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**A LEGEND OF THE WILLAMETTE II.**  
(Written by B. S. Martin, Corvallis, Oregon.)

Nearly every race of the human family has some form of religion. They believe in some supreme power, some supreme being or beings that shape and fashion the destiny of all. Various are the forms, differing as widely from one another as could be conceived. But as the philologist examines the various languages of the human family and by certain principles, classifies them into aryan, etc., so the sociologist classifies and arranges the many systems and forms of religions.

The sociologist classifies them upon certain principles common to a class, though they may differ widely in other particulars. It is therefore to be expected that differences between the religion of the aborigines of this country, and that of any other existing system.

They are Monodist. The Mighty Spirit manifests himself in many ways. They see him in the clouds and hear him in the gentle breeze that seethes in the liquid waters and hear him in the raging tempest; a mystic awe constitutes their principal homage to this Mighty Spirit of the universe, but associated with this monodist idea, which is universal with the aborigines of America, are those of a more casual nature, a superstition belonging to some special place, often originating with some transaction, or calamity, and consequently known only to a tribe, or their immediate neighbors.

In other words their territory extended from the mouth of the Willamette river on the coast to the Coast Range on the west, including the prairies of Denton, Linn and Lane counties. As the pioneers rounded their log cabins in this paradisaical land, the redman gradually retired towards the Calapoia river. The founding of the mission three miles south of what is now the present town of Brownsville, caused many of them to take up their abode in that locality.

The writer has been informed by one of the few of the new almost extinct tribe, that at one time they were a great and powerful nation, brave and courageous in war, but true and mild in peace. But long before the bostonian had turned his thoughts to this western verge "where roll the Oregon," the prosperity of the Calapoians had begun to wane, gradually but continually have they decreased until at last there are but three left to tell the history of a once great nation and to rehearse to their pale faces the story of their tale.

The meaning of Midinia as related in the following poem is supposed to be the rustling of the leaves of the evening breeze, also the low murmuring of the waters of the Willamette as it glides gently on at evening's close, but interpreted by the superstitious Calapoians as the wailing of Midinia over her slain lover, which, according to the legend, was the cause of the downfall of the nation.

This is a true Indian legend, and is only one of the many to be found among the aborigines of this coast.

Rising high his bow and arrow,  
Shot the lion through the side;  
Plucked the teeth from out the monster,  
Took them to his northern bride.

California's mightiest lion  
Was a little cur to him;  
He could kill the largest wildcat,  
And the beaver could out swim.

But there comes when least expecting,  
When the heart is light and gay,  
Some vile act of brute or demon,  
Chilling fast the vital ray.

So when Unpqua's mightiest warrior  
Sought his lion's northern home,  
Found the nation drawn for battle,  
And Midinia all alone.

And Midinia wet with weeping,  
Laid her head upon his breast;  
Told him of a Swedish Indian,  
Who had come from far northwest.

From where Nestache's waters,  
Mingled with the ocean's brine;  
Where o'er hung black and gigantic,  
Checked by the hand of time.

From where at eve the pelican,  
Shaking o'er the rest of sea,  
Dives upon some little drummer,  
Then wheels off to nearest tree.

He long on those shores had wandered,  
Watched the making of the boat;  
Watched the Wren in flight coqueting,  
As she the queen beaklets strove.

"All have mates," said Masidiarias;  
"All are bound by ties of love;  
All, but I, I lone and woe,  
I, O hear, great power above."

Then he lifted high his weapon,  
Saw to all that's good and great;  
He would face all coming danger,  
To secure himself a mate.

"I shall cross my native mountains,  
And to seaward wind my way,  
And there court some dark-eyed maiden,  
In the balm of youth of May.

She shall be the nation's idol,  
Loved by all and scorned by none,  
Queen of love and queen of beauty,  
Praised by every human tongue."

So said, fearless Masidiarias,  
As he shouldered up his pack;  
Bow and spear he had by the dozens,  
Bound securely to his back.

On he went, scarce ever ceasing,  
Till the evening glowing west  
Lost the last effulgent glimmer,  
Leaving all in peaceful rest.

Up with weeping of the morrow,  
Saw the bark his wing had shook;  
Nor the dew of night ceased falling,  
When his journey onward took.

Onward, onward, still unchanging,  
Over hills and mountains high,  
Soreaked by sun and hot dust smothered,  
Till he thought that he would die.

Till at length with bare feet burning  
In the roadway's scorching sun;  
Saw afar the great Willamette,  
Then he knew his work was done.

"I shall, e'er the birds of evening  
Pipe their farewell notes to day,  
Camp beside those loving waters,  
And at ease shall plan my way."

Morning's sun in all his splendor,  
Was peering o'er the fragrant plain;  
Rippling of the limped waters,  
Mingled with warbler's strain.

As he lone in silence wandered,  
Thinking of some-what plan,  
Whereby he might win the fairest;  
When lo, a skiff touched the strand.

For a while he stood admiring,  
Glanced at skiff, at tree and sun;  
Then moved by love's brightest fancy,  
Stretched forth his arms and begun.

"Sweetest of all earthly flowers,  
Fairer than the fairest blown,  
Greater of all earthly blessings,  
Ah, thy name and whence thy home."

Quick as light she darted from him,  
Tossing back her raven hair,  
"I'm Midinia of Calapoia,  
Known as fairest of the fair.

Calapoia, mightiest nation;  
Known from chinook's crowing snows,  
To Columbia's coastless torrent,  
And where Lewis water flows.

And my husband is a warrior,  
Bravest of all earthly men;  
And has sworn by the Great Spirit,  
That through all would he defend."

But this fearless Masidiarias,  
Was a man of thought and might;  
Of communing with the muses,  
At the starry depth of night.

Spoke the language of the ocean,  
In its wild unceasing tone;  
Read the lines upon the crowhog;  
Saw strange meanings in the stoon.

And when Midinia of the prairie  
Laid him lone in silence there;  
He besought the highest muses,  
To shape well his verse with care.

"Lend me love's soft soothing breathings,  
Blended with the sages thought;  
Tell in tones that moves the nation,  
Of deeds that I have wrought."

Straight before the nation's fathers,  
Masidiarias took his way,  
Struck by Cupid's quivering dart,  
Weighing questions of the day.

Uprose all the nation's sages,  
And with one unerring tone;  
"Welcome stranger to our meeting,  
Calapoia's happy home.

What fair land doth claim thy bearing,  
And what nation is thy home,  
And thy name, O speak it plainly,  
And what causest thee to roam?"

And thus summoned, Masidiarias,  
Felt the touch of the light train  
Of muses stealing o'er his fancy,  
Breathed forth to all this wild strain:

"From the land where the sunset's red glow,  
Is caught by the wave which unceasingly flows  
Moving unchanging forever,  
Where the ocean at eve when in calmness it lay,  
Fairy lamps on the crest of the tide are at play,  
But caught by mortal thought never.

From where the spirit in solemn deep breath,  
Breathed on the waters the sentence of death,  
To all of earth's living creatures,  
Where close by the rock, the tall ivy grows,  
There fanned by the breeze its loving bloom blows;  
There was never more sweeter.

I've talked with the spirit in midnight's bleak storm;  
Faced the black tempest at winter's drear morn  
As it moved fast o'er the waters,  
As soon as the ear caught the warwhoop's despair roll,  
I uncovered the ax from its long sheltered nook;  
To fall it on a martyr.

I stood alone where the arrows fell fast,  
Defying their death, weakling was on the mast;  
As they swayed like the billows,  
I wrenched from his habits, their chief's staff  
I, my weapon deep plunged, which laid his head low,  
To die in the shade of the willows.

One winter's dark eve, as the western wind blew,  
The ocean's white spray bathed the sea gull which flew  
On the blast of destiny's uproar,  
My eyes caught the glimpse of a fir distant sail,  
Which tossed by the waves and then shot by the gale,  
Seemed destined to never reach shore.

I sprang to my skiff and with one mighty stroke,  
I pushed from the shore, on the billows to float;  
My harp to the land back I sped;  
On, on, o'er the waves of the dark rolling sea,  
Tossed by the winds in their death weakening glee;  
I flew to rescue the living.

In a wild nightingale, I revealed the lone sail  
Just as she went down, mid horrible wails,  
To ride never more on the waters,  
I stood in a trance, till my eyes caught the form  
Of a slender young girl, by the savage waves borne;  
'Twas our chief's fair daughter.

Quick as lightning's swift dash, I sprang to the waves,  
Saw the light form from a watery grave,  
To brighten the home of her sire,  
With suppliant hand, she brought him  
Alone,  
On low ebb'd knees, in tones of a dove;  
To grant my strongest desires.

That night as the storm cloud swept hurriedly o'er,  
As I lay fast asleep in my tent on the shore;  
The Spirit breathed low into me,  
"Hark, O man of the lyre, I who have died ere,  
That all things from ocean, to mountain and mead;  
Must live to love their degree.

(Continued next week.)

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