

Now, for the pleasure of reading or hearing, any person of taste would prefer Mrs. Riggs's imitation to these last chants. But that touching lament, whose delicate pathos reveals the hand and heart of the cultivated Christian lady, cannot compare, in ethnological importance, with those ruder original songs of love, war, magic and mystery which Mr. Riggs has been at such pains and patience to collect.

The two little love-songs are intelligible enough. The Indian brave, trusting to his manly strength and his well-tried weapon, promises his lady-love a comfortable home and abundance of food. Then, speaking in the name of the maiden, he says the words that he would like to hear from her lips. The war-song is not so clear, but there we must imagine what has preceded. The warrior has duly performed all the ceremonies required before beginning a campaign, and the revelation from the spiritual world—from the great stone god of the North, whose priest he has consulted—has been favorable. This makes him formidable and fearless beyond the strength of unaided humanity, and he is ready to strike terror into his foes. "The North American hunter," says Dr. Tylor, "has chants which will bring him on the bear's track next morning, or give him victory over an enemy."<sup>1</sup> Here is an example of such chant or song-dance in the version of Schoolcraft:—

"Hear my voice, ye warlike birds!  
I prepare a feast for ye to fatten on;  
I see you cross the enemy's lines,  
Like you I shall go.  
I wish the swiftness of your wings;  
I wish the vengeance of your claws;  
I muster my friends;  
I follow your flight.  
Ho! ye young men that are warriors,  
Look with wrath on the battle-field."<sup>2</sup>

The late Rev. Peter Jones, a converted Ojibway chief, gives his people credit for great capacity for improvement, of which he was himself, indeed, a fair example, and in his life-sketch reproduces an English poem of considerable merit, written by Wm. Wilson, an Indian youth and, like himself, a Christian.

Of native compositions by the same tribe or nation, we have a short love-poem reproduced in an English translation in Dr. Brinton's "Aboriginal American Authors":—

"I will walk into somebody's dwelling.  
Into somebody's dwelling I will walk.  
To thy dwelling, my dearly beloved,  
Some night will I walk, will I walk.  
Some night in the winter, my beloved,  
To thy dwelling will I walk, will I walk;  
This very night, my beloved,  
To thy dwelling will I walk, will I walk."

This iteration—a characteristic already observable in the Dakota songs—puzzled and wearied Father LeJeune in the songs of the Montagnais. The good priest, who would

<sup>1</sup> Anthropology, p. 288.

<sup>2</sup> Hist. Ind. Tribes in U. S. part ii, p. 60.