

ing for ages in the stream of tradition, passing from mouth to mouth and from generation to generation, like Iliad and Odyssey, before the time of Pisistratus, its detached parts have at length been collected, brought together, and given to the world in a form almost complete, under the title of Kalevala, or Kalewala." John S. Van Clive follows with these words: "If these orientals, the Finns, came from their home in Tartaric Central Asia, in the Altai Mountains on the borders of China, three thousand years before the Christian era, as some savants maintain, the prodigious value of their linguistic treasures, in the eye of ethnology, can be understood.

A singular fact in connection with the Kalevala is its resemblance to Hiawatha, or rather the resemblance of Hiawatha to the Kalevala. Thus does history repeat itself, even in its manner as well as its matter. So much for evolution. Readers of both may draw their own conclusions. Here is part of the prelude of Kalevala:

These are words in childhood taught me,
Songs preserved from distant ages,
Legends they that once were taken
From the belt of Wainamoinen,
From the forge of Ilmarinen,
From the sword of Kankomieli,
From the bow of Youkahainen,
From the pastures of the Northland,
From the meads of Kalevala.
These my dear old father sang me,
When at work with knife and hatchet;

and so on. Now contrast the prelude of Hiawatha:

Should you ask me whence these stories?
Whence the legends and traditions?

I should answer, I should tell you,
From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,

I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawahada
The musician and sweet singer.

Still more close is the parallelism in the conclusion of each poem.

KALEVALA.

Thus the ancient Wainamoinen,
In his copper-banded vessel,
Left his tribe in Kalevala,
Sailing o'er the rolling billows,
Sailing through the azure vapours,
Sailing through the dusk of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset,
To the higher landed regions,
To the lower verge of heaven;
Quickly gained the far horizon,
Gained the purple-coloured harbour.

HIAWATHA.

On the shore stood Hiawatha
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing;

* * * * *

Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking:
*Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into the sea of splendour,*
Till it sank into the vapours,
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance.

The Kalevala then, is the foundation of the history of an ancient and interesting race, in form and epic. That race has since evolved and necessarily its history has progressed with it. Who is to be the recorder of the so-far completed evolution? completed to the present time, and what will be his medium? Time will tell. If Beowulf and the Niebelungen Lied have been metamorphosed and transfigured under the hands of Hume and Von Ranke, why should not a similar transfiguration await the Finnish myth at the hands of a Finnish scholar?