

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

What saith Scuse the Wise One, what saith the mighty doctor
Scuse?

Let not Syn-ke-lips howl over him and break his rest;
Let not En-che-chim disturb him; nor the Ska-loo-la
Hoot and hover near the grave where our chief lieth at rest;
In peace let the mighty hunter sleep, while we still sorrow.

Thrice hath the snow fallen on the grave of the mighty chief;
Thrice hath it melted and sunk to revivify the earth;
Thrice hath the service berry ripened beneath the sun;
Thrice hath the Indian gather'd the seeds of the sunflower.
Abundant his harvest, contented and glad hath he been.
But now what dark cloud ariseth to dim his simple joy?
Why whispereth Owla; why shuddereth Cumme-tat-coe;
Why trembleth Pile-hat-coe, as they gaze in terror wild
At the slender crescent of the new moon? Hush, hush, hearken;
Owla whispereth: "Last night it rose; I saw it rising
Even from out the grave of our dead hunter Quin-is-coe.
Slowly there came a tall, gaunt thing, a form, a fearful form;
Lo! it whirled and it twirled, round and round, with many
deep sighs,
And with wild lamentable cries it glided up the valley.
From out the hollow sockets of its sightless eyes there gleamed
A fearful light; from out its fleshless jaws there went forth fire;
Aye, fire and smoke. And I? fear dried up my blood: I
trembled;
My heart fluttered like a snared bird; my life went out; I died.
For a time I died; when I lived again, lo! 'twas gone!"

Nay, nay, my Owla, thou did'st dream; and when thou did'st
awake,
Lo! thy dream had vanished. Laid we not Quin-is-coe to rest
With sighs and many tears, in the grave by his own fathers?
Ah, list, list, Cumme-tat-coe; ah, list, list, Pile-hat-coe;