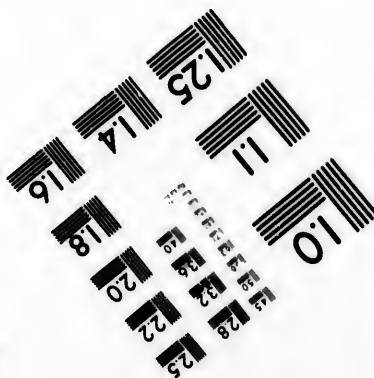


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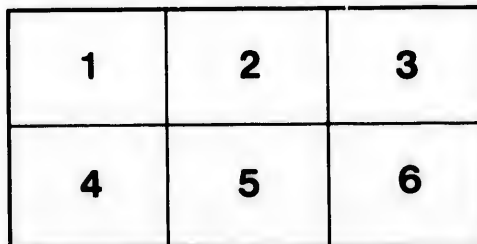
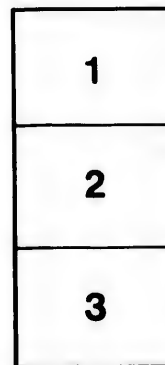
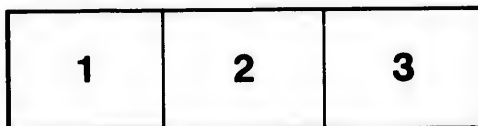
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32X

MANITA.



BY

WILLIAM McDONNELL.

BEING

AN INDIAN LEGEND

OF

STURGEON POINT,

ONTARIO.

Introduction.

There is an Indian legend that a great many years ago, perhaps more than a century or two from the present time, great battles among the Indians were fought along the shores of some of the Canadian far inland lakes, and that several of such battles took place around the shores of Sturgeon Lake, at Bald Point—which was reported to be a great Indian burying ground—and particularly at the present favorite summer resort known as Sturgeon Point. One legend had it that a young Indian Chief fell in love with the only daughter of the Huron Chief, who had once been taken captive by the Iroquois, and subsequently liberated; that the young Chief visited Sturgeon Point to ask the hand of the maiden, but was treacherously dealt with by a Huron brave, who was a rival for the maid's affections.

The following Poem is based on this legend :

MANITA.

THE saltry summer day was near its close,

The hush was deep and all around was still,
Save for the hum of insects o'er the lake,
Or for the quick notes of the whip-poor-will
Which came as if to keep the woods awake.
And now, 'ere night ~~regined~~ her sable sway, *regained*
The full moon rose upon the shrouded earth,
As if to drive the lingering shades away
To give her gentle dawn a brighter birth.
A lone cloud fringed with light stood up on high,
Like some night guardian of the silent sky,
Stars came out one by one as if to see,
How like to Paradise the place could be.

'Twas at this hour an Indian maid
Stood watching neath the ample shade
Of a tall pine tree where the land
Rose high above the pebbly strand
Of Nah-ma Sah-gae-gun's ⁽¹⁾ calm shore,
Where Indian maids oft stood before;
While standing there with native grace

(1) Sturgeon Point.

Introduction.

ERRATA.

- Page 5, for "regined" read regained.
Page 12, for "Am-cek" read Ah-meek.
Page 13, for "Eva-yea" read Ewa-yea.
Page 14, (Note 4), for the English of "Ne-ne-mov-sha" read Sweetheart.
Page " (Note 5), for the English of "Me-da" read Medicine man.
Page 24, after the words "starry crown," read the four lines added at bottom which were omitted by the compositor.

..... burying ground—and particularly at the present favorite summer resort known as Sturgeon Point. One legend had it that a young Indian Chief fell in love with the only daughter of the Huron Chief, who had once been taken captive by the Iroquois, and subsequently liberated; that the young Chief visited Sturgeon Point to ask the hand of the maiden, but was treacherously dealt with by a Huron brave, who was a rival for the maid's affections.

The following Poem is based on this legend :

MANITA.

THE sultry summer day was near its close,
A ruddy glow still lingered in the west,
As the red sun 'ere sinking to repose
Spread wide his last rays o'er the lake's calm breast,
The tall oaks list'ning on the shaded shore
To lisp'ing wavelets that now kissed their feet,
Threw deeper, longer, shadows than before.
As if they might the moonbeams sooner greet.
Each distant object now far fainter grew
And dim, and shadowy in the less'ning light,
While the lone crane that to its covert flew
Scarcely stirred the calm air in its lazy flight,
The hush was deep and all around was still,
Save for the hum of insects o'er the lake,
Or for the quick notes of the whip-poor-will
Which came as if to keep the woods awake.
And now, 'ere night ~~regained~~ *regained* her sable sway,
The full moon rose upon the shrouded earth,
As if to drive the lingering shades away
To give her gentle dawn a brighter birth.
A lone cloud fringed with light stood up on high,
Like some night guardian of the silent sky,
Stars came out one by one as if to see,
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'Twas at this hour an Indian maid
Stood watching neath the ample shade
Of a tall pine tree where the land
Rose high above the pebbly strand
Of Nah-ma Sah-gae-gun's ⁽¹⁾ calm shore,
Where Indian maids oft stood before;
While standing there with native grace

(1) Sturgeon Point.

A moonbeam stole upon her face,
 Revealing features wondrous fair,
 Her proud neck wrapped in raven hair,
 And from her eyes at times a light,
 Gleamed as from fire-flies in the night.
 Why stands she thus?—no foe is near
 To injure those she holds most dear,
 Her father's tent is close in view,
 Sheltered with bark from rain or dew.
 The camp-fire's curling smoke is spread
 Beneath green branches overhead,
 While he, chief of her tribe, sits there
 Puffing his pipe without a care.
 He feels secure, for near at hand
 Is camped his fearless faithful band.
 All round is calm and heaven serene,
 A thousand glittering stars are seen,
 Yet still she stays—what can she see?
 Her look is one of mystery.

Close near her stands her fav'rite hound
 Waiting her word to rush or bound—
 But naught was heard—the lake's bright breast
 Seemed like a mirror in its rest.
 The floating moonbeams, spread each way,
 Looked far more beautiful than day—
 For day's wild light will oft exclude,
 Thoughts like those shaped in solitude.
 All, all seemed calm, the fragrant breeze
 Scarcely whispered to the sleeping trees,
 On which there stirred no spreading bough,
 No pendant leaves were rustling now,
 Yet Manita uneasy seemed,
 As if she of some danger dreamed.

Now down the lake she turned her gaze,
 Where Treaty Rock ⁽¹⁾ was hid in haze.
 Naught there was seen save the dim light—
 Some hunter's scanty fire that night—
 At times she thought there came in view
 The misty shape of a canoe,

(1) Treaty Rock is a huge boulder about a mile below or east of Sturgeon Point, opposite side of the lake. Here the Indians on their way up or down, generally stop camp or to smoke; and here it is said treaties were often made.

And paddling it a well-known form—
 A sight which made her blood more warm,
 But like some spectral thing 'twould fade—
 A simple sigh her pain betrayed—
 What visions bright oft disappear
 And fade to leave us but a tear.

Then glancing round on every side,
 And westward where the lake grows wide,
 She saw Bald Point in shadow deep,
 Where many a brave has his last sleep,
 Where charms and spells had once bewitched,
 And carnage oft the soil enriched.
 Now still and sombre was that shore,
 As if no storm could reach it more.
 To her that silent spot did seem
 A place where Mich-a-bou ⁽¹⁾ could dream
 Of some bright land where morte's go
 When tired of earthly cares below—
 She looked, still fancy only made
 Some passing form within the shade,
 But nothing came to greet her view
 Like Ogemah or his canoe.
 Nor voice, nor sound, yet reached her ear,
 Save when the night-hawk plunged quite near,
 Or when some startled wild bird's cry,
 Was echoed in the summer sky.

'Twas the soft evening of a day
 Which bore at noon the sun's hot ray,
 Like summer days long passed away,
 As down the Seugog's shaded tide
 A strange canoe was seen to glide
 From the far west an Ir-o-quois—
 A young Chief known as Og-e-mah,
 Left his own tribe and hunting ground
 Alone, save with his trusty hound.
 Around the great sea-lakes he came
 To seek no foe or win fresh fame,
 He brought with him no hostile band
 Of Iroquois to curse the land,
 To get a scalp, or give a blow,

(1) Mich-a-bou, The Teacher of Peace.

Or bring on Huron tribes a woe.
 He kept no weapon to strike down
 A stranger who might on him frown,
 No pointed arrow, spear, or dart,
 Brought he to pierce a foeman's heart.
 His mission now was one of peace,
 He came to ask that strife might cease,
 That captives should all get release.
 Rich wampum belts, and shells, and beads,
 And baskets made of fragrant reeds,
 And mocassins, and curious pipes,
 And leggins with embroidered stripes,
 Such gifts as these with him he brought
 To greet the Indian tribes he sought,
 Nor feared he, for he loud did sing
 As down he passed Po-tah-go-ning, ⁽¹⁾
 He came alone in chieftain pride,
 To ask the Hurons for a bride.
 To ask for one whom he knew well,
 Who round his heart had thrown her spell;
 For still he felt the one he sought
 Could not be won, could not be bought,
 Could not a truant love be taught,
 Unless in full she freely gave
 Her heart, she would not be man's slave,
 That forced to wed a brave or chief
 She could not love, life would be brief,
 Death soon to her would bring relief,—
 Thus on his way he sung, he knew
 That Manita to him was true.

With sturdy stroke he paddled on
 To reach the Nah-ma Sah-gae-gum, ⁽²⁾
 And as the sun sunk in the West,
 He saw the calm lake's crimson breast,
 Now like the air 'twas still and warm,
 As if it ne'er felt wave or storm;
 The purple hues along the shore
 Grew deeper than they were before,
 The moon seemed waiting overhead

(1) Potahgoning, (pronounced Po-taw-go-ning.) The locality where the Seugog river was formerly very rapid, and where the town of Lindsay, Ont., is now situated. The Indians still call Lindsay, "Potahgoning."

(2) Sturgeon Lake.

For night 'ere she her beams could spread :
 And fainter grew day's farewell blush,
 While o'er the earth stole nature's hush.

Then on to Sturgeon Point he went,
 His eyes upon the dim shore bent ;
 Then memory brought to him again
 A savage scene—the dead and slain,
 The past returned, and then he thought
 Of the fierce battle there once fought,

“ In days of yore what bloody strife
 Robbed many an Indian of his life.
 When tribe pursued with hot wild breath
 Some other Indian tribe to death,
 I often shuddered when I heard,
 That men were being for war prepared,
 I saw them practice for the fight,
 And heard the war-whoop in the night,
 And when they showed me how to strike
 With tomahawk, or club, or pike,
 I made a vow that war should be
 No horrid pastime fit for me,
 Once in my sleep there dawned a hope—
 I dreamt then of the Antelope—⁽¹⁾
 That I should never take a part,
 By word or deed in war's vile art,
 And since that time I never cease
 To plead with all for blessed peace.
 Alas, some scoffed and said my tongue
 Was like a woman's—I was young,
 They heeded not my words but went
 Far from the camp with bad intent,
 And many a mile, through fire and flood,
 Was I forced on to scenes of blood.
 I kept close to my father's side,
 He was the chieftain and the pride
 Of warriors who his power oft saw
 When leading on the Iroquois ;
 His name was terror to the foe,
 As many hostile chiefs still know,
 He got at last his fatal blow,

ere the Scugog riv
 situated. The India

along the Indians to dream of the Antelope was an omen of peace.

Six years have passed since that dread day
 That saw the Hurons on their way
 Meeting with other tribes just here,
 To strike the Iroquois with fear.
 What bloody work that day took place !
 My father slain before my face,
 And many a brave struck swiftly down,
 And many a wounded man left drown.
 Though then a boy I saw that fight,
 To me it was a fearful sight.
 Indian with Indian in death's grasp,
 The dying giving their last gasp.
 Such dreadful scenes but chilled my heart,
 I could not in the fray take part.
 I never struck a mortal blow,
 Nor gave a wound to any foe.
 I was no coward for I stood
 To shield my father when I could.
 And I was with him when he fell,
 Though round us was a scene of hell—
 How I escaped some deadly blow
 I never since that time could know.
 Then when the furious Iroquois
 Their dead and prostrate chieftain saw,
 Saw him, my father robbed of life
 More bloody grew the horrid strife,
 They pressed the Hurons more and more,
 And forced them down that gravelly shore
 Which narrows as it stretches out—
 The far shores echoed back each shout—
 Oh, what a bloody fearful rout !
 Then almost hemmed in by the lake,
 Retreat but only few could make.
 The waves were rough, and wild, and high,
 The storm fiend raged along the sky,
 Yet many into dark waves rushed,
 Rather than by the foe be crushed.
 The stained and glutted waters dashed
 Ashore some bodies scalped and gashed;
 While others 'neath the foaming wave
 Forever found a watery grave.

The Huron slain were left to rot,
 Just how they lay was heeded not.

A feast for wolf or bear was left :
 The carrion crow had ample theft.
 Our dead were buried here and there
 Along the shore, and then with care
 Another grave in the deep shade
 They did prepare and there they laid
 My father—on that spot he fell
 Fronting the lake—I know it well.
 Three other chiefs were buried near—
 The circling mounds still there appear
 These can be seen by passers by,
 By foes that scowl or friends that sigh.
 We took some captives, some were slain,
 Some pleaded for their lives in vain.
 And Manita, among the rest,
 Hung shrieking on her father's breast.
 I heard her cry and rushed to be
 A shield in their extremity—
 How fair her form was then to me !—
 I saved her father from the blow
 Of one who would have laid him low.
 I pleaded for them—they were sent
 As prisoners with me to my tent,
 To cheer them then I did my best,
 I gave them food and bade them rest,
 I pitied her, and every tear
 She wept, made her to me more dear.
 Next eve when leaving that sad place
 With spoil and captives to retrace
 Our steps to our far camps and wilds,
 Her sighs and sobs were like a child's.
 Still her stern father showed no grief,
 Defeat ne'er cowed that Huron chief,
 He felt resigned and, for her sake,
 Did calm submission duly make.

Full fifty moons had passed since they
 As captives were led far away.
 They lived among us and I strove
 To gain his friendship—and her love,
 No Iroquois would do them harm,
 For Manita had power to charm,
 The children loved her, and our maids

Would dress her hair in curious braids.
And when she sung them simple songs,
They drew near in delighted throngs.

I taught her many things each day,
Whether at work or simple play.
We sought the Am-eek ⁽¹⁾ where some stream
Through the deep woods was seen to gleam,
Of shafts and bows she had no stint,
I made her arrows of pure flint;
I taught her how to hit a mark,
And make shell-beads, and toys of bark,
No arrow from her killed a bird,
Nor was a nest by her disturbed.
At times we watched the timid deer,—
'Twas strange, of her they had no fear,
Some would come near and touch her hand,
While others close to her would stand.
If one the hunters tried to slay
She'd not a moment longer stay
But like a deer would bound away.

Then when 'twas said they might be free
She did not wish to part from me,
But back the Huron chief must go,
His anxious tribe would have it so.
Then gifts on them we all bestowed
And went with them far on their road,
But ere we parted she well knew
That what I promised I would do.
I told her I should come and see
Whether she still remembered me,
Whether some rival took my place,
When she no longer saw my face.
A month since I a message sent
To her, that nothing should prevent
My coming here this very night
To meet her when the moon was bright."

He thought thus far—then touched the shore
Where his canoe had been before,
While looking round, her form to greet,
There fell a lily at his feet,
A water lily fair and sweet.

(1) The Beaver

"Ah Manita," he cried, "still true,
 I know this emblem comes from you."
 He raised it—then she came in view.
 He rushed and clasped her to his breast,
 And on her brow his lips he pressed.
 And, oh! what rapture in each face,
 What words of love with each embrace.
 They sat upon the gravelly strand
 Beneath the moonbeams hand in hand,
 And then he told her wond'rous things,
 The future should have golden wings,
 A wreath of hope should span the sky—
 The rainbow vision up on high—
 That every hour and every day
 Should fling but sunlight in their way,
 That with her he should ever stay.
 Thus here in blissful solitude
 Were vows of constancy renewed.

Then Manita with gentle voice
 Spoke words which made his heart rejoice.
 "Upon this bank," she said, "all day
 I watched the summer waves at play,
 Longing to see you on your way,
 The Ad-ji-dau-mo ⁽¹⁾ near me came—
 I thought he chattered out your name.
 He cried, 'chic-chic'—then—'Ogemah,'
 His pretty sparkling eyes I saw.
 The Shaw-shaw ⁽²⁾ twittered o'er my head
 As if my secret thoughts he read,
 And then at eve the O-pe'-che ⁽³⁾
 Sang his soft, sweet, lone, song for me.
 I waited on until the sun
 Behind those western trees sunk down,
 Until the waves seemed all at rest,
 Like children on a mother's breast.
 I heard the evening's fragrant sigh
 Whisper to them its lullaby,
 That Ewa-yea ⁽⁴⁾ we loved to hear

Ad-ji-dau-mo—The Squirrel.

Shaw-shaw—The Swallow.

O-pe'-che—The Robin.

Ewa-yea.

As little ones when night drew near.
 I knew you'd come, you said as soon
 As the fawn saw the rising moon
 You would be seen. Then out afar,
 Beneath the trembling evening star,
 And touched by moonbeams just as bright,
 Your Chee-ma-um ⁽¹⁾ came into sight,
 Bringing to me such pure delight.
 'Mid mingled rays it did appear
 A Jee-bi, ⁽²⁾ but I had no fear,
 It seemed an angel when more near;
 Then like a chieftain form it grew,
 Then like my Ogemah—'twas you.
 I stood behind yon great old oak
 Close to the lake, and, ere you spoke,
 My heart spoke for me as it beat
 Your welcome here; and when you cried
 'Ah Manita'—quick to your side
 I ran, and lost all bashful pride—
 Why should I blush to tell my love?
 The sunlight coming from above
 Brings not more rapture to the sight
 Than you bring to my heart this night.
 And, oh, what happiness to be
 Forever with you day by day,
 Your voice to hear, your face to see,
 Your hand to guide me on my way,
 Ah, could such bliss forever last,
 'Twould hide the bleakness of the past."

"Your words to me," said Ogemah,
 "Come murmuring like Min-nee-wa-wa, ⁽³⁾
 O Ne-ne-moo-sha, ⁽⁴⁾ your sweet voice,
 Like music bids my soul rejoice.
 No Me-da's ⁽⁵⁾ healing herbs could bring
 Such cheer or health as when you sing.
 Some moons since when from me you went,
 My hours were listless, and my days
 Alone were nearly always spent.

(1) Birch canoe.

(2) A ghost or spirit.

(3) Pleasant soft sound of the wind in the trees.

(4) Sweetheart.

(5) Medicine-man.

How solitary 'twas for me
 To wander through the sombre woods,
 Yet wishing ever still to see
 Your presence in these solitudes.
 And when the sunbeam did appear
 Wooing the shadows, oft I thought
 'Twas you alone that then came near
 Flashing the brightness you had brought.
 And then at night, when scarce a star
 Was glistening in the silent sky,
 The timid rising moon afar
 Sent light as if you then were nigh.
 There came no beam, or star, or light,
 Or beauteous thing that I could view,
 Or vision splendid to my sight,
 But all reminded me of you.
 And should I ever miss you here,
 I'd be like one deprived of breath,
 My loneliness would bring a tear,
 Such deep affliction would bring death."

"Hush, of that dark chief do not speak,"
 Said Manita, "he is like night,
 The Pe-bo-an ⁽¹⁾ is not more bleak
 Than when his shadow is in sight.
 He stills the tongue, and dims the eye,
 He stops the pulse, and chills the blood,
 And robs the heart of its last sigh,
 And gives of tears a constant flood.
 Some say he's only Gush-ke-wau, ⁽²⁾
 Some say he shows the Po-ne-mah— ⁽³⁾
 Yet, strange, of that dark chief I dream,
 I often dream that he is near,
 And in my sleep my tears oft stream,
 And I awake in dreadful fear.
 I feel as if some enemy
 Were going to wound my dearest friend,
 Or lurking round to strike at me
 And then the frightful dream will end—

(1) The winter.

(2) The darkness.

(3) The hereafter.

But list, and your attention lend,
I have a suitor whom I shun,
A Huron brave of our own tribe,
A dark, suspicious, treach'rous one,
Who would for me my father bribe.
If he were surely now to know
That you were here to seek my hand,
He'd be your wily, dang'rous foe,
And seek to drive you from the land.
Of him you must beware, until
Our braves for us in council meet,
And when we can our vows fulfil,
Our happy union all will greet.
Till then do not the presence seek
Of him, the serpent, Kenabeek."

"I too have dreamt," said Ogemah,
"That I some wond'rous vision saw :
I've dreamt of wealth in furs or game,
Or other things—'twas all the same,
For all were gone when I awoke ;
The voice was silent then that spoke,
The shadowy forms all fled away
With the first dawn of early day—
As flee the shades from mountain's side,
When smiles the morning in its pride—
A dream is nothing, oft it brings
Its opposite in many things.
I've sometimes dreamt of birds and flowers,
Then trouble came in after hours.
And dreams predicting grief have been
Followed by some delightful scene—
Your fears are needless, for I know
Among the Huron's I've no foe.
• If for you Kenabeek will sue,
Tell him, to me you will be true—
I pity him for loving you.
For, oh, how sad would be my heart,
If of your love I had no part—
To dream of foes, or death, or tears,
May bliss foretell for after years.
To find such bliss, how many wade
Deep through some lone and dreary waste,

Like plants that strengthen in the shade
 Ere they are in the sunlight placed.
 Death comes at last as our best friend,
 He brings our sorrow to an end."

"Speak not again of death," she cried.
 "Forever with you I shall be—
 I'll wed you, I shall be your bride,
 Nor fortune, nor adversity
 Our trusting hearts shall e'er divide.
 Alike in sunshine or in shade,
 Alike in sorrow or in joy,
 Our rose of hope shall never fade,
 No wintry blast shall that destroy;
 Our lives shall be like flowers that bloom,
 Either in garden or on tomb.
 Here, take this wild rose from my breast,
 It is an emblem of my love,
 And let it on your bosom rest
 Till I my fondness better prove.
 I find in every bud and flower,
 In every leaf and every hue,
 Some great, some deep mysterious power
 That ever draws my heart to you.
 In flowers all faithfulness I see,
 Let them remind you still of me."

Are not the flowers, those beauteous things,
 Like plumage of angelic wings?
 O'er rock, and hill, and desert bare,
 They scatter perfume everywhere;
 They offer incense sweet and pure
 To soothe the feeble and the poor;
 Their fragrance seems to be the breath
 Of beings that know not sin or death.
 Oh, would that each in his last hour
 Were innocent as some sweet flower.

Time quickly passed—they thought too soon,
 'Twas midnight now, the night was still,
 The only witness was the moon
 That heard the vows they would fulfil.
 But brightest hours must have a close—
 And neither scarcely marked their flight—

Just as some beauteous slumb'ring rose
 Folds up its leaves when comes the night.
 The wish of each was yet to stay
 Till the first gleam of dawning day.
 Each found that it was hard to part,
 Each wished that Time would rest awhile
 In its wild flight—so that each heart
 The sacred moments might beguile.
 But Manita arose and said,
 "What happy hours to-night I've spent,
 We now must part"—and then she led
 Ogemah to her father's tent.

Where Scugog's stream down slowly flows
 To meet the lake in its repose.
 Or where its waves rise wild and high
 While sea-gulls hover in the sky.
 Where ends the river's sluggish tide,
 With reedy banks on either side,
 There waited near the low flat shore
 Of dusky warriors a score.
 In large canoes they lingered there
 As if for hunting to prepare.
 Yet features of each face were bent
 Not as for good, but bad intent.
 The Indians restless seemed to grow,
 As eager from that place to go.

Again 'twas near the close of day.
 Long shadows on the water lay,
 And fishes darted up around
 Where clouds of whirling flies were found.
 Among the braves was Ke-na-beek
 With scowling brow and hollow cheek.
 He listless sat until the sun
 Behind Bald Point went slowly down.
 Then glancing round he spoke aloud—
 "Look up and see that great black cloud,
 And watch the flashes as they come.
 And then hear An-ne-mee-kee's ⁽¹⁾ drum,
 He's angry with us, as you see,
 For we let pass our enemy.

(1) An-ne-mee-kee.—The thunder.

That Iroquois has crossed the lake
 A treaty with our chief to make—
 A scheme of treachery deep laid—
 He's come to seize a Huron maid,
 He's come to take our chieftain's child,
 For he has Manita beguiled.
 She, foolish thing, is led astray
 By what that I-a-goo ⁽¹⁾ may say.
 Remember, braves, not long ago
 We found these Iroquois our foe,
 And such to us their tribes remain
 Though for us now they friendship feign—
 Their plot is deep, as we shall find,
 They think the Hurons are all blind.
 Them we can quickly undeceive,
 Far different they shall soon believe.
 Our Me-da ⁽²⁾ lately in a dream
 Heard Manita so loudly scream
 That with the noise he did awake,
 In dread his limbs began to shake.
 He saw her caught, and gagged, and bound,
 And trembling cast upon the ground.
 He says no dream of his will fail
 To put us on a foeman's trail.
 And now he says the Iroquois,
 According to some brutal law,
 Must make some costly sacrifice—
 For this they will pay any price.
 They say their vicious, angry god
 On them will fiercely lay his rod
 Unless they soon a victim bring—
 The daughter of a chief or king.
 This they are eager now to do
 To please their savage Manitou.
 And they wish Manita to be
 This victim for their deity."

The braves all frowned, each made a threat,
 Each grasped in haste his scalping knife,
 Each angry word and oath meant death,

1) I-a-goo—A great, boasting fellow.

2) Me-da—Medicine-man.

Each Indian then would take a life,
 Each raised his bare arm in the air
 With savage scowl and made a vow
 That Ogemah might then prepare
 Beneath their war clubs soon to bow.
 Then came the thunder's heavy roll,
 Again the lightning flashed around,
 All cried that vengeance in each soul
 Must grow till Ogemah was found.

Then quick again spoke Kenabeek,
 " We must leave here this foe to seek.
 Our scouts have told us that he spent
 Last night in our own chieftain's tent—
 Just think how vile is his dark art
 When he can win her father's heart—
 Let us now follow Ogemah ;
 He fought against us here and saw
 Our chiefs and brave fall side by side
 Outnumbered—but we still defied
 And fought them on until the blood
 At Sturgeon Point was in a flood.
 And when by numbers they prevailed
 All pity in their vile hearts failed.
 They slaughtered without mercy then,
 And spared but feeble helpless men,
 Few captives made them more content,
 Our Chief along with them was sent,
 And Manita was made the slave
 Of Ogemah that treach'rous knave.
 Their cruel treatment, day by day,
 Urged them to try and steal away ;
 They made escape at last and found
 A home again on native ground.
 Among us *she* seemed quite content,
 And many hours with them I spent—
 Then followed that Shau-go-da-ya ⁽¹⁾
 To lure back with him Manita.
 He has the wizard's cursed power
 To make her yield within an hour.
 They are to meet again to-night,
 We must prevent her shameful flight—
 Shall we permit such deep disgrace
 To fall upon the Huron race ?"

(1) Shau-go-da-ya.—A coward.

Then rose on high a savage yell,
Its deadly meaning all knew well—
What might not then a few hours tell ?

The zig-zag lightning darted out,
Quick crashed the thunder overhead,
As if it were the angry shout
Of spirits whom the Indians dread.
The scattered rain drop soon came down,
Then in a heavy shower they fell,
While, reckless of the storm's dark frown,
The red men gave the war-whoop knell.
Their paddles in the water dashed
And out they went upon the wave,
The foam in every face was splashed
As round the wind did fiercely rave.
On, on, they went in the dim light,
The storm did not its strength abate,
All now kept Sturgeon Point in sight—
For whom does their revenge await ?

How many in the Present feel secure,
How many think that Woe cannot be near,
How many dream of joys all bright and pure
When all seems calm and future hopes all clear.
Yet what they think, or dream, or hope, may be
But mere illusions—the mirage of Fate,
The shining guise of some deep mystery
Deceiving all, the humble and the great,
Till comes at last a woe they least expect,
A fate whose shadow they could not detect—
Were happy lovers dreaming now of bliss
To wake and meet affliction such as this ?

'Twas calm again, the wind was hushed,
The flowers looked up as if ne'er crushed.
The moon arose as bright and clear,
As if no cloud had dropped a tear.
Each little wave along the shore
Murmured its cadence o'er and o'er,
And in the air at times did float
Some wearied bird's last farewell note.
Around the quiet lakes there lay
Soft moonbeams almost bright as day,

Like rays which steal from Dawn alone
 To bid Night leave her ebon throne.
 And now and then glanced down a star
 Upon the earth from—oh, how far,
 Like one from the celestial sphere
 To see if men were happy here ;
 Perhaps to see if strife should cease
 Were one from Heaven to whisper peace.

Now at this witching time were seen
 Sitting upon the sloping bank,
 Beneath the moonbeam's silvery sheen
 Where varied wild flowers grow most rank,
 Ogamah and the only one,
 The only one he ever met,
 For whom he would all others shun
 Rather than that dear one forget—
 Unless she truly was his own
 The world would be but bleak and lone.

They sat beneath the great old oak,
 Where Manita oft heard the birds,
 What each heart felt then neither spoke,
 Their bliss might not be told by words ;
 For silence often best can tell
 What joy suppressed may fill the heart,
 What peace within the soul may dwell
 Of which no outer sign shows part.

"O Manita while you are here
 Earth is a heaven in which to live,
 And may no sullen cloud appear
 To dim the sunshine life can give.
 While you are with me earth will be,
 Like yonder little shining star,
 A place of pure felicity
 Where none but radiant spirits are.
 While you are here all seems like light,
 Were you away all joy should fade,
 And every hope be lost in night
 Like flowers that wither in the shade—
 But soon all doubt will have an end,
 Our speedy union shall take place,

To-morrow's sun our lives shall blend,
 Together we shall run life's race"—
 'Twas thus that Ogemah addressed
 The one in this world he loved best.

But Manita moved not nor spoke—
 Was it because her heart was full
 Of that fresh happiness which woke
 Her gratitude so bountiful?
 Pure happiness is often found
 To have in lowly hearts its birth,
 As grains of gold which oft abound
 Have humble source within the earth.

At last, when urged by him, she said,
 With trembling voice and seeming dread—
 "I feel as if some woe were near,
 That Kenabrek with stealthy tread
 Were going to bring some sorrow here.
 Last night I dreamt I saw the owl,
 And then I thought I saw the crow,
 That Kenabeek, with angry scowl,
 Was pacing near us to and fro.
 And now I shudder when I think
 Of what perhaps that dream may bring,
 Of hopes that rose but soon to sink,
 Of poisoned arrows and their sting."

Then like some timid trembling fawn
 That scarcely knows which way to run
 When stands the hunter at the dawn
 Aiming at her the deadly gun,
 Poor Manita looked wildly round,
 Still Ogemah was at her side,
 Were he not near off she might bound
 And in the deep woods quickly hide—
 Then with an impulse born of dread
 She turned and clasped him to her breast,
 As if he there should ever rest.
 Then on his bosom laid her head,
 And on his lips her own lips pressed—
 That moment's bliss then seemed to be
 Bliss fit for an eternity.

How beautiful was this calm night,
 The placid moon looked mildly down,
 As if earth were a blessed sight
 Gemmed by heaven's own starry crown.
 At times the northern rays rushed high,
 Glowing like meteors on their way,
 Like shining heralds that rose to spy
 The dewy steps of coming day,
 Chasing the mists and clouds away.

Of passing time, the lovers there
 Scarce missed the blest hours in their flight;
 Each felt reluctant to prepare
 To leave the place and say "good-night."
 Manita, speaking, softly said,
 "May future meetings be like this,"
 While in her eyes Ogemah read
 Her heart, and gave his parting kiss
 And said, "When we again meet here,
 No further parting need we fear."—
 Alas, how close to them lay spread
 A dark abyss they well might dread !

A cloud stole o'er the moon's bright face,
 And partial gloom spread round the place.
 The night wind now began to sigh
 As if some storm were coming nigh.
 Its sad'ning voice was coarse and shrill,
 The air grew cold, and sharp, and chill.
 Just then was heard a dreadful shout—
 Their barking hounds quick rushed about.
 Again there came a savage yell,
 As if from demons from some hell;
 And now behind each shading tree
 There seemed to lurk some enemy,
 And nearer still some Indian troop
 Shouted aloud the fierce war-whoop.

Poor Manita, in wildest dread,
 Cried, "Ogemah, quick ! leave this place ;
 Oh quickly flee or you are dead !"
 With him at once she would have fled—
 But he the enemy would face.
 He would not turn his back in flight
 Were Death upon him then to scowl

With all his host, though dark as night,
To stir would be disgrace most foul.
He said to her, "Be not afraid,
It may not be bad as it seems"—
But she, poor frightened trembling maid,
Again thought of her dreadful dreams.
Yet scarcely then could he suspect
That any treach'rous foe was near,
What falseness yet could he detect?
First Manita he must protect,
And there he stayed without a fear.
Eager to see who would appear

Then streamed a moonbeam through the cloud
And now beneath the old oak tree,

She screamed as if she seen—
Quenched out; near but a step he came
He gasped, and faintly called her name—
Ah dreadful sight! she fell and swooned,
Her hope for happiness was doomed.

The gleam of dawn was in the east,
The dew-drops gathered in each flower,
The night wind its rough rounds had ceased;
It seemed like nature's loveliest hour.
Aurora's blush could now be seen
Crims'ning faint some slumbering cloud
Which soon dissolved as Day's young queen
Stole from the earth night's sable shroud.
Again the mellow morning light
Mingled with shadows on the shore
A thousand birds in their delight
Greeted the sun-beams as before.

How beautiful was this calm night,
The placid moon looked mildly down,
As if earth were a blessed sight
Gemmed by heaven's own starry crown.
At times the northern rays rushed high,
Glowing like meteors on their way,
Like shining heralds that rose to spy
The dewy steps of coming day,
Chasing the mists and clouds away.

Of passing time, the lovers there
Scarce missed the blest hours in their flight;
Each felt reluctant to prepare
To leave the place and say "good-night."

After the word "Crown," 4th line from the top, read the following lines omitted :

At times the moonbeams seemed to grow
More luminous at certain hours,
As if bright angels to and fro
Were visiting some earthly bowers ;

And partial gloom spread round the place.
The night wind now began to sigh
As if some storm were coming nigh.
Its sad'ning voice was coarse and shrill,
The air grew cold, and sharp, and chill.
Just then was heard a dreadful shout—
Their barking hounds quick rushed about.
Again there came a savage yell,
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And now behind each shading tree
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With him at once she would have fled—
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With all his host, though dark as night,
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 He said to her, "Be not afraid,
 It may not be bad as it seems"—
 But she, poor frightened trembling maid,
 Again thought of her dreadful dreams.
 Yet scarcely then could he suspect
 That any treach'rous foe was near,
 What falseness yet could he detect?
 First Manita he must protect,
 And there he stayed without a fear.
 Eager to see who would appear

Then streamed a moonbeam through the cloud
 And now beneath the old oak tree,
 Hearing the war-whoop long and loud,
 Stood Ogemah where all could see—
 As if awaiting Fate's decree.
 Manita looked and with the rest
 Saw Kenabeek take slowly aim,
 In terror then she did exclaim—
 His deadly arrow reached the breast
 Of Ogemah, and quick there came
 The crimson proof of some dread wound—
 She screamed as if she saw life's flame
 Quenched out; near but a step he came
 He gasped, and faintly called her name—
 Ah dreadful sight! she fell and swooned,
 Her hope for happiness was doomed.

The gleam of dawn was in the east,
 The dew-drops gathered in each flower,
 The night wind its rough rounds had ceased;
 It seemed like nature's loveliest hour.
 Aurora's blush could now be seen
 Crims'ning faint some slumbering cloud
 Which soon dissolved as Day's young queen
 Stole from the earth night's sable shroud.
 Again the mellow morning light
 Mingled with shadows on the shore
 A thousand birds in their delight
 Greeted the sun-beams as before.

And sung and warbled o'er and o'er.
 The lake seemed lost, and in its place
 A grand broad mirror was in view
 Reflecting Nature's beauteous face,
 And beauteous forms of every hue,
 'Twas such a sight as seraphs see
 When they, 'tis said, are ushered in,
 Once more, through pearly gates to be
 Where naught has been of shame or sin

But stay!—what other sight is here?
 Stretched out upon the gravelly shore
 (The faithful hounds still sitting near)
 Lay Ogemah in death and gore—
 To smile on her ah, never more.
 For Manita was by his side,
 Her head now resting on his breast,
 And oft she gazed at him with pride,
 And oft his pale cold lips she pressed.
 There was a strange light in her eye,
 A sad'ning smile was on her face,
 No look of woe—of tear, or sigh,
 Or stamp of grief, there was no trace.
 With the dread shock she had received
 All sorrow with her reason fled,
 And the poor witless thing believed
 That Ogemah could not be dead—
 His hair the playful breeze still spread.
 At times she sung a low soft song
 A tender childish lullaby
 Lest those that did around her throng—
 For many loitered all day long—
 Should wake him by some heavy sigh.
 If any came near where she lay
 She'd wave them further off to keep,
 And in a whispering voice would say
 "Hist, hist, you see he is asleep—"
 How pitiful to see her there
 Without a shade of grief or care,
 Without the thought that sad and lone
 Her life must be since he had gone.
 Too late, alas, the Huron chief
 Had heard of Kenabeek's base threat,

And ere all rushed to the relief,
 Young Ogemah had found his death.
 The slayer tried to steal away—
 With his own tribe he dared not stay.
 But soon the wretch was caught and bound
 And shortly near the place was found
 The hated corpse of Kenebeek—
 For vengeance followed sharp and quick.
 They sunk his body in the lake
 Where none a search for it could make.

A grave was dug near the old oak—
 Manita thought 'twas for a bed.
 She gathered flowers, and moss, and broke
 From branches berries white and red,
 And these within she spread with care,
 An easy resting place to make;
 She told them all she would stay there
 Till Ogemah again should wake.
 And when they laid him down to rest,
 Just as the sun sunk in the west,
 She placed more flowers around his head
 And once more his pale lips she pressed—
 Men's tears told all they would have said—
 In that dark cell he sat reclined
 With Indian weapons near his hand,
 And belts of wampum he could find
 When going to join some spirit band.
 Then moss and birch-bark covered all,
 These were the young chief's funeral pall,
 O'er these, night's shadows soon would fall.

As time passed onwards, day by day
 Manita by that grave would stay.
 And often she would steal by night
 To that lone spot to glad her sight.
 She fancied he was still asleep,
 And that she must all quiet keep.
 The children loved with her to be,
 So childlike her simplicity.
 And many to her flowers would bring
 Which round the loved grave she would fling.

And many came to hear the song
 She sung at times the whole day long.
 She fancied too that flowers and birds
 Were list'ning to its tender words,
 And that at night the dreaming moon
 Sent echoes to her simple tune—
 It was a loving lay to cheer
 While Ogemah lay sleeping near—
 Alas, no sound could reach his ear.

MANITA'S SONG.

I have a little friend
 Up in the tall pine tree.
 In the sunny air he sings,
 Sits and sings with folded wings,
 Sings low and soft down by the lake,
 Lest he should Ogemah awake.

I have a pretty friend,
 The red breast in the tree.
 All day for me sings,
 Word from Ogemah he brings,
 And often warbles by the lake
 To see if he is yet awake.

My little pretty friend,
 Will always stay with me.
 While each simple song he sings
 To my mem'ry often brings
 Something once told me by the lake
 When Ogemah was there awake.

Years fled away, and human beings shed tears—
 For still came human grief and human fears.
 And one lone creature yet spent restless days
 Watching the waves, the moonbeams, or the rays
 Of fading day; and culling simple flowers,
 Or list'ning to the birds at other hours.
 And still from early dawn till solemn night
 Where'er she went she kept that grave in sight.
 No tear of hers was on that lone mound shed.
 Why should she weep? Ogemah was not dead!

Though silver threads of Time were in her hair
 She still believed that he lay sleeping there.
 The children she would at a distance keep,
 Lest playing there they might disturb his sleep.
 How many pitied her while round she'd wend
 Still singing oft—"I have a little friend,"
 Her favourite song. Then other children came,
 Children of those who had first heard her name.
 But she who lingered there, a watchful shade,
 Like some poor stricken flower, began to fade.
 And though her constant steps grew now more slow,
 Around the sacred place she yet would go.

One autumn eve, just as the sun had set,
 She asked a child more fragrant flowers to get.
 She strewed them slowly while she watched the west,
 And said, "I'm wearied now and here must rest,
 Here for a while I shall a slumber take,
 Arouse me if Ogemah should awake."
 Then on the flowers her fading form she laid.
 The children heard in silence what she said,
 And when to camp 'twas time to have her led,
 The faithful Manita was cold and dead.
 And Ogemah and Manita his bride
 At Sturgeon Point are lying side by side;
 And the rough waves that oft rush up the shore
 Seem wailing out a dirge for evermore.



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