

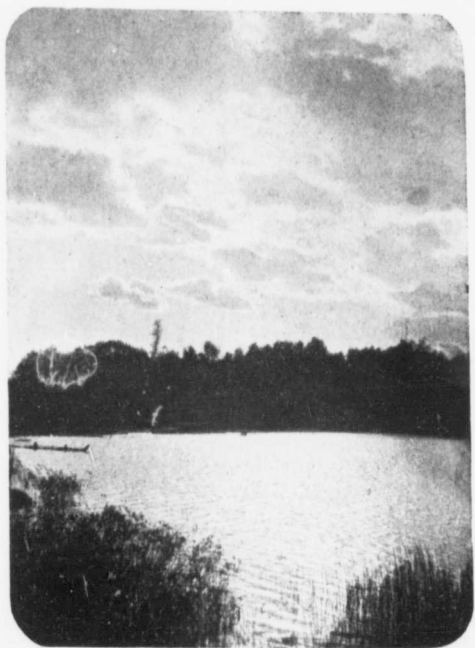
# TOSKA-BOGAGEN

(BLIND RIVER)

AFTER  
HIAWATHA



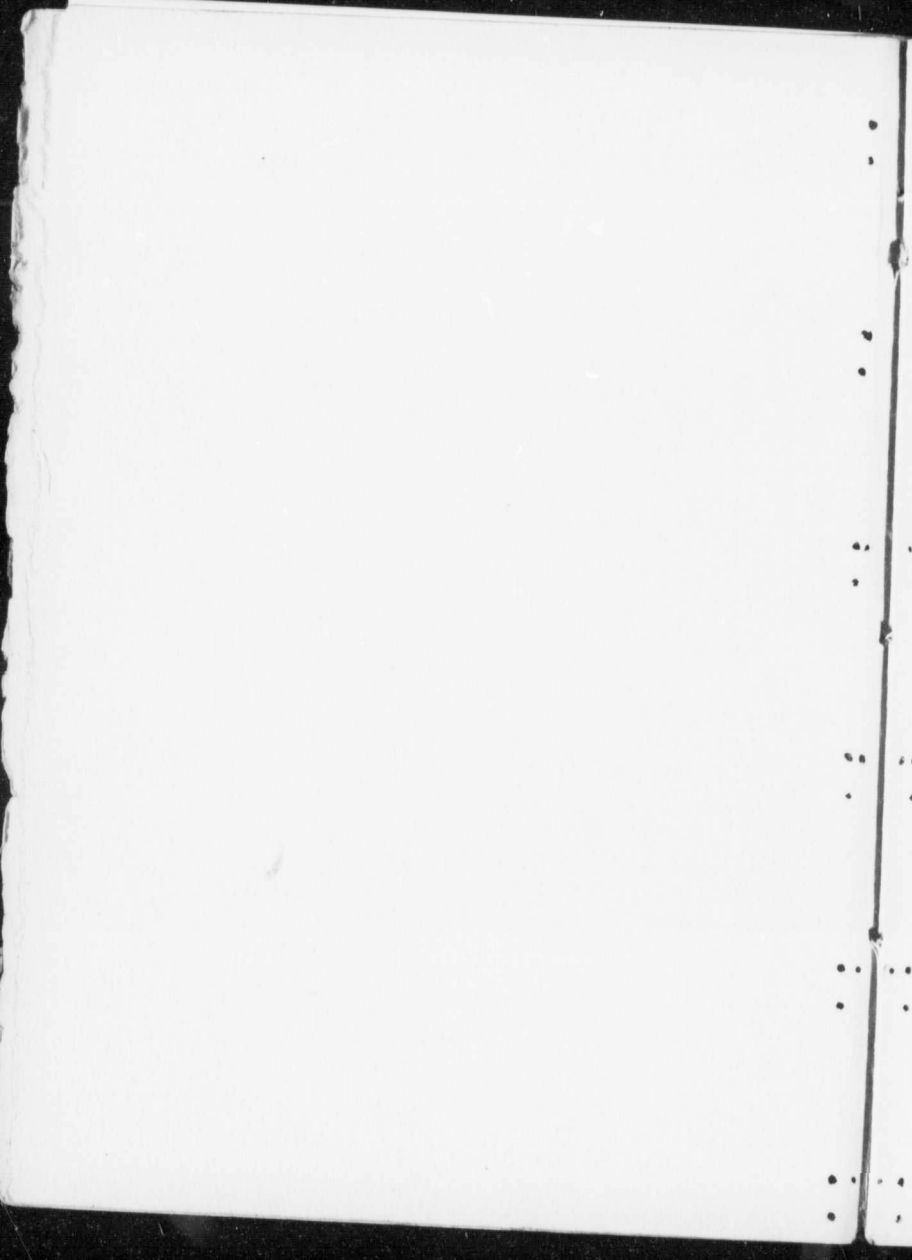
BY HERMANN F. G. DREYER



## Toska-bogagen

Q

In the country of the Northlands,  
On the banks of deep-sea Huron,  
Built on either side a river,  
You will find a pleasant village.  
Toska-bogagen they call it,  
In the language of the Red-man,  
But in White-man's tongue, Blind River.  
Far around it, towards the Northeast,  
Stretch the forests of the fir-trees,  
And the oak, and birch, and maple.  
Through the forests flows the river—  
Pena-bowobakong, the river—  
Winding like a serpent-monster,  
Flashing, dashing down the rocklands,  
Like the angry white sea-horses,  
Throwing high their froth of passion.  
Then it glides along the meadows,  
Soft and calm as autumn evening,  
Wid'ning out among the lowlands,  
Forming links in chains of lakelets.  
Tow'ring high above the village,  
Rise the craglands of gray granite,  
Scarred and rent in many places  
By the anger of the Storm Chief,  
When he fought against the nations,  
With his shafts of crooked lightning  
And his bolts of fearful thunder.

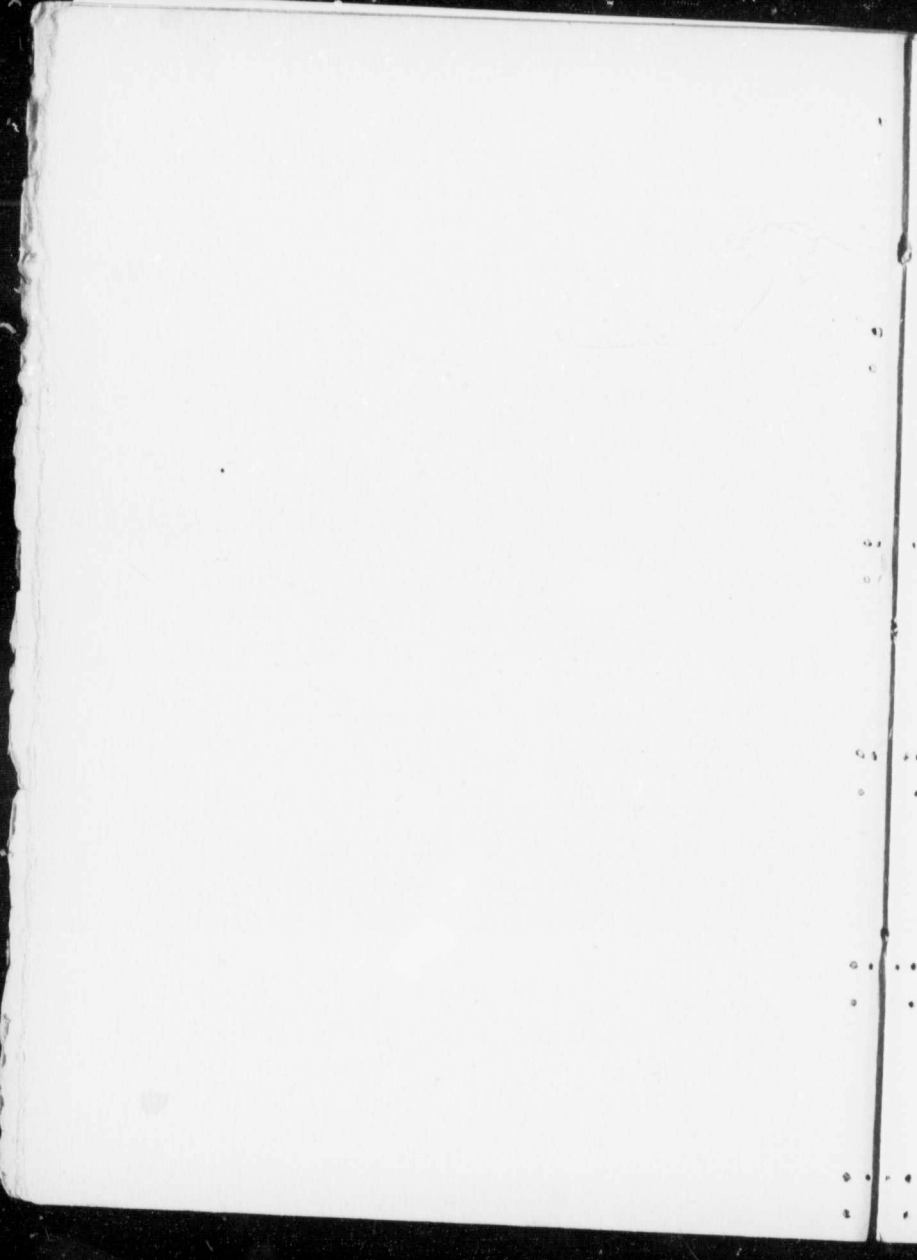


---

---

## TOSKA - BOGAGEN

In a wigwam, in the village,  
Dwelt the trader, Shonka-hoska;  
He the famous story-teller,  
He the children's entertainer.  
He had learned his tales of wonder  
From innumerable sources.  
He would find them in the meadows,  
In the rivers, rocks, and forests;  
Trace them on the leaves of basswood,  
Where the cuckoo wrote them for him.  
On the mosses of the fir-trees,  
In the fissures of the limestone,  
In the queer holes of the gopher,  
In the ant-hills of the valleys,  
In the echoes of the forest,  
And the flowers of the prairie,  
He would learn his mystic stories.  
For he loved the haunts of Nature;  
Understood the thoughts of Nature;  
Loved the marches through the woodlands,  
And the journeys in the birch-bark,  
On the lakes and on the rivers,  
In the brightness of the sunshine,  
And the wonder of the starlight.

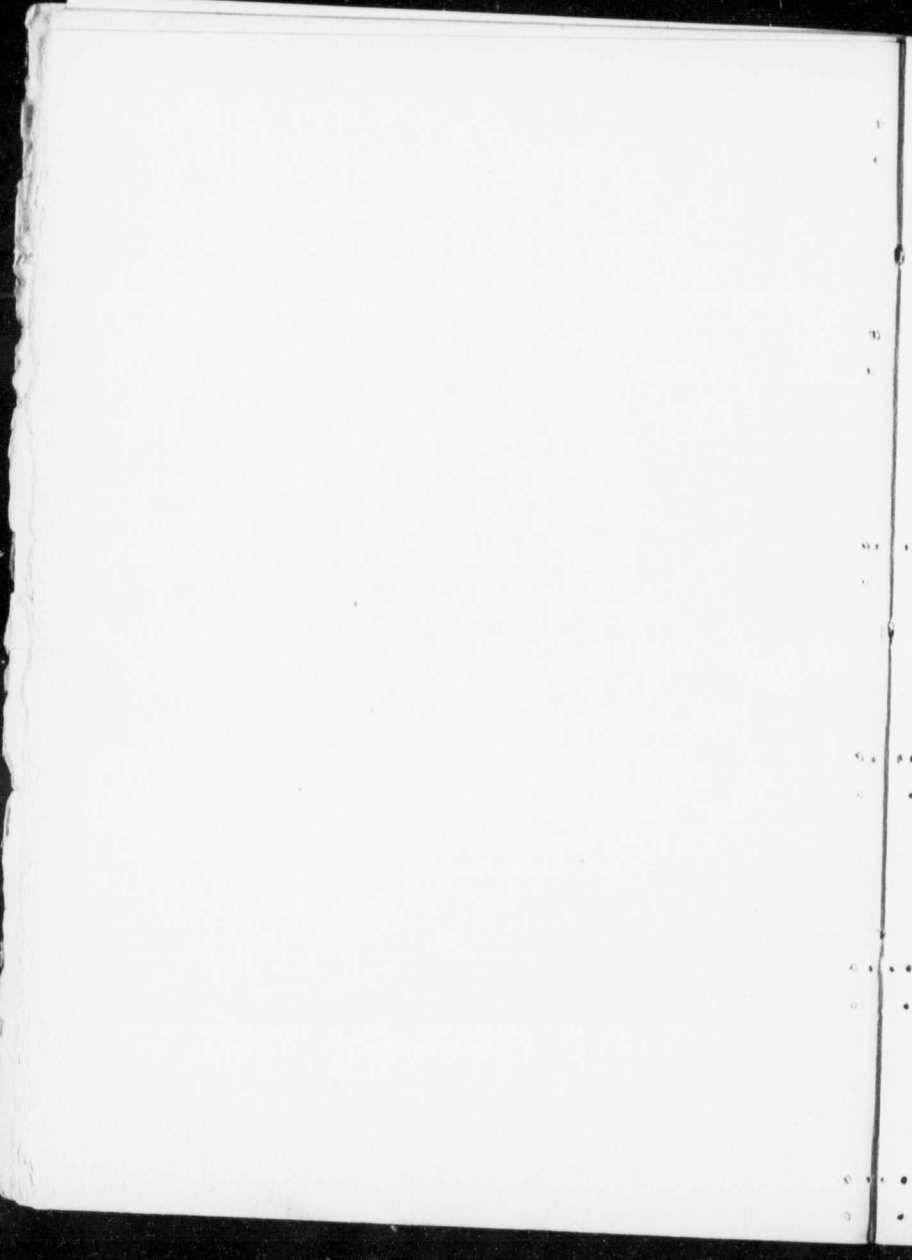


---

---

TOSKA - BOGAGEN

Oft at even, on the rock-seat,  
On the highest point of rockland,  
High above the noisy village,  
Higher still above the waters  
Of the shining deep-sea Huron,  
He would watch the red sun falling,  
O'er the western tree-tops falling,  
Till it sank below the margin,  
Flushing all the evening heavens  
With its dying throb of passion.  
And the shadows, falling eastward,  
Cover all the silent forest,  
Slowly changing into blackness,  
Like the blackness of the raven.  
Then the moon, in brilliant armor,  
Throws its shaft into the darkness,  
As it rises o'er the sky-line;  
Marks a path upon the waters,  
First a narrow line of golden,  
Wid'ning to a sheet of brightness,  
Like the brightness of the silver.



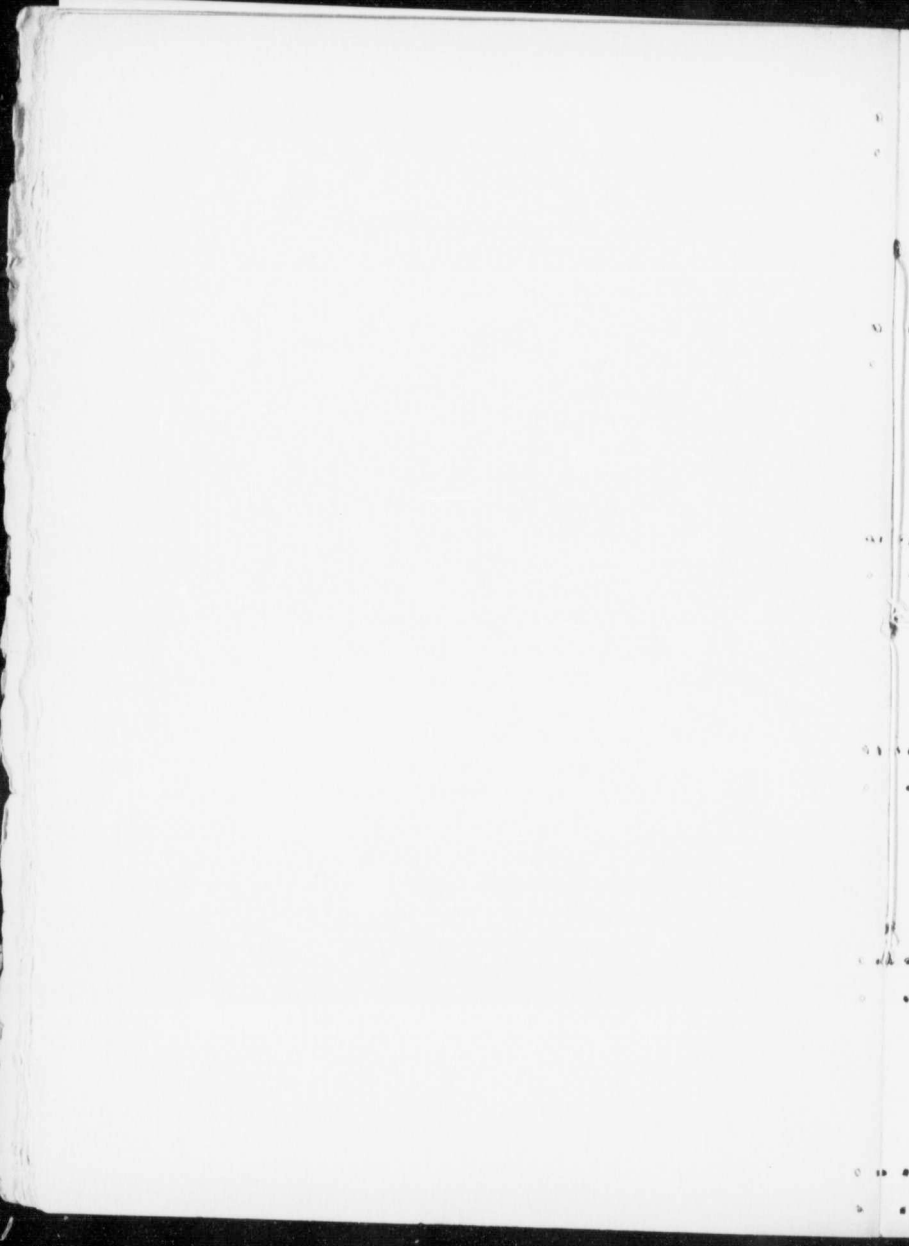


---

---

TOSKA - BOGAGEN

To the village came a maiden,  
She the lovely Olitipa,  
Olitipa, Prairie-flower,  
From the nation of the Long-knives,  
From the people of Great Uncle.  
Shonka-hoska learned her coming  
From the old man Lela-washta;  
He the oldest at the table,  
At the table of the "scalers,"  
At the table of the "tallies."  
Lela-washta told the story,  
How the lovely Olitipa  
Was beloved of her people;  
How they sorrowed at her parting;  
And they prayed that she'd be happy  
In the land of many strangers.  
Shonka-hoska, deeply wond'ring  
Who could be the stranger maiden,  
Had gone to his wigwam slowly,  
And at sunrise, and at sunset,  
He had prayed that Olitipa  
Would be happy in the village.

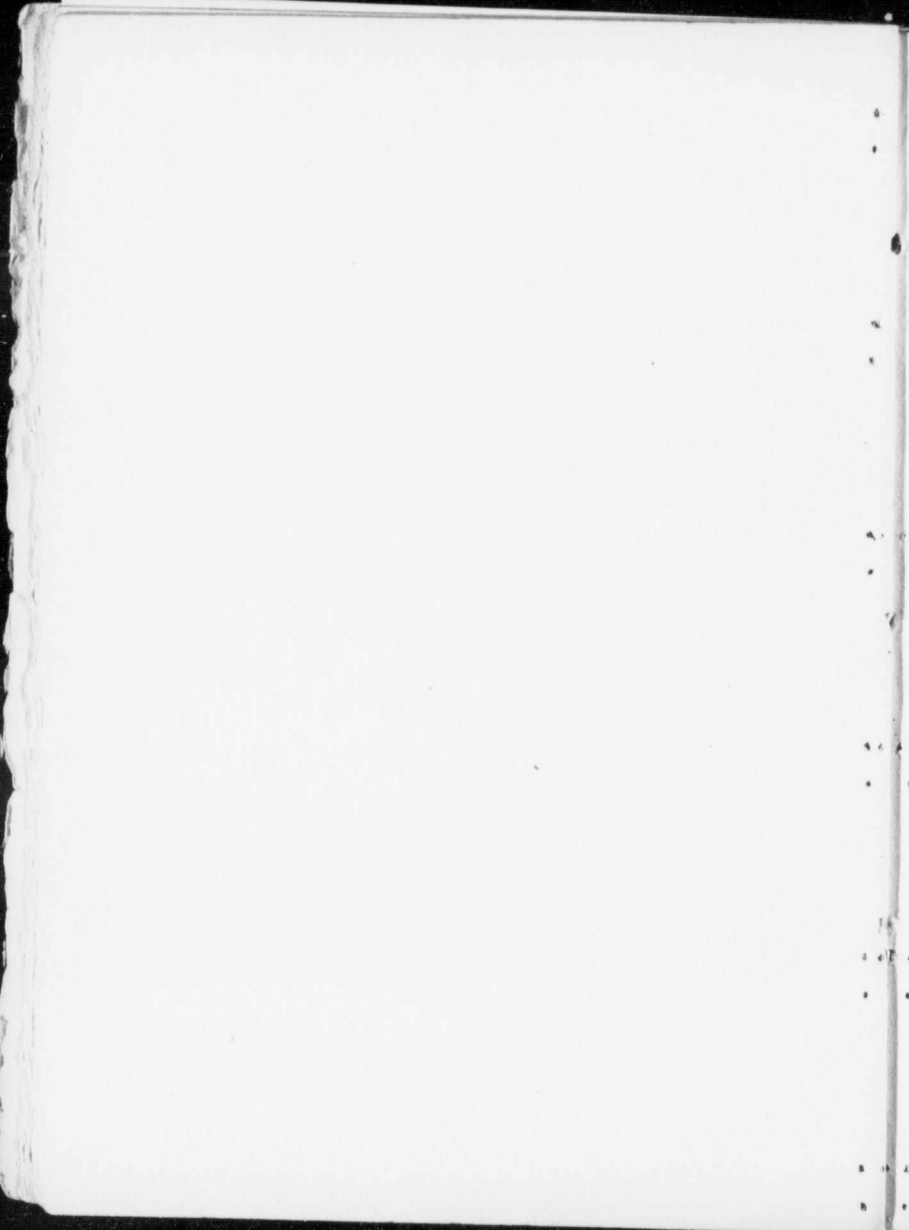


---

---

## TOSKA - BOGAGEN

When they led the Prairie-flower  
To the wigwam Big Huristic,  
All the thoughts of Shonka-hoska,  
As he saw her there before him,  
Told him of the wondrous likeness  
That she bore to his own sister,  
Who had been his happy playmate  
In the life of many summers,  
When he played about the wheat-fields,  
And the orchards, and the woodlands,  
And the sand-bars of Lake Simcoe,  
And the Couchiching bright water.  
So the life of Shonka-hoska  
Was much gladdened by the coming  
Of the maiden Olitipa.  
And the people in the village  
Learned to love the Prairie-flower;  
Love her for her joyous laughter,  
Love her for her gentle nature,  
For her words and acts of kindness,  
And the gladness which she brought them  
By the sunshine of her presence.  
Olitipa found her gladness  
In the making glad of others.

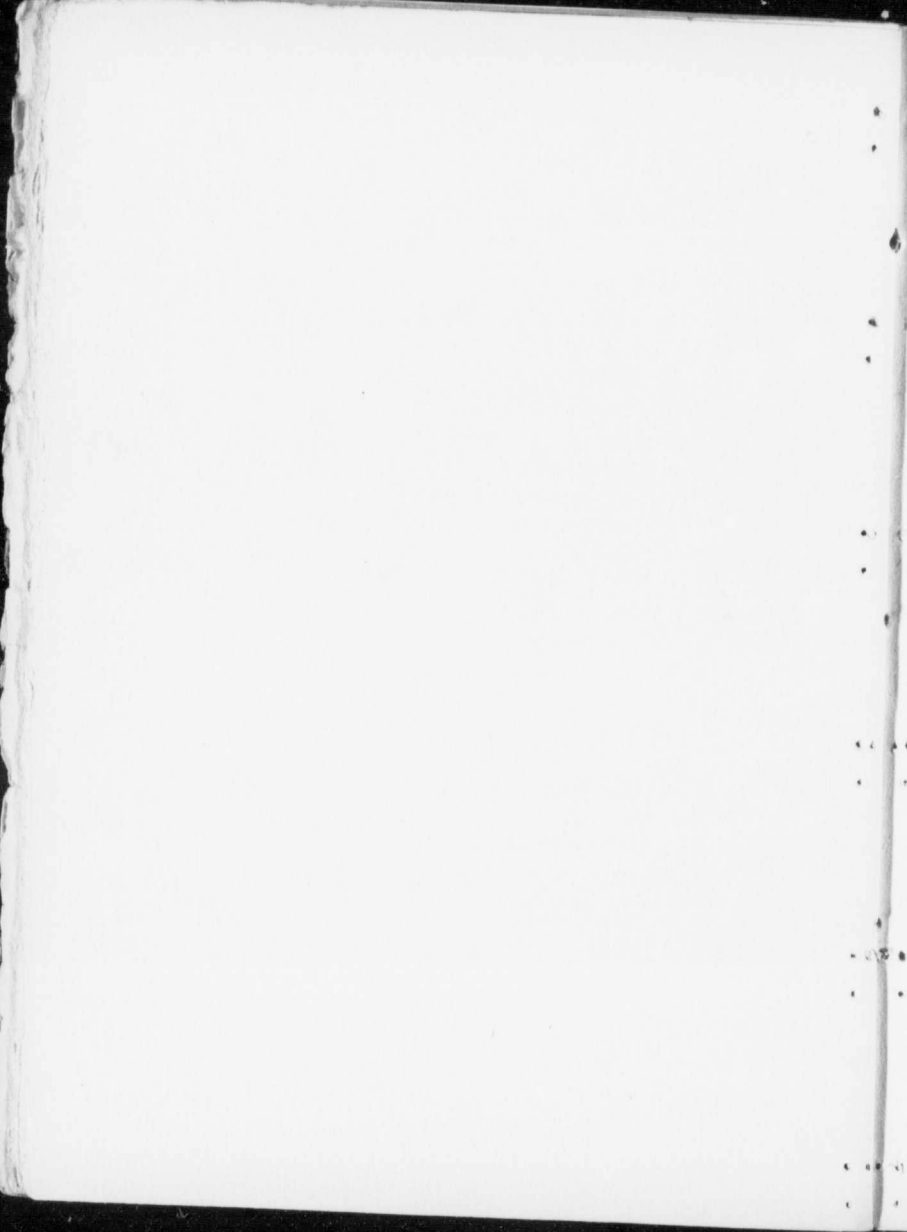


---

---

## TOSKA - BOGAGEN

But a sorrow fell one evening  
On the heart of Shonka-hoska.  
One he loved had crossed the River,  
To the home in the Hereafter,  
To the bright and pleasant meadows,  
To the wigwams of the Blessèd,  
Leaving Shonka-hoska lonely.  
Olitipa saw the shadow  
On the face of Shonka-hoska,  
Knew the meaning of the shadow,  
And she spoke her sorrow to him,  
Comforting his heart of sadness.  
And the Manitou, the Great Chief,  
Smiling down upon his children,  
Marked the act of Olitipa,  
Speaking of her act in these words:  
"Inasmuch as ye have done it  
Unto one of these my least ones,  
Ye have taught my lesson truly."  
And a star was added to her  
Crown which she should wear hereafter.

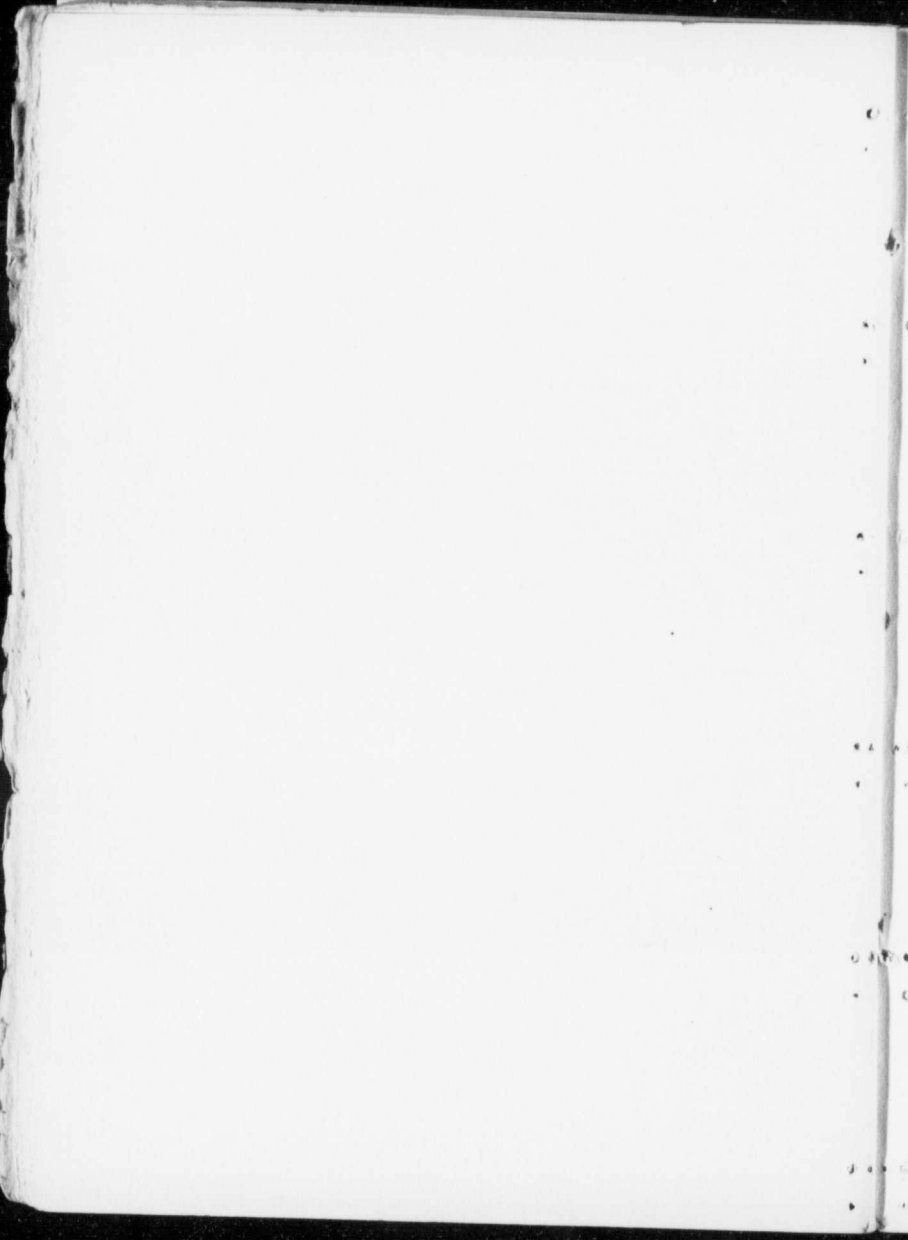


---

---

TOSKA - BOGAGEN

In the summer came a message,  
Just before the days of autumn,  
From the nation of the Long-knives,  
To the maiden Olitipa,  
Calling her across the waters,  
O'er the waters, and the islands,  
Of the shining deep-sea Huron,  
To return to her own people,  
Who were waiting for her coming;  
Long had waited, long had called her.  
Olitipa heard the message,  
Brought to her by fleet Nazospe,  
And departed to her nation.  
And the people of the village  
Waved the willow at her parting,  
Crying, "Farewell, Prairie-flower;  
We shall miss you, Olitipa,  
You have been to us such gladness;  
We are sorry that you leave us;  
Farewell now, our Prairie-flower."





---

---

## TOSKA - BOGAGEN

So the days of spring and summer  
Came and passed for Shonka-hoska,  
In the country of the Northlands.  
But the story of the autumn,  
When Sovegegen, the Paint Chief,  
Paints the leaves of trees and bushes,  
With his mystic combination  
Of the red, and gold, and purple:  
And the story of the Frost Chief,  
He the mighty Ekobesha,  
He the herald of winter,  
How he covers all the landscape,  
With his robe of dazzling whiteness;  
Covers all the lakes and rivers,  
With his mighty sheets of frost-glass;  
These, and many other stories,  
Will be told by Shonka-hoska,  
In the evenings of the after,  
At another time and season.