

origin. The practice of smoking narcotics, is interwoven with all their habits, so that they even reckon time by pipes, using such word sentences as *ningopwahgun*, "I was one pipe [of time] about it".

In the Old World most of the ideas connected with the tobacco pipe are homely and prosaic enough: and though we associate the chibouk with the poetical reveries of the oriental day-dreamer, and the hookah with the pleasant fancies of the Anglo-Indian reposing in the shade of his bungaloose: nevertheless, the tobacco pipe constitutes the peculiar and most characteristic symbol of America, intimately interwoven with the rites and superstitions, and with the relics of ancient customs and historical traditions of the Aborigines of this New World. If Europe borrowed from it the first knowledge of its prized narcotic, the gift was received unaccompanied by any of the sacred or peculiar virtues which the Red Indian still attaches to it as the symbol of hospitality and amicable intercourse; and Longfellow, accordingly, with no less poetic vigor, than fitness, opens his "Song of Hiawatha" with the institution of "the peace-pipe," by the Great Spirit, the master of life. With all the unpoetical associations which are inseparable from the modern uses of the nicotian weed, it required the inspiration of true poetry to redeem it from its base ideal. But this the American poet has accomplished fully, and with the boldest figures. The Master of Life descends on the mountains of the Prairie, breaks a fragment from the red stone of the quarry, and fashioning it with curious art into a figured pipe-head, he fills it with the bark of the red willow, chafes the forest into flame with the tempest of his breath, and kindling it:

Erect upon the mountains
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 Smoked the calumet, the peace-pipe,
 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 vapor,
 Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
 Like the tree tops of the forest,
 Ever rising, rising, rising,
 Till it touched the top of heaven,
 Till it broke against the heaven
 And rolled onward all around it.

And the tribes of the ancient Aborigines gathering from river, lake, and prairie, assemble at the divine summons, listen to the warnings and promises with which the Great Spirit seeks to guide them;