

- For they come back on earth to stay no more,
But live among the silent ghosts and ghouls.
- There, listening to the myths he told so well,
While moan of winds and splash of waves that
rolled,
And dismal howl of gaunt cayotes fell
Upon the solemn air, in cadence bold,
The tim'rous little Indian lass and lad
Crept closer to their dusky father's side,
From dread Ta-ma-na-wash, the spirit bad,
The spell of superstition bade them hide.
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- Long ago, not far from here, the Indians say,
A maid of rare and magic beauty dwelt;
Her face, though tawny, yet was fair, and gay
Her laugh, her step was light, her heart had
felt
The gentle thrill of love's seductive power;
A young and gentle chieftain sought her hand,
His heart, his very soul, he held in dower
For her, the rarest flower of all the land.
- For him, the beaded moccasin she made,
Of colors bright and threads her hands had
wrought,
With gayest Indian costume him arrayed,
With gaudy trinkets that her labor bought;
She helped him mend his salmon spear,
For her he deftly drove the light canoe
Through rapids strong and laughing waters
clear—
No toil too great for loving hands to do.
- Before the coming autumn's leaves turn red,
While in the mountains, berries still abound,
The happy Indian lovers were to wed,
With banquet, dance, and music's festive
sound;
How witching seem the bright, enchanted days,
As loitering o'er green Wascoe's plain they
roam,
On breezy hills of Klukitat they stray,
Or, love-dazed, watch Cello's dashing foam.
- And thus, in love's sweet, mystic mazes lost,
The bright and sunny weeks went fitting by;
No thought had they of scowling winter's frost,
Or that their witching day dreams e'er should
fly;
As by a black, untimely frost is killed
The promised fruit, so sable death was soon,
Before the measure of their cup was filled,
To blight his day of life, e'er yet 'twas noon.
- By accident, with poison arrow keen,
He pierced himself, and sent the shaft amiss;
'Twas Indian summer, when no breeze was seen
The glassy water's mirrored sheen to kiss,
- The languid leaves hung still upon the boughs,
And pensive birds sat drooping in the bowers;
The river's purling murmur, only, roused
The drowsy stillness of the lazy hours.
- The smoky air the mountains tinged with blue,
And while the feeble sun, with straggling ray,
The landscape lit with lurid, sombre hue,
There in his lodge, the dying chieftain lay.
In vain, they tried their witching rites and
charms,
To break Ta-ma-na-wash's evil power—
No art could save him to his loved one's arms,
Or from the dark, impending, fatal hour.
- There, tearful, sat the girl beside his bed,
And sadly watched life's feeble, ebbing tide—
His spirit soon would be among the dead.
And she would mourn, who would have been
his bride.
- The sun went down, and weary midnight came;
A dusky group their mournful vigils kept—
The young man feebly spoke the maiden's
name,
She raised his head, and soothed his brow,
and wept.
- "Though dying now," he feebly said,
"With all the burning passion of my soul
I love you, and will love when I am dead—
The grave can never be my spirit's goal.
If ever, from the land where spirits dwell,
A messenger to those of earth may come,
Then I will send to you, and he shall tell,
How still I love in that Elysian home."
- His breath grows short, and low his husky
voice,
His palsied lips a parting word essay,
With death's cold drops his algid face is moist;
A gurgling gasp, then dead the lover lay;
Now sad the death wails mournful start,
The piteous cadence grieves the sighing air,
No plaint could touch the dull, cold heart
Of him who silent lay, unconscious there.
- In wild and frantic grief the maiden cried,
"Come back! Come back to me! I do im-
plore!"
- The wall was wafted o'er the river wide,
Then came the echo back, "No more! No
more!"
- The weirdly dance and mournful death song
end,
His corpse they slowly carry to the grave,
His obsequies with mystic rites they tend,
And there they leave the gentle chieftain
brave.
- And now the scenes where oft in bliss they
roamed,