



DOWN THE QUINAULT RIVER

High mountains, the stars, and wide ocean,
The forest, so silent, the stream,
Loud torrent from mountain lake tumbling
Through boulders forever a-rumbling,—
How troubled my spirits vague dream:
Faint prayer in the midst of commotion!

I feel the lash
Of rapid's dash,
The thrill of lunge and glide,
Though rude the shock
Of hidden rock
There stands my Indian guide!

Lo! Primitive man with full quiver
Launched forth in his mystic canoe.
All scornful of rock-scattered danger,
His soul to wild terror a stranger,
Bold magic of sorrows he knew
For demons who haunted the river.

Our glimpse of past,
From secrets vast,
Yon ancient spruces hide:
Old courage runs
From sire to sons,
To this, my Indian guide.

No star in the heavens may reckon
True course for this frail little bark;
Each lurch with the torrent's new veering
Responds to the paddle swift steering
Past Death lurking low in the dark.
Some eagle this Indian doth beckon!

O heart aglow,
Deep waters flow,
My fear doth mingle pride;
Behold the sea—
I'm safe with thee,
My Quinault Indian guide!

—EDMUND S. MEANY

AUTOGRAPHED
FOR MY FRIEND,
CHARLES M. BUCHANAN
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