

## VI. HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



TWO good friends had Hiawatha,  
 Singled out from all the others,  
 Bound to him in closest union,  
 And to whom he gave the right hand  
 Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
 Straight between them ran the  
 pathway,  
 Never grew the grass upon it;  
 Singing birds that utter falsehoods,  
 Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
 Found no eager ear to listen,  
 Could not breed ill-will between them,  
 For they kept each other's counsel,  
 Spake with naked hearts together,  
 Pondering<sup>1</sup> much and much contriving<sup>2</sup>  
 How the tribes of men might prosper.  
 Most beloved by Hiawatha  
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the best of all musicians,  
 He the sweetest of all singers.

pon'der-ing, thinking.

<sup>2</sup> con-triv'ing, planning.

Beautiful and childlike was he,  
 Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
 Pliant<sup>1</sup> as a wand<sup>2</sup> of willow,  
 Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;  
 All the warriors gathered round him,  
 All the women came to hear him;  
 Now he stirred their souls to passion,<sup>3</sup>  
 Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
 Flutes so musical and mellow,  
 That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
 Ceased to murmur in the woodland,  
 That the woodbird ceased from singing,  
 And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 Ceased his chatter in the oak tree,  
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
 Sat upright to look and listen.  
 All the many sounds of nature  
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing;  
 All the hearts of men were softened  
 By the pathos<sup>4</sup> of his music;  
 For he sang of peace and freedom,  
 Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
 Sang of death, and life undying.  
 In the Islands of the Blessed,

<sup>1</sup> pli'ant, easily bent; yielding.<sup>3</sup> pas'sion, strong feeling.<sup>2</sup> wand, a small rod.<sup>4</sup> pa'thos, sadness; tender feeling.

In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers;  
For his gentleness he loved him  
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many;  
For his very strength he loved him,  
For his strength allied<sup>1</sup> to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless,<sup>2</sup> dull and dreamy,  
Never played with other children,  
Never fished and never hunted,  
Not like other children was he;  
But they saw that much he fasted,  
Much his Manito<sup>3</sup> entreated,<sup>4</sup>  
Much besought the Guardian Spirit.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his father,  
“In the hunt you never help me;

<sup>1</sup> allied', joined to.      <sup>2</sup> list'less, not active; not interested.

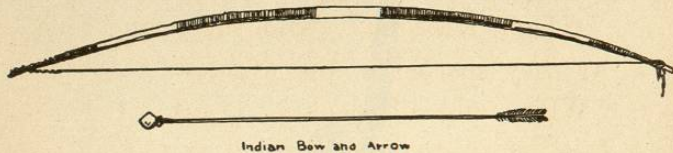
<sup>3</sup> Man'i-to, a spirit held in religious awe by the Indians.

<sup>4</sup> en-treat'ed, prayed to.



“Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwasind.”

Every bow you touch is broken,  
 Snapped asunder<sup>1</sup> every arrow;  
 Yet come with me to the forest,  
 You shall bring the hunting homeward."



Down a narrow pass they wandered,  
 Where a brooklet led them onward,  
 Where the trail of deer and bison  
 Marked the soft mud on the margin,<sup>2</sup>  
 Till they found all further passage  
 Shut against them, barred securely  
 By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
 Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
 And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,  
 "O'er these logs we cannot clamber<sup>3</sup>;  
 Not a woodchuck could get through them,  
 Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"  
 And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
 And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
 But before his pipe was finished,

<sup>1</sup> a-sun'der, apart.

<sup>2</sup> mar'gin, edge.

<sup>3</sup> clam'ber, climb, or cross with difficulty.

Lo! the path was cleared before him;  
 All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
 To the right hand, to the left hand,  
 Shot the pine trees swift as arrows,  
 Hurling the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,  
 As they sported in the meadow.  
 "Why stand idly looking at us,  
 Leaning on the rock behind you?  
 Come and wrestle with the others,  
 Let us pitch and quoit<sup>1</sup> together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
 To their challenge made no answer,  
 Only rose and, slowly turning,  
 Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
 Tore it from its deep foundation,  
 Poised<sup>2</sup> it in the air a moment,  
 Pitched it sheer into the river,  
 Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
 Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,  
 Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
 Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
 In the stream he saw a beaver,  
 Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
 Struggling with the rushing currents,  
 Rising, sinking in the water.

<sup>1</sup> quoit, to throw quoits.      <sup>2</sup> poised, held steadily; balanced.

Without speaking, without pausing,  
 Kwasind leaped into the river,  
 Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
 Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,  
 Followed him among the islands,  
 Stayed so long beneath the water,  
 That his terrified<sup>1</sup> companions  
 Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!  
 We shall never more see Kwasind!"  
 But he reappeared<sup>2</sup> triumphant,<sup>3</sup>  
 And upon his shining shoulders  
 Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,  
 Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,  
 Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
 Long they lived in peace together,  
 Spake with naked hearts together,  
 Pondering much, and much contriving,  
 How the tribes of men might prosper.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ter'ri-fied, frightened.

<sup>2</sup> re-ap-peared', came in sight again.

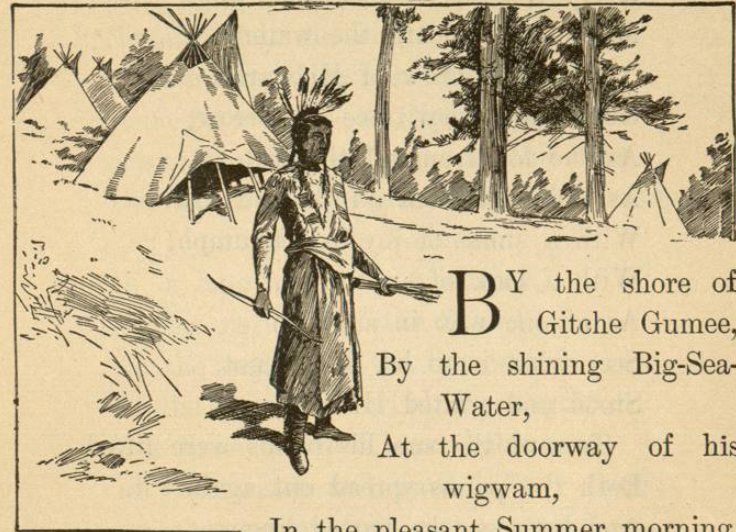
<sup>3</sup> tri-um'phant, rejoicing in victory.

<sup>4</sup> pros'per, do well ; be happy.



INDIAN HELMET.

## VII. HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.



BY the shore of  
 Gitche Gumee,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-  
 Water,  
 At the doorway of his  
 wigwam,

In the pleasant Summer morning,  
 Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,  
 And the earth was bright and joyous,  
 And before him, through the sunshine,  
 Westward towards the neighboring forest,  
 Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
 Passed the bees, the honey makers,  
 Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
 Level spread the lake before him ;  
 From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
 Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;

On its margin the great forest  
 Stood reflected<sup>1</sup> in the water ;  
 Every tree-top had its shadow,  
 Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
 Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
 As the fog from off the water,  
 As the mist from off the meadow.  
 With a smile of joy and triumph,  
 With a look of exultation,<sup>2</sup>  
 As of one who in a vision  
 Sees what is to be, but is not,  
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,  
 Both the palms spread out against it,  
 And between the parted fingers  
 Fell the sunshine on his features,  
 Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
 As it falls and flecks<sup>3</sup> an oak tree  
 Through the rifted<sup>4</sup> leaves and branches.

Slowly o'er the simmering<sup>5</sup> landscape  
 Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,  
 And the long and level sunbeams  
 Shot their spears into the forest,  
 Breaking through its shields of shadow,

<sup>1</sup> re-lect'ed, thrown back, as from a mirror.

<sup>2</sup> ex-ul-ta'tion, great joy.

<sup>3</sup> flecks, spots.

<sup>4</sup> rift'ed, parted.

<sup>5</sup> sim'mer-ing, heated.

Rushed into its secret ambush,<sup>1</sup>  
 Searched each thicket, dingle,<sup>2</sup> hollow ;  
 Still the guests of Hiawatha  
 Slumbered in the silent wigwam.<sup>3</sup>

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
 Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
 Did not wake the guests that slumbered :

“I am going, O Nokomis,  
 On a long and distant journey,  
 To the portals<sup>4</sup> of the Sunset,  
 To the regions of the home-wind,  
 Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.  
 But these guests I leave behind me,  
 In your watch and ward I leave them ;  
 See that never harm comes near them,  
 See that never fear molests<sup>5</sup> them,  
 Never danger nor suspicion,<sup>6</sup>  
 Never want of food or shelter,  
 In the lodge of Hiawatha !”

Forth into the village went he,  
 Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
 Bade farewell to all the young men,  
 Spake persuading, spake in this wise :

“I am going, O my people,

<sup>1</sup> am'bush, a concealed place.

<sup>2</sup> din'gle, a small dell.

<sup>3</sup> wig'wam, an Indian tent made of bark.

<sup>4</sup> por'tals, gates.

<sup>5</sup> mo-lests', harms ; troubles.

<sup>6</sup> sus-pi'cion, fear of evil.

On a long and distant journey;  
 Many moons and many winters  
 Will have come, and will have vanished,  
 Ere I come again to see you.  
 But my guests I leave behind me;  
 Listen to their words of wisdom,  
 Listen to the truth they tell you,  
 For the Master of Life has sent them  
 From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
 Turned and waved his hand at parting;  
 On the clear and luminous<sup>1</sup> water  
 Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
 From the pebbles of the margin  
 Shoved it forth into the water;  
 Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"  
 And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
 Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
 Burned the broad sky like a prairie,  
 Left upon the level water  
 One long track and trail of splendor,  
 Down whose stream, as down a river,  
 Westward, westward, Hiawatha  
 Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
 Sailed into the purple vapors,  
 Sailed into the dusk of evening.

<sup>1</sup> lu'mi-nous, shining.

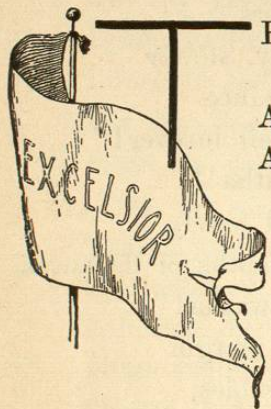
And the people from the margin  
 Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
 Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
 High into that sea of splendor,  
 Till it sank into the vapors  
 Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
 Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"  
 Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
 And the forests, dark and lonely,  
 Moved through all their depths of darkness,  
 Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
 And the waves upon the margin  
 Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
 Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From the haunts among the fen-lands,  
 Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
 Hiawatha the Beloved,  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 In the purple mists of evening,  
 To the regions of the home-wind,  
 Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 To the land of the Hereafter!

## VIII. EXCELSIOR.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



HE shades of night were falling  
fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and  
ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!<sup>1</sup>

His brow was sad; his eye be-  
neath,  
Flashed like a falchion<sup>2</sup> from its  
sheath,

And like a silver clarion<sup>3</sup> rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral<sup>4</sup> glaciers<sup>5</sup> shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

<sup>1</sup> ex-cel'-si-or, still higher.<sup>3</sup> clar'ion, a kind of horn.<sup>2</sup> fal'-chion, a broad-bladed sword.<sup>4</sup> spec'tral, ghostly.<sup>5</sup> gla'ciers, rivers of ice.

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud the clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay!" the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"<sup>1</sup>  
This was the peasant's last Good-night.  
A voice replied far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

<sup>1</sup> av'-a-lanche, a large body of sliding snow.

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
 And from the sky, serene and far,  
 A voice fell, like a falling star,  
                   Excelsior!

### IX. THE ANTS' MONDAY DINNER.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON ("H. H.").

#### PART I.

**H**OW did I know what the ants had for dinner last Monday? It is odd that I should have known, but I'll tell you how it happened.

I was sitting under a great pine tree, high up on a hillside. The hillside was more than seven thousand feet above the sea, and this is higher than most mountains. But this hillside was in Colorado; so there was nothing wonderful in its being so high.

I had watched the great mountains with snow upon them, and the forest of pine trees — miles and miles of them — so close together that it looks as if one might lie down upon their tops and not fall through.

My eyes were tired with looking at such great, grand things, so many miles away; so I looked down upon the ground where I was sitting, and watched the ants, which were running about everywhere, as

busy and restless as if they had the whole world on their shoulders.

Suddenly I saw under a tuft of grass a tiny caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along in a strange way: in a second more I saw an ant seize him and begin to drag him off.

The caterpillar was three times as long as the ant, and his body was more than twice as large round as the biggest part of the ant's body.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you are not strong enough to drag that fellow very far."

Why, it was about the same as if you should drag a heifer<sup>1</sup> which was kicking all the time; only a heifer has not half as many legs with which to catch hold of things as the caterpillar had.

Poor caterpillar! how he did try to get away! But the ant never gave him a second's time to get a good grip of anything; and he was cunning enough, too, to drag him on his side, so that he could not use his legs very well.

Up and down, under and over sticks and stones, in and out of tufts of grass, up to the top of the tallest blades and down again, over gravel and sand and across bridges of pine needles, from stone to stone, backward all the way, but, for all I could see, just as swiftly as if he were going head foremost, ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him.

<sup>1</sup> heifer (heffer), a young cow.



I watched him very closely, thinking of course he must be going toward his house.

Presently<sup>1</sup> he darted up the trunk of the pine tree, "What does this mean?" said I. "Ants do not live in pine trees."

The bark of the tree was broken and jagged,<sup>2</sup> and full of seams twenty times as deep as the height of the ant's body. He did not mind; down one side and up the other he went.

I had to watch very closely not to lose sight of him altogether. I began to think he was merely trying to kill the caterpillar, — that perhaps he did n't mean to eat him at all. How did I know but some ants hunt caterpillars, the same as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they need food?

If I had been sure of this, I would have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I never heard of an ant's being cruel; and if it were really for dinner for his family that he was working so hard, I thought he ought to be helped and not hindered.

<sup>1</sup> pres'ent-ly, soon.

<sup>2</sup> jag'ged, rough; notched.



## PART II.

Just then my attention was diverted<sup>1</sup> by a sharp cry overhead.

I looked up and saw an immense hawk sailing round in circles, with two small birds flying after, pouncing down upon his head, then darting away, and all the time making shrill cries of fright and hatred. I knew very well what was meant. Mr. Hawk was trying to do some marketing for his dinner. He had his eyes on some little birds in their nest; and the father and mother birds were driving him away.

You would not have believed that two such little creatures could drive away such a creature as a hawk, but they did.

They seemed to fairly buzz around his head, as flies do around horses; and at last he flew off so far that he vanished in the sky, and the little birds came skimming home into the wood.

"The little people are stronger than the great ones, after all," I said.

But where has my ant gone?

It had not been two minutes that I had been watching the hawk and the birds, but in that two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared.

At last I found them, — where do you think? In a fold of my waterproof cloak, on which I was

<sup>1</sup> di-vert'ed, turned aside.

sitting. The ant had let go of the caterpillar and was running round and round him, and the caterpillar was too near dead to stir. I shook the fold out, and as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers into the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever.

By this time the caterpillar was so limp and helpless that the ant was not afraid of losing him; so he stopped a second now and then to rest.

Sometimes he would spring upon the caterpillar's back, and stretch himself out there; sometimes he would stand still and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head.

It astonished me at first that none of the ants he met took any notice of him; they all went their own ways, and did not so much as sniff at the caterpillar. But soon I said to myself, "Do you not suppose that ants can be as well behaved as people? When you passed Mr. Jones, yesterday, you did not peep into his market basket, nor touch the big cabbage he had under his arm."

Presently the ant dropped the caterpillar, and ran on a few steps—I mean inches—to meet another ant who was coming towards him. They put their heads close together for a second. I could not hear what they said, but they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar, and one took him by the head and the other by the tail, and they got on finely.

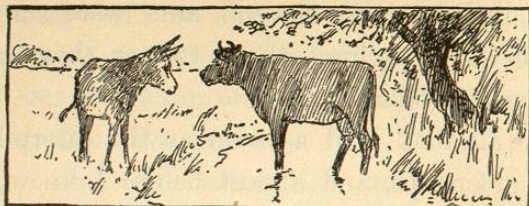
It was only a few steps to the ant's house. The door was a round hole in the ground, about the size of my little finger. Several ants were standing in the doorway watching these two as they came up with the caterpillar.

They all took hold as soon as the caterpillar was on the doorsteps, and almost before I knew he was fairly there they tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground, and that was the last I saw of him.

The oddest thing was the way the ants came running home from all directions. I do not believe there was any dinner bell rung, though there might have been a finer one than my ears could hear, but in less than a minute I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole.

I fancied they looked as hungry as wolves. I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick to see what had become of the caterpillar; but I thought it would not be quite fair to take the roof off a man's house to see how he cooked his beef for dinner. So I sat still awhile, wondering how they would serve him, and if they would leave any for Tuesday, and then went home to my own dinner.





### X. THE COW AND THE ASS.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

**H**ARD by a green meadow a stream used to flow,  
 So clear one might see the white pebbles below;  
 To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray,  
 To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed<sup>1</sup> with the heat of the sun,  
 Came here to refresh, as she often had done;  
 And, standing stock still, leaning over the stream,  
 Was musing,<sup>2</sup> perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,  
 Came trotting up also to taste of the brook,

<sup>1</sup> *op-pressed'*, overcome; worn out.

<sup>2</sup> *mus'ing*, thinking.

And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass.  
 "How d'ye do?" said the cow. "How d'ye do?"  
 said the ass.

"Take a seat," cried the cow, gently waving her hand.

"By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you stand."

Then, stooping to drink, with a complaisant<sup>1</sup> bow,  
 "Ma'am, your health," said the ass. — "Thank you, sir," said the cow.

When a few of their compliments<sup>2</sup> more had been past,  
 They laid themselves down on the herbage<sup>3</sup> at last;  
 And, waiting politely (as gentlemen must),  
 The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,  
 "Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?  
 'Tis a subject that lays with a weight on my mind;  
 We certainly are much oppressed by mankind.

"Now, what is the reason (I see none at all,  
 That I always must go when Suke chooses to call?"

<sup>1</sup> *com'plai-sant* (*com'plā-zant'*), courteous; obliging.

<sup>2</sup> *com'pli-ments*, flattering speeches.

<sup>3</sup> *herb'age* pasture grass.

Whatever I'm doing ('t is certainly hard,)  
At once I must go to be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they  
please,

And give them my milk to make butter and cheese;  
I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail,  
Or give Suke a box on the ear with my tail."

"But, ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming<sup>1</sup> to  
teach —

Oh, dear! I beg pardon — pray finish your speech;  
I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed," said the  
swain;<sup>2</sup>

"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only a-going to observe,  
I'm resolved<sup>3</sup> that these tyrants no longer I'll serve,  
But leave them forever to do as they please,  
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

The ass waited a moment to see if she'd done;  
And then, "Not presuming to teach," he begun,  
"With submission,<sup>4</sup> dear madam, to your better wit,  
I own I am not quite convinced<sup>5</sup> yet of it.

<sup>1</sup> pre-sum'ing, taking the liberty.

<sup>2</sup> swain, a young man; here used of a young animal.

<sup>3</sup> re-solved', determined.

<sup>4</sup> sub-mis'sion, giving way; yielding.

<sup>5</sup> con-vinced', persuaded; made to believe.

"That you're of great service to them is quite true,  
But surely they are of some service to you:

'T is their nice green meadow in which you regale;<sup>1</sup>  
They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail;

"'T is under their shelter you snugly repose,  
When, without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might  
be froze.

For my own part, I know I receive much from man,  
And for him, in return, I do all that I can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,  
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass;  
"Yet," thought she, "I'm determined I'll benefit<sup>2</sup>  
by 't,

For I really believe the fellow is right."

## XI. HOW LITTLE CEDRIC BECAME A KNIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON.

A LONG time ago there lived a little boy whose  
name was Cedric.<sup>3</sup> At the foot of a high hill,  
on the top of which stood a grand old castle, was  
the stone hut in which he lived. The little boy had  
many a time watched the strong iron gate rise slowly

<sup>1</sup> re-gale', refresh; feast. <sup>2</sup> ben'e-fit, profit. <sup>3</sup> Ced'ric (Ked'rick).