

WIDE AWAKE.

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TWO LITTLE PILGRIMS.

BY JULIET C. MARSH.

SO many hundred years to go
About the world, forever young!
So many hundred years to be
Read over, talked of, sung

By nursery fires, that, warm and bright,
Burn when the bitter north wind blows;
By open casements, when the night
Is weighted sweet with rose!

So many hundred years of fame!
So many hundred years since Fate
Drove them together, hand in hand,
To wander far and late,

Two baby pilgrims, boy and girl,
That, after long and weary quest,
Folded within each other's arms,
Lay down to dreams and rest!

So many hundred years to sleep
Within that forest's deep eclipse,
With soiled and brier-torn little hands,
And berry-stained lips!

And still in that enchanted wood,
The robins flying — one by one
Within the red and amber light
Of the October sun —

Cover the darlings from the night,
And changes of the frost and dew,
With laces of the faded fern,
And leaves of brilliant hue.

So many hundred years to wear
The face of youth, forever sweet!
So many years about the world
To go with tireless feet!

When mothers trim their nursery lights,
Singing a half-forgotten rhyme
To children in their dreaming-ropes
At story-telling time —

Into their midst these softly come,
Accept the place forever good,
Sit by the fire, and take the kiss —
The two "Babes in the Wood!"

THE STORY OF MAPLE SUGAR.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A GREAT many years ago, long before any white man had set eyes or foot upon America, up in the north where the rock-maple grows best, there lived, among many other families, beside the great lake called Petowbowk, an Indian named Awahsoose, the bear, and his wife, Wonakake, the otter, and their children — too many for one Indian and his wife to give names to, so they were left to earn names for themselves.

One of them was a tall, strapping boy who had seen eleven summers and twelve winters, and whom his parents sometimes called Wungbasahs, the woodpecker, because he was always poking his nose into all sorts of places.

Wungbasahs knew every woodchuck's hole within a mile of the wigwam, every muskwash burrow in the bank of the creek, where Cheskwadadas, the kingfisher, reared its brood, and where the little fish were spawned that furnished them food; and, in fact, knew where almost all the birds built their nests, and robbed them, too, from the crow's down to the wren's — for there were no trees that he could not climb.

Day after day he went prowling through the woods, with his lever-wood bow, letting his stone-tipped arrows fly at every living thing he saw, except one time when he came upon his father's hairy, four-footed namesake, and another, when he saw the tawny, crouching form of Petolo, the panther, ready to spring upon a fawn. Though Wungbasahs was an expert with the bow and arrows, he was afraid to risk a shot with his tiny bolts at such big and dangerous game, and so turned on his tracks and sped home as noiselessly and quickly as he could.

One March day, as he was shuffling about the woods on his snowshoes, looking for something to shoot, he saw a nuthatch creeping head first down the trunk of a tall, slender senomozzi, a maple; and as he watched it with upturned face, a drop of something fell upon his nose. Looking overhead to see what it came from — for there was no snow to drip from the trees — he saw a red squirrel lying along

a small branch, as still as if he was dead, or at least asleep. Was he weeping for his wife that Wungbasahs had killed yesterday, and was it one of his tears that had fallen? He would see. And so, kicking off his snowshoes and slipping his bow across his back, he climbed the tree on the side away from the squirrel, so silently that he was soon astride the branch between him and the trunk without disturbing him.

Then he cried, "Mekwaseese, little squirrel, what are you doing here?"

This gave the squirrel such a start that he nearly tumbled off. When he gathered his wits and looked about him, he saw there was no escape; for there was not another limb within jumping distance, and Wungbasahs was sitting on the butt of this, fitting an arrow to his bow; and below Alemose, his prick-eared dog, sat watching, ready to snap him up if he ventured a leap down on to the snow. So he spoke to Wungbasahs; for, though they did not speak the same language, they were both so wild that they could understand each other very well.

"Don't hurt me, Wungbasahs, I am such a little chap, and you are so big. And I am red enough to be your brother; almost as red as your father when he puts on his war-paint, and goes to fight the Iroquois."

"Don't dare to compare yourself to my father!" cried Wungbasahs, hastily drawing his arrow, and squinting at Mekwaseese over the point of it.

"I am only a little beast, but Awahsoose is a great warrior, and his son will be another," said Mekwaseese meekly. And Wungbasahs eased his arrow till the string was straight.

But presently he drew it again and cried, making his piping voice as big as he could, "You laughed at me yesterday when I shot at you, and the son of Awahsoose is not to be laughed at by squirrels!"

"But was I not the one to laugh when you missed me?" asked Mekwaseese. "If you had hit me, you would have laughed, and I should never have laughed again."

"And you never shall. See! I can almost touch you with the point of my arrow, and you cannot get away from me."

"Nay," begged Mekwaseese, creeping a step backward, "do not shoot me, and I will tell you a secret known only to the squirrels."

"What is that?" the boy asked rather contemptuously; for he had little belief that a squirrel could tell *him* anything worth knowing.

"But you won't shoot?"

"Let me hear your great secret, and then I will see."

"Well," sighed Mekwaseese, "I suppose I must tell, whether you kill me or not. When you first saw me here I was sucking sweet water from this branch!"

"Sucking sweet water from this branch? You lie, Mekwaseese! There is no sweet water in trees."

"Yes," said Mekwaseese, "sweeter than the juice of the sata (blueberry), and ever and ever so much of it. Put your lips here where I have bitten through the bark, and taste for yourself. If I have lied I hope to be shot."

So Wungbasahs lay down upon the limb, and putting his mouth to the wound, got a few drops of a very sweet and pleasant liquid. The squirrel, having no great faith in Indians, big or little, took advantage of his enemy's position, and jumping upon his head, scampered along his back, and gaining the trunk of the tree, got behind it in almost no time at all. The boy was angry enough at being played such a trick, and made all sorts of murderous threats against him; but the squirrel asked, peeping from behind the trunk, "Did you not find it as I told you?"

Wungbasahs admitted that it was sweet, but so little of it that he could never get enough to satisfy him.

"But if you will promise *never* to shoot me, I will tell you how and where you can get a bucketful in half a day."

Yes, Wungbasahs would promise, if what was told him proved true.

So Mekwaseese told him to take a gouge and cut through the bark of the trunk near the ground, and stick a spout of senhalon wood just below for the sap to run through into a pkenmojo, a birch-bark pail, which should be set at the end of it.

Then Wungbasahs got down from the tree and went home to devise means to carry out the squirrel's instructions.

He could make a pkenmojo and spout easily enough, but he must borrow the gouge. He knew where his father kept his stone gouges and knives and axe, in a pesnoda, or deer-skin tool-bag, hung in the back side of the wigwam; and he knew as well that he could not get the precious tool for the asking; so he took it—the very best and sharpest one of the lot; for I am sorry to say Wungbasahs was not quite so good as the best boys nowadays. Then he cut a slender stick of senhalon wood, which we call sumac, where it grew on a barren place by the lake shore and where he had often gathered its leaves for his father's smoking, and whittled out a spout; then peeled a sheet of bark from the maskwamozi, the white birch, and made a pail; and with these he set forth to the tree where he had found the squirrel, for that, he thought, must be better than any other.

With a good deal more labor than he liked, he cut a furrow through the bark and into the wood, and below it made a slanting cut with the gouge and stuck in the spout. It was a soft, half-sunny day, following a frosty night, and the sap came dropping out of the spout into the bark pail at such a lively rate that there was soon a good draught of it, which Wungbasahs swallowed with great relish.

In an hour or so he had got his fill of drink, and began to wish for something to eat. A bright thought struck him. Only two days before, his father had come back from a hunt, hauling home on his dobogan half the carcass of a moose. Would not a chunk of moose-meat, seethed in a kettle of this sweet water, be better than cooked in any other way? So home he went, and added to his sins by purloining a bit of meat half as big as his foot, and one of his mother's kokws, or earthen kettles, with a handful of live coals in it, and made off with his booty to his one-tree sap-works.

Here he started a fire with the coals, and, by a cord of bark about its rim, slung the kettle over it filled with sap and the piece of meat.

They say that 'a watched pot never boils,' and this one did not till the watcher had fallen asleep with his back to a tree and his feet to the fire. When he awoke the sun was down and the snow was blue with twilight shadows. His first thought was for his cookery. There was nothing left of the fire but ashes and embers; but the kokw had boiled almost dry, only in the bottom was a gummy mass, out of which rose, like the barren rock, wojahose, the



WUNGBASAHS' ADVENTURES WITH MEKWASEESE.

shrunk remains of the moose-meat. Wungbasahs was hungry as a wolf, and, tearing it out, set his teeth into it without waiting for it to get cooler. His delight and astonishment raced with each other over the most luscious morsel he had ever tasted. Sweeter than the minute drops in the bags of the columbine, and a whole mouthful of it, to say nothing of what was left in the kokw!

He was so delighted with his discovery that he ran home with what was left of its results as fast as he could, and told the whole story from beginning to end. When Awahsoose and Wonakake had tasted, and then licked and scraped the kokw cleaner than it had ever been before since it was first made,

Wungbasahs was forgiven his theft and unauthorized borrowings, and named, with solemn rites, "The — one — whom — the — squirrel — told — how — to — get — the — sweet — water — and — who — himself — found — out — how — to — make — it — better," which in Indian is so very long a name that I have not paper enough left to write it on.

And so began the making of maple sugar.

This story was not told me by the Indians, but by the Blue Jay; and so I cannot vouch for it, since it is said that, blue as he is, the jay is not *true* blue. But I do know that to this day, the red squirrels spared by Wungbasahs suck the sap of the maples.

SLIDING DOWN HILL.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THERE is ice on the hill, hurrah, hurrah!
 We can slide quite down to the pasture-bar
 Where the cows at night, in the summer weather,
 Would stand a-waiting and lowing together.
 "Tie your tippet closer, John,"
 That was what their mother said;
 "All of you put mittens on—
 The broom will answer for a sled!"

They had never a sled, but dragged in its room,
 Just as gayly, behind them, the worn kitchen-broom;
 John, Sammy and Tom, and their sweet little sister,

With her cheeks cherry-red, where the wind had kissed
 her.

"You can watch, sis, that's enough,"
 That was what her brothers said;
 "Keep your hands warm in your muff—
 Girls can't slide without a sled!"

"Oh, where in the world is there aught so nice
 As to slide down the pasture-hill on the ice?
 Quite down to the bar, sis, see we are going,
 Where the cows each night in summer stood lowing."

"If I were a boy, like you,"
 This was what their sister said,



ON THE KITCHEN BROOM.

Watching as they downward flew,
 "I would make a girl a sled!"