  
ness.

" Farewell ! " said he, " Minne-  
haha !

Farewell, O my Laughing Water !  
All my heart is buried with  
you, 170

All my thoughts go onward with  
you.

Come not back again to labour,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the  
Fever

Wear the heart and waste the  
body ! 175

Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall  
follow

To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter."

## XXI.

## THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man sad and lonely.

White his hair was as a snow-  
drift ; 4

Dull and low his fire was burning,  
And the old man shook and  
trembled,

Folded in his Waubeyon,  
In his tattered white-skin  
wrapper,

Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest, 10  
Seeing nothing but the snow-  
storm

As it whirled and hissed and  
drifted.

All the coals were white with  
ashes,

And the fire was slowly dying, 14  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered.

Red with blood of youth his  
cheeks were,

Soft his eyes as stars in Spring-  
time ;

Bound his forehead was with  
grasses,

Bound and plumed with scented  
grasses ; 20

On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sun-  
shine ;

In his hand a bunch of blossoms,  
Filling all the lodge with sweet-  
ness.

"Ah, my son !" exclaimed the  
old man, 25

"Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,

Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together.  
Tell me of your strange adven-  
tures, 30

Of the lands where you have  
travelled ;

I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his  
peace-pipe, 34

Very old and strangely-fashioned ;  
Made of red stone was the pipe-  
head,

And the stem a reed with  
feathers ;

Filled the pipe with bark of  
willow,

Placed a burning coal upon it, 39  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,

And began to speak in this wise :  
"When I blow my breath  
about me,

When I breathe upon the land-  
scape,

Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the  
water." 45

And the young man answered,  
smiling :

"When I blow my breath about  
me,

When I breathe upon the land-  
scape,

Flowers spring up o'er all the  
meadows, 49

Singing, onward rush the rivers."

"When I shake my hoary  
tresses,"

Said the old man, darkly frown-  
ing,

"All the land with snow is covered,  
 All the leaves from all the branches 54  
 Fall and fade and die and wither,  
 For I breathe, and lo! they are not.

From the waters and the marshes  
 Rise the wild goose and the heron,

Fly away to distant regions, 59  
 For I speak, and lo! they are not.  
 And where'er my footsteps wander,

All the wild beasts of the forest  
 Hide themselves in holes and caverns,

And the earth becomes as flint-stone."

"When I shake my flowing ringlets," 65  
 Said the young man, softly laughing,

"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,  
 Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,

Back unto their lakes and marshes  
 Come the wild-goose and the heron, 70

Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,

Sing the blue-bird and the robin;  
 And where'er my footsteps wander,

All the meadows wave with blossoms,

All the woodlands ring with music, 75

All the trees are dark with foliage."

While they spake the night departed;

From the distant realms of Wabun,

From his shining lodge of silver,

Like a warrior robed and painted, 80  
 Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!"

Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless,

And the air grew warm and pleasant,

And upon the wigwam sweetly 85  
 Sang the blue-bird and the robin,

And the stream began to murmur,  
 And a scent of growing grasses  
 Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger, 90

More distinctly in the daylight  
 Saw the icy face before him;  
 It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,

As from melting lakes the stream-lets, 95

And his body shrunk and dwindled  
 As the shouting sun ascended,

Till into the air it faded,  
 Till into the ground it vanished,

And the young man saw before him, 100

On the hearthstone of the wigwam,  
 Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,

Saw the earliest flowers of Spring-time,

Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,

Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-land, 106

After that unheard-of coldness,  
 That intolerable Winter,

Came the Spring with all its splendour,

All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and  
grasses. 111

Sailing on the wind to north-  
ward,

Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through  
heaven,

Passed the swan, the Mahnah-  
bezee, 115

Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bowstring snapped asunder,  
The white goose, the Waw-be-  
wawa ;

And in pairs, or singly flying, 120  
Mahng the loon, with clangorous  
pinions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.  
In the thickets and the  
meadows

Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa;  
On the summit of the lodges 126  
Sang the robin, the Opechee ;

In the covert of the pine-trees  
Cooed the pigeons, the Omeme ;  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha, 130  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to  
him,

Went forth from his gloomy  
doorway,

Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to  
eastward, 136

From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo,  
The great traveller, the great  
boaster, 140

Full of new and strange adven-  
tures,

Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures, 145  
Laughing answered him in this  
wise :

" Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !  
No one else beholds such wonders !"

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,  
Bitter so that none could drink it !  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, " It cannot be  
so ! 155

Kaw !" they said, " It cannot be  
so !"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops !  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other.  
" Kaw !" they said, " we don't  
believe it !"

From its mouth, he said, to  
greet him, 165  
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee !  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;  
" Kaw !" said they, " what tales  
you tell us !" 170

In it, said he, came a people,  
In the great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;  
Painted white were all their faces,  
And with hair their chins were  
covered ! 175

And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-  
tops,  
Like the crows upon the hem-  
locks.

"Kaw!" they said, "what lies  
you tell us! 180

Do not think that we believe  
them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and  
answered

To their jeering and their jesting.

"True is all Iagoo tells us; 185

I have seen it in a vision,

Seen the great canoe with pinions,

Seen the people with white faces,

Seen the coming of this bearded

People of the wooden vessel 190

From the regions of the morning,

From the shining land of Wabun,

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

The Great Spirit, the Creator, 194

Sends them hither on his errand,

Sends them to us with his message.

Wheresoe'er they move, before  
them

Swarms the stinging-fly, the  
Ahmo,

Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;

Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath  
them 200

Springs a flower unknown among  
us,

Springs the White Man's Foot in  
blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the  
strangers,

Hail them as our friends and  
brothers,

And the heart's right hand of  
friendship 205

Give them when they come to see  
us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision

All the secrets of the future, 210

Of the distant days that shall be.

I beheld the westward marches

Of the unknown, crowded nations.

All the land was full of people,

Restless, struggling, toiling,

striving, 215

Speaking many tongues, yet  
feeling

But one heart-beat in their  
bosoms.

In the woodlands rang their  
axes,

Smoked their towns in all the  
valleys,

Over all the lakes and rivers 220

Rushed their great canoes of  
thunder

"Then a darker, drearier vision  
Passed before me, vague and  
cloud-like.

I beheld our nations scattered,

All forgetful of my counsels, 225

Weakened, warring with each  
other;

Saw the remnants of our people  
Sweeping westward, wild and  
woeful,

Like the cloud-rack of a tem-  
pest,

Like the withered leaves of  
Autumn." 230

## XXII.

## HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited. 5

All the air was full of freshness,  
All the earth was bright and  
joyous,

And before him through the sun-  
shine,

Westward toward the neighbour-  
ing forest,

Passed in golden swarms the  
Ahmo, 10

Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the  
heavens,

Level spread the lake before him:  
From its bosom leaped the

sturgeon, 15

Sparkling, flashing in the sun-  
shine ;

On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,

Every tree-top had its shadow,  
Motionless, beneath the water. 20

From the brow of Hiawatha  
Gone was every trace of sorrow,

As a fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadow.

With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation, 26

As of one who in a vision  
Sees what is to be, but is not,

Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were  
lifted, 30

Both the palms spread out against  
it,

And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Flecked with light his naked  
shoulders,

As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
Through the rifted leaves and  
branches. 36

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,

Something in the mist of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the

water, 40

Now seemed floating, now seemed  
flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.  
Was it Shingebis, the diver ?

Was it the Pelican, the Shada ? 44

Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah ?  
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,

With the water dripping, flashing  
From its glossy neck and feathers ?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron, 50

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of

morning,

But a birch-canoe with paddles,  
Rising, sinking on the water,

Dripping, flashing in the sun-  
shine. 55

And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,

From the farthest realms of  
morning

Came the Black-Robe chief, the  
Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-  
face, 60

With his guides and his com-  
panions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation, 65  
Till the birch-canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,  
Stranded on the sandy margin,  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the  
Paleface,

With the cross upon his bosom, 70  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :  
" Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us !  
All our town in peace awaits  
you, 76  
All our doors stand open for you ;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we  
give you.

" Never bloomed the earth so  
gaily, 80  
Never shone the sun so brightly  
As to-day they shine and blossom,  
When you come so far to see us !  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-  
bars ; 85  
For your birch-canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-  
bar !

" Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavour,  
Never the broad leaves of our  
corn-fields 90

Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us !"  
And the Black-Robe chief made  
answer, 94

Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :

" Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your  
people,

Peace of prayer and peace of  
pardon, 99

Peace of Christ and joy of Mary !"

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful old Nokomis 105  
Brought them food in bowls of  
basswood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their  
smoking.

All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation, 111  
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the medicine men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers wel-  
come : 115

" It is well," they said, " O  
brothers,

That you come so far to see us !"

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in  
silence, 119

Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message ;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the  
Paleface,

From the wigwam came to greet  
them,

Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :

" It is well," they said, " O  
brother, 126

That you come so far to see us !"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the  
prophet,

Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary, 131  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour :  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do ;

How he fasted, prayed, and  
laboured ; 135

How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, cruci-  
fied him ;

How he rose from where they  
laid him,

Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven. 140

And the chiefs made answer,  
saying :

" We have listened to your mes-  
sage,

We have heard your words of  
wisdom,

We will think on what you tell us.  
It is well for us, O brothers, 145  
That you come so far to see us ! "

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wig-  
wam,

To the young men and the  
women

Told the story of the strangers,  
Whom the Master of Life had  
sent them 151

From the shining land of Wabun.  
Heavy with the heat and  
silence

Grew the afternoon of Summer ;  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry  
wigwam, 156

With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it ;  
From the corn fields shrill and  
ceaseless

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-  
keena ; 160

And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering land-  
scape

Fell the evening's dusk and cool-  
ness, 165

And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of  
shadow,

Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle,  
hollow ; 170

Still the guests of Hiawatha,  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this  
wise, 175

Did not wake the guests that  
slumbered :

" I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset, 179  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind, Keeway-  
din.

But these guests I leave behind  
me,

In your watch and ward I leave  
them ;

See that never harm comes near  
them,

See that never fear molests  
them, 185

Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha ! "

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young  
men, 191

Spake persuading, spake in this  
wise :

" I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey ;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have  
vanished, 196

Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me.  
Listen to their words of wisdom ;

Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent  
them 201

From the land of light and morn-  
ing !”

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at  
parting ;

On the clear and luminous  
water 205

Launched his birch-canoe for  
sailing,

From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water ;  
Whispered to it, “ Westward !  
westward !”

And with speed it darted for-  
ward. 210

And the evening sun descend-  
ing

Set the clouds on fire with red-  
ness,

Burned the broad sky like a  
prairie,

Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of  
splendour, 215

Down whose stream, as down a  
river,

Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,

Sailed into the purple vapours,  
Sailed into the dusk of even-  
ing. 220

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising,  
sinking,

Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendour,  
Till it sank into the vapours 225  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, “ Farewell for  
ever !”

Said, “ Farewell, O Hiawatha !”  
And the forests, dark and lonely,

Moved through all their depths  
of darkness, 231

Sighed, “ Farewell, O Hiawatha !”  
And the waves upon the margin

Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, “ Farewell, O Hiawatha !”

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah, 236

From her haunts among the fen-  
lands,

Screamed, “ Farewell, O Hia-  
watha !”

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved, 240

In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,

To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind Keeway-  
din,

To the islands of the Blessed, 245  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

## NOTES.

### INTRODUCTION.

LONGFELLOW gives the following prefatory note.

'This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozho, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algonic Researches*, and in his *History of the Indian Tribes* may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narratives of an Onondaga chief. Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft. . . . The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways, on the southern shore of Lake Superior in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.'

The *Edda*, with which Longfellow here compares *Hiawatha*, consists of Norse ballads written by ancient Icelandic skalds (bards). These ballads, which relate the legend of Sigurd (Siegfried, as he is called in the *Nibelungenlied*), were collected by an Icelandic writer in 1133 A.D.

For the **Pictured Rocks** see on xvii. 293, and for the **Grand Sable** see on xi. 118.

12. The great lakes are Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario. The historical Hiawatha (see *Remarks*, p. xxii.) belonged to the Onondagas, one of the five 'Confederate nations' of the Iroquois, who lived about Lakes Erie and Ontario, and to the S. and E. of Huron and Michigan. Longfellow's Hiawatha belongs to the Ojibways, i.e. Chippeways, a tribe of the great Algonquian (Algonkin) race, which spread over a vast extent of country and shut in the Iroquois on all sides. The Chippeways occupied the western and southern shores of Lake Superior. The Dacotahs (to whom the Sioux belong) were to the south and west of the Chippeways, and occupied the great valley of the upper Missouri (the present State of Dakota).

27. The word **bison** is the Latin and Greek form of the old German, or perhaps Celtic, *wisent*, the name (found in the *Nibelungenlied*) of an extinct European wild ox, described by Latin writers as 'maned,' and 'with shaggy back.' The name is now confined to the 'bison Americanus.'

28. **Eyry**: the nest of a bird of prey; better spelt *aerie*; in old French *aire*, late Lat. *aeria*; probably from Lat. *aër*, 'air,' *aërius*, 'aerial.' Others connect it with Lat. *area*, 'threshing floor,' 'level space.'

37. Nawadaha seems to be a purely imaginative personage standing for Longfellow himself as well as for the authors of these old traditions.

41. **Tawasentha** valley is in Albany County (State of New York). The locality seems now known as 'Norman's Hill.' This district is that of the great Hudson River, and of the Catskill Mountains, known to most English readers from Washington Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle. Why Nawadaha's home should have been here does not seem clear.

103. The **barberry** is indigenous in many parts of Europe and Asia, and is common as an introduced plant in Britain and North America. *Barberry* has nothing to do with a 'berry'; it is the Arabic *berberi*, 'the wild bush.' (Orig. probably the African 'Berber' was the Greek *βάρβαρος*.)

## I.

1. **Mountains of the Prairie**: the undulating country in S. Dakota and Minnesota, between the Missouri and Mississippi, known as the 'Plateau du Côtéau des Prairies.' Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, says Longfellow, gives the following account of the *Côteau des Prairies* and the Red Pipe-Stone Quarry: 'Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes to the remotest corners of the continent . . . which has passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here also the peace-breathing calumet was born and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage. The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the north, the south, the east, and the west, and told them that this stone was red—that it was their flesh—that they must use it for their pipes of peace—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet, answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine men, who consult them when they are visitors to his sacred place.'

42. **Tawasentha**. See on *Introduction*, l. 41. Here it evidently stands for the Hudson valley and the districts around Lake Ontario, the former home of the great Iroquois Confederation.

43. This **Valley of Wyoming** is not in the State of Wyoming (which only exists since 1890) but in Pennsylvania. It is the scene of Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and was made notorious by a massacre of white settlers by Indians.

44. **Tuscaloosa** is in Alabama—chosen by Longfellow, evidently for its rather melodious name, as representing the southern tribes.

60 *seq.* The Hurons and Mohawks (Iroquois) lived in the central and eastern regions of the Great Lakes; the Mandans, Dacotahs, and Ojibways (Chippeways) were Alonkin tribes around Lake Superior; the Shoshones (or 'Snakes') inhabit parts of Idaho and Oregon; the Blackfeet are in S.W. Canada and Montana State; the Pawnees are in Nebraska, and the Choctaws in the reserved 'Indian Territory' W. of Arkansas.

103. The **brant**, or Brent-goose (Germ. *Brand-gans*), is so called from its dusky 'burnt' colour. Spenser uses 'brent' for 'burnt.' The beaver is found in parts of Europe and Asia, but is far commoner in N. America. For a description of the beaver's dam and lodges see xvii. 46 *seq.* The word *beaver* (Germ. *Biber*, A.S. *beofr*) is common to all Germanic languages. The Lat. *fiber* is perhaps cognate, or may be the Germanic word adopted by the Romans. (The genuine Latin for a beaver is *castor*. In the U.S. it is often called the 'castor beaver'.)

132. **Calumet**, a French word from Lat. *calamus*, a reed; used especially of the American Peace-pipe.

153. The red stone from which the Indians make their pipe-bowls is a kind of steatite (soap-stone), capable of being 'shaped and fashioned' (l. 19). The stem of the pipe consists of a reed decorated with feathers. See ix. 292.

## II.

1. In this Canto we have the history of Mudjekeewis, Hiawatha's father, who after slaying the Great Bear of the Mountains was chosen to be Father of the Winds. For himself he kept the title of Kabeyun (West Wind), and gave the North, South, and East to his three sons. When afterwards he was conquered by Hiawatha he shared his kingdom with him, promising him the realm of the 'North-West,' the 'home-wind,' Keewaydin (iv. 231).

4. **Wampum** was used by the N. American Indians as money or for ornament, as glass beads are used by the Central Africans. It consists of shells, or bits of stone, ground down to different sizes and shapes and strung on sinews or thongs. These strings of Wampum are plaited together into belts, etc., or used to embroider deerskin shirts and dresses. The word is said to mean 'white,' but wampum may be of various and bright colours. Longfellow speaks of it as not only 'snow white' (xii. 346), but 'scarlet' (xii. 151, 176), and yellow as maize (v. 282), and glittering like a star (xii. 20). Wampum embroidery is sometimes of the nature of 'picture-writing' (for which see on xiv. 42). 'Wampum' is used to denote riches and worldly power. Thus Megissogwon, the Magician, is called 'Manito of Wealth and Wampum' (ix. 22).

25. **muffle** (Fr. *muffle*, snout, muzzle) is used of the bare swollen parts of the upper lips and nose of bears and some other animals.

43. 'This anecdote,' says Longfellow, 'is from Heckewelder. In his account of the Indian Nations he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words, "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective. When the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that the poor animal could understand what he said to it. Oh, said he in answer, the bear understood me very well. Did you not observe how ashamed he looked when I was upbraiding him."'

In the *Kanteletar* (see Introd., p. xx) we find a very different code of manners in force among Finnish hunters. "There are," says Mr. Billson, "different songs for different kinds of hunting—songs of boar-hunting, bird-hunting, hare-hunting. All these songs are addressed to the animals: the bird is requested to dy into the net; the bear is approached with most courteous language, and killed with many apologies."

43. A '**Brave**' (from the Spanish) is especially used of an American Indian warrior, though sometimes applied to Africans and other savages.

87. For paint as a special decoration of warriors, see xi. 26, xii. 66, etc. In xi. 85 the dandy, the 'handsome idle Yenadizze,' Pau-Puk-Keewis, has his face 'barred with streaks of red and yellow, streaks of blue and bright vermilion.' Here the 'streaks of crimson' of course symbolise the dawn—like Homer's 'rosy-fingered morn.' Cf. xxi. 80, where the rising sun is likened to a 'warrior robed and painted.'

105. By **water-flag** one might think that Longfellow meant some flower like the 'yellow-flag' (Iris), but from x. 90 one sees that he means the 'many-knotted water-flag,' as Tennyson calls some sort of reed or sedge. The only plant of this kind known to European botany as a 'flag' is, I think, the 'Sweet flag' (*Acorus*), a reed-like plant belonging to the Arum family.

128. The Star of Morning is here a maiden, whereas the 'Ruler of the Star of Evening' (xii. 226) is the father of Osseo. Venus is generally both Evening Star and Morning Star, but here one may regard, if necessary, the one star as Venus and the other as Mercury.

140. The **Loon**, called **Mahng** in various passages, seems to be the great Northern Diver, while **Shingebis** (l. 154) must be another arctic diver. The epithet 'Loon-heart' (Mahn-go-tay-see, iii. 234) would be easier to understand if it referred to the fearless Shingebis and not to a bird that flees, with sea-gulls and curlews, before the north wind. [*Loon*, the Northern Diver, is an inaccurate form of the Danish *loom*, or Icelandic *lomn*. The Germ. *Lohme* seems rather to mean a guillemot, a much smaller bird. The word 'loon' meaning a stupid fellow—e.g. 'thou grey-beard loon'—is of different origin; probably from the Dutch *loen*.]

141. **curlew** is the Fr. *courlieu*, or *courlis*, a word probably imitative of the cry of the bird (onomatopœic).

142. **sea-tang**, sometimes wrongly given as 'sea-tangle,' is sea-weed or 'wrack' (Germ. *Tang*).

197. **hemlock** : not what we know as hemlock, but an American spruce-fir with 'pendulous and very graceful foliage.' Cf.

'This is the forest primeval,  
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.' (*Evangeline*, l. 1.)

In his translation of the German song 'O Tannenbaum' Longfellow gives 'O hemlock tree!'

231. The N. American **robin** is a much larger bird than ours. It is a kind of thrush with a red breast.

232. The **blue-bird** is about the size of a sparrow, of a lovely blue colour and with a reddish breast (hence also called the 'blue-robin'). 'It has,' a friend tells me, 'a sweet wee song, which is regarded as the harbinger of spring.'

242. An 'Indian Summer' is what we call a 'St. Luke's Summer' (St. Luke's day is 18th Oct.), and what in Germany is called 'Altweibersommer.' See Bayard Taylor's remark about 'Hiawatha,' *Introd.* p. xviii. The Moon of Snowshoes is November, when snowshoes generally come again into use.

292. The Indian legend of Shawondasee and the Prairie Dandelion (says E. R. Emerson, in his *Indian Myths*) describes how the South Wind loved the flower and waited until the downy covering that accompanied the seed appeared. Thinking this was snow—a bridal wreath from the hand of a rival—he sighed heavily, causing the white fragments to be dispersed. The moral that the Indian draws from the story is as follows: "My son, it is not wise to differ in our tastes from other people; nor ought we to put off through slothfulness what is best done at once. Had Shawondasee conformed to the tastes of his countrymen, he would not have been an admirer of yellow hair; and if he had evinced proper activity in his youth, his mind would not have run flower-gathering in his old age." (Quoted by Mr. Gorse.)

302. For the four corners of heaven and the symbolism of the 'divine Four,' see on xiv. 48.

### III.

24. **Wenonah** means 'eldest daughter,' and **Nokomis** means 'grand-mother.'

64. **Gitche Gumee** is Lake Superior. Similarly 'Nyassa,' or 'Nyanza,' means the 'Great Water' in the African language.

75. **Linde** is the German name of what we call the lime-tree ('linden tree'). In N. America it is also called the 'bass tree,' for the meaning of which see on x. 153.

79. Heckewelder (says Longfellow), in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares. 'Their reports,' he says, 'run thus: that among all animals that have been formerly in this

country, this (the naked bear) was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back, of a white colour) naked. . . . The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a-hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: *Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.*'

89. The Northern Light (Aurora Borealis) is meant.

93. **broad, white road**, *i.e.* the Milky Way.

117. **Rippling, rounding.** The idea seems to be of the edge of the rising moon first floating, as it were, on the ripples of the watery horizon, and then of the full round of the disk gradually emerging into sight.

118. **flecks**, spots, dapples, stains; a commoner word in German than in English.

165. **fint.** See on iv. 261.

177. See on ii. 231.

183. **Coughed.** Cf. xii. 49. I do not know whether the European squirrel coughs. Probably some of my young readers may be able to teach me on this point.

194. **On their tracks.** Every one has heard of the wonderful way in which the American Indians, and other so-called 'savages,' follow up a trail or 'spoor.' In the African bush one would lose almost every wounded animal but for one's native followers. On one occasion, on the shore of Lake Nyassa, I took a long shot at a koodoo—one of the largest of African antelopes—and it plunged into the bush apparently unhurt. My men found its trail and declared that the animal was wounded—for it limped! After following the 'spoor,' by means of signs utterly imperceptible to most white men, for quite two miles through the bush, which was crossed in all directions by innumerable game trails, they brought me in triumph a leaf with a spot of blood on it—and ten minutes later we discovered the koodoo lying dead.

204. **Flecked**, checkered (x. 286), dappled. Cf. l. 118.

234. See on ii. 140.

#### IV.

10. This beats even the feat of Brunhilde (and Siegfried) in the *Nibelungenlied*, which was to hurl a huge stone twelve fathoms and more, and at the same time to leap beyond the point where it fell.

21. As almost every young person has read Fenimore Cooper's stories, or other such stories about American Indians, it seems hardly necessary to explain such words as 'moccasins,' and 'wigwams.'

41. **quills**, *i.e.* of porcupine. See vii. 77. For **wampum**, see ii. 4.

47. See iii. 165, and iv. 263.

70 *seq.* The **Esconaba** is a small river that flows into Green Bay, Lake Michigan. One sees from this that Hiawatha's home is conceived as being near Saut Ste-Marie (vi. 151). He would cross the Mississippi not far from its sources, where it is not very 'mighty.'

The **Mountains of the Prairie** (i. 1) form the watershed between the upper Mississippi and the Minnesota, beyond which, parted by another Côteau, flows the far mightier Missouri, which, together with many of its numberless affluents, Hiawatha would have had to cross before reaching the land of the Crows, Foxes, and Blackfeet, Indian tribes occupying what is now Montana State, where the great upper watershed of the Missouri is formed by the Rocky Mountains.

85. The word **comet** (Grk., κομήτης) means 'long-haired.' We speak of a comet's 'tail.'

104-107. Mudjekeewis, as the West, represents nightfall and darkness, and thus boasts of his 'ancient prowess' before the birth of Light (Hiawatha), and of his invulnerability. The Power of darkness, having been originally supreme in the universe, regards Light merely as a temporary usurper. The celebrated passage in Goethe's *Faust*, where Mephistopheles is the devil's advocate in the case 'Darkness v. Light,' seems to have suggested some of Longfellow's expressions.

135. If this idea is taken from a genuine Indian legend it offers an interesting similarity to the old Norse myth, according to which the God Baldur could be wounded by nothing except the mistletoe (the only thing that had not taken a vow to do him no harm). From lines 140, 184, 192, it is not quite clear whether Hiawatha is here drawing on his imagination or not. One form of the Indian tradition seems to be that he answered 'Nothing' to the question, which Mudjekeewis asked seventeen times.

187. **eyrie**. Cf. **eyry**, *Introduction*, l. 28.

209. Cf. the conceit of the Red Swan, xii. 3 *seq.*

215. To attempt to 'unweave rainbows,' and to explain away all old myths by solar theories, is of course ridiculous. But Longfellow (how closely following old legends I cannot say) evidently intends us to interpret this fight in the far West between Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis as the daily contest between light and darkness. (See on l. 104). We may regard Hiawatha as a 'dayspring from on high'—preceded by, and thus in some sense proceeding from, Darkness as his sire—but born of the Dawn (Wenonah).

221 *seq.* This reminds one of the myths of Theseus and Hercules. We hear no more from Longfellow of 'the Wendigoes, the giants,' but perhaps we may regard Megissogwon (ix.) as one.

257. "**Minnehaha** is a waterfall," Longfellow tells us, "on a stream running into the Mississippi between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony." These places will be found just above St. Paul, near where the Minnesota joins the Mississippi.

261. Stone arrow-heads would seem to indicate that the use of iron was unknown, or not general, in the age of (the mythical) Hiawatha, although silver is mentioned several times in xii., and elsewhere, and silver arrow-

heads in ix. 268, and brass in xvii. 77 (this should probably be *copper*, as in the vocabulary under *Ozawabeek*); and *Hiawatha* has a knife, presumably of metal (vii. 27). Mr. T. F. Dwight, who has collected Indian arrow-heads, tells me that these stone arrow-heads, as well as flint knives and spear-heads, are evidently late survivals. They are still in use, and many are found among relics of the first missionaries (about 1570 A.D.—the supposed epoch of the real *Hiawatha*), although the use of metals was known to the Indians at that time, at any rate to those who had come in contact with the much earlier and more fully developed civilisation of the Mexicans.<sup>1</sup> The following quotation from a letter of a lady who has passed a considerable time among the Shoshones (in Idaho, west of the Rocky Mountains) will be found interesting: 'The Indians had stone, flint, and obsidian weapons and implements before metal ones. In their wigwams I have often seen battle-axes, and arrows and spear heads, of flint or obsidian, and have found several obsidian arrow-heads on the prairie. In Yellowstone Park we passed a big cliff, 250 feet high, of obsidian—which is a sort of opaque glass, rather like bottle-glass (vitreous lava, or volcanic glass), so hard that when a road was made there, they could not blast it; so they made huge fires and then poured cold water on it in order to shatter it (somewhat as Hannibal is said to have done in crossing the Alps). . . . It is said that in the olden days this cliff was neutral ground. All tribes met there and were at peace until they got obsidian to make weapons with which to kill each other later on. . . . The arrow-heads I found are beautifully made and of different sizes. . . . The old Indian tomahawk had a stone head. . . .'

**chalcedony**: The Greek word *χαλκηδών* (possibly meaning a stone from Chalcedon, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus) is used only in Rev. xxi. 19, where it is rendered by 'chalcedony,' explained usually as some sort of precious stone, and generally pronounced 'chalcedōny.' The chalcedony of modern lapidaries is 'a variety of quartz, having a clouded whitish colour, more or less transparent.'

**Jasper** is another variety of quartz 'of red, yellow, and some dull colours.' (The Roman *iaspis*, from which 'jasper' is derived, seems to have been green, and what was called 'yellow iaspis' was probably our topaz.)

## V.

2. The custom of making youths pass through various initiatory ordeals, among which that of fasting is the commonest, is to be found in many parts of the world. See on xiii. 5, and *Remarks* p. xviii. As regards the age in which maize was first introduced I take the following from Zelia Nuttall's *Old and New World Civilisations*: 'It is well known that botanists have not yet succeeded in identifying amongst the native grasses of America the ancestor of the cultivated maize-plant. They assert, however, that the development of what is now the world's largest cereal from a wild species must have required incalculable time. . . . 'Irrefutable proof that the

<sup>1</sup> The Peruvians and Aztecs, I find, used a mixture of tin and copper tempered very hard, for cutting tools, but did not smelt iron.

maize has been cultivated from remote antiquity in this region (*i.e.* near the ruins of Cholula, Mexico) is given by ancient hieroglyphic signs containing maize-cakes, maize-plants, etc.'

4. **craft**: in its old sense of 'skill,' as in 'woodcraft,' 'songcraft' (*Introduction*, l. 109). Chaucer uses a 'crafty man' for what we should call a learned or skilful man.

14. The almost universal (and quite reasonable) belief that visions and dreams are the consequence of fasting seems to be shared by the American Indians. In vi. 85 we find fasting coupled with prayers to the Guardian Manito, who was supposed to appear in answer to such entreaties. (See note to xiii. 5.)

29. It will be seen later (xx) that it was the failure of such things (game, fish, wild fruit) that caused the 'famine and the fever' of which Minnehaha died.

34. **blueberry**: a large and juicy American variety of the whortleberry (the *Heidelbeere* of Germany).

36. Many varieties of the *Ribes* (to which family the gooseberry and currant belong) are indigenous to N. America. The grape-vine is found wild in America, as also in S. Africa and some other parts of the world. When cultivated it produces a very fragrant grape—the 'Isabella grape.' The 'Delaware,' 'Concord,' and other grapes are results of crossing with the wild grape-vine.

46. See on ii. 4.

48. This description does not apply to our perch.

50. This is the so-called 'fresh-water herring.'

51. Notice that our word 'cray-fish,' or 'craw-fish,' has nothing to do with 'fish.' It is a corruption of the French *écrevisse*, orig. *crevice*. Cf. Germ. *Krebs*.

62 *seq.* As maize is seldom or never seen in many parts of the British Isles, it may be not superfluous to inform young readers that it grows usually about 6 feet high (sometimes considerably higher) and has long leaves like huge blades of grass, and a 'cob' about a foot long of yellow (sometimes red) grains clothed in thin leaf-like husks, out of which protrudes a tassel of soft green and golden, or purplish, tendril-like 'tresses' (xiii. 23). The cobs grow sideways from the stem, and the stem is surmounted by a large nodding plume (xiii. 22) of male flowers. (See below, lines 280 *seq.*) The word *maize* is said to be Haytian. *Mondamin* is said to be composed of two words meaning 'spirit' and 'grain.' (See further on xiii. 5.)

172. The **whippoorwill**, so called from its melancholy cry, is a small American Night-jar (Goatsucker). Our Goatsucker 'jars,' *i.e.* utters a curious vibrating noise. When on the wing it is generally silent, chasing moths and other insects with open mouth. In *Evangeline* the whippoorwill's note is said to be 'like a flute.' Another American Night-jar has the name 'Chuckwill's widow.'

219. **reeled**. Cf. l. 19.

280 *seq.* See on l. 62.

## VI.

Hiawatha's two special friends, Chibiabos, the sweet musician, and the strong Kwasind, remind one of the two celebrated Hellenic personifications of music and heroic strength, as civilising influences—Orpheus and Hercules.

8. The pathway between their hearts was, so to speak, like a straight and oft-trodden pathway between two wigwams.

20. See on xv. 56. If not, perhaps, the 'best of all musicians' (and yet every true poet is 'best' in a certain sense), Longfellow, in regard to his personal character and also the influence of his poetry, deserves unreservedly the description 'Beautiful and childlike was he.'

33 *seq.* This is like the stories told of Orpheus, who 'with his lute made trees, and the mountain-tops that freeze, bow themselves when he did sing,' and who (as Horace tells us) 'by his mother's art stayed the rushing currents of rivers and the swift winds.'

44 *seq.* See on ii. 232. To English readers the word 'frenzy' may seem a little strong for the 'sweet wee song' of the blue-bird. An American acquaintance describes the song as 'wild but soft,' and so we may perhaps take 'frenzy' as equivalent to 'wildness.'

52. See on v. 172.

83. See on v. 14, and see in the Vocabulary for the various uses of 'Manito.'

97. **Yenadizze.** See Vocabulary and xi. 56, 69, and xvi. 66 note.

113. **the hunting:** i.e. 'the game that I kill.'

125. '**Woodchuck,**' a friend tells me, 'is the popular name in the States for a ground-hog.' As the ordinary Britisher will probably be but little wiser for this information, it may be well to quote from a dictionary the following definition of a ground-hog: 'A rodent mammal, species of the marmot tribe, common in U.S. and Canada; of heavy form, 15 to 18 inches long, blackish or grizzled above, chestnut red below. It forms burrows in which it passes the winter in a dormant state; feeds on vegetables, and is very destructive to red clover. Its flesh, though rank, is sometimes eaten.' . . . 'I was told out in the States,' writes the same friend, 'that the 2nd of February is called *ground-hog day* because then at midday the ground-hogs, and other hibernating animals, come out of their holes, and if they can see their shadows they stay out, but if they can't they go back and sleep awhile longer.' There is a picture of a woodchuck (whose tragic end is related) in that most delightful book *Wild Animals that I have known*.

148. **Pauwating:** the native name of the narrow part of the channel between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, where there is a succession of rapids, now called Sault (Saut) Saint-Marie. It must have been, I presume, *after* 'Hiawatha's sailing' that Kwasind and his companions sailed down these rapids.

## VII.

With the following description of the building of the first (sailing?) canoe should be compared the fine picture of the *Building of the Ship*, written by Longfellow a few years previously—artistically the most successful perhaps of all his longer poems, although somewhat wanting in originality, seeing that the main idea is taken from Schiller's celebrated poem on the *Founding of the Bell* (*Die Glocke*).

6. It seems left a little uncertain (perhaps purposely) whether Hiawatha invented the first canoe, or made the first light-birch-bark 'Cheemaun for sailing.' That heavy 'dug-out' canoes (such as those still used by African and other savages, and known to the ancient Lake-dwellers) were known to the Indians before Hiawatha's invention seems deducible from the mention of a *Stone Canoe* in xv. 193. The idea of its hearing his voice and obeying his wishes (vii. 109, ix. 56, etc.) may merely express the popular wonder at the first use of sails. 'Paddles none he had' (vii. 108) seems to indicate that paddles were already known. The conception of ships moving of their own accord is to be found in Homer, who describes the ships of the Phæacians as travelling swifter than a hawk across the sea without aid of oar or sail.

11. *white-skin wrapper*. See xxi. 7. Here it, of course, means the white bark of the silver birch. The outer layers peel off readily, but neither summer-time nor the warm sun would have saved the poor thing after having been so ruthlessly stripped.

17. *Taquamenaw*. In one edition this is explained as 'the channel between Lakes Superior and Huron.' But from 138 *seq.* and xviii. 46 *seq.* it seems to be a river flowing from the mountains into a bay of the same name. In my map I find a Tequamenon Bay on the northern shore of the Pauwating channel, but there seems to be no considerable river as here described; nor is it easy to understand why such Herculean labour should have been expended on a stream on the other side of the rapids.

27. To 'girdle a tree' is the term used by foresters for what is here described.

56. A rather obscure expression. A larch has clustered 'tassels' of foliage, and its tapering summit may be perhaps regarded as one large plume of tassels, which would, so to speak, fall over its forehead when it nodded acquiescence—like the Homeric Zeus, whose 'ambrosial locks flowed down from his immortal head' on like occasions.

77. *seq.* What is here called the Hedgehog is properly the Porcupine, which has very much larger black and white quills. These quills are used a good deal by the Indians for decorative purposes. It has (like many other nocturnal animals) long and delicate 'whiskers.' The shorter quills (about 6 inches) are very sharply pointed, and 'their hold on the skin is so slight that when they have been struck into a foe they remain fixed' (Wood). The animal drops its quills pretty freely, and when alarmed it

suddenly erects them—but can hardly be said to ‘shoot’ them, as is sometimes stated. I cannot vouch for the American ‘hedgehog,’ but the African porcupine is very good to eat.

110. See on l. 6.

## VIII.

12. See on v. 47, and for **crawfish**, see v. 52.

20. **hemlock**. See on ii. 197.

21. See on l. 153.

31. ‘In all true sturgeons the body is covered with plates or shields of bony substance, very hard and strong, and arranged in regular order’ (Wood). I do not think that the European sturgeon is quite so gaily adorned with warpaints. A sturgeon weighs sometimes several hundred pounds, and would be a difficult customer to tackle with a fish-line from a light birch-canoe—as was the case here.

61. In the Vocabulary, Longfellow tells us that Kenozha means the ‘pickerel’—which is merely a ‘small pike.’

84. This is a N. American fresh water variety. The ordinary sunfish is marine. It is nearly circular, and of considerable size.

97. **water flags**: evidently ‘sedges’ here. See on ii. 105.

121. **his great jaws**. The ordinary sturgeon has, according to Mr. Wood, ‘a very curious mouth . . . , a short tube set under the head, and without teeth.’ Perhaps this wasn’t a common sturgeon any more than Jonah’s whale was a common whale.

154. Like Adam, Hiawatha names animals—e.g. the ‘Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers’ (l. 185). Our word ‘squirrel’ means very much the same as Adjidaumo. It is from the Greek *σκιόπους*, ‘shadow-tail,’ through the Latin diminutive *sciuridulus*.

174. Cf. iii. 149, 157.

209. **craw**, or **crop**, is the first stomach of a bird—of especial use to hard-billed grain-eaters.

## IX.

21. I suppose that the title Megissogwon, ‘Great Pearl-Feather,’ would be for the Indian imagination a symbol of supreme wampum-magnificence: a plume of no ordinary shell-wampum, but of solid pearl. (In xii. 205, we have a ‘silver-feather.’) For ‘Manito of Wealth and Wampum,’ see on ii. 4. Why Megissogwon should combine the attributes of a Manito of Wampum and a Magician of Pestilence, of Mammon and Malaria, seems fairly clear. (It reminds one of the identity of Plutus and Pluto in certain Greek legends.) But what allegory, if any, lies in the fact that the father of Nokomis, when he descended from the moon in search of her (a story not related in iii), was slain by this Magician of malarial fevers, is more than I can say, although one may perhaps suggest that heaven-descended influences are sometimes believed to sicken and die from the

malaria engendered by wealth and luxury. What Herculean or Theseus-like deed to the 'profit of the people'—social or sanitary—is symbolised under this victory of Hiawatha, I am unable to say, nor why Megissogwon should have his dwelling in the far west—unless the west is the land of night and death—nor whether anything more special is meant by the fiery Kenabeek than by the Lernaean Hydra. They seem both to represent the pestilential 'fogs and vapours' of the black pitch water.

110. See xv. 172 *seq.*, xix. 197 *seq.*, xx. 156 *seq.* Other names of the Will-o'-the-Wisp are *Jack o' lantern*, *Ignis fatuus*, *wild-fire*, and *spunkie*. Anyone who has traversed great American or African marshes will recognise Longfellow's description (112-125) as very true to nature.

194. The shirt is evidently made of wampum threaded on thongs which are netted or plaited together like a coat of chain armour.

211. The idea of invulnerability except in a certain way (see on iv. 135), or in a certain spot, is to be found in many old legends. Thus (as here) Samson's strength lay in the hair; Achilles, by being dipped in the water of the Styx, was made invulnerable except just at the spot near the heel (the *tendo Achillis*, as doctors call it) where his mother Thetis held him, and where afterwards he was mortally wounded; Siegfried, again, in the old Norse and German legends, was made invulnerable by bathing in the blood of a dragon that he had slain, except at the spot where a linden-leaf fell on his back while he was bathing, and where the spear of Hagen afterwards inflicted its fatal wound.

268. *silver-headed*. See on iv. 261.

## X.

1. Whether this simile is Longfellow's invention, or of Indian origin, I do not know, but it seems to me to be as good as some of Shakespeare's best.

13 *seq.* Reminds one of the protest of Samson's father and mother when he wished to marry a daughter of the Philistines: 'Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?'

In his account of the Finnish *Kanteletar* (see Remarks, p. xx) Mr. Billson says: 'These ballads begin generally with a conversation between the hero and his mother, when the former declares his intention of wooing some foreign maiden, and his mother vainly tries to dissuade him by describing the dangers of the enterprise. The hero pooh-poohs all difficulties, calls for his horse and sledge, and drives off furiously.' In the same way Siegfried, in the *Nibelungenlied*, rejects the advice of his relations and goes to Worms to win Kriemhild.

30, 33. This simple and beautiful epithet 'willing' is used with much pathetic effect in xx. 140.

62. See iv. 21.

85. See on iv. 261.

90. See on ii. 105.

109. See iv. 252 *seq.*

140. See xxi. 7 and vii. 11. One can often see in museums such 'deer-skins dressed and whitened,' decorated with wampum and with pictures of animals and warriors, etc.

153. **Bass-wood**: wood of the lime or linden-tree (iii. 75). The word is properly *bast* (A.S. *boest*, Germ., Danish and Dutch *bast*, perhaps from root of *bind*), and signifies the tough, fibrous inner bark of the lime and some other trees, used as string, or for making mats, ropes, etc. (cf. Note on xiii. 155). Thus the lime and elm are 'bast-trees.' Bowls of maple-wood ('mazers,' i.e. 'bowls of spotted wood') are regarded as the best in northern European ballads. See Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, v. 798.

174. See Remarks on *Hiawatha*, pp. xxii, xxiii.

218. These lines seem to contain a distinct reminiscence of the celebrated German legend of the 'Pied Piper of Hameln,' who, when denied payment for clearing the town of rats, led all the children by the sound of his pipe into a great cavern that opened itself in the hillside.

238. **hemlock**. See on ii. 197.

256. See on ii. 232.

273. **Half**: i.e. of the twenty-four hours—scarcely a true assertion except on comparatively rare occasions. The simile on l. 4 seems more successful, though this also is fine. The moon 'follows' the earth as his (her?) satellite. The moon is masculine in ix. 4. [In German the male moon and female sun cause sometimes still greater difficulties, e.g. 'she cometh forth as a bridegroom.']

## XI.

2. **Yenadizze**. See on vi. 97.

15. See on x. 153.

20. Messengers in most ages and countries seem to have carried wands as the ensign of their office. Among many examples may be cited **Hermes**, the messenger of the gods, with his 'caduceus' and his golden rod; Homeric heralds with their 'sceptres'; and the runners of Central African chiefs of the present day, who carry a staff as an emblem of delegated authority.

31. **pemican**. See Vocabulary. The S. African 'biltong' is something similar. The best is made of buffalo hump. It is often almost as hard as a bit of wood.

44. The otter seems to have been specially created or evolved for this purpose. For many years I possessed a fine otter-skin pouch made in South Africa, where they are highly prized by the natives. In a collection of essays by Kafir boys I find: 'The otter's skin is beautiful to make with it a saddle-bag.'

65. For the rather complicated game of **Pugasaing**, see on xvi. 66.

66. **Kuntassoo** seems a simpler affair. Fruit-stones are numbered or coloured, and the game consists in turning up certain pairs or combinations of numbers or colours.

78. See on vii. 77.

118. Longfellow quotes the following description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand-dunes of Lake Superior, from a *Geological Report*: 'The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks (see on xvii. 293). The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials. He sees before him a long reach of coast resembling a vast sandbank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. As one ascends to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees standing out like oases in the desert.'

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

152. For the different 'Moons' see Vocabulary. Autumn is called 'the Fall' in N. America.

173. **I myself, myself!** Cf. xv. 114.

213. **address**: skill, dexterity. (Fr. *adresse*).

218. See iii. 75 and 158 *seq.*

## XII.

3. The following is Longfellow's note: The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's *Algonic Researches*, vol. ii., p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game. 'They were to shoot no other animal,' so the legend says, 'but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways. Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived, but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and pulling the arrow on the bow-string up to his ear he took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect, and he shot again and again, till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home and got all his own and his brothers' arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. When standing he remembered his brothers saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started,

his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack ; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer. As he took the last arrow he felt his arm firmer, and drawing it up with vigour saw it pass through the neck of the swan, a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off towards the sinking of the sun.

20. See on ii. 4.

21. Compare the first verse of Longfellow's *Hymn to the Night* :

'I heard the trailing garment of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls ;  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls.'

23. How far Longfellow here is reproducing Indian thought I do not know. It may be interesting to compare with this passage the following translation of some verses on the Star of Evening (the 'Star of Milking-time') written by a young Kafir.

'Now ye are coming to govern,  
Ye numerous beautiful stars !  
Nocel'izapolo (the Evening Star) is about to appear.  
He is like an angel  
To walk before the Lord  
While it is growing dark,  
Continually saying kasi ! kasi ! kasi ! (hush ! hush !)  
On the side of the West,  
Appearing beautiful  
At the milking-time.'

49. See on iii. 183.

123. I suppose that 'sacred' refers to 'wigwam,' but why the wigwam was sacred to the Evening Star is not explained. Perhaps the 'great feast' was in honour of the star.

152. See on iv. 261 and ii. 4.

166. See on v. 172. Goatsuckers can hardly be said to 'sing.'

183. **shard** : the same word as *sherd* in *potsherd* (connected with *shear*, etc.), used especially of the stiff outer wings (wing-case) of beetles. Beetles are hence called 'coleoptera,' and the scientific word for the shard is 'elytron.' Of more importance is the fact that Shakespeare speaks of the beetle as 'shard-borne.'

205. Cf. 'Pearl-feather,' ix. 21. Iagoo's story is perhaps too fantastic to satisfy the imagination, but the mutual affection of Osseo and Oweenee through all their various transformations is tender and beautiful.

211. A simile quite Dantesque in its beauty and musical expression.

246. This is a case where it would be interesting to discover whether Longfellow is giving us a genuine Indian superstition or is interweaving Old World astrology.

307. See xviii. 6. Spitefulness and small stature seem somehow to connect themselves in one's mind, if not always in nature. See the scene between Hermia and Helena in *Mids. N. Dr.*, iii. 2:

'Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole, speak?  
How low am I? I am not yet so low  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes,' etc.

The word **pigmy** (better **pygmy**) means really 'of a cubit's height' (from Gr. *πυγμαίος* through the Fr. *pygmée*).

339. **Algonquin** is explained in the Vocabulary as 'Ojibway.' The Ojibways (Chippeways) are a tribe of the great Algonquin stock. The maiden is apparently of another, perhaps of a hostile Iroquois tribe, and seems to be far from her native country. See *Remarks*, p. xxii. The original of this song, says Longfellow, may be found in Schoolcraft's *Oneôta*, p. 15.

### XIII.

5. See on v. 2 and 62. With the 'mysteries of Mondamin' one might well compare the celebrated Eleusinian mysteries of Demeter (Ceres) among the Greeks. The Indians, says Longfellow, hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. He quotes the following from Schoolcraft's *Oneôta*: 'They esteem it so important and divine a grain, that their story-tellers invented various tales in which this idea is symbolised under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Ojibway-Algonquins, who call it Mon-da-min, that is the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.'

17. Sugar can be made from the sap of an American variety of the maple, called the 'sugar maple' (*Acer saccharatum*). Longfellow gives a long quotation from Schoolcraft to show that field labour among the 'still uncolonised' Indians is undertaken by the women and not regarded as a hardship. We have so many examples of this in the Old World—not only in Africa, but in Germany, and other continental countries—that the quotation scarcely needs to be cited.

22. See on v. 62.

40: See below on l. 226. Longfellow seems here to identify **Wagemin** with mildew, and **Palmosaid** with insect-blight. The cob is, however, often dwarfed and crooked without any sign of disease. See xiii. 222.

54. On this line Longfellow quotes from Schoolcraft's *Oneôta* the following passage: 'A singular proof of this belief in the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It

was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she disrobed. Then taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to ensure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed that they could not creep over the charmed line.

64. The derivation of **caterpillar** puzzles etymologists. Some propose *chatte poilue*, 'hairy she-cat.' Why not *chatte pillarde*, i.e. 'pillaging hairy creature'?

100. 'The food of the Raven,' says Mr. Wood, 'is almost entirely of an animal nature.' He affirms almost the same of the **crow** (*corvus corone*), and even in the case of the *corvus frugilegus* (**rook**), whose very name would seem to condemn him, 'not proven' is the verdict. 'Some farmers,' he says, 'think that the Rook does harm to their fields by eating the seed and young corn, and kill it whenever they are able.' *Sed cedat Scientia!* Besides, what is the use of scare-crows?

115. **Kaw!**: No!

121. The magic circle seems to have been effective only in the case of creeping and hopping things (the dragon-fly, l. 60, is apparently an exception), so Hiawatha has to devise snares for winged marauders.

155. See note on **bass-wood** and **bast**, x. 153. Longfellow quotes the following from a *Narrative of Captivity and Adventure* by a Mr. Tanner: 'These cords are made of the bark of the elm-tree by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . The leader of a war-party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied; and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping.'

200. See on l. 17. Such scenes can be witnessed in most parts of Africa, and (*mutatis mutandis*) in parts of Europe also.

220. See on l. 40.

226. The following passage from the *Oneôta* is given by Longfellow: 'If one of the young female huskers finds a *red* ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But, if the ear be *crooked* and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the corn-field. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of the Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favourite mondamin. . . . The literal meaning of the term is a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in the corn-field. It is in this manner that a single word, or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

'This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn-song, as sung by the northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*—a permutative form of the Indian substantive made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is *he who walks*, or *the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are "he who walks by night to pilfer corn." It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term.'

Compare *Evangeline*, ii. 546 *seq.*

'Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,  
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.'

#### XIV.

11. Compare the words of the Preacher—of incomparably deeper application: 'There is no remembrance of former things, neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come . . . There is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool.'

16. *i.e.* in the mysterious darkness and silence of that sleep by which our life is rounded, and which awaits us in the 'land of the Hereafter,' when we shall be speechless—unable to speak to the living. I do not know whether the Indians have any theory as to souls in the land of spirits waiting to be born, such as we find in Plato, Virgil, and other classical authors—mostly in connexion with the doctrine of Transmigration.

23. **Totem** is a N.A. Indian word signifying the animal, or rather the image of the animal, which is regarded as the ancestor of a clan, and held in special reverence by that clan. Totemism, with cognate forms of animal-worship and transmigration-doctrines, has always existed and still exists in many nations.

'Eight clans, or gentes, composed the Huron people' (says Mrs. Zelia Nuttall in her *Old and New World Civilisations*). 'These clans, called by the Algonquians *totems*, all bore the names of certain animals with which the Indians held themselves to be mythologically connected—the bear, wolf, deer, porcupine, snake, hawk, tortoise, etc. The five Iroquois nations also had eight clans. . . .'

Pythagoras, the great Greek philosopher, seems to have gone even farther than these Indian Medas and Jossakeeds, for it was alleged (though it may be only a joke) that he forbade his disciples to eat a certain vegetable—kind of broad-bean, I think—because his grandmother, or some such relation, had been this vegetable in a former existence. (See Horace, *Sat.* ii. 6, 63.)

28. **Speak when absent.** Perhaps the following extract may help the reader to realise something of the sensations of the 'wondering people' when Hiawatha showed them his invention. It is taken from a lecture which I gave some 25 years ago. 'Certainly, as Carlyle says, the art of writing is the most miraculous of all things that man has devised. We

may find it impossible to realise fully the wonder of the thing; but there are those on earth who can do so. It was not long ago that I happened to be in a part of Central Africa where no white man had been before. I was separated from my companions—a hundred miles distant. War was raging around me, and the road was difficult. I wished to communicate with those whom I had left behind. *Who will return, I asked of the naked savages, to the white men, and carry them something from me?* Numbers volunteered, glad to earn a yard or two of cloth for the job. A letter was written and given to a man, and he was told that this piece of paper would inform my friends of all—that it would *speak* to them. He dropped the letter on the ground and ran away. Others were tried, but it was useless. A great crowd assembled, and, at a safe distance, gazed at the bit of paper fluttering on the ground. *It is mankwala! It is medicine! It is charmed!* they exclaimed. In vain I tried to reason them out of their terror. No one would touch it. *Will no one, said I, keep it and give it to the white men as they pass this way?* A yell of refusal and excited gesticulations answered my request. *Then I shall place it here, in this tree,* I said, moving towards the tree, while the crowd dispersed in panic, *and you can point it out to the white men when they come.* Even this they refused to do. My friends passed close under that tree, but no one dared to show them the charmed thing; and there it is probably to this day, fluttering on the branch of that stunted fig-tree like an evil spirit, the awe and terror of the tribe.' On another occasion I wrote down the names of about thirty stations (on the route from Nyassa to Lake Hikwa) which were given me by a native, and caused such excitement by reading them all off in order a few hours later, that my carriers sat up almost all night round their fire discussing the new and extraordinary case of 'mankwala.'

**44. And each figure had a meaning.** The art of writing seems to have originated independently in many cases, and we find numerous forms of development, such as Babylonian cuneiform writing, Egyptian hieroglyphics, Norse Runes, Chinese and American picture-writing, etc., besides our phonetic alphabets. The first stage seems to have always been that of mere pictures of natural objects—such as one finds in Bushmen's caves and on N.A. Indian bark and deer-skin—where the figures have no further meaning. Thus, when Cortez landed in Mexico, tidings was sent to the chief Montezuma by means of a *picture of the scene*; and in Bushmen's caves one may still see (or might have seen 25 years ago) such pictures of fierce conflicts with the white man—blazing villages, huddling droves of cattle, the slain, the fugitives, the victors. Of this purely pictorial method Longfellow gives examples in the figures of earth, sky, and rain (the last being a combination such as we have in hieroglyphics, *e.g.* *tears*, depicted by an eye and wavy lines representing water). The second stage is the *symbolic*, where a figure 'has a meaning' and 'suggests some thought.' Thus, in hieroglyphics, a serpent denotes not only a serpent but also regal authority. Of this Longfellow gives us examples in the four-pointed egg, the serpent, and the white and dark circles. The third stage is the *phonetic*—where a picture of an object is used to represent the *sound of its name*. Thus, when the Egyptians began to use phonetics in their hieroglyphics they denoted the word *osiris* by a throne (*os*) and an an eye (*iri*).

These phonetic pictures of syllables became in time real letters. I do not think that the N. A. Indians had reached this third stage before the advent of the white man. (Longfellow's assertion that each figure suggested some word is explained on l. 154.) However, we find phonetics intermingling themselves with picture-writing in the case of the Egyptians, Chinese, and Mexicans, so it is possible that they *may* be also found in Indian picture-writing. The Phœnicians were the first people, as far as we know, to use an alphabet of true phonetics (*i.e.* literal, not syllabic). The old legend is that Cadmus, a Phœnician prince, introduced the alphabet into Greece. The letters of the Greek alphabet were evidently originally pictures, *e.g.* Δ is a tent, ξ is a saw, ψ is an arrow, etc.

48. In her *Old and New World Civilisations* (published by the Peabody Archaeological Museum, Harvard Univ.) Mrs. Zelia Nuttall tells us that the Mexicans, from whom the N. A. Indians obtained much of what civilisation they possessed in earlier times, regarded, as we do, both the egg and the butterfly as symbols of the divine and immortal. "The phenomenon of a living bird issuing from the hard and inanimate egg-shell made as deep an impression on the ancient philosophers in Mexico as elsewhere, and "the power to form the chicken in the shell" was deemed one of the most marvellous attributes of the "divine Moulder." The symbolism of the Mexican (which seems to have been borrowed by some of the Indians) is full of what they called the 'Divine Twin' and the 'Divine Four.' The 'Divine Twin' was the symbol of the natural universe. By it was indicated the truth (taught by Pythagoras, Plato, and other great thinkers) that the objects of the natural universe are, as it were, the transitory results of two different forces or principles—such as life and death, form and matter, light and darkness, etc. This Dualism was regarded by Mexican philosophers as present in the whole of the universe and in every one of its parts, and they spoke of the 'Divine Twin' of Life and Death, of Male and Female, of the Above and the Below, and soon. In distinction to this dualistic symbol of the natural and transitory world was the 'Divine Four,' a symbol of the Supernatural and Omnipotent. One common form of this symbol was the circle divided into four quarters representing the four quarters of heaven. A curious and very common representation of the Divine Four is the 'swastika,' a kind of cross, which Mrs. Nuttall believes to figure the four stars of the body of the Great Bear (the pan of the 'Dipper,' as it is called in America) in its four principal circum-polar positions. The four-pointed egg therefore combines the two chief symbols of Divinity.

52. What *Mitche* means Longfellow does not tell us. It seems very like the *Mishe* in *Mishe-Mokwa* and *Mishe-Nahma*, which seems equivalent to *Gitché*, viz. 'Great.' Cf. *Mississippi*, 'Great River.' Longfellow is here doubtless drawing on some authority, but I cannot find that the serpent was used by the Americans to represent evil. (This seems to be a Hebrew, or rather an old Chaldean or Accadian, conception.) 'The serpent,' says Mrs. Nuttall, 'was employed by the Mexicans as an image or embodiment in a single form of the two principles in nature, or the four elements. . . . It was usually accompanied by the adjective "heavenly" or "divine," and symbolised reproduction.'

154. We see here the explanation of l. 45, 'Each some word or thought suggested.' The pictures could either suggest some abstraction—such as Good, Evil, Hostility, Hospitality—or else could be the illustration or cue, as it were, for certain formulæ of words, certain songs, etc.

## XV.

15. Cf. vi. 22.

38. Besides softer-toned Hellenic legends, such as that of Hylas and the Nymphs, there are to be found in most nations myths and superstitions connected with Nee-ba-naw-baigs and other such dangerous water-divinities. (Readers of *Feats on the Fiord* will remember Nipen.) With 'Unktahee, the god of water,' it may be interesting to compare the African Tikolosh, or Hili, the following description of whom is translated from Kafir: 'Tikolosh is a short man, not higher than a person's knee. He is a broad thing; he has strength. His head is a great thing which cannot be described, with stiff hair bristling like that of a wild boar, and the body is inclined to be hairy. He has a beautiful house under the reach of the river with many apartments. It seems he likes to annoy people: if he calls a man, that man jumps up and runs and goes to throw himself into the river and never appears again. But he may be saved if his friends see him running and consider that the man is called by Tikolosh, and hasten to throw stones first into the water. He may throw them himself if he remembers, but he generally throws himself through fright into the river. And when people are crossing a river, if Hili is sitting on a stone, he calls one by name, and if that man should inadvertently look round, he attracts him to himself and disappears with him in the water. The witch-doctors get their wisdom from the Tikolosh, and when they begin to be inspired they go into the river and see things under the water, and learn there all wisdom.'

41. The old feuds (x. 54) seem to have still existed in the case of Unktahee. But how did a Dacotah water-god get into Gitche Gumeé?

51. Here is another case where it would be interesting to know whether Longfellow is giving us something genuinely Indian, or whether 'black' is due to his preconceptions. The symbolism of colours varies much in various nations. If in xiv. 137 and 145 the scarlet colour means the fire of love, we have an interesting coincidence between the pictorial symbolism of the Red Indian and of Italian pre-Raphaelites, who painted Seraphs bright red. (See Mrs. Jameson's *Legendary Art*, i. p. 48.)

56-62. These very beautiful verses were sung as a Requiem at Longfellow's funeral.

71 *seq.* Compare the passage in vi. where the brook and the birds are said to have 'borrowed sweetness from his singing.'

108. **Nahma-wusk** (sturgeon-wort?) or spearmint, so called from the shape of its leaves, is 'the common Mint of gardens, only found apparently wild in countries where it has been long cultivated' (Bentham).

109. **Wabeno-wusk** (magician's wort?), or yarrow, is a very common weed in Europe, Asia, and N. America. It has a dense bunch of small white or pinkish flowers, and the leaves are cut up into very numerous narrow segments (hence its other name 'Milfoil').

114. Cf. xi. 173. These 'mystic songs,' like the utterances of the Pythic priestess at Delphi, are not amenable to rules of grammar or common-sense.

127. See on ii. 140.

172. See xix. 200 and xx. 156.

187. **Four whole days.** Cf. xix. 195.

189 *seq.* Longfellow here weaves together various Indian superstitions. One of these was that a huge strawberry was to be found at various stations on the Way of Souls, or Pathway of the Ghosts (here evidently leading downward, and not the Milky Way, as in iii. 93). By the *swinging log* may be meant a fragile pendulous plank bridge (like the Mohammedan's bridge of a single hair), or else a log used as a swing-ferry.

192. **Stone Canoe**: a still less trustworthy craft, one would think, than even Charon's leaky and cranky boat. (See on vii. 6.) Juvenal tells us of a kind of canoe made of baked clay (*faselus fictilis*) used by Egyptians.

193. I do not know if this is genuine Indian or whether Longfellow here interweaves Homer's 'Islands of the Blessed' (the *Fortunatae Insulae* of the Romans).

203. See the injunction of the Ghosts, xix. 188 *seq.*

214. This seems inconsistent with l. 97. But perhaps Hiawatha was a kind of Paracelsus and the first to attempt to clear the art of healing from its overgrowth of the black arts of Wabenos and Jossakeeds.

## XVI.

10. See note on xi. 118.

40. The **Wolverine**, or Glutton, is a thick-set ferocious brute with long hair, bushy tail, and powerful claws and teeth. It is an inhabitant of N. America, Siberia, and parts of N. Europe. I do not know whether Michigan still deserves its former name: 'The Wolverine State.'

50. A **freshet** sometimes means a stream of fresh spring water; but it is also used for what in Scotland is called a 'spate,' *i.e.* high flood caused by heavy rains or melting snow.

54. The **Fisher Weasel** is a large dark-coloured American variety which is expert at catching fish.

66. The game is explained, quite as fully as is necessary, in the following lines. Longfellow also appends in a note this passage from Schoolcraft's *Oneota*: 'This game is very fascinating to some of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact that they possess, and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in

common use. It is rather confined to certain persons who hold the rank of gamblers in Indian society—men who are not noted as hunters, or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Ienadizze-wug*, that is wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribe, who encourage the young men to play ball and are sure to be present at the customary sports, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs distinguished in war and the chase, in the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power.'

77. **brass.** See on iv. 261.

## XVII.

11. Are we to regard the hunting and slaying of Pau-Puk-Keewis as an allegory (not to be taken very seriously or strictly) of the stern suppression of gambling and other forms of Yenadizzeism and storm-foolery? It strikes one as a little inexplicable why Hiawatha should have conceived and carried out such deadly vengeance. But it evidently was not merely because the storm-fool had made hay in Hiawatha's wigwam and wrung the neck of Kahgahee. Then, his transformations—have they any 'meaning'? Do they symbolise the Proteus-like craft of the gambling Yenadizze and storm-fool in evading the pursuit of the social reformer?

24. See on v. 34.

39. **Through** must be pronounced as 'thorough.' The line is evidently a reminiscence of Shakespeare's

'Thorough bush, thorough briar' (*Mids. N. Dr.* ii. 1).

48. The dam is conceived as having made the water overflow the banks of the stream and form a pond in which the trees now found themselves 'standing knee-deep.' Of the beavers Mr. Wood says: 'Lest they should not have sufficient depth of water in all weathers and at all seasons, they are in the habit of building veritable dams for the purpose of raising the water to the required level. These dams are composed of tree branches, mud, and stones, and are about ten or twelve feet thick at the bottom, although they are only two feet or so wide at the summit.'

83. **flecks.** See on iii. 118.

107. **foxtails.** See xi. 82.

111. One might have expected that he would have rather asked to be made as small and inconspicuous as possible. But blind fatuity and self-conceit are well in keeping with his character as Yenadizze. (See ll. 150, 203, and 244.)

133. See on ii. 105.

161. **lithe**: an A.S. word, possibly connected with Germ. *gelind*, and Lat. *lentus*, meaning 'pliant,' 'yielding.' Cf. *lith*, a joint. The word *limber* has a similar meaning, and seems a form of 'limp.'

182. **the squares of white** : *i.e.* the squares of light at the end of avenues, framed by the ground, the trunks of the pines, and the horizontal branches. In *Outre-Mer* Longfellow quotes (whence ?) :—

‘A greensward wagon-way, that like  
Cathedral aisle, completely roofed with branches,  
Runs through the gloomy wood from top to bottom,  
And has at either end a Gothic door  
Wide open.’

Here the branches have an upward trend.

191. **brant**. See on i. 103, and cf. ‘dusky pinions,’ l. 204.

239. It must be remembered that Hiawatha had—if not exactly seven-league boots—magic moccasins (iv. 22), in which ‘at each stride a mile he measured.’ This explains *his* presence on this occasion, and doubtless Iagoo, ‘the great traveller, the great boaster,’ possessed a similar pair—had indeed probably supplied those of Hiawatha, as he had supplied him with bow and arrows (iii. 162).

293. In illustration of this line, Longfellow quotes the following passage from Foster’s and Whitney’s *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior District*. (See also note on xi. 118.) ‘The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising in most places vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not under any circumstances be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would at all times be an object of dread ; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording for miles no place of refuge, the lowering sky, the rising wind—all these would excite his apprehension and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are—first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which for centuries has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base ; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been coloured by bands of brilliant hues.

‘It is from the latter circumstance that the name by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller is derived ; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs (*Les Portails*) is derived from the former, and by far the most striking, peculiarity.

‘The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time ; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colours on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . .

‘Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the

*Mennibojou* (Manabozho ?) in these caverns, and in answer to our inquiries seemed disposed to fabricate stories without end of the achievements of this Indian deity.'

352. I confess that I am puzzled by this. It seems in no wise to fit in with any of our proposed 'meanings' of the Pau-Puk-Keewis myth. (What if there should be no 'meaning' in it !) There seems only one possible explanation, and that is one which is so without precedent that I hesitate to propose it, viz. : that it was Yenadizze-Stormfools who, after the reforms introduced by Hiawatha, were raised to the rank and authority of 'Great War-Eagles,' chiefs of all the 'fowls with feathers.'

## XVIII.

6. See on xii. 307.

20. See on xv. 38.

29. Compare ix. 212, and see note.

34. Compare iv. 121 and 134, and see notes.

46. *Taquamenaw*. See on vii. 17.

64. In vii. 17 and 127 it was the 'rushing *Taquamenaw*.' But that was in the 'Moon of Leaves' (May), when the river would be in spate, and this is in the height of summer.

74. Virgil represents Sleep as winged, and as hovering over Palinurus, the steersman of Æneas' ship. Like Kwasind, Palinurus falls overboard. There is a decided similarity between the two pictures, due to Longfellow's acquaintance with the *Æneid*.

## XIX.

The ghostly and the pathetic, in both of which Longfellow especially excels, are effectively combined in this and the following canto. The visit of the ghosts and the death of Minnehaha form the most affecting part of the poem, and, if I am not mistaken, give one of the most perfect and beautiful examples of true pathos attained by the simplest means, and of imaginative power under strong self-control, that we have in modern poetry. The first eighteen lines of this canto would by themselves prove Longfellow's title to a high rank among the poets. I know of no simile in Homer or Virgil—and but few in Dante—where the descriptive part is more true and vivid, and the application so direct and heart-piercing.

8. **from the invisible ether**: i.e. from the depths of the air, in which they were so distant as to be invisible. Everyone who has lived in a vulture-haunted clime, such for instance as S. Africa, will admit that Longfellow's description is most vivid and true. Whether vultures are gifted with most extraordinarily acute vision, or a sense of smell still more wonderful, or some sense unknown to us, they come flocking from all directions—suddenly appearing from the depths of the sky or on the far horizon—when there is carrion for them to feast on. Vultures seldom actually attack a large animal while still alive; but they circle round it, 'coming nearer, nearer, nearer,' until life is extinct.

## 11. Compare Shakespeare's

'When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.' (*Hamlet*, iv. 5.)

33. **ball-play.** The game of *lacrosse* (*crosse* being the French for a bat or racket) seems to have originated with the Canadian Indians.

46. Notice how the ghostly and the natural shadows (cf. lines 59, 86, 102) have an imaginative relationship, if not identity—as also the voices of the wind and the owl and that of some supernatural being (l. 69).

52. The natural cause was of course the lifting of the door curtain; but I think Longfellow meant to intimate also a supernatural cause, as Coleridge does when, as Christabel and the uncanny Geraldine pass through the castle-hall by night, the old mastiff moans in her sleep, and

'The brands were flat, the brands were dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying;  
But when the lady passed, there came  
A tongue of light, a fit of flame.'

173. **Blessed Islands.** See on xv. 194.

180. 'He tasted love with half his mind,  
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring  
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling  
This bitter seed among mankind:  
That could the dead, whose dying eyes  
Were closed with wail, resume their life,  
They would but find in child and wife  
An iron welcome when they rise.'

(*In Memoriam*, xc.)

188. See xv. 203 *seq.*

195. Cf. xv. 187.

200. Cf. xv. 172 and xx. 156.

211. A premonition of the great sorrow that is soon to fall on Hiawatha—which is evidently foreboded by this ghostly visit.

## XX.

68. It would almost seem that, after the gift of Mondamin, the life of Minnehaha should not have been so dependent on bird or beast or forest fruits (see v. 28 *seq.*).

80. See x. 233.

83. See x. 254.

88. See x. 194.

98 *seq.* Those who know it will be here reminded of Goethe's *Erlkönig*, from which the 'motive' is evidently taken.

140. See on x. 30.

156. See xv. 172 and xix. 200.

159. See on xv. 194.

## XXI.

**The white man's foot.** See on line 201. The first 105 lines of this Canto represent under a metaphor the return of spring after the 'intolerable winter' described in the last Canto. One feels grateful for the interlude—the pause in the story—after the terrible grief that has fallen on Hiawatha. The scene between Segwun and Peboan has some similarity to that described in Canto ii., where Shingebis the diver wrestles with and overcomes the North-wind, Kabibonokka.

8. The **Waubewyon** is a wrapper made of 'deer-skin dressed and whitened' in the same way as the curtains of the wigwam (x. 140), shirts (xi. 75), and other articles of dress. In vii. 11 the bark of the silver birch is called its 'white-skin wrapper.'

36. See on i. 2.

105. As Longfellow tells us in the Vocabulary, the **Miskodeed** is (according to the jargon of botanists) the *Claytonia Virginica*. This Virginian Claytonia is not known to me unless it happens to be the same as the *perfoliate Claytonia*, which (like several other weeds now common in Europe) has been imported from N. America, and is to be found in Surrey and other parts of England. It hardly deserves the name of the 'Beauty of the Springtime.' It is a low-growing rather juicy little plant with clusters of very small white flowers, something like chickweed, to which it is closely allied. It is chiefly noticeable on account of its flower-stem passing through the middle of a round hollow leaf (formed by the union of two opposite leaves).

149 *seq.* I hope I shall not be regarded as an Iagoo, 'the great traveller, the great boaster,' if, in order to give an illustration of this passage, I draw on my own experiences in Central Africa. On my journey from the north end of Lake Nyassa to the East Coast (in days when that region was unknown to white men) I took with me some Nyassa natives. I remember well their smiles and titters of incredulity when I told them of a Great Water still bigger than their 'Great Water' (Nyassa), and 'bitter so that none can drink it,'—and of 'Great Canoes,' hundreds of times bigger than the 'Herga,' the steel-plate cutter which I had brought up to Lake Nyassa. When they arrived at Bagamoyo, on the Indian Ocean, and saw and also tasted this Great Salt Nyassa, their incredulity changed into mute astonishment, which reached its climax when Her Majesty's Gunboat 'Vulture,' the 'Great Fire-Canoe' (the *Galava inkuru wa moto*, about which they had so often talked over their camp-fires) took us on board and carried us across to Zanzibar.

175. The Red Indians are as a rule beardless. The straight hair and long beards of the white men excited also at their first appearance in Central Africa the laughter and derision of the natives. On waking in the morning I not seldom used to find my tent surrounded by a dense crowd of 'warriors and women.' My appearance was hailed with shouts and squeals of derisive laughter by the spectators, many of whom had come from long distances to see the 'white-faced wild-beast with a lion's beard.'

199. It is stated in various *Encyclopædias* and other such books that the honey-bee is probably of Asiatic origin. Honey was certainly known to the Jews and other orientals in very early ages; but it is also well known to the natives of Central Africa, who not only are very clever at finding and taking wild honey, but who in some parts are very extensive bee-keepers. I have seen large districts in the country north of Lake Nyassa where almost every great Baobab tree had swarms hived in its hollow trunk. The existence in Africa of the 'Honey-guide' (by means of which bird my men not seldom found wild honey) and of that queer animal the Honey-Ratel, makes me still more inclined to believe that the home of the honey-bee may be Africa, where, by the way, there are many other kinds<sup>1</sup> of bees—one of them very diminutive. Virgil (*Georg.* iv.) seems to allude to Egypt as the home of the bee. However that may be, it seems a fact that the honey-bee did *not* exist in America (certainly not in N. America) before the advent of the white man, by whom it was introduced. 'It is now,' we are told, 'found there wild in great numbers and at vast distances from human habitations.' The American poet Walt Whitman says of the Red Indians retreating before European civilisation: 'He has heard the quail and beheld the honey-bee, and sadly prepares to depart.'

201. I regret to say that this 'White Man's Foot,' whose highly original and not inelegant name had raised my expectations, proves on enquiry to be nothing more interesting than the ubiquitous and troublesome 'plantain,' which does its best to spoil our lawns. It was introduced with corn-seed into N. America—which has no great reason to be grateful for the gift.

230. See *Remarks*, p. xv, and *Appendix* I. p. 118.

## XXII.

11. See on xxi. 199.

30. 'In this manner,' says Longfellow, 'and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois.'

34. **flecked.** Cf. iii. 204.

59. Readers of *Evangeline* will remember the 'Black-Robe, chief of the Mission.' The earliest missionaries to the Indians of the Great Lakes were French Jesuits. See *Remarks*, p. xxiii.

-106. **basswood.** See on x. 153.

107. A **dipper** is in N. America what we call a 'ladle,' or a bowl or pan with a long handle. (The Great Bear is called the 'Great Dipper' by some Americans.)

108. **calumet.** See on i. 132.

170. **dingle**, a dell, is said to be 'apparently identical with the Old English *dimble*, a form of *dimple*.'

180. Hiawatha had been promised by his father Mudjekeewis the kingdom of the North West Wind after death (iv. 228).

<sup>1</sup>The otherwise ubiquitous 'humble-bee' is wanting in Australia and New Zealand, and as it is necessary for the fertilisation of red clover, that plant at first could not be propagated, but has now, I am told, so modified its flowers that other insects can fertilise it,

## APPENDIX I.

AN interesting account has been written by Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet, of the dramatic representation of scenes from *Hiawatha*, given by Ojibway Indians near their home on the south shore (apparently not on an island, as asserted by Col. Higginson) of 'Pauwating' (Sault Sainte-Marie), the channel between Lake Superior and Lake Huron—the district in which Hiawatha is supposed by Longfellow to have lived.

A century ago these Indians had a chief named Shingwauk, who seems to have been a kind of Ojibway Pisistratus, zealous in collecting and preserving the old legends of his race. His mantle fell on his son and successor Bukwujjinini, from whom Mr. Schoolcraft is said to have derived much of the legendary matter which Longfellow used for his *Hiawatha*.<sup>1</sup>

In 1900, Bukwujjinini—ninety years of age—and some of his people were hired to exhibit themselves at a 'Sportsman's Show' in Boston. The old chief died on the very day on which he was to have started, but the others carried out the job, and also paid a visit to Craigie House, Cambridge, which had been for many years the home of the singer of *Hiawatha*.

The organisers of the Indian exhibit at the Show (certain 'Canadian gentlemen') had conceived the notion of coaching up<sup>2</sup> some of these Ojibways to give a representation of various scenes of *Hiawatha*—apparently a series of open-air *tableaux vivants*.

Their chief man, Kabaoosa, nephew to the old Bukwujjinini, was induced to write a letter of invitation to Miss Longfellow and other members of the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Schoolcraft also had the advantage of possessing an Indian wife.

<sup>2</sup> These peeps behind the scenes that Miss Longfellow allows us rather spoil the picture given by Col. Higginson, viz.: 'The best tribute ever paid to *Hiawatha* was the actual representation of it as a drama by the Ojibway Indians on an island in Lake Huron . . . in honour of a visit to the tribe by some of the children and grandchildren of the poet.' Another such peep, that makes one a little suspicious of the genuineness of the Indian legends which Kabaoosa is said to be writing out for the benefit of posterity, is the fact that, 'in addition to his knowledge of these tales from his uncle's lips, Kabaoosa had heard the poem of *Hiawatha* read by his Sunday-school teacher in his youth.'

poet's family; and the letter, we are told, was written in real Ojibway, and inscribed, or painted, on real birch bark. It invited them to 'come and see us and stay in our royal wigwams, on an island in Hiawatha's playground.'

On their arrival at the north shore of Lake Huron, the guests were ferried across to this 'little rocky island,' where they found a stone lodge, tepees of hide and canvas, and tents, and were hospitably entertained by Kabaoosa and some of his people. The representation was given on a rocky, well-wooded point (apparently on the mainland), where a platform had been erected in the midst of the wigwams of an Indian village. The scenes represented were (1) the warriors casting aside their weapons, washing off their war-paint and making Peace-pipes; (2) Old Nokomis<sup>1</sup> teaching the child Hiawatha to shoot; (3) Hiawatha returning after his contest with Mudjekeewis, and visiting the 'Ancient Arrow-maker' and his daughter; (4) Hiawatha's second visit to the home of Minnehaha, and his wooing; (5) the wedding-dances; (6) the gambling scene; (7) the arrival of the 'Black-robe Chief' and the 'Passing of Hiawatha,' who in his 'swift Cheemaun' floated out into the lake, and sailed away into the fiery sunset and the dusk of evening.

One little epi-ode related by Miss Longfellow may give some readers pause, if but for a moment. An old Ojibway showed the paleface guests a medal given to his ancestors by one of our Kings, 'as a pledge that their rights should be respected,' and with the promise that as long as the sun shone the Indians should be happy. 'I see the sun shining,' said the old man sadly—'but I do not think the Indians always happy.'

## APPENDIX II.

### ON A 'NATIONAL LITERATURE' IN AMERICA.

WHAT are the essential characteristics of a genuine national literature in cases where there has been no independent evolution of language, modes of thought, or artistic forms, is a question which has solved itself in the past, is at present solving itself in America, and will doubtless in time have to find a solution in other parts of the world, such as Australia and South Africa—unless these countries are to sink into a state of intellectual and artistic vassalage, as has been the fate of Switzerland. As might be expected, this question has exercised the ingenuity of innumerable American theorists, from Emerson downwards, besides calling into existence an extensive crop of societies, clubs, conventions, periodicals, etc., etc., whose object has been—to quote from the prospectus of one such periodical—'to build up a national literature worthy of the country of Niagara.'

Originality is not much helped by such means, and if Longfellow's views on the subject are of more value and interest than those of ordinary

<sup>1</sup> Cught not this to have been Iagoo?

essayists and magazine-scribblers, it is only because *Hiawatha*, and others of his poems, where he has tried to practise what he preached, are something far more than successful illustrations of his theories. For this reason I have quoted these theories of his pretty fully in my Introduction.

But, having done this, I feel that it is only fair to add that there are those—and among them not a few English writers and thinkers of eminence—who, while fully allowing Longfellow's claim to a niche in our own Poets' Corner, look forward to a national American literature built up on a very different foundation; who allow that Longfellow looked into his own heart, but not into the heart of the nation. In order to let the reader have a glance at the matter from this other standpoint, I append a passage from a lecture of mine on 'Walt Whitman,' which gives what I feel to be a tolerably impartial statement of the case.

'Tolstoi gives us three necessary conditions for the existence of true art. These conditions are: first, sincerity; second, sincerity; third, sincerity. Now, there can (it is said) be little doubt that the absence of sincerity and originality is that which has hitherto mainly characterised American art and literature. In no other country on earth (except perhaps Switzerland) is art so purely an exotic. The authority of the Old World has (as Professor Dowden expresses it) put a hedge round the art and literature of America, "enclosing a little paradise of European culture, refinement, and delicatessen, amidst the howling wilderness of Yankee democracy"—a little European paradise, we may add, across which ever and anon we are startled to observe wandering, as at some Earl's Court Exhibition, the form of a red-skinned warrior, with his tomahawk, moccasins, scalping knife and squaws. Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Irving, Lowell, Emerson—that "Greek head on Yankee shoulders"—where amidst all these, it is asked, is there any first sign of that "native imaginative soul" which Whitman bids us seek? Where is any intimation of an art that sincerely endeavours to express what Tolstoi calls the "highest consciousness" of the New World, and endeavours to reveal its "central, divine idea"? . . . "The spectacle," says Walt Whitman, "is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. . . . I say that the New World democracy, however great a success in materialistic development and in a certain highly deceptive superficial intellectuality, is so far an almost complete failure in really grand religious, moral, literary, and aesthetic results. . . . Are not the United States this day busily using more printer's type, more presses, than any other country—uttering and absorbing more publications than any other? . . . But I say that a nation may circulate rivers and oceans of very readable print, journals, magazines, novels, so-called poetry,<sup>1</sup> etc.—thousands of volumes annually composed, unsurpassed in smartness and erudition—and yet, all the while, the said nation, strictly speaking, may possess no literature at all. . . .

<sup>1</sup> It certainly does strike an Englishman as remarkable that there should be in the States such an unusually large proportion of so-called 'poets' and 'poetesses.' On this subject, Matthew Arnold makes some very true and trenchant remarks in his *Essay on Milton*. Still, I should be the last to deny that much that is true and beautiful in sentiment, if imitative in expression, is produced by numerous American writers of verse.

Everybody reads, and, truly, nearly everybody writes, either books or for the magazines or journals. . . . Instead of a fresh, local, courage and sanity of our own, a parcel of dandies, dapper little gentlemen from abroad, flood us with their thin sentiment of parlors, parasols, piano-songs, tinkling rhymes, ever whimpering and crying about something, chasing one aborted conceit after another, while the grandest events and revolutions, the stormiest passions of history, are crossing with unparalleled rapidity and magnificence over the stages of our own and all the continents."

'Against this background steps forth one who announces himself, if not as the expected Poet, the "Great Literatus," at least as his prophet and forerunner, who sends forth his voice "as a summons and a challenge," claiming to show us the way towards the revelation of the "central divine idea" of his age and country.'

With what success Walt Whitman in his poetry (if we may call it by this old fashioned name) attempts to substantiate these claims is a question that cannot here be discussed. I shall only add that, although hitherto rejected by the great majority of his own countrymen, he has been hailed as no false prophet by such men as Tennyson and Ruskin, and described by Rossetti as 'one of the huge but unrecognised forces of our time,' while his 'Leaves of Grass' was greeted by Emerson as 'the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed.'

## VOCABULARY OF INDIAN WORDS.

*(Reference is given to passages in which the words first occur.*

Words marked thus (\*) are given in Longfellow's vocabulary, but do not occur in the text.

**Adjidau'mo**, the red squirrel, iii. 181; 'tail in air,' viii. 153.

**\*Ahdeek'**, the reindeer.

**Ahkose'win**, fever, xx. 41.

**Ahmeek'**, the beaver, vi. 154.

**Ah'mo**, honey-bee, xxi. 198.

**Algonquin**, Ojibway, xii. 339.

**Annemee'kee**, the thunder, xvii. 316.

**Apuk'wa**, a bulrush, iv. 136.

**Balm-wa'wa**, the sound of the thunder, iv. 199.

**Bemah'gut**, the grape-vine, v. 37.

**Bena**, the pheasant, v. 20.

**Big-Sea-Water**, Lake Superior, iii. 65.

**Bukada'win**, famine, xx. 39.

**Cheemaun'**, a birch-canoe, vii. 6.

**Chetowaik'**, the plover. Introd. 32.

**Chibia'bos**, a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits, vi. 6.

**Dahin'da**, the bull-frog, ix. 118.

**Dush-kwo-ne'-she**, or **Kwo-ne'-she**, the dragon fly, xviii. 73.

**Esa**, shame upon you, viii. 77.

**Ewa-yea'**, lullaby, iii. 81.

**Ge'ezis**, the great sun, vii. 22. (Gheezis in, xxi. 82).

**Gitche Gu'mee**, the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior, iii. 64.

**Gitche Man'ito**, the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, i. 3.

**Gushkewau'**, the darkness, xiii. 93.

**Hiawa'tha**, the Prophet, the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.

**Ia'goo**, a great boaster and storyteller, iii. 158.

**Inin'ewug**, men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl, xvi. 70.

**Ishkoodah'**, fire; a comet, i. 11.

**Jee'bi**, a ghost, a spirit, xvii. 164.

**Joss'akeed**, a prophet, xiv. 10.

**Ka'beyun**, the West-Wind (the later name of Mudjekeewis), ii. 74.

**Kabibonok'ka**, the North-Wind, ii. 81.

**Ka'go**, do not, iv. 141.

**Kagh**, the hedgehog. (But see vii. 78.)

**Kahgahgee'**, the raven, v. 164.

**Kaw**, no, xxi. 156.

**Kaween'**, no indeed, iv. 142.

**Kayoshk'**, the sea gull, viii. 171; 'noble scratchers,' viii. 185.

**Kee'go**, a fish, xvi. 72.

**Keeway'din**, the North-west wind, the Home-wind; ruled by Hiawatha, iv. 233.

**Kena'beek**, a serpent, iv. 225.

**Keneu'**, the great war-eagle, iv. 188.

**Keno'zha**, the pickerel, viii. 61.  
**Ko'ko-ko'ho**, the owl, xix. 67.  
**Kuntasoo'**, the Game of Plum-stones, xi. 66.  
**Kwa'sind**, the Strong Man, vi. 7.  
**Kno-ne'-she**, or **Dush-kwo-ne'-she**, the dragon-fly, xiii. 60.  
**Mahnahbe'zee**, the swan, xxi. 115.  
**Mahng**, the loon. Intro. 33.  
**Mahn-go-tay'see**, loon-hearted, brave, iii. 234.  
**Mahnomo'nee**, wild rice, v. 33.  
**Ma'nito**, Spirit; 'Guardian Spirit,' vi. 85; 'Manito of Wealth and Wampum,' ix. 22; 'Manitos of mischief,' xv. 2; 'Manito of mountains,' xvii. 296. See also **Gitché Manito**, and **Mitche Manito**.  
**Ma'ma**, the woodpecker, ix. 207.  
**Maskeno'zha**, the pike, v. 49.  
**Me'da**, a medicine-man, xiv. 7.  
**Meda'min**, art of healing, xv. 215.  
**Meenah'ga**, the blueberry, v. 34.  
**Megissowon**, the Great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth, ix. 21.  
**Meshinaw'wa**, a pipe-bearer, xvi. 129.  
**Minjekah'wun**, Hiawatha's mittens, iv. 16.  
**Minneha'ha**, Laughing Water; a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony, iv. 257.  
**Minneha'ha**, Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha, iv., 275.  
**Minne-wa'wa**, a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees, iii. 102.  
**Mishe-Mo'kwa**, the Great Bear, ii. 9.  
**Mishe-Nah'ma**, the Great Sturgeon, viii. 6.  
**Miskodeed'**, the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica, xxi. 105.  
**Mitche Ma'nito**, the Spirit of Evil, xiv. 52.  
**Monda'min**, Indian corn, v. 84.  
**Moon of Bright Nights**, April, xi. 156.  
**Moon of Leaves**, May, v. 13.  
**Moon of Strawberries**, June, xi. 160.

**Moon of the Falling Leaves**, September, xi. 152.  
**Moon of Snow-shoes**, November, ii. 244.  
**Mudjekee'wis**, father of Hiawatha, ii. 4. See Kabeyun.  
**Mudway-aush'ka**, sound of waves on a shore, iii. 103.  
**Mushkoda'sa**, the grouse. Intro. 35.  
**Mu'skoda'y**, the meadow, iii. 15.  
**Na'gow Wu'djoo**, the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior, xi. 118.  
**Nah'ma**, the sturgeon, v. 45.  
**Nah'ma-wusk**, the spearmint, xv. 108.  
**Nee-ba-naw'-baigs**, water-spirits, xviii. 20.  
**Nenemoo'sha**, sweetheart, xii. 119.  
**Nepah'win**, sleep, xiii. 44.  
**Noko'mis**, a grandmother; mother of Wenonah, iii. 4.  
**No'sa**, my father, xii. 83.  
**Nush'ka**, look! look! xiii. 212.  
**Odah'min**, the strawberry, v. 35.  
**Oje'eg**, the Fisher Weasel, xvi. 28, 54.  
**Okahah'wis**, the fresh-water herring, v. 50.  
**Ome'me**, the pigeon, v. 23.  
**Ona'gon**, a bowl, xvi. 147.  
**Onaway'**, awake, xi. 141.  
**Opechee'**, the robin, ii. 231.  
**Osse'o**, Son of the Evening Star, xii. 28.  
**Owais'sa**, the blue-bird, ii. 232.  
**Oweenee'**, wife of Osseo, xii. 37.  
**Ozawa'beek**, a round piece of brass, or copper in the Game of the Bowl, xvi. 73.  
**Pah-puk-kee'-na**, the grasshopper, xiii. 62.  
**Pa'imosa'id**, 'who steals the maize-ear,' xiii. 41.  
**Pau'guk**, death, iv. 229.  
**Pau-Puk-Kee'wis**, the handsome Yenadizze, the Storm-Fool, xi. and xvi.  
**Pauwa'ting**, Saut Sainte-Marie, vi. 148.  
**Peb'o'an**, Winter, xix. 20.

- Pem'ican**, meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded, xi. 31.  
**Pezhekee'**, the bison, ix. 221.  
**Pishnekuh'**, the brant, xvii. 191.  
**Pone'mah**, hereafter, vi. 65.  
**Pugasa'ing**, Game of the Bowl, xi. 65.  
**Puggawau'gun**, a war-club, ix. 43.  
**Pukwa'na**, smoke, i. 49.  
**Puk-Wudj'ies**, **Puk-Wudj-In-in'ees**, little wild men of the woods; pigmies, xii. 307.  
**\*Sah-sah-je'-wun**, rapids.  
**Sah'wa**, the perch, v. 47.  
**Sebowi'sha**, rivulet, v. 174.  
**Segwun'**, Spring, xxi. 90.  
**Sha'da**, the pelican, xxii. 44.  
**Shahbo'min**, the gooseberry, v. 36.  
**Shah-shah**, long ago, iv. 236.  
**Shaugoda'ya**, a coward, ii. 56.  
**Shawgashee'**, the craw-fish, v. 51.  
**Shawonda'see**, the South-Wind, ii. 80.  
**Shaw-shaw**, the swallow, ii. 233.  
**Shesh'ebwug**, ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl, xvi. 74.  
**Shin'gebis**, the diver, or grebe, ii. 153.  
**Showain'neme'shin**, pity me, xii. 83.  
**Shuhshuh'gah**, the blue heron. Intro. 34.  
**Soan-ge-ta'ha**, strong-hearted, \*iii. 233.  
**Subbeka'she**, the spider, xiii. 61.  
**Sugge'ma**, the mosquito, ix. 114.  
**Ta'marack**, larch-tree, vii. 48.  
**Taquame'naw** (Tequamenon). See on vii. 17.  
**To'tem**, family coat-of-arms, xiv. 23.  
**Ugh**, yes, xiii. 215.  
**Ugudwash'**, the sun-fish, viii. 84.  
**Unktahee'**, the God of Water, xv. 40.  
**Wabas'so**, the rabbit; the North, ii. 132.  
**Wabe'no**, a magician, a juggler, xii. 243.  
**Wabe'no-wusk**, yarrow, or mill-foil, xv. 109.  
**Wa'bun**, the East-Wind, ii. 79.  
**Wa'bun An'nung**, the Star of the East, the Morning Star, ii. 127.  
**Wa'gemin**, 'thief of cornfields,' xiii. 40.  
**Wahono'min**, a cry of lamentation, iii. 63.  
**Wah-wah-tay'see**, the fire-fly, iii. 104.  
**Wam'pum**, beads of shell, ii. 4.  
**Waubewy'on**, a white skin wrapper, xxi. 7.  
**Wa'wa**, the wild-goose. Intro. 33.  
**Waw'beek**, a rock, iv. 122.  
**Waw-be-wa'wa**, the white goose, xxi. 119.  
**Wawonais'sa**, the whippoorwill, v. 171.  
**Way-muk-kwa'na**, the caterpillar, xiii. 64.  
**Waywa'ssimo**, the lightning, xvii. 315.  
**Wendigoes**, the giants, iv. 224.  
**Weno'nah**, the eldest daughter; Hiawatha's mother; daughter of Nokomis, iii. 24.  
**Yenadis'ze**, an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy, vi. 97. See note on xvi. 66.













