

IN-COW-MAS-KET



STRATTON MOIR



I goodfellow
from
J. S. Allison

85 years old. 18th August. 1929.

23th August. 1929.

IN-COW-MAS-KET

BY
STRATTON MOIR.



CHICAGO.
SCROLL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
1900

Copyrighted, 1900,
By STRATTON MOIR.

I.
IN-COW-MAS-KET.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

A POEM OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY a rapid flowing river
In-cow-mas-ket built his dwelling,
Called it by the name Chu-chu-e-waa; *fr. -ha a.*
There his kinsmen dwelt beside him,
In their circular mat houses,
Made from bark of fragrant cedar.
With him dwelt his aged grandsire,
Now sightless, helpless and infirm;
But his mental eyes were opened,
Things he saw which others see not,—
And men loved him for his wisdom.
In the lodge of In-cow-mas-ket
Lived his first wife Sem-min-at-coe;
She was plain in face and figure,
She had borne him many children,
And she was now no longer young;
In-cow-mas-ket's aged grandsire
Tenderly she loved and cherished,
When the men had gone a hunting,—
When the young men left the village,
Then she would lay him in the sun,
On a pile of soft warm bearskins.
She would sit and work beside him,
While he told her wondrous stories
Of the men and of the creatures
That lived in days long past and gone;
Stories told him by his father,
Old even then, when he was young;

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

How the rapid flowing river
Once but a tiny brook had been;
How the earth once shook and trembled
When the Father in stern anger
Reft the solid rock in twain,—then
The deep lake pent in the mountains,
Down—downward dashed to join the stream,
Tore its way on through the valley
And formed the great Similk-ameen.
Madly dashing, like a wild horse,
That hath broke its curbing rein, it
Rushes swiftly, tearing downward,
Swells Columbia, joins the main.

How one time upon the mountain,
Where he had gone to hunt the deer,
He had lost his band of horses,
Amidst the mountain's summer snow.
For though warm and bright the weather,
Without a warning rose a storm.
Suddenly across the mountains
There swept a gust of freezing wind,
Driving lead-grey clouds before it;
Then suddenly the snow came down
Burying the men and horses;
Vainly did he try to save them.
He tried himself to break a road,
With his snow-shoes went before them,
Sinking—still sinking deeply down;
Ever wallowing before them,
Weaken'd, starving, stumbling after,
On came his poor dejected band,
Ever getting weaker, fewer—
Until at last but one remained;

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

He, a sturdy dark gray stallion.

The grandsire sang of Chippaco:

“Once upon the Mount Chippaco
There lived a monster grim and dread,
Awful as that dreadful mountain
When thunder clouds enveil its head.
Awful was his devilish laughter
And fierce and scornful was his ire,
When he found men on his mountain
Where he hides 'midst clouds and fire.
Women had he taken captive
And kept them on that mountain lone;
Men he mocked with fiendish laughter
Who sought to take the women home.”

Sem-min-at-coe smiling listened
To all the wondrous tales he told.

In the lodge of In-cow-mas-ket
Lived his young wife little Chin-chin.
She was famous for her beauty,
For her lithe and slender figure,
And for her large and lustrous eyes.
In-cow-mas-ket gave her father
Many horses, many kine, all
For this beauteous dark-eyed maiden;
But she loved not In-cow-mas-ket,
She cherished not his old grandsire,
Thought of nothing but her beauty,
Cared for nothing but her pleasure.
Mounted on her fiery broncho
See, see her dashing o'er the hills,

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Driving in her herds of cattle,
And laughing—jesting with the boys.
Snatching at a long 'reata,
She swings it lightly o'er her head,
Lassoos, catches, overthrows one,
Laughing she gives her horse his head;
Shouts as on he swiftly gallops,
She makes him yet more madly run;
What cares she for Sem-min-at-coe,
Now toiling, working hard at home?
What cares she if Sem-min-at-coe
Does the work she has left undone?
Sem-min-at-coe tans the buckskins,
Gets the wood and gets the water,
Dries the berries, smokes the venison;
She, too, prepares the daily food.
Little Chin-chin braids her tresses,
Bedecks herself in gay attire,
Smokes her dainty cigarettos,
And lounges idle in the sun;
In-cow-mas-ket dares remonstrate,
Then little Chin-chin pouts and frowns.

When the winter snows were melting
From the forest and the mountain,
From the hills and from the valley,
And when the streams began to rise,
In-cow-mas-ket hunted beaver;
Set his traps in swampy meadows,
He set them by the beaver dams,
Stretched their skins on bended willows,
Kept their tails for little Chin-chin.
When the winter snow was melted
By the south wind's balmy breath, then

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

In-cow-mas-ket hunted grizzly
Just waking from their winter sleep;
Near their dwelling place he found them
Close to the mountain's rocky caves.
In-cow-mas-ket slew the grizzly;
He took the meat, he took the skin,
Saved the paws for dainty Chin-chin.
In-cow-mas-ket hunted red deer
In the mountains, in the valleys;
Chin-chin gaily rode beside him,
With his long musket on her knee,
Cheer'd him with her lively prattle.
In a hollow of the mountain,
Where feeding, sheltered from the sun,
They would find large herds of red deer,
Pretty Chin-chin held the horses
While In-cow-mas-ket shot the deer.
When at eve returning homeward,
With their weary horses laden,
They were met by young Pen-que-nac,
Good Sem-min-at-coe's darling child,
Young Pin-que-nac on her pinto,
With her fierce wolf hound by her side,
Safe was she in the protection
Of her great noble guardian hound.
In-cow-mas-ket loved the maiden
Dearer than all the world beside,
Even more than pretty Chin-chin;
Like her mother Sem-min-at-coe
She was gentle, she was kind; thus
All who knew her ever loved her
For her goodness and her beauty.
Fair, fair was In-cow-mas-ket's child,
And her lovely flowing tresses

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Fell about her like a garment,
And her dark eyes beamed with beauty.

In the long, long days of summer,
When the warm rays of the sun had
Ripened the mountain berries,
And the trout forsook the river
To ascend the tribute streams, then
In-cow-mas-ket left the valley
And encamped upon the mountain;
Coming from the narrow valley
See, see the motley cavalcade.
In a cloud of dust enshrouded
Comes a herd of bellowing kine;
Calves are bleating for their mothers,
And cows are lowing for their young,
Through the dust and bleating tumult
Loud the drivers' whips are cracking!
Now a band of driven horses,
Quickly pass along the road; then
After them rides Sem-min-at-coe,
Close carrying her youngest child.
And beside her young Hosachtem
Upon a broncho fresh and wild.
Gaily young Hosachtem chatters;
He spurs his horse, then holds him in,
Makes him buck to fright his mother.
Kind Pen-que-nac on her pinto,
Holds fast the grandsire's guiding rein;
Bounds her faithful hound beside her.
Spurring on comes In-cow-mas-ket
With pretty Chin-chin by his side.
Thus they all pass from the valley.

Happy now the summer passeth

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

In gathering berries, drying fish.
Sem-min-at-coe, never idle,
Now gathers in the winter food;
Kind Pen-que-nac helps her mother
In all her pleasant daily toil.

Happy now is young Hosachtem
Close watching by a mountain tarn,
Hid behind a clump of willows.
How his dark eyes brightly sparkle,
As the wild ducks skim the water
And whirling settle lightly down.
See him crawling nearer, nearer,
While the wild ducks unconscious feed;
See one rising in the water,
Flaps about its dripping wings. See
Young Hosachtem lifts his musket,
And loudly now the mountains ring
With a hundred thousand echoes,
As every rock flings back the sound,
Hal a teal falls in the water!
See—all the flock are on the wing!
Hark! again the mountains echo
Thus the summer day he passeth.
Autumn vying with the summer
Bedecks the mountains and the hills
With bright tints of many colors,
Crimson sumac, golden maple,
Mock summer sunset's brightest hues.
Autumn mists begin to gather
From out the marshy mountain fens,
Where the dams made by the beaver
Block the cold snow-born mountain stream.
From the noxious exhalations

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Of the foul marshy mountain fen,
All unseen there rose a spirit,
That slowly draws the life from men,
While unconsciously they sleep. This
Spirit foul and awful fasten'd
Upon young Hosachtem, and preyed
Upon his life unseen. Larger,
Brighter grew his dark eyes, glowing
With consuming fires, kindled by
That baneful spirit; and redder,
Brighter flushed his young cheek with the
Hectic hue of fever; ever
Happy, ever heedless, the young
Hosachtem hardly knew that there
Was anything the matter; but he
Daily thinner grew. Ah! little
Dreamed he the dread foul one, preying
On his vitals hung; he only
Said, "I am weary," and to
His kindly mother closely clung.
Sem-min-at-coe, ever watchful,
Too soon observed the coming change;
Gather'd herbs and made him medicine:
But the foul one still remained. Then
Thinner, weaker grew Hosachtem,
And he wearied of the mountains,
And much he longed to be at home;
Longed once more to see the valley
And the rapid flowing river,
Fast rolling past his native home.

In-cow-mas-ket kindly yielded
To the wishes of his child. Then
Once more they descend the mountain,

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Down the rough narrow trail they ride,
Slowly now they journey homeward.
Hosachtem's flick'ring spirits rise;
His sad eyes begin to sparkle
As he sees up in the skies, far,
Far above, an eagle soaring,
With a mannot in its talons.
"Father, shoot me down that eagle,"
Low laughing gaily now he cries;
"I would deck my head with feathers."
In-cow-mas-ket shot the eagle.
The young Hosachtem gaily decked
His dark hair with downy feathers
Torn from out the scarce dead eagle;
And he seemed so bright and joyous
That Sem-min-at-coe scarcely knew
Whether he were worse or better.
All too soon his brightness faded,
And weary grew he all too soon.
"Father, camp at Looloo-hooloo;
Oh mother, surely it is noon!"
They encamped at Looloo-hooloo,
Where the red earth with hollow groan
Echoes back each sounding footstep,
Just like a prisoned spirit's moan.
Grieved at heart was Sem-min-at-coe
Whene'er she looked upon her child,
Fading like a summer blossom
In the chilly blast of autumn.
In-cow-mas-ket's aged grandsire
Ever thoughtful, ever wise, knew
Her kind heart was sorely troubled;
He read it in her mournful voice;
And he spake to In-cow-mas-ket,

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Half in sorrow, half in anger,
"Wherefore are thine eyes so blinded,
That thou seest not thy boy is
Wasting as the snow in summer
Melts fast before the burning sun,
When the noontide rays refulgent
Shine strong upon the mountain peaks?
Bid thy young men bring a doctor;
Now bid thy young men ride and bring
A doctor from Columbia.
Bid them promise all he asketh,
If he hasteth back in time to
Drive away the awesome spirit
That consumeth young Hosachtem!"

When the old man thus reproved him
In-cow-mas-ket bow'd low his head,
Leaning silent on his musket,
Listened sadly to his grandsire.
When the old man finished speaking
Then In-cow-mas-ket turned him round.
"Mount ye, Toupes, and mount ye, Whylac,
Ride ye quickly if ye love me;
Oh, draw not bridle, spare not steed!
Haste ye, Toupes, and haste ye, Whylac,
For young Hosachtem's sore in need
Of the mighty wise old doctor.
Bid him come and chase the spirit
So foul and awful that doth cling,
Drawing life from young Hosachtem.
I will give him all he asketh—
Give skins and blankets, horses, kine,
If he rescueth Hosachtem,
If he but rideth back in time.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Haste ye, Toupes, and haste ye, Whylac."
In-cow-mas-ket finished speaking.
Then Toupes and Whylac quickly bound
Into their high peaked saddles,
And loud their steel spurs jingling ring
As they onward urged their horses.

Thickly now through all the valley
Fast fall the faded autumn leaves,
Glinting yellow in the sunshine,
Then whirling on the autumn breeze;
And, sure sign of coming winter,
High, high up in the leaden sky,
Throng the flocks of parting wild geese
Uttering their discordant cry,
Massing in a long triangle,
Sinuous, through the sky they glide;
Following their eager leader,
See how their serried ranks divide;
On in single file they flutter,
And from all their wavering ranks
Comes a ceaseless endless clatter,
As fast they journey to the south.

While encamped at Looloo-hooloo
Young Hosachtem seemed to rally.
"Father, take me to Chuchuewaa,
Oh, take me while I yet can ride."
Once again they journey homeward,
Sad, with the slowly dying boy
Mounted on Pin-que-nac's pinto;
Mounted on before his mother
He rested in her loving arms,
With his head upon her bosom.
Thus they journey to Chuchuewaa.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

When they neared the little village
All his dear playmates trooping came
To meet their much loved little friend;
Then his sad face lights with pleasure,
Quickly he claps his poor thin hands.
"Oh, my mother, see them—see them,
With their bows and with their arrows.
Oh, mother, mother, how I long
To join them in their merry play,
In their mimic games of hunting."

Sadly did Hosachtem's parents
Wait the coming of the doctor.
They watched and waited night and day,
Ever hoping for his coming,
And for their messenger's return.
Every night did kind Penquenac
Watch beside her brother's bed; she
Wiped the great drops from his forehead
Shook his pillow, propped his poor head.
Hark! a sound of horse hoofs ringing
On the damp, chilly, midnight air!
Hark! a shout, 'tis Toupes and Whylac
Fast returning with the doctor.
Quickly bring the pitch pine torches!
See—see from out the awesome gloom,
Of the dark and starless midnight,
Spurring on their jaded horses,
Comes a group of weary horsemen.

Welcome! welcome! wise old doctor,
Now thou hast come a weary road.
Welcome! welcome! Toupes and Whylac,
Enter, enter and refresh ye;
Enter ye now and take repose.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Much thou need'st thy strength, old doctor,
Hard and fiercely must thou struggle
With the foul spirit that doth cling,
Drawing life from young Hosachtem.

Potent was the wise old doctor,
And he labored hard and long to
Drive the foul one from Hosachtem;
But the foul one was too strong, he
Threw the doctor when they wrestled,
He threw him far and threw him hard.
And he nearly slew the doctor
With his foul fiery baneful breath.
Vainly did the doctor charm him
With powerful herbs and potent spells;
Naught would make him leave Hosachtem.
See the wise, the strong old doctor,
Lying on a couch of pine brush,
Fainting, weary and exhausted.
Then he cried to In-cow-mas-ket,
"Thou canst keep thy skins and blankets,
Keep thou thy horses—keep thy kine;
I am strong to fight with spirits
I am subtile, I am wise; but
Now my wisdom is as folly,
For now in naught can I prevail
'Gainst the foul and evil spirit
That doth cling to young Hosachtem."

In-cow-mas-ket loved Hosachtem;
His heart grew sick and cold when he
Heard the words of the old doctor,
And he called to Toupes and Whylac,
"Haste and ride ye to the mountains,
From the far mountains haste and bring

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

My near kinsmen Cos-o-tasket,
Who is strong to fight with spirits."

Quick they hie them to the mountains
On their swiftly bounding steeds; whence
They bring back Cos-o-tasket, near
Kinsman to their chief, Cos-o-tasket,
Who is strong to fight with spirits;
Cos-o-tasket great and powerful;
Cos-o-tasket, wise though young, full
Of strange, weird, unearthly knowledge.
Glowing eyes had Cos-o-tasket,
Full of strength and full of power;
Thin and spare was Cos-o-tasket,
Lithe and limber his slight frame. His
Nights were spent in eerie vigils
In the dark lonely mountain caves;
Well knew he the powers of nature,
He knew them in their own abodes;
Well knew he the viewless spirits
That throng the mountains' misty peaks;
And well knew he the fitting ghosts
That at still midnight leave their graves;
Yet his heart was stout and fearless
And he spake to In-cow-mas-ket,
His nearest kinsman and his chief.

"Thou hast called me from the mountains,
Where alone in awful might
I held commune with strange spirits,
That must ever shun the light;
At thy bidding, In-cow-mas-ket,
I come with strength and power;
I will struggle with the foul one
And chase the clouds that lower

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Thickly, darkly, o'er Hosachtem.
Keep thou thy skins and blankets
Keep thou thy horses, keep thy kine;
Naught ask I, do not think it:
My chief, my labor it is thine."

Like a panther Cos-o-tasket
Lightly on Hosachtem springs,
And he tears away the foul one
That tight to Hosachtem clings
And they wrestle and they struggle,
And they stagger round and round,
And they strike and beat each other,
Till they both fall on the ground
Where they struggle yet more fiercely.
But through all that fearful fight,
Through the mad exhausting struggle,
Doth the foul one shun the light
From the eyes of Cos-o-tasket,
For there lay his strength and power:
With his dark eyes wildly gleaming
He could make the demons cower.
Thus on they fiercely struggled
Through all the day and through the night;
And brighter as they struggled
Beamed the baneful burning light
From the eyes of Cos-o-tasket.
The foul one shrieked in anguish,
Quick as he caught the fearful gleam,
And his strength began to languish;
Then he lured him near and nearer
To the embers of the fire,
Then, whirling like a whirlwind,
With his aspect stern and dire,

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

As to awe the fearless doctor,
 Stooping, raises with his wings
The hot ashes and the embers;
 Catching Cos-o-tasket, flings
The hot dust into his bright eyes,
 So quenching the flame that shone
With such living force and brightness,
 Making the foul spirit moan.
Then they struggle more and more,
 Till brave Cos-o-tasket vanquished
Sinks exhausted on the floor
 Of In-cow-mas-ket's dwelling.

Then cried brave Cos-o-tasket:
 "O, my kinsman, oh, my chief,
I am beaten, I am vanquished,
 And my heart is sick with grief.
I have struggled, I have wrestled,
 I have striven with all my power
To avert from young Hosachtem
 The sad agonizing hour,
That shall free his youthful spirit
 From the form that holds it now;
But the great Father hath spoken,
 And to him we all must bow.
He alone can tame this foul one,
 Alone can give the power
That can drive him from Hosachtem
 And avert the dreadful hour.
When thou called me from the mountains
 And the caves so dark and dim,
I heard the call, I lingered not,
 But I came in hopes to win
The fierce fight against the foul one.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Yet who living can withstand
The Great Father? for the foul one
Now but fulfills his great command.
Now return I to the mountains,
I return now to the caves,
To hold commune with the spirits
That at midnight leave their graves."

Sternly winter cometh, riding
On the whirlwind's biting blast;
Nature, shivering, draws her mantle
Of the softest whitest down
Closer o'er her freezing bosom;
Softly sweet sleep overpowers her
Nestling 'neath its kindly folds;
Although nature is but sleeping
One might almost deem her dead,
And in spotless snow enshrouded.

Through the drear cold days of winter
The young Hosachtem dying lay,
And so worn and wasted was he
That scarcely looked he like a child.
Sem-min-at-coe watched beside him;
And the sorrowing old grandsire
Tried to cheer them with his singing,
Though his voice was weak and wavering;
He sang them stories of his youth.

"Immanchute in hunting grizzly
Once was wounded sorely, sorely.
It was when men had no muskets,
And he took his bow and arrows,
And chased the grizzly to his den
In the rugged Cascade mountains.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

When he shot him with his arrows,
Then the fierce grizzly stood at bay,
Loudly roaring reared upon him
And threw him bleeding to the ground.
But firmly against his body
Closely he held his keen edged knife,
Till he sheathed it in the grizzly—
Aye, sheathed it in his very heart.
While the grizzly closely hugged him
And the warm blood spouted o'er him.
Quickly dying the fierce grizzly
Slowly released his hold; nothing
More could he remember until
His kinsman came, and back into
The valley bore his torn battered
Frame. Long, long he lay in anguish;
Much, much he longed for death; but time,
Time and tender nursing healed him."

Softly sang he of a maiden:
"Fair, fair was Cat-lem-ten-nac,
Who roamed from her father's camp
And went in search of berries;
She lingered and she lingered,
Still she lingered all that day;
At evening she returned not,
When the sun was in the west.
At morning she returned not,
When the sun was in the east.
Her people vainly sought her:
They sought her in the mountains,
They sought her in the prairie,
And they sought her in the woods;
Never, never more they saw her.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

For while far she thoughtless roved
Away from the encampment,
The Great Souie-ap-poo came,
And took away the maiden,
And they saw her ne'er again!"

And he sang of a strange river:

"Midst our mountains is a river
That no man alive hath seen;
Still among the rugged mountains
It pours forth its turgid stream,
And it flasheth and it dasheth,
And it raging tears its way
Through those dark and frowning mountains
Where the evil spirits stray.
And it flasheth and it dasheth,
And it tears down a ravine,
And across a little plateau
Danceth like a bright sunbeam.
Close to the verge of a high cliff
Where, with wild and whirling roar,
It leaps the giddy precipice,
But it dasheth on no more;
For it sinketh, ever sinketh,
Till it sinketh to a fire,
And there in a cloud of vapor
That mad river doth expire.
Once that old man saw that river,
Madly followed down its stream
Through those dark and frowning mountains,
Through that terrible ravine,
Right across that little plateau,
Followed to the frowning height,
The abode of evil spirits

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

That forever shun daylight;
He looked on the whirling water
And his soul was filled with dread;
Then bounding quickly up the pass
Like a deer he wildly fled."

Then he told them how it happened,
When he was like young Hosachtem
And had just seen twelve winters' snows,
That his father took him hunting;
And they went to Ashenola,
And they climbed up the steep sheep hills
To the grassy wild sheep pasture;
And while shooting at the big horn,
Once they came upon a black bear,
With her two young cubs beside her:
Madly they chased her to her lair
In the Ashenola mountains,
And his father's arrows struck her
And when they wounded her to death.
He with his long strong reata
Bound both the savage little cubs;
Then he took them to his home,
Where for many months he kept them,
Until they grew quite tame; then they
Broke the strong reata, swiftly
Sought they their native wilds again.

Thus the old man sought to cheer them
And strove to drive sad thoughts away;
But Hosachtem scarcely listened,
Scarcely moved he his large dark eyes
From the sad face of Pen-que-nac,
Who sadly sat beside his bed,
Holding close their infant brother,

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Who had now just begun to talk
And had learned to lisp "Hosachtem,"
Whene'er he saw the dying boy.
Oh, the pity 'twas to see him
Lying upon his little bed,
With his pinched and shrunken features,
And with his large black lustrous eyes
Looking out from hollow sockets;
Oh, how piteous 'twas to see him,
As he tossed his poor wasted form
Restless on the soft warm bearskins.
As he listless tossed and turned him
Upon his bed of skins, he would
Entwine his poor thin fingers through
The long soft silky hair, and tear
It out in handfuls, for he knew
Not what he did.

And thus it was
Through the dreary winter, that
The young Hosachtem dying lay;
And now overcome by sorrow
Sadly the grandsire bowed his head,
For sorely his heart was troubled
With pity for his piteous plight.

Now on sunbeams slow descending
Smiling cometh gentle spring,
Softly lifts the snowy mantle
Covering nature's frozen form
Bids her bathe her in the sunshine,
Her bright tresses gaily bind;
Bids her deck herself with flowers.
Then breathing balmy zephyrs
Spring passeth gaily through the land.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Brooks, bursting their icy chains,
In her pathway murmur loudly.
The blue grouse drums a welcome,
And the prairie chicken flutters
From its winter's nest of snow,
And the scented elder catkins
Fling their perfume on the breeze,
Drinking in the gentle showers.
The slow swelling buds have burst
Forth from out their winter prison.

The worn spirit of Hosachtem,
Now wearied out with tears and pain,
Burst forth from out its cumb'ring clay,
Left its cell of pain and anguish,
And soar'd to realms beyond men's ken.
Then his parents, left in sorrow,
Felt all the woe of bitter grief.
Much, much they missed, they mourned for
him.

They bore him to their burial place
And, mourning, laid him in the tomb.
Then they left his dust to mingle
With the dust of his forefathers.

Where's the sorrow like the sorrow
That the poor crushed heart breaking feels,
When the form once loved and cherished
Is lonely mouldering in the tomb;
And on earth no more we see it,
Nor hear again the much loved voice
That once made our sweetest music?
Sem-min-at-coe's heart felt breaking,
When sadly she left the silent
Tomb where Hosachtem lay at rest.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

In dreamless sleep beside his sires.
Kind Pin-que-nac led her mother
Sorrowing, grieving, to her home.
Her torn heart was full of anguish;
In the day she ever saw him
Low lying on his couch of pain;
Ever heard his sad voice calling,
"Oh, save me, mother, I would stay."
Through her midnight dreams he floated,
Now an infant, and now a child;
Happy, joyfully he sported
And looking at her sweetly smiled.

II.
QUIN-IS-COE.

QUIN-IS-COE.

PART I.

AH, what aileth our hunter Quin-is-coe,
And wherefore blanched is the cheek of our chief?
Hast thou come from the Mountain Chippaco,
Snow-crowned Chippaco, the bearer of clouds?"

"I have come from the Mountain Chippaco,
Snow-crowned Chippaco that beareth the clouds.
I've seen things that are frightful and awesome,
I've seen strange things that I dare not repeat."

"Why, what fearest our hunter Quin-is-coe,
And is there aught that thou darest not repeat?
We know fear to thy heart is a stranger,
Is it for us that thou fearest, O chief?
Oh, distrust not thy kinsmen, Quin-is-coe,
Their hearts are as stout, aye, as stout as thine own;
Tell them wherefore their chief is affrighted,
Thou, chief, that huntest the grizzly alone.
Quickly tell us, thou hunter Quin-is-coe.
Fain from thy heart would we drive out thy fear,
As the rushing winds, rising tumultuous,
Drive off dark clouds from the face of the moon."

"Ah, I have hunted the grizzly alone,
With my sharp knife have I slain him alone;
Why, say, why, then, should men call me coward?
Will you hear me—hear me, my kinsmen and friends,
Will you hear me and not mock at my fears?"

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

'Twas last night I encamped on the mountain,
Snow-crowned Chippaco, the bearer of clouds.
Just at sunset I slew a callowna,
At night I slept in her yet bloody hide;
My tired horse I tied trembling beside me,
For he liked not the fresh smell of the blood;
And the bear's flesh was piled up between us,
I sought to guard it from fierce mountain wolves.
Black and weird looked the dark mountain shadows
Against the pale light of the moon; neither
That nor the fierce wolves howling could fright me.
I slept;—I slept, but was wakened too soon.
I started, yet what waked me I know not;
But my good horse snorted sudden and loud,
And breaking his reatas leaped o'er me,
And trembling sped with the speed of the wind.
My first thought was to follow, but near me
There stood a form that was awesome and grim.
Souie Appoo, the spirit of evil,
Was devouring—was tearing my bear's meat,
And he laughed as he tore it limb from limb.
Then close wrapped I the bear's skin around me,
And each quick beat of my heart sounded loud.
A thick mist seemed to gather around me,
And just then, methinks, methinks that I died.
But soon life again quickened within me,
And trembling once more I arose and looked,
Fearing to see him; but, no! he had gone,
The great Souie Appoo had gone—had gone;
And with him had taken all my bear's meat.
Then, half dead, I descended the mountain,
Snow-crowned Chippaco, that beareth the clouds,
The dread home of the great Souie Appoo.
Weary, on foot, I have travelled thus far;

QUIN-IS-COE.

My poor horse, too, is lost on the mountain,
Snow-crowned Chippaco, the bearer of clouds.
Say, then, wherefore should men call me coward?
And you, why shame ye with insult your chief?"

Tough and strong is the bow of Quin-is-coe,
Of hard mountain spruce it is made; 'tis tipped
With the horns of a wild goat, glossy and black—
In the sunshine they glitter reflective.
The bow of Quin-is-coe is bound with snake skin,
Even the skin of the fell rattlesnake
Is wrapped round and round Quin-is-coe's strong bow,
For a charm to keep off harm from our chief.
His aged grandsire hath taught him the spell.
Of twisted deer's sinew hath Quin-is-coe
Made a strong string for his magical bow;
Its twang is as one singing sweet music;
In his ear its singing is sweeter far
Than the summer south wind softly sighing.
Straight and swift are his sharp barbed arrows,
Keenly they are pointed, deadly the barb,
The barb of flint for him prepared, at night,
When the young moon in crescent ariseth,
By his grandsire, who in such things is wise.
With his keen arrows hath Quin-is-coe pierced
The heart of the great eagle, as upward
He soared in the sky, to meet the bright sun.
With his deadly arrows hath he struck down
The enche-chim, as boldly he leaped forth
From out the dark woods of pine, on his prey.
The skumahist and the fierce cal-low-na
Have both fallen prone before the arrows
Of Quin-is-coe; yet now even his bow
Is powerless, for where is the keen arrow

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

That can pierce the evil Souie Appoo?
Yet strong, strong is the heart of Quin-is-coe,
Strong, strong is the heart of the hunter chief;
Brave and strong are the hearts of his kinsmen,
His warriors and friends; and loudly they cry:

“We will go to the mountain Chippaco—
Aye, we will go with Quin-is-coe, our chief,
To search for the great Souie Appoo; we will
Bind him with ropes and reatas; we will
Drag him along at our feet—yes, at our feet!”

“Oh, list, list to thy grandsire, Quin-is-coe;
List to the words of the man who is wise;
Seek ye not the high snow-crown'd Chippaco,
Chippaco, mountain of wonder and dread;
Oh, search not for the great Souie Appoo,
Who maketh on that dread mountain his bed.”

Ah, vain, vain is the warning they heed not;
Alas! they heed not the words that are wise!
They have taken their bows and their arrows,
They have taken their ropes and reatas!
And they mock at the great Souie Appoo;
Gaily they mock him as onward they go.
Yes, they've gone to the mountain Chippaco,
Snow-crowned Chippaco, the bearer of clouds.
They will search for the great Souie Appoo,
And then, mayhap, they will find him asleep.
Hal they will drag him in bound at their feet,
Yes, they will drag him in bound at their feet.

Now the storm rageth fierce on the mountain
Chippaco, mountain of wonder and dread;
And loud echoes the terrible thunder,

QUIN-IS-COE.

Lurid flames leap from the curtain of clouds
That envelop the wonderful mountain.
But naught daunteth the soul of Quin-is-coe,
And his brave kinsmen care not for the storm;
They have climbed up the mountain Chippaco
And they have pierced through the gloom of the clouds;
Up above them the sunshine is streaming,
And down below them the thunder is loud.

“Why, what aileth our hunter Quin-is-coe?
And why thus blancheth the cheek of our chief?
Hush! hush! there is the great Souie Appoo!
Hush! look yonder, where he lieth asleep,
Yes, asleep on the mountain Chippaco.
See, his huge form is stretched on the mountain;
Hark! hark his breathing so laboured and loud;
His black face is upturned to the sunshine.”

Yes—see, there on the mountain Chippaco
He lieth unconscious, asleep. His foes
Shout aloud with derision and laughter,
And quickly forward to sieze him they leap;
Then they bind him with ropes and reatas,
Then tight they bind him with thongs made of hide.
Souie Appoo awakens, he sneezeth;
Slowly he stretcheth his long, hairy limbs.
See, they take up their bows and their arrows,
And their sharp darts fly as thick as the hail,
And they strike on the great Souie Appoo,
But like hail from a rock, back they rebound.
Ah, vain, vain are their bows and their arrows.
Great Souie Appoo hath opened his eyes.
Then they jump on the great form before them
And they cling to his long, silky, black hair;

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

He yawneeth, and half sleeping he riseth;
Ropes and reatas are snapped like a thread.
The men that clung to his long, silky curls—
Ah, ah, he lifted them up with his head.
Loosing their hold they roll off him, trembling
They fall to the ground, and Souie Appoo
In scorn shaketh his black, silky ringlets;
His mocking laugh peals out scornful and loud.
Then Quin-is-coe would fain have pursued him;
But, lo! he hid in a dark, thunder cloud
And mingled with the thunder his laughter
Broke loudly forth from the dark, threatening cloud.
Quickly fly they the mountain Chippaco,
Snow-crowned Chippaco that beareth the clouds;
Quickly fly they the great Souie Appoo
Whose mocking laughter is scornful and loud.



PART II.

A wail is rising from the dark valley,
And as it ariseth and ascendeth
The mountains, it swelleth louder, louder!
The voices of nature wake and echo
The lament, and the wooded mountain slopes
Join in the wailing chorus. The chill winds
Of night moan sadly through the straight, dark pines;
The fitting shnee-nas raise their doleful cry,
“Poom-papoom-poom!” The enche-chim, listening
In his deep lair, howls in concert. Harken!
What saith the hooting shnee-na in the dark,
Gloomy wood; what answereth his mate in
The valley, as she resteth on the pole

QUIN-IS-COE.

Of Quin-is-coe's lodge? "Poom-pa-poom-poom!"
List, the shnee-na in the wood is saying,
"I come for you, I come for you!" His mate
In the valley repeats, "I come for you!"
The Indians collected round Quin-is-coe's lodge, sing low.
A sad, low, wailing chant are they singing. "He is going,
He is going; the brave, the mighty, is going from us.
From amongst us is he going, whither his father went.
No more, no more shall our mighty hunter go forth with his
Swift arrows and his bow, with his sharp knife and with his
spears,
No more. Ah! no more shall he pursue the great callowna,
Pursue the great callowna even to her mountain den.
No more, no more, shall his gleaming arrow cleave the clear
air,
As swiftly it wingeth its way to the callowna's heart!
No more, no more, shall his knife be reddened with her life
blood.
Ah! no more shall he bring home the spoils to feast his children,
And soft, soft skins to make a warm bed for the stranger guest!
The grizzly may roam free, and her cubs frolic around her
For he that slew them departeth, and our mighty hunter
Goeth forth to hunt in far hunting grounds that we know not.
The stranger when he cometh—who shall make him a soft bed,
Who shall set before him a repast, who shall hunt him game?
For he whose kind heart warmed toward him, will soon lie
ice cold.
Quin-is-coe, ah, Quin-is-coe, why leavest thou thy children!
"What saith thy sister, what saith the wise one, Cumme-tat-coe?
Bring hither the Pinto mare,—the Pinto mare of your chief,
Bring hither the steed most loved by my brother, Quin-is-coe
Bind on her back a saddle, put a bridle in her mouth,
Put on her the saddle and bridle of our Quin-is-coe;

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Take ye good heed the reins hang loose, and tie ye fast her
colt,
Tie her colt fast near the lodge of my brother Quin-is-coe!
Now lead forth the mare, lead forth the mare and let her go
free.
Lo! if she travel up the valley toward the sunrise
Then will our Quin-is-coe live—your much loved chief shall
not die.
If she travel down the valley toward the sunset, then
He dieth with the sun, Quin-is-coe dieth with the sun!!
Haste! haste! lead forth the mare, lead the Pinto forth, lead
her forth.”

The mare is led forth. See, Quin-is-coe's saddle is girthed on;
His bridle is placed in her mouth, and her colt is tied fast,
The colt is tied fast by the lodge of Quin-is-coe the chief.
Kiwias, Kiwias, his own son, leadeth her on to the road.
Alas! alas! see, see now she turneth down the valley,
She followeth the darkness. Quin-is-coe, ah, Quin-is-coe,
Why leavest thou thy children thus in mourning and sadness?
Never again shalt thou bend thy strong bow. Never again
Shall thy swift arrows wing the morning air. In still silence
Shall they lie by thy side, and thou, and thou, mighty hunter?
Cold in the dust shalt thou lie, Quin-is-coe; ah, Quin-is-coe,
Never more shall thy children behold thee, their kind father.

Who cometh riding up through the gloom and darkness of
night?
His jaded horse reeketh and snorteth forth columns of steam.
Whence comest thou, whence comest thou, O rider of the
night,
Whence comest thou thus from out the thick gloom and black
darkness?

QUIN-IS-COE.

“I come from the Loo-loo-hoo-loo, from the Loo-loo-hoo-loo,
Where the red earth soundeth hollow under my horse's hoofs;
From a strange place, a place of many wonders am I come.
Hard, hard have I ridden, and weary is my panting horse.
His sides heave and the foam flieth from his mouth like snow-
flakes.

Swift, swift have I come; far have I come to save Quin-is-coe,
Even to wrestle with the evil spirit, the Foul One
That hath fastened on his vitals and devoureth his life.
I will wrestle, and if I prevail he shall flee away—
Quin-is-coe shall recover, life shall be his. Strong am I,
Strong and of great power. Bring forth the chief, aye, bring
him forth,
The mighty hunter, the slayer of bears; bring him forth now,
Even on the couch whereon he lieth.”

Ha! what saith Scuse?
What saith the mighty doctor? Bring him forth, bear him
gently,
Lay him near the fire; pile on the pitch wood, aye, make it
blaze;
More! more! make it blaze, make it blaze, and make the dark-
ness light.

What strange thing appeareth? It hath the beak of an eagle,
It hath the claws of a bear, round its body is the hide
Of a buffalo, round its neck a necklet of dried toads,
Its waist is girt with a dead rattlesnake.—Ah, what is it?
Who is it? It is Scuse, the mighty doctor, the great Scuse.
With the eagle's beak he will peck—he will peck out the eyes
Of the evil Foul One; with the bear's claws will he tear him;
With the toads will he make him groan; with the dead rattle-
snake
Will he cause him to writhe in great anguish. Who is so strong
To fight with the Foul One, as Scuse the wise one, the strong
one?

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Ha! see, see how he danceth! Ha! list, list how he singeth!
Oh, harken now to the song he singeth, as he draweth
The Foul One, the evil one, from our hunter Quin-is-coe.

“Hither, come hither, thou Evil One
That draweth the life from Quin-is-coe.
Hither, come hither now, thou Foul One,
And fight with me, even with me, Scuse,
Lo I, Scuse the doctor, defy thee.
Come now, come, let us fight and wrestle,
Our prize is the life of Quin-is-coe.”

Ah, see, see how Scuse danceth; ah, list, list now how he
singeth!

Ha! he draweth the Foul One, the evil one, from our chief,
Even Quin-is-coe. Ha! he lureth him on to the fight.
As the Evil One relinquisheth his hold of our chief
He sitteth up and with eyes starting he watcheth the conflict.
See, see how they struggle; round and round they roll, they
stagger.

Over they roll on to the ground—Scuse the strong one
And the Evil One. Ah, ha! how they battle together.
Scuse pecketh him with the eagle's beak; lo, he teareth him,
With the bear's claws teareth he him; he groaneth in anguish
For the dry toads; he suffers agony for the fell snake.
But vain, vain, all is in vain; the Evil One is too strong
For Scuse the mighty doctor, he seizeth Scuse by the throat
And they struggle, they wrestle. Scuse the strong one grows
weaker;

Ah, he staggers, he reels. Ah! ah! he falls—senseless he falls!
The Strong One, the doctor, lieth vanquished on the cold
ground.

The Foul One darteth to Quin-is-coe and holdeth him fast.
As he clutcheth him, lo! Quin-is-coe falleth as one dead!

QUIN-IS-COE.

Wail, Cumme-tat-coe; wail, Pile-hat-coe; wail and lament;
Lament for thy brother! See, the sun riseth; it riseth,
But never more, never more shall Quin-is-coe see it rise;
When it dieth he shall die. Lo! Scuse riseth; he speaketh.
Hear his words of anguish: "Hard have I fought with the

Foul One,

Long have I fought, but my strength hath failed me, I am
vanquished.

He, the Foul One, is mightier than I, Scuse, the wise one.
Lo! now am I vanquished, Quin-is-coe dieth with the sun.
Go, go gather in the horses, send off the messengers,
Even the messengers of death; let them ride quickly forth
Up the valley, down the valley, and hither and thither;
Let them seek out the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe, bid them say,
'He is dying, he is dead; lo! he dieth with the sun.

Come ye, feast at his funeral; come, lay him in the earth;
Come, lay your mighty chief to rest with tears and many
sighs.

Cumme-tat-coe bids ye come; Pile-hat-coe bids ye come;
They make ready the feast, the funeral feast, even now.'
Haste, Kivas; haste, Lucca; haste, Owla; and haste, Yahoolo;
Mount, mount and ride swiftly, draw not your bridle, slack
not speed,
Till all are warned, till all are bidden come to the death
feast."

How they fly up and down the valley, hither and thither;
Swift, swiftly they fly, seeking the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.
Hew down the trees, let the forest resound with your axes;
Hew down the pitch pine to make a great blaze; bring in the
wood;
More, bring in more, bring in much game. Come, come,
prepare, prepare;
See, the sun declineth, breatheth the mighty hunter yet.

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Hush, step soft, step softly. Ah, he liveth; yet he breatheth.
Throw a buffalo robe over him, cover up his head!

For his sister, the wise woman, Cumme-tat-coe, hath said:
"He dieth with the sun." Scuse, the mighty doctor, hath said:
"He dieth with the sun." See, see, he moveth, he struggleth.
Pile more robes over him, more, more. Is it meet ye watch
him

In his last struggle with the Foul One? More robes, pile
more on.

See, see the sun sinketh lower and lower! Wail, children;
Wail, children of Quin-is-coe, the sun is set! he is dead!
Shear your locks, ye children of Quin-is-coe! Cumme-tat-coe
And Pile-hat-coe, shear your long tresses! Pluck out your
beards

And your eyebrows, ye warriors and servants of Quin-is-coe.
Blacken your faces that they may reflect your gloomy hearts.
Wail, wail and lament, he is dead, he has gone forth from us.



THE BURIAL.

Fast, fast are they coming; fast they come from up the valley,
From down the valley, from hither and thither ride they in;
From over the mountain come the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.
Wherefore come ye in such hot haste; why ride ye in the night,
In the gloom and black darkness, ye kinsmen of Quin-is-coe?
"We were bidden come to the feast; even to the last feast
Of our kinsmen, chief, and mighty hunter, were we bidden.
We come to lay him to rest with many sighs, and to mourn
With Cumme-tat-coe, to mourn with Pile-hat-coe, we come."

Kindle many fires, pile on the pitch wood, make it blaze;

QUIN-IS-COE.

Quick, make a bright blaze to light up the darkness of the night.

Spread out the feast, the death feast for the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.

Bring forth the corpse; aye, bring forth the mighty hunter, our chief;

Even on the couch whereon he lieth cold, bring him forth!
Why liest thou so still, mighty chief? why mov'st thou not?
Calm is thy brow and steadfast, still and motionless thy breast;

Thy bright eagle eye we see not, and silent is thy tongue;
Thy buckskin shirt is rich with bright beads of many colors;
Thy rich fur robe is very soft and warm, yet ice cold art thou;
Thy feet, O mighty chief, are cased in buckskin moccasins,
Thickly embroidered with the quills of the porcupine, yet
Standest thou not on thy feet to welcome thy favored guests.
See, thy friends make ready the feast; till sunrise they revel.
And thy portion of the feast, mighty chief, the flames devour it,

The fire consumeth it! Bring ye rich gifts, bring offerings
To the mighty chief; cast them into the fierce fire quickly,
Cast them into the bright blaze, let fiery flames consume them.
Lead out the horses of Quin-is-coe, lead them round the corpse;
Lead them again, and yet again. Speak, speak, Cumme-tat-coe,
Speak, Pile-hat-coe, ye sisters of the mighty chieftain:
Who shall ride Quin-is-coe's horses? Let Kit-tu-la take ten,
Let Kiwas take ten, let Lucca take ten and Owla ten;
Let the remainder be driven out into the darkness;
Let the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe take lassos in their hands,
Let them pursue the horses through the darkness of the night,
That which they capture let them keep; haste, haste ere the day dawn.

Ah, the sun riseth. Wail, children of Quin-is-coe, wail—wail!

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

What saith Scuse the Wise One, what saith the mighty doctor
Scuse?

Let not Syn-ke-lips howl over him and break his rest;
Let not En-che-chim disturb him; nor the Ska-loo-la
Hoot and hover near the grave where our chief lieth at rest;
In peace let the mighty hunter sleep, while we still sorrow.

Thrice hath the snow fallen on the grave of the mighty chief;
Thrice hath it melted and sunk to revivify the earth;
Thrice hath the service berry ripened beneath the sun;
Thrice hath the Indian gather'd the seeds of the sunflower.
Abundant his harvest, contented and glad hath he been.
But now what dark cloud ariseth to dim his simple joy?
Why whispereth Owla; why shuddereth Cumme-tat-coe;
Why trembleth Pile-hat-coe, as they gaze in terror wild
At the slender crescent of the new moon? Hush, hush, hearken;
Owla whispereth: "Last night it rose; I saw it rising
Even from out the grave of our dead hunter Quin-is-coe.
Slowly there came a tall, gaunt thing, a form, a fearful form;
Lo! it whirled and it twirled, round and round, with many
deep sighs,
And with wild lamentable cries it glided up the valley.
From out the hollow sockets of its sightless eyes there gleamed
A fearful light; from out its fleshless jaws there went forth fire;
Aye, fire and smoke. And I? fear dried up my blood: I
trembled;
My heart fluttered like a snared bird; my life went out; I died.
For a time I died; when I lived again, lo! 'twas gone!"

Nay, nay, my Owla, thou did'st dream; and when thou did'st
awake,
Lo! thy dream had vanished. Laid we not Quin-is-coe to rest
With sighs and many tears, in the grave by his own fathers?
Ah, list, list, Cumme-tat-coe; ah, list, list, Pile-hat-coe;

QUIN-IS-COE.

Hush! what meaneth that knocking against the walls of thy lodge?

Why, what fearest thou, Owla? 'Tis naught but the wood-pecker

Seeking his food. List, Cumme-tat-coe; list, Pile-hat-coe; Say what meaneth that scratching? Ah, what meaneth that rustling?

Fear not, Owla; 'tis naught but the wood-rat seeking his food, Why cling Cumme-tat-coe and Pile-hat-coe in that Close embrace; and why croucheth Owla so close to the ground? It cometh—it cometh, that form so awesome, so lonesome; It beareth the foul fetid odors of the charnel house, Clinging to its mouldering robes. Ah, those eyes of horror, That breath of flame! Tell us whence comest thou, O visitant From another world, tell wherefore art thou disquieted, O mighty hunter? why flittest thou through the midnight gloom?

Wherefore seekest thou the abode of man, thou that dwellest In another world? why terrifiest thou thy kinsmen? Threaten us not; show us wherefore thou art disquieted. Send for Scuse, the wise one; send for Scuse, the strong, wise doctor.

What wouldst thou, Cumme-tat-coe; what wouldst thou, Pile-hat-coe;

Ye sisters of Quin-is-coe, what would ye with the wise Scuse? Spread out thy mat, O doctor, even the mat whereunto Thou beguilest the spirits of the living and the dead. Spread out thy mat, O doctor; spread out thy mat, O Wise One.

Whence cometh this strange being? 'Tis not a man nor a bear; Yet hath it the head and skin of a grizzly; it hath feet And arms like a man. Tell us who art thou, whence comest thou,

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

O strange being, whence comest thou? It is Scuse, the doctor.
Ah, see, see how he danceth! Ah, list, list how he singeth!
Oh, list, list to the song of Scuse, the mighty wise doctor:

SONG OF SCUSE.

Mighty chief, what grief hath raised ye?
Why hast left the silent tomb
Where with many sighs we laid ye,
Sad beneath the silent moon?

Wherefore is thy rest disturbed,
Mighty hunter, and thy shade
Wandereth alone perturbed
From the grave our hands had made?

Hither, hither, come ye hither;
We thine anger would appease:
Tell thy griefs in voiceless language,
Like the whispering of the breeze.

Who so strong as Scuse, the wise one, to battle with the dead.
See, see how he draweth the spirit nearer and nearer;
Ah, how they struggle, Scuse the wise one, and the shade of
the

Departed; Scuse draweth him as a snared bird, even as
A bird with a noose round the neck; lo! he draweth nearer,
Nearer he cometh still! Ha, ha! he is safe on the mat,
The mat wherefrom no spirit escapeth. Ah, why dancest
Thou round, mighty doctor? why singest thou softly and low?
"I talk with a spirit departed, with the shade of the
Hunter, our chief; and he answereth in language that voiceless;
This is the answer he giveth, this troubleth our chief:"

"In the ground am I laid and forgotten;

QUIN-IS-COE.

My memory and flesh have departed;
Because I am not none thinketh of me;
Other men ride my horses and saddles;
My dogs follow other men to the chase,
And my sisters have ceased to lament me."

"What wouldst thou, O being departed—gifts and rich offerings?

Cumme-tat-coe and Pile-hat-coe, thy sisters, never
Can cease to lament thee. Say thou but a word and 'tis done."

"My robes are all musty and mouldy
With the must and the mould of decay;
No feast hath been held in my honor,
My spirit is vexed by the delay.
See, thou, then, that this wrong is righted:
A great feast let my sisters prepare;
Bid thither my friends and my kinsmen;
I in spirit will also be there.
Dig open the tomb where ye laid me,
And my body raise up from its hold;
My sisters, prepare me new garments,
And a fur robe my body enfold.
Then peace to my spirit returning,
My dry bones restore ye to the earth;
No more shall my phantom affright ye,
Never more shall my shade mar your mirth."

Gather in the horses, send forth the messengers, let them
Bid all the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe to the feast given
In honor of Quin-is-coe. Aye, let them bring offerings
And many gifts. Let them open up the grave of the chief;
Let them raise up the mighty dead and place him in new, clean
Fur robes; let them bestow on him much honor, and again

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Lay him to rest with many sighs. Haste, haste, messengers,
haste!

Ride forth, bid the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe come feast with
The mighty dead and perform the last sad funeral rites,
That the disquieted spirit may calmly rest in peace.

See, see how their horses snort and prance; see how they shift
and

Start. Haste, haste ye, messengers, mount and ride.

Off, off they bound.

On, on they rush. Ah, how madly they ride up the valley,
Down the valley, hither and thither, swiftly, swiftly; on,
On speed the messengers to the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.

"Wherefore come ye in such hot haste, ye riders of the night?
Wherefore come ye in such hot haste from afar?"

"We come from

Cumme-tat-coe, from Pile-hat-coe are we come, to bid
Ye to a feast in honor of Quin-is-coe, our dead chief.
Scuse the wise doctor hath said: 'Shall Quin-is-coe, the mighty
Hunter, be forgotten? shall his memory and his flesh
Perish together? shall no man think of him because he
Is not?' Come raise him from out the deep, dark house where-
in ye

Laid him to rest with many sighs; feast ye with him once more,
And pay him much honor. Come ere the moon waneth; come
ere

Three suns have died, ye kinsmen of our dead chief Quin-is-coe."

Whence come those figures flitting about in the gloom of the
Night over the grave of Quin-is-coe? Are they Scalloolas,
Are they En-che-chim? Ah, say who are they, say what are
they?

'Tis the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe! Wherefore come ye to the
Grave of the great chief? Declare, ye kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.

QUIN-IS-COE.

We come to raise the mighty dead, to place him in fresh robes,
To feast with him once more, to pay much honor to our dead.
List, what saith Scuse, the wise one, the strong one? Pluck
grass, I say,

Pluck sweet scented grass; stuff it in your ears, and your
nostrils,

Lest ye sicken when ye smell that that was living, and is
Dead. Pluck sweet scented grass now, ye kinsmen of Quin-
is-coe.

Open, open the house, the deep, dark house wherein ye laid
Our chief to rest with tears and many sighs. Raise up the dead,
The mighty dead; bear him to the lodge of Cumme-tat-coe
And Pile-hat-coe, his sisters. Uncover, uncover
That which was but is not man; look on all that remaineth
All that remaineth of Quin-is-coe your chief, the hunter.
What saith Scuse, what saith the wise doctor? List, list, ye
kinsmen

Of Quin-is-coe, hear and obey. "Now open up the robe,
Even the robe whereon lieth that that once was your chief.
Let each kinsman raise a bone, even a bone from out the
Mass of corruption: lay it on the robe, the new, clean robe
Prepared by Cumme-tat-coe and Pile-hat-coe, sisters
Of the chief; search diligently, leave not one bone behind;
Raise the skull, place it at the head of the robe; now raise the
Rib bones, place them in the middle; place the footbones at the
Foot. Search, oh, search ye diligently amidst that that was
Mortal living flesh, but is not. Search ye for the bones of
Quin-is-coe your chief. Lay his bow and arrows at his feet,
Put his sharp knife at his side; lay on the new buckskin shirt,
The shirt rich with beads of many colors. Lay it upon
The bones. Lay a pair of broidered moccasins at his feet,
Moccasins embroidered with the quills of the porcupine.
List, list to Scuse, the wise one. Wrap the chief in his new
robes

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Tight, wrap him tightly, lay him in the midst, gaze ye on him.
List, list to Scuse, the doctor. Hither, hither, bring hither
The robe from whence ye took the bones of your chief Quin-
is-coe.

Quickly bring it to the fire. Aye, bring it to the bright blaze.
Hither, hither, bring hither that that was mortal living
Flesh, but is not; bring hither that that was corruptible
And is corrupt. Let fire devour it and flames consume it.
Bring hither your gifts and your offerings to the mighty
Hunter; let the fire devour and let the flames consume them.
Now bring hither that portion of the feast prepared for the
Great chief; let the fire devour and let the flames consume it.
List, list, ye kinsmen of Quin-is-coe, list to Scuse the Wise.
"Eat, eat, ye kinsmen of Quin-is-coe, make merry with him
Till sunrise. Dance ye, sing ye, ye kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.
Lo, the sun ariseth. Lift up the mighty hunter,
Bear him with many sighs to his place of rest; let him sleep,
Let him sleep the sleep that is dreamless; lay him in the deep,
Dark house that is prepared for him; throw in many warm
robes,

Throw on the earth. Wail, wail, ye children of Quin-is-coe,
wail;

Wail, wail, ye that are his kinsmen, wail! Never more shall
he

Slay the cal-low-na; in silence shall he rest forever."

NOTES.

Quin-is-coe, an Indian hunter and chief.

Cumme-tat-coe, his sister.

Pile-hat-coe, his sister.

Scuse, a great doctor.

Shnee-na, an owl, also a devil.

En-che-chim, a wolf.

Synkelips, coyote.

Skumahist, black bear.

Callowna, grizzly bear.

