



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

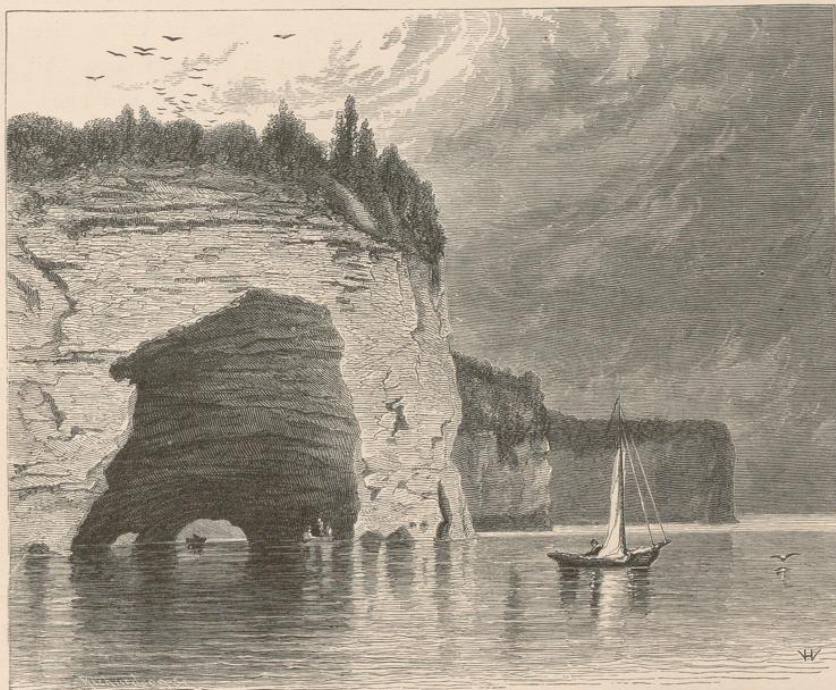
New York, 1872

Lake Superior.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-65789](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-65789)

LAKE SUPERIOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HART.



Grand Portal

TWO hundred and thirty-two years ago, the first white man stood on the shores of Lake Superior. Before him was assembled a crowd of Indians—two thousand Ojibwas and other Algonquins—listening, with curiosity, to the strange tidings he brought, and, in some instances, allowing the mystic drops to be poured upon their foreheads; for, like all the first explorers of the lake-country, this man was a missionary. Only religious zeal could brave the wilderness and its savages, cold and hunger, torture and death, for no hope of earthly reward, for no gold-mines, for no fountain of youth, but simply for the salvation of souls. And, whatever posterity may think of the utility of their work, it must at least admire the courage and devotion of these fathers, who, almost without exception, laid down their lives for the cause. What can a man do more? Five years later came the turn of this first white man of Lake Superior, murdered by the Indians in the forests near the Mohawk River.

Since that first visit, more than two centuries ago—a long time for fast-moving American history—the great lake has remained almost unknown to the world of books. Even now, while the far Pacific coast is pictured and described in all the magazines and newspapers of the day, portions of Lake Superior remain *terra incognita*; and, with the exception of dry surveys and geological reports, the libraries are barren of its very name. And yet the scenery is grand beyond the power of verbal description. Stored away in its bays are groups of islets, as fair as any in southern seas. All along the shore are water-falls, some silvery, some claret-colored, some falling two hundred feet over a sheer precipice, and others leaping down the cliffs in a long series of cascades. In parts of the coast, the sandstone rocks are worn and fretted into strange shapes of castles, faces, and figures, which stand out like sculpture; in others, the granite rocks rise like palisades, in fluted columns of red and silver; and, farther to the north, porphyry cliffs tower above the water—a perpendicular wall, thirteen hundred and fifty feet high—stern guardians of the silver at their base. Mirage of wonderful beauty is seen on the lake; and the Indians had many a tale of lost islands floating in charge of a *manitou*, veiled at his will in silver fog. Persons crossing from point to point in their bark canoes would bring strange tales of these islets; but, though they searched a lifetime through, they could never find them again.

Superior is four hundred and sixty miles long, one hundred and seventy broad, and eight hundred feet deep. Its general shape was best described by the French fathers, more than two hundred years ago, as “a bended bow, the northern shore being the arc, the southern shore the cord, and the long point the arrow.” This long point is Keweenaw, a copper arm thrust out seventy miles into the lake from the south shore. Passing the Sault Sainte-Marie—called “Soo” in Western phraseology—Point Iroquois is seen on the west, and opposite the Gros Cap of Canada, six hundred feet high. There is a story connected with these points; and as, for once, the all-conquering Iroquois were conquered, it is worth relating, since the continuous victories of this fierce confederacy become at last wearisome to the student of lake-country history, and he feels inclined to take part with the poor, exterminated Eries and Hurons, who have left only their names on the lakes where they once lived. Up the western shore once came the Iroquois, and upon this point they fought a great battle, of two days, with the Chippewas of Superior, defeating them with heavy loss. The remnant paddled across to Gros Cap in their canoes, and there, on the shore, they watched the fires of their enemies, who, flushed with triumph, danced and sang through most of the night, and at last, toward dawn, fell heavily asleep. Then swiftly paddled the Chippewas back again, and slew them, one and all, while they slept. As the story says, “not an Iroquois looked out upon the lake ever again.” The Chippewas left the bones of their enemies bleaching on the shore, and for years they whitened the point, plainly visible for miles, the glory of all the lake Indians.

Beyond Iroquois stretches long White-Fish Point, and, this turned, the Sables come into view—sand-dunes hundreds of feet high, golden by day, crimson at sunset, and silver by night; beautiful to the eyes of the artist, but desolate to the sailor, who, in all this stretch of eighty miles, can find no safe harbor in a storm. Back of the Sables lies a wilderness—part of the peninsula which belongs to a State whose boundary-line it nowhere touches, and which was thrown in as a make-weight to keep the peace with Ohio. In 1835, the State of Michigan wanted a strip of land, eight miles wide, upon her southern border, to which Ohio also laid claim, and the quarrel waxed so fierce that both sides, under their respective governors, raised troops, and marched out to the disputed boundary. Here the Ohio governor, strong in tactics, began to build a military camp, while his antagonist, apparently of a fiercer disposition, rode boldly into Toledo, laid waste the water-melon patches and



Manesing Harbor.

chicken-coops, attacked and demolished an ice-house, and, bursting in the front-door of the one officer residing in the town, carried him back into Michigan in triumph, a veritable prisoner of war. The dispute was afterward settled in Congress, and Michigan unwillingly gave up the eight miles in exchange for this upper peninsula, which has since proved a vast mineral storehouse, whose treasures, although not yet half developed, supply the whole nation, and are crossing the ocean to the Old World.

Beyond the Sables lie the Pictured Rocks. Leaving the steamer at Munising, and taking a Mackinac boat or an Indian canoe, in order to explore this wild region, and seek, in their fastnesses, the wonders which will not reveal themselves to the mere passer-by, one is at the start filled with admiration for Munising Harbor. It is landlocked, the high hills rising all around, and off its mouth lies Grand Island, in itself romantically beautiful, although almost unnoticed on this coast of marvels. Munising was to have been a great city; so said Philadelphia. But the Iron Mountain, farther westward, carried the day, and built up the city on its own shore, naming it after the greatest of the French missionaries, Father Marquette.

The Pictured Rocks stretch from Munising Harbor eastward along the coast, rising, in some places, to the height of two hundred feet from the water, in sheer precipices, without beach at their bases. They show a countless succession of rock-sculptures, and the effect is heightened by the brilliancy of the coloring—yellow, blue, green, and gray, in all shades of dark and light, alternating with each other in a manner which charms the traveller, and so astonishes the sober geologist that his dull pages blossom as the rose. It is impossible to enumerate all the rock-pictures, for they succeed each other in a bewildering series, varying from different points of view, and sweeping, like a panorama, from curve to curve, mile after mile. They vary, also, to various eyes—one person seeing a castle, with towers, where another sees a caravan of the desert; the near-sighted following the tracery of tropical foliage—the far-sighted pointing out a storied fortification, with a banner flying from its summit. There are, however, a number of the pictures so boldly drawn that all can see them near or far, even the most deadly-practical minds being forced to admit their reality. Passing the Chimneys and the Miner's Castle, a detached mass, called the Sail Rock, comes into view; and, so striking is its resemblance to a sloop, with the jib and mainsail spread, that, at a short distance out at sea, any one would suppose it a real boat at anchor near the beach. Two headlands beyond this is Le Grand Portail, so named by the *voyageurs*—a race now gone, whose unwritten history, hanging in fragments on the points of Lake Superior, and fast fading away, belongs to what will soon be the mythic days of the fur-trade. The Grand Portal is one hundred feet high by one hundred and sixty-eight feet broad at the water-level; and the cliff in which it is cut rises above the arch, making the whole height one hundred and eighty-five feet. The great cave, whose door is the Portal, stretches back in the shape of a vaulted room, the arches of the roof built of yellow sandstone, and the sides fretted



CHAPEL BEACH.

into fantastic shapes by the waves driving in during storms, and dashing up a hundred feet toward the reverberating roof with a hollow boom. Floating under the Portal, on a summer day, voices echo back and forth, a single word is repeated, and naturally the mind reverts to the Indian belief in grotesque imps who haunted the cavern, and played their pranks upon rash intruders—pranks they still play, and dangerous ones, too, for the whole coast of Pictures is dreaded by the lake-captains, and not a few craft have gone down close to the shore, lost in treacherous fogs.

Farther toward the east is La Chapelle of the *voyageurs*. This rock-chapel is forty feet above the lake—a temple, with an arched roof of sandstone, resting partly on the cliff behind, and partly on massive columns, as perfect as the columned ruins of Egypt. Within, the rocks form an altar and a pulpit; and the cliff in front is worn into rough steps upward from the water, so that all stands ready for the minister and his congregation. The colors of the rock are the fresco; mosses and lichens are the stained glass; and, from below, the continuous wash of the water in and out through holes in the sides is like the low, opening swell of an organ voluntary. A manitou dwelt in this chapel—not a mischievous imp, like the sprites of the Portal, but a grand god of the storm, who, with his fellow-god on Thunder Cape, of the north shore, commanded the winds and waves of the whole lake, from the Sault to Fond-du-Lac. On the chapel-beach the Indians performed their rites to appease him; and here, at a later day, the merry *voyageurs* initiated the tyros of the fur-trade into the mysteries of their craft, by plunging them into the water-fall that dashes over the rocks near by—a northern crossing-the-line.

The Silver Cascade falls from an overhanging cliff, one hundred and seventy-five feet, into the lake below. The fall of Niagara is one hundred and sixty-five feet, ten feet less than the Silver, which, however, is but a ribbon in breadth, compared to the "Thunder of Waters." The Silver is a beautiful fall, and the largest among the Pictures; but the whole coast of Superior is spangled with the spray of innumerable cascades and rapids, as all the little rivers, instead of running through the gorges and ravines of the lower-lake country, spring boldly over the cliffs without waiting to make a bed for themselves. Undine would have loved their wild, sparkling waters.

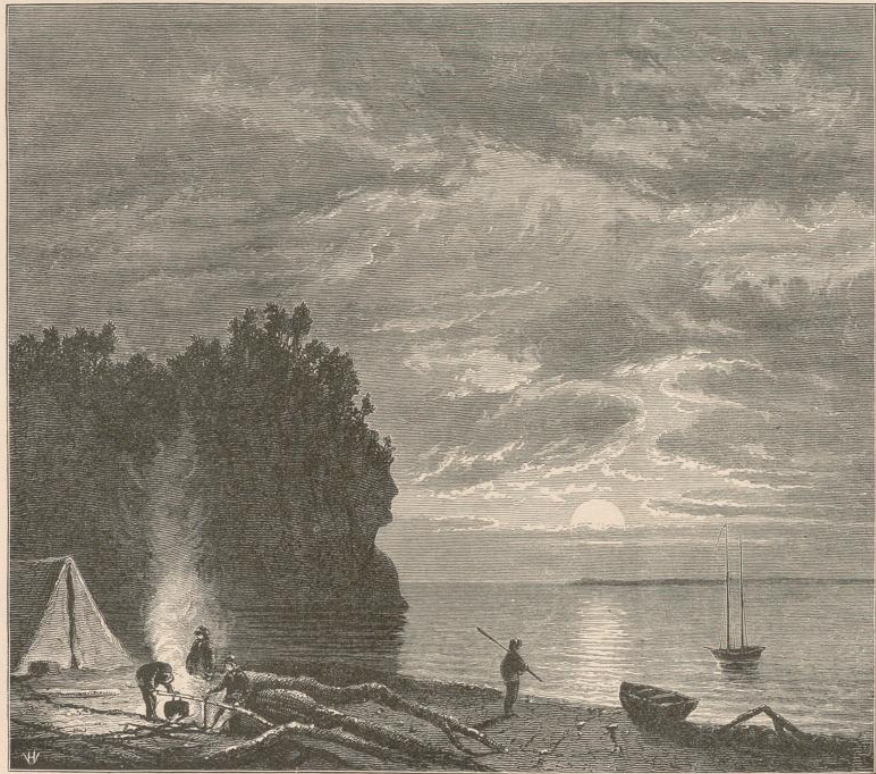
The coast of Pictures is not yet half explored, nor its beauties half discovered; they vary in the light and in the shade; they show one outline in the sunshine and another in the moonlight; battlements and arches, foliage and vines, cities with their spires and towers, processions of animals, and even the great sea-serpent himself, who, at last, although still invisible in his own person, has given us a kind of rock-photograph of his mysterious self. In one place, there stands a majestic profile looking toward the north—a woman's face, the Empress of the Lake. It is the pleasure of her royal highness to visit the rock only by night, a Diana of the New World. In the daytime, search is vain, she will not reveal herself; but, when the low-down moon shines across the water, behold, she appears! She looks to the north, not sadly, not sternly, like the Old Man



SILVER CASCADE.

of the White Mountains, but benign of aspect, and so beautiful in her rounded, womanly curves, that the late watcher on the beach falls into the dream of Endymion; but, when he wakes in the gray dawn, he finds her gone, and only a shapeless rock glistens in the rays of the rising sun.

Leaving the Pictures, and going westward past the Temples of Au-Train and the Laughing-Fish Point, Marquette comes into view, a picturesque harbor, with a little rock



Empress of the Lake.

islet, the outlet for the Iron Mountain lying back twelve miles in the interior, a ridge of ore eight hundred feet high, which sends its thousands of tons year after year down to the iron-mills of Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Cincinnati, and scarcely misses them from its massive sides. A fleet of hundreds of vessels belongs to this iron-bound coast; their sails whiten the lakes from the opening of navigation to its close; they are the first to start when, in the early spring, word comes that the ice is moving, and the last to leave when, in the late fall, word comes that the ice is making. Perilous voyages are theirs,

in the midst of grinding ice; and sometimes they are caught in the fierce storms of Superior, going down with all on board off the harborless coast of the Pictured Rocks or the Sables.

The iron shoulders passed, next comes the copper arm of Keweenaw, the arrow in the bow; the name signifies a portage; and the Indians, by crossing the base of the



Great Palisade.

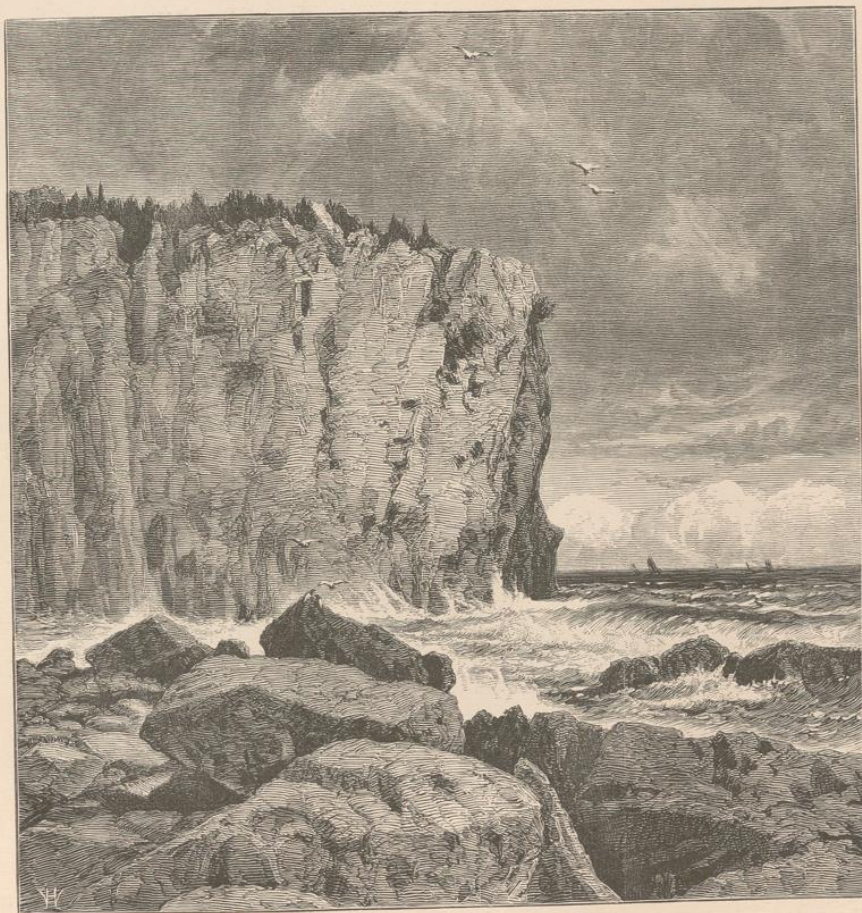
point through Portage Lake and its streams, saved the long ninety miles around it. This copper arm has its history. Centuries ago its hills were mined, and the first white explorers found the ancient works and tools, and wondered over them; when they were tired of wondering, they ascribed them to the extinct Mound-Builders, whoever they were, a most convenient race, who come in for all the riddles of the Western country,

and never rise from their graves to say us No. The Chippewas of Superior were full of superstitious fear regarding Keweenaw Point; they believed that a demon resided there, and dared not visit his domain to procure copper, without first propitiating him with rites and gifts; then, trembling and in silence, they lighted fires around some exposed mass of the metal, and, when it was softened, they hastily cut off a small quantity, and fled to their canoes without looking back. So strong was their dread that, for many years, the explorers were unable to obtain from them any information about the Point, neither would they act as guides, although tempting bribes were offered. Then came the geologists, unwilling to believe that native copper existed in such a locality, but forced to concede the fact when solid masses of five hundred tons confronted them. Gradually they found that this long point held the greatest copper-mines of the world, those of the Ural Mountains, in Russia, sinking into insignificance in comparison with them; and, upon this discovery, speculation started up, and fortunes were made and lost in the Eastern cities in copper-stock by men who barely knew where Keweenaw was, as they tossed it like a football from one to another, and jabbered off its Indian name with easy fluency. Throughout this excitement, and after it died away, however, the Point kept steadily producing its copper from the hills and along-shore, until now not only does it supply the whole country, but is even crossing the ocean to aid the Old World. On Keweenaw are several lakes, among them the lovely Lac-la-Belle of the *voyageurs*; the north shore of the Point is bold with beautiful rock-harbors, and beyond Ontonagon, the western end of the copper-region, rise the Porcupine Mountains. At Montreal River Michigan ends, and Wisconsin pushes forward to share a part of the rich coast.

Farther to the west is the beautiful group of the Apostles; this name brings up again the memory of the early missionaries, who came to these islands as far back as 1669, Father Marquette himself, the central figure of the lake-country history, having spent some time here at La Pointe, on Madeline Island. It was while attending to this mission that he first heard of the Mississippi, or Great Water, from the Illinois tribes, who were attracted to La Pointe by the trinkets distributed by the French. The idea of seeking out this wonderful river dwelt in his mind from that time, but he was not permitted to go until several years later, entering its waters at last in June, 1673, with, as he writes in his journal, "a joy I am not able to express." An antiquated Roman Catholic chapel still stands at La Pointe, where the Indians and half-breeds assemble to receive instruction from an old French priest.

The islands, of which, by-the-way, each apostle might take two, are all beautiful, a lovely archipelago, contrasting with the sterner coast to the north and east. At Bay-field, on the main-land opposite, is the United States agency for the Chippewa Indians, and here they receive their annual payment, coming in from all quarters in their canoes, and showing not a few noble outlines among the young men, and not a few faces

worthy of admiration among the younger maidens. There is yet some romance left on Lake Superior, in spite of the prosaic influence of the Cornish miners and Yankee capitalists. It is but a few years since a young man of education and refinement, while paddling a canoe along-shore, came suddenly upon an Indian girl standing on the beach. She was so beautiful that he could not forget her, and, after some days, he sought the



Cliff near Beaver Bay.

place again, and found her with her parents in their wigwam. In spite of himself, and with all the world and its influence against it, his fancy grew into love. The father heard of the infatuation, and in haste sent his son eastward for a year's visit among the Atlantic cities, hoping that the change and an insight into fashionable life would wean him from his dark-skinned love. But no; for a time after his return he did not speak

of her, neither did he seek the wigwam. But suddenly it all came back in an hour, and one morning he was missing, nor could any trace be found until an old fisherman brought word that he had seen the youth paddling toward the west in a canoe, with the Indian girl in the stern, decked in all her finery of feather-work and beads. The bride was a Roman Catholic, like most of the Chippewas, and the two were married by a mission-priest. The father pursued, but it was too late.

At the head of Lake Superior is the St. Louis River; here Wisconsin ends and Minnesota begins. The town of Duluth, named after a French explorer who visited its site in 1680, is but three years old, and yet is called the Chicago of Lake Superior; it



Baptism Bay.

has four thousand inhabitants, and stands at the extreme western end of the Great Chain. Quebec stands at the eastern end, for the St. Lawrence beyond is but an arm of the sea; and seventeen hundred and fifty miles lie between. Beyond Duluth begins the North Shore; and these words call up visions of grandeur, of gold and silver, of adventure and danger, not unlike the dreams of the first white men on the shores of Mexico. The long coast, the arc of the bow, is even now but vaguely known, for, although a few settlements have been made where silver exists, they are but dots on the line, and the map-makers are obliged either to leave their paper blank, or fill it up from imagination and the vague stories of the hunters. The veil of mystery adds, no

doubt, a charm; but, nevertheless, the surveys, as far as they have gone, verify the visions, and the silver sent down to the lower-lake towns fairly exceeds the descriptions of the discoverers.

Until within a few years the north shore has been traversed only by the hunters, trappers, and *voyageurs* of the Hudson's Bay Company; more than half of its length is their rightful territory, and scattered along its line are several of their forts, with their motley inhabitants. This company was formed in London in 1669, under the leadership



Temperance Harbor.

of Prince Rupert, and afterward obtained a charter from Charles II., granting "the sole right of trading in all the country watered by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay;" this right was soon stretched until it included the whole of British America, and as much of the United States as the hunters found convenient. There were four departments: the Northern, which embraced the icy region near the arctic circle; the Eastern, along the St. Lawrence and its tributaries; the Southern, lying on the shore of Lake Superior; and the Western, which took in the immense country west of the Saskatchewan, as far as the Pacific Ocean and the Columbia River, where John Jacob Astor made his brave

fight, single-handed, with the vast corporation, and failed, solely on account of the incapacity or infidelity of his agents.

All through the north coasts of Superior roamed the company hunters; along the hundreds of little lakes and streams the *voyageurs* paddled their canoes, trading with the Indians and gathering together the furs, which, packed in bales, were sent eastward from post to post, until they reached the ocean, where the company vessels carried them to England. The head men were generally English or Scotch, but the *voyageurs* were French and French half-breeds; and it is noteworthy that the quick imaginations of the latter class have given the names to most of the points, bays, and cliffs of the lake, while the more stately English titles are entirely forgotten, save in the old journals of some chief factor, where they languish unnoticed by posterity, which goes on talking of "Bête Grise," "Grand Marais," "Presqu'isle," "Bois Brulé," and "L'Anse à la Bouteille," as though it preferred them to the names of English royalty and nobility.

A merry race were the *voyageurs*, and the memory of their songs still lingers in the ears of old lake-captains and sailors of the generation almost passed away; and yet it is impossible now to get either words or tunes—a few of the titles only remain.

"They always sung, and kept time with their paddles," said an old sailor recently. "The tunes were wild-like, but mighty sweet, and the words were French. The steersman would begin, and then all would join in at the last two lines and chorus. They never could do any thing without singing."

"But can you not recall even one of the airs?"

"No, no; I've forgot them all. But they were sweeter than the tunes are nowadays."

The shore of Superior, north of Duluth, rises into grand cliffs of greenstone and porphyry, eight hundred to one thousand feet high. The Great Palisade, a remarkable rock-formation, is moulded in columns up and down, more regular than the Palisades of the Hudson. The rock is of a red color, and the minute quartz-crystals scattered over its face cause it to gleam in the sunshine like a wall of diamonds. It stands almost entirely detached from the main-land, and, at a short distance out at sea, might be said to resemble a row of plants growing upward, side by side, from the water, like giant lily-stalks.

The cliffs of Beaver Bay are wild and rugged; and yet, dangerous as they appear, here is one of the good harbors of the north shore.

Baptism, or Baptême, River, beyond the Great Palisade, comes dashing down to the lake in a series of wild water-falls, with a wall of rocks on one side, through which it has cut a gate-way for itself when the storms build up a sand-bar across its natural mouth. The Indians called the stream the "River of Standing Stones;" but the *voyageurs* named it "Baptême," probably from some mission or work of conversion on its banks, although the sailors of to-day declare that it was so called because a persistent

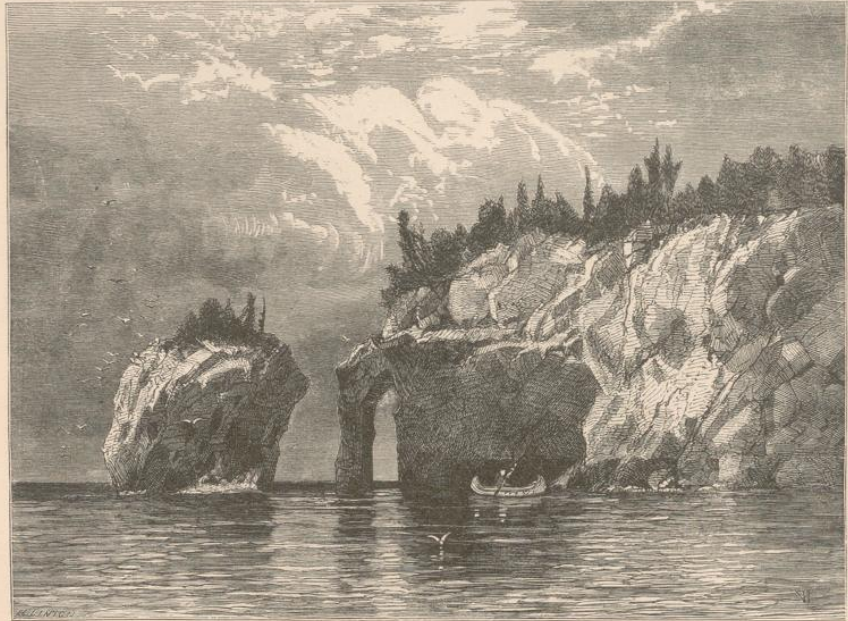


SPIRIT HARBOR.

scoffer fell in accidentally, and, as a priest was standing by, he baptized the man in spite of his objections.

Whether or not the *voyageurs* were the authors of the pun—the one pun of Lake Superior—is not known; but it must be confessed that the witticism has a modern sound. It is attached to the beautiful harbor of Temperance River, which is said to have been so called because there was no bar at the mouth!

The portion of Minnesota lying back of this coast is a wilderness, with vague



Island No. 1.

rumors of precious metals hidden in its recesses. At Pigeon River is the boundary-line between the United States and Canada; and here begins the Grand Portage, where, through a series of lakes and streams, the very names of which have a wild sound—Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, and Winnipeg—the *voyageurs* were enabled, with short portages, to take their canoes through to the Saskatchewan and the Red River of the North.

The whole Canadian shore is grandly beautiful in every variety of point, bay, island and isolated cliff. Passing Fort William, an important post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Thunder Cape is seen—a basaltic cliff, thirteen hundred and fifty feet high, upon the summit of which rest the dark thunder-clouds, supposed by the Indians to be giant birds brooding upon their nests. At the foot of this cliff, near the shore, is Silver Isl-

and, whose low surface, over which the waves have dashed at will, is now diked and protected in every precious inch. The silver, however, is not confined to this little dot in the water; it has been traced to the main-land, and the latest maps bear the six magic letters stretched generously back over an indefinite space of wilderness heretofore blank paper. The tales of Silver Island are like pages of "Monte Cristo." "At one blast, out of the shaft came two tons, valued at four thousand dollars per ton." "The company commenced building breakwaters September 1st; and, before the close of navigation, they had completed their erection, and had mined twenty-two days, with the result of one hundred thousand dollars' worth of ore." These accounts have sent hundreds of explorers and emigrants into this wild region during the last year, and the excitement is augmented by the rumor of gold-mines lying west of Thunder Bay. The great lake now needs only a diamond to complete its encircling crown of treasures.

Neepigon Bay, or the Bay of Clear Waters, is forty miles long by fifteen broad and contains a number of islands. The river which flows into this bay comes from a lake which has, until lately, been as vaguely known as the sources of the Nile. The hunters told of it, the Indians added their descriptions, until gradually the idea grew into existence that it was as large as Lake Erie. The recent surveys ordered by the Canadian Government show that it is seventy miles long and fifty broad, with copper-producing rocks and probably a thousand islets or more. It lies back about thirty miles from Lake Superior.

Beyond Neepigon Bay eastward, the coast, studded with water-falls the hues of which are sometimes a bright-claret color of varying shades, stretches for miles entirely uninhabited, save by a few Indians. Hunting-parties from the lower-lake towns camp along the beach occasionally during the summer months; but the region is as wild as it was in the days before Columbus.

At Pic River is a post of the Hudson's Bay Company; and here the shore-line bends to the south, and the lake begins to narrow toward the Sault. At Otter-Head the cliff rises, in a sheer precipice, one thousand feet from the water, and on its summit stands a rock like a monument, which on one side shows the profile of a man, and on the other the distinct outline of an otter's head. The Indians never passed this point without stopping to make their offerings to its manitou. Still farther south is the broad bay of Michipicoten, or the "Bay of Hills;" and here is another post of the Hudson's Bay Company. From here to the Sault, all along the shore, minerals of various kinds have been found; and, as the country is opened, it is probable that this half of the north coast of the lake will yield as many treasures as the United States side. There are a number of islands in the lake, many of them unnamed and unnoticed, but worthy of description on canvas, so full are they of wild beauty. Their time will yet come. Among the large islands are "Michipicoten," "Saint-Ignace," and rugged "Pic" (Pie); and farther west is Isle Royale, the largest in the lake, forty-five miles in length, and



LA CROSSE HARBOR.

attached, by some legislative freak, to Houghton County, Michigan. If any thing can be called old in the mining history of Lake Superior, this island deserves the name; and since, in the rapid progress of the New World, twenty-five years should be considered as an equivalent for a century or two of the old, Royale may well be called an ancient settlement; for, as far back as 1847, miners, geologists, capitalists, and vessels, were all there; enthusiasm waxed high, fortunes shone in the air, and the whole lake-country rang with the name and praises of the wonderful island. Royal, however, it did not prove, in spite of its name; and, one by one, the capitalists came back to civilization with empty purses, and all faith in Lake Superior gone forever. Copper exists on the island, but not in quantities to rival the great masses of Keweenaw Point; and now Isle Royale is again solitary, its old log-cabins and deserted mines giving it a venerable aspect, and its very light-house abandoned. But, in spite of this ignominy, it is full of beauty, with castellated and columned cliffs of trap-rock, rising directly up from water so deep that the largest vessel might lie in safety within touching distance.

The storms of Lake Superior are often violent, but not so dangerous as the storms of the lower lakes, for Superior has more sea-room; the waves, although of great height and force, are regular and united when compared with the short, chopping seas of Erie and Michigan. On shore, however, the storms of Lake Superior seem terrific; and the ocean itself cannot show a more stormy expanse than the great lake in a September gale.

Few of the poets have as yet reached Superior. One, however, has made the great lake the scene of the final disappearance of Hiawatha, and the lines are no inapt representation of the final disappearance of the Indian race from among men:

"On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous 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."