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ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE.

THE South Shore is the name given to the coast of Plymouth County in Massachusetts, extending from Hull to Plymouth on the southerly side of Massachusetts Bay. Possessing many charming bits of coast and rural scenery, it has also historic associations which are of the most heroic character. Plymouth is the largest township in the State. The landscape is undulating; the hills, if not very lofty, are often quite striking on account of their abruptness. The soil is sandy, and therefore more favor-

able to the growth of pine forests than to agriculture. Wild flowers abound in these woods and among the swamp lands, the arthrusa, the cardinal-flower, the sabbatia (a rare plant of many hues), the xyris, ranunculus, and many others, and last, but not least in worth, the celebrated and exquisitely delicate May-flower, which is not, however, as some suppose, confined to Plymouth County, for it is a flourishing denizen of the whole of New England. The township of Plymouth is fairly inlaid with lakes of all sizes, and so numerous it is fabled that there is one for every day in the year. The most interesting of these is named the Billington Sea, after one of the Pilgrims, who first discovered it from the top of a high tree. There still the eagle soars above the placid lake, or screams from his eyrie in the cliff, as when Massasoit and King Philip fashioned and shot arrows feathered from his
ing her name, Wildeve had fiDDg tAlward

enstacia a glance which said, plainly, “I
have punished you now.” She had replied,
in a low tone, and he little thought how
truly. “You mistake; it gives me sincerest
pleasure to see her your wife to-day.”

THE POETRY OF INDIANS.

The Indians have no books, and their
history is wholly oral. The tales and
traditions handed down from father to son
are the only connecting link between the
present and the past. It is the songs, cere­
monies, and poetry of the Indians that form
their principal history. The difficulty of
rendering these songs will be apparent to
every one, when it is remembered that the
Indian has no grammar or well-defined
sounds in his language. Motion of the
hands and gutturals constitute much of his
tongue, and these, of course, are not easily
defined on paper. There is, however, some­
ting to be gleaned in the field of Indian
poetry, though the task is so difficult that
one may well undertake it with feelings of
hesitation, for never was a subject more in­
tricate.

The clouds, the sun, moon, stars, storms,
the lightnings, the voice of the thunder—
these are the fruitful themes that fill the
savage soul with song, and from which he
draws symbols in his chants and stories.

War, love, and the chase burst from his
lips in weird music, but it is impossible to
reduce to metre and connect the flashes of
his genius. His monosyllables, his eye, the
nod of his head and waving of hands—all
these are potential in his song, and mean
more than mere words. Viewed in this
light, the winds have voices, the leaves of
the trees utter a language, and even the
earth is animated with a crowd of unseen
but beautiful spirits. Hence many of the
Indian songs are accompanied with intan­
gible music that can neither be caught nor
written.* No two languages could be more
dissimilar than Indian and English, and it
is only the meanest kind of Indian poetry
that can be caught and set to words of our
tongue.

The Indian girl dancing before her war­
or utters not a word, yet she clearly con­
veys the meaning of her dance.† Would
she have him go to the chase, she skips
like a deer, pointing with outstretched
hands to the imagined flying game, and
finally, after circling and heading him,
launches the fatal spear that is to slay
him.‡ Would she have him go to war, with
slow and measured step the preparations
are made, arrows headed, placed in the
quiver, and she briskly marches away.§

Presently the enemy is seen and the fight
begins; then the enemy flies, is overtaken,
and, snatching an arrow from her lover’s
quiver, she fires it through the heart of the
imaginary foe, and while he lies bleeding
at her feet she imitates the removing of the
scalp; and placing it in triumph at her belt,
the dance is ended. All this is done with­
out uttering a word, yet every motion of
that wild savage fantasia is clearly intelli­
gible, and through it the warrior learns the
will of his mistress in language more pow­
erful and exciting than mere words.

So it is of Indian song; the motion forms
the poetry, and the words are but the dull
filling up of a mystical and beautiful con­
ception. How shall we translate such a
language? It is impossible, and we can at
best only gather the chaff, leaving the gold­
en grain to be imagined—to be heard like
the sighing of winds, the whispering of
leaves, but never to be reduced to the
dull theory of created matter and material
form.

In time of war Indians pay great atten­
tion to the flight of birds,” and hence fre­
quent allusions are made to them in their
battle songs. If the bird is carnivorous, and
flies toward the enemy, it indicates that the
party will be victorious from which it flies,
and that the bird has gone to pick the bones
of the foes they are to slay in battle. It is
thus the Sioux sing when they see the flight
of eagles toward their enemies:

The eagles scream on high,
They whet their forked beaks.
Raise, raise the battle cry,
To fame our leader seeks.

Or if it is desired to arouse their young men
to deeds of noble daring, they cry:**

The birds of the brave take flight round the sky,
They cross the enemy’s line:
Pull happy are I that my body shall lie
Where brave men love to die.

Bah-bam-wa-zehig-equa, the Indian poet,
Wrote a song on “The Frog in Spring,”
which, if it could be rendered into good
English, would undoubtedly equal some of
Tom Hood’s or Edgar A. Poe’s best produc­
tions. In blank verse it runs thus:

See how the white spirit presses us—
Presses us—presses us, heavy and long—
Presses down to the frost-bitten earth.
Also! you are heavy, ye spirits so white;
Also! you are cold, you are cold, you are cold.

Ah! cease, shining spirits that fell from the skies—
Ah! cease so to crush us and keep us in dread.

Ah! when will ye vanish, and spring-time return?

This song, by a slight transposition of the
original language, may also be rendered into
metre, and made to read as follows:

Robed in his mantle of snow from the sky,
See how the white spirit presses our breast;
Heavily, coldly, the masses they lie;
Sighing and panting, we struggle for breath.

* Old Indian Traditions, by Schoolcraft.
† Belden’s Letters.
‡ Schoolcraft’s Book of Indians.
† Father De Smet on Indian ceremonies.
§ Old Indian Traditions, by Schoolcraft.
† Belden’s Life with the Sioux Indians.
the cabin of Shingebris, who, knowing of his coming, had a roaring fire on his hearth, and when Winter knocked at his door, he said, quite blithely, “Come in, Sir.” The god entered, and did his best to freeze Shingebris, but he only poked the fire, and never minded him. Finally, Winter, finding unless he made off he should be melted, with tears in his eyes cried out, “Egad, I can not stand this! I am roasting!” and began his retreat, when Shingebris struck up his song of defiance:

Windy god, I know your plan:  
You are but my fellow-man;  
Blow you may your coldest breeze,  
Shingebris you can not freeze;  
Sweep the strongest breeze you can,  
Shingebris is still your man.  
Heigh for life, and ho for blins!  
Who so free as Shingebris?

What conception could be more beautiful or more typical of the Indian in his lodge and by the side of his warm fire defying the cold blasts of winter?

Waub Ojee, a Chippewa chief, composed the following war-song in commemoration of his expedition against the Sioux, and to encourage his warriors to again go on the war-path:

On that day when our heroes lay low, lay low—  
On that day when our heroes lay low,  
I fought by their side, and thought ere I died  
Just vengeance to take on the foe, the foe—  
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

On the day when our chieftains lay dead, lay dead—  
On that day when our chieftains lay dead,  
I fought hard to hand at the head of my band,  
And here on my breast I have bled, have I bled—  
And here on my breast have I bled.

Our chiefs shall return no more, no more—  
Our chiefs shall return no more,  
Nor their brethren of war, who can show ddr for a car,  
Like women their fate I shall deplore.  
And here on my breast I have bled.

Below I shall give some extracts of Indian songs literally translated:

**Indian...** (Ningah peendegay alndahysig  
**English...** I will walk into some one's dwelling.

**Indian...** (Ningah peendegay alndahysig  
**English...** I will walk into somebody's house.

**Indian...** (Non dah debik ningah peendigay  
**English...** My sweetheart is in that house;  
I will walk in in the night.

**Indian...** (Nenemohsin nondenah pebon  
**English...** My sweetheart, in the winter  
I shall walk into your lodge.

**Indian...** (Nondah tiibik ningah peendigay  
**English...** This night I will walk into your lodge.

The meaning of this in English is at first

* Indian god.  
† Okógis, God of Spring.
somewhat obscure, but in the Indian tongue it is very clear. The lover at first indicates that he is in love with some one, or, as he expresses it, "will walk into somebody's house." Then he delicately states whose house it will be; and in the third verse, as if ashamed, he says he will come in the night. In the fourth verse he becomes more bold, and says he will come in winter, and finally he declares he will come that very night. This is making love with a vengeance, and to a white maiden such a serenade would be very alarming, but to the dusky maid of the forest each note is sweetest music and a welcome sound.

Wi ha ya dinawido
Wi ha ya dinawido
Wi ha ya dinawido
Wi ha ya dinawido
Ki-a-wa-wo-yo.
Ozam gosha Kiwawa nishkon E-do
Kikomas nings nadin
Kikomas nungo nadin
Gosha-wo-yo.

This can not be easily rendered into either English poetry or prose, though it is a very amusing song in the Indian tongue. The substance of it is that a lover no longer loved his mistress, because she walked with her toes turned in, or, in other words, was somewhat reel-footed. He positively announces that he is going to hunt up her clothing, and that when he brings it to her she must pack off about her business and not bother him. This may be dull enough in English, but in Indian it is quite as lively as "Shoo, fly, don't bother me," and indeed sounds very much like it, the words being constantly repeated in the same absurd manner:

She walks, she walks, she walks,
She walks with her toes turned in;
She walks, she walks, she walks,
She walks with her toes turned in, etc.

Repetition is one of the peculiarities of Indian song, and we find a fond girl thus lamenting her lover:

Ya-Nindenennon, Ya-Nindenennon
Ya-Nindenennon, Nitchawiyin
Nanluouhen-win
Jibl, Akking-win, Pinieedoogo.

Which may be rendered:

Alas! I think,
Alas! I think,
Alas! I think,
Oh, how I think of him!
Of my dear lover
In the land of dreams.
Does he hunt or roam?
Oh! it sets me thinking
Of my dear lover
In the land of dreams,
Where he is roaming.

Again:

Indenalndum makow weyah
Nindemadum
Pabbeasun nekemanakonning
Whabi miqesun nenemoeahin
Nindenalndum, etc., etc., etc.

Which, rendered into literal English, reads:

"Ah me! when I think of him,
My sweetheart!
As he embarked to return
He put white wampum round my neck,
And said, I'll soon be back again.
Shall I go to you, my sweetheart?
Shall I go to your native land?
Alas! it is far away, sweetheart—
Far away is your native land.
When I look back where we parted,
Where he stood looking at me,
On a tree that had fallen by the water,
And my sweetest gazed at me,
Alas! how I think of him!
Alas! how I fret and pine!
Alas! how I think of him,
The sweetest that was mine!

Or again:

Nyan nin de naldum
Nyan nin de naldum
Nakow e yaun in slang e ug
Nakow e yaun in slang e ug
Nakow e yaun in slang e ug
Nyan inandah man nin
Nyan inandah man nin
Makow e yaun in
Kaw e go yaun bim
NYan, etc., etc.

Pan oje mld kan we jf win
Nie je in ain dum
Nakow e yaun in
Nyan nin de naldum
Makow," etc., etc.

Which, in literal language, we read as follows:

Oh dear, thinks I,
Oh dear, thinks I,
Of him whom I remember,
Of him whom I remember.
Oh dear, when my mind thinks,
Oh dear, when my mind thinks
What was said to me
When I was left behind!

When he came and put his hands around my neck,
I'll go with you, my heart replied,
But my lips were still,
And now I can only think of him.

The following is a Chippewa war-song:

Oehawamong undausewauk
Panniseewug ke balm walwe dawug-ig.
Todatbe penisseewauk
Kedow waw yewun.
Newabenan noewan
Newabenan noewan.

In English:

From the South they come,
The birds, the warlike birds, with sounding wings.
I wish I could change myself
To the body of that swift bird.
I'd throw my body in the strife—
I'd throw my body in the strife.

The warrior speaks to the bird, and says:

"Nanakawe penesewauk"
("From time to time I dwell in a bird").

The bird replies:

"Kenakoomln noxle"
("I answer thee, my son-in-law").

The corn-husking season is one of great hilarity among the semi-civilized Indians, and many young people meet together at
social huskings. On such occasions if a young female finds a red ear of corn, it is indicative that she has a brave sweetheart, and she must present it to the warrior she likes best. If, however, the ear is crooked, or tapering to a point, the whole circle is set in a roar, and it is considered the image of an old man thief who enters life with hers. "Wa-ge-min! wa-ge-min!" is then shouted by all, and the whole merry troop sets up the corn-song:

Wa-ge-min wa-ge-min
Palmosaid
Wa-ge-min wa-ge-min
Palmosaid.
Bakan Kewalzea
Ko saugtezwee.
Wa-ge-min wa-ge-min
Kinalowid
Wa-ge-min wa-ge-min.
Ninah nugamood.

Which, being liberally rendered, would read:

Crooked ear, crooked ear,
Walker at night;
Stop, little old man,
And take not to flight.
Crooked ear, crooked ear,
Stand up strong;
Little old crooked man,
I'll give you a song.

The Cherokees have a song of friendship, which in their language reads thus:

"Kan-ah-lh ne ne was to
Yai ne no wai al e noo ho
Tl mi tan na Xial ne was tu
Yai ne wai E-noo wai hoo.
You resemble a friend of mine,
And you look like a friend to me;
I think that we are brothers kind,
And brothers we will be.

There is a beautiful little song in the Chippewa language which is full of pathos and rhyme, and which the little children in their presence of their parents, resounding with the delight of the river to get a full view of the players and hear their songs. A group of children were at play gambling and chasing the fire-flies, millions of which little insects filled the air, making the plain to literally sparkle with phosphorescent light. The following are the words which they addressed to the insect:

"Wan wan tay see!
Waa wan tay see!
E-sow e shin
Tae he bwan ne bann e wee
Bee eghaam-be eghaam-e wee
Wa wan tay see
Wa wan tay see
We sa koon sin je gun
We sa koon sin ja gun."

Literally translated, they would read:

Pittling white fire-fly,
Waving white fire-bug,
Give me light to go to bed,
Give me light to go to sleep.

Or, by a slight transposition of the words in the original language, Mr. Goodrich has made them read, when rendered in free translation:

Fire-fly! fire-fly! bright little thing,
Light me to bed while my song I sing;
Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,
That I may merrily go to my bed;
Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may joyfully go to my sleep.

Come, little fire-fly, come, little beast,
Come, and I'll make you to-morrow a feast;
Come, little candle, that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairy bug, night's little king;
Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along;
Come, and I'll pay you, my bug, with a song.

The following is the Twenty-third Psalm, written in both the English and Indian (Algonquin) tongues:

Mar te660 ntkpensanbikoo
Shiepeolo nanaak Monedo
Nuseepsenwalik elkoshquey
Nataku ontopagod.—
The Lord is my shepherd, and I'll not want;
The Lord is my shepherd, and I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie;
In pastures green He leadeth me,
The quiet waters by.
Nagun nakteteahog koonoh
Watominhkinh wok wok
Natakoonuut ut sampo waay
Nowutch owenkook.—
My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Toen for His own name's sake.
Wutonkanhamut pomusahon
Numpouak oumsiuhoee
Weskheutseuk mo nukquil tamoo
Nowutch kawetomah.
Wopkogkomunk Kutanwobon
Niahe nenehickyqog
Ko nooche hkaa anquabettii
Wone nummatwomog.—
Yes, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
Kesansaquumum nampkkhuk
Weetepummeec napshe
Wonk wo Monedo no-tallamwutch
Pomponstudbep han.—
My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes,
My head Thou dostet with all anoint,
And my cup overflows.
Ntenyounk monaneetonk
Netasqkonkqonkesh
Tobabekis pomtanam wemt Monedo
Micheen natiai plak.—
Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

It will be observed that in rendering the above example from the sacred writings into Indian the figure 8 is used set horizontally. There is a peculiar sound in the Indian tongue that no letter of the English alphabet will express, and to express this Elliot first used the figure 8, and his example has been ever since followed. All other savage sounds can be expressed by the letters of
the alphabet. I shall conclude these examples from Indian poetry by giving a verbatim translation of an Indian hymn that was much in use a few years ago among the Chippewa Indians:

Ever let pety and prayer
Be the rule of our lives,
The Great Spirit alone,
Alone let us love.

All evil living of mankind,
All, all that’s bad or weak—
All evil living, as a tainted wind,
All, let us all forsake.”

IN A STORM.

The rain was drizzling out of a damp heaven as if a cloud were driving toward us and breaking over us; the wind, which had risen at daylight, was swelling with every succeeding blast; and the river was rolling in whitecaps. Still, there was no question of laying the boat by when our party from the hills came down and went aboard with much ado and merry-making.

The Huntress was a river craft that made connection at Desbars, the little port on the bay at the river’s mouth, with the sea boat that would take us by a farther voyage to our journey’s end. Indeed, the Huntress was not much of an affair anyway, and the accommodations were such that we all preferred to remain above, even in the rain, being well protected in gosamer rubber, high boots, and all the modern improvements.

We were a gay party, who had been amusing ourselves, as travelling companions do, with reading and fancy-work, flirtation and scandal. Among others we numbered Mrs. Howison, the doyenne of the party, who gave it the girls, Miss Evans, possibly, the most two youths who hung upon our verge, as Belle said, not of us, yet not against us. Of the girls, Miss Evans was, perhaps, the most beautiful, yet Miss Murray, with her clear, dark, colorless face, and the great gray eyes, faultless features, and dark hair, and with her manner of proud reserve, stimulated curiosity and interest considerably more. Tall, and perhaps too stately, with her silence and her haughty ways, she impressed you as one with a history; yet when I had been with her one day more than usual, Mrs. Howison begged to assure me that people often lost caste by associating with the commonplace, and that Miss Murray was only Mrs. Cameron’s companion, engaged to relieve Lucia from the trouble of reading and playing to her mother. “Not one of us at all, my dear, but a few steps above the servants,” said the good Dame Howison. “She is an excellent person in her place, but Mrs. Cameron herself knows next to nothing about her, although she has employed her for nearly six years; so, you see, my dear,” said the doyenne. And her authority perhaps added a sting to the general behavior of the maids and mastrous in this regard.

Yet Belle Evans was also not without interest to the impartial view, the more as she carried on a love affair and a flirtation at the same time, her engagement with John Cameron having lately been broken, and her heart with it, it was understood, which fragmentary condition of her system she was supposed to be concealing by the disguise of pleasure in Colonel Bates’s society, Colonel Bates being the next friend of John Cameron himself. As for Lucia, Miss Marvin, and the rest, doubtless some portion of the world would have missed them had they suddenly dropped out of it. Such as we were, we had passed some pleasant days together, for even although Belle, every day more distracting, drove Cameron to the beginning of despair by her behavior with Colonel Bates—who was blindly convinced that he only did his friend good service in keeping her from worse mischief—and Cameron reduced Belle to the same pass by the exasperating indifference with which he viewed her conduct, yet such sweet sorrow seemed better to them apparently than any common experience of joy, and they did their best to prolong and accentuate it. “It is better than a novel; it is as good as a play,” said I once to Miss Murray, for, in spite of Dame Howison, we had somehow taken to each other, “for here are the actors living and real before you,” and I remember catching her eye again when she smiled despondently at me, although somewhat too indifferent concerning the shrubs and blossoms with which young Black was loading her just then to smile at all.

“You look like Birnam Wood,” Belle had cried.

“And feel as if Dunsinane were at the ends of the earth,” she had answered.

And Sally Marvin, then looking Miss Murray over from head to foot, talked afterward to Lucia, as she always did on such opportunity, with an odd sort of insolent laughter between the syllables. The color came to Miss Murray’s face; but she never noticed any thing of the kind, not even thanking Belle by a glance when the latter resented her affronts. It was not frequently, indeed, that she was positively affronted, but commonly that she was completely ignored. It seemed to make small odds to her. She reminded you of some one who, being in life, must get through it, but looked for no pleasure in it, scorning the disdain of women, and indifferent to the admiration of men.