

impression, which they say is his track ; and the hill is called Thunder Tracks.

A son of Colonel Snelling, the first commander of the fort of that name, in a poem, which is published in Griswold's collection of American poetry, alludes to the foregoing incidents :—

The moon that night withheld her light.
 By fits, instead, a lurid glare
 Illumed the skies ; while mortal eyes
 Were closed, and voices rose in prayer,
 While the revolving sun
 Three times his course might run,
 The dreadful darkness lasted ;
 And all that time the red man's eye
 A sleeping spirit might espy,
 Upon a tree-top cradled high,
 Whose trunk his breath had blasted.
 So long he slept, he grew so fast,
 Beneath his weight the gnarled oak
 Snapped, as the tempest snaps the mast :
 It fell, and Thunder woke !
 The world to its foundation shook,
 The grizzly bear his prey forsook,
 The scowling heaven an aspect bore
 That man had never seen before ;
 The wolf in terror fled away,
 And shone at last the light of day.

'Twas here he stood ; these lakes attest
 Where first WAW-KEE-AN's footsteps press'd.
 About his burning brow a cloud,
 Black as the raven's wing, he wore ;
 Thick tempests wrapt him like a shroud,
 Red lightnings in his hand he bore ;
 Like two bright suns his eyeballs shone,
 His voice was like the cannon's tone ;
 And, where he breathed, the land became,
 Prairie and wood, one sheet of flame.

Not long upon this mountain height
 The first and worst of storms abode,