

## The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Fire Bird, by Gene Stratton-Porter

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

**Title:** The Fire Bird

**Author:** Gene Stratton-Porter

**Illustrator:** Gordon Grant

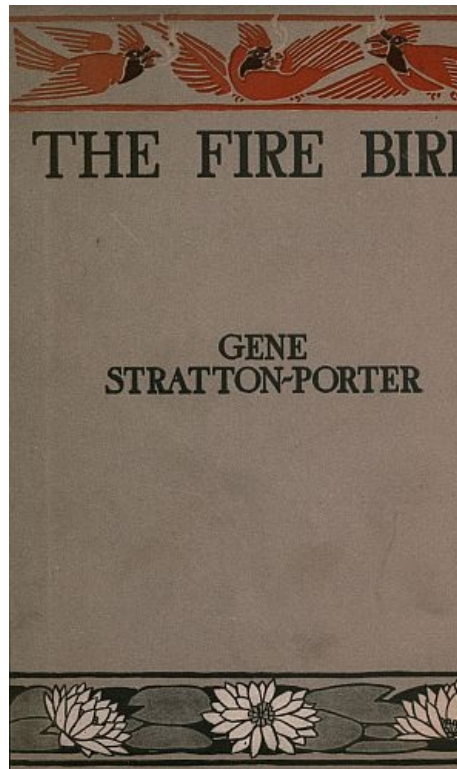
**Illustrator:** Lee Thayer

**Release Date:** February 6, 2011 [EBook #35188]

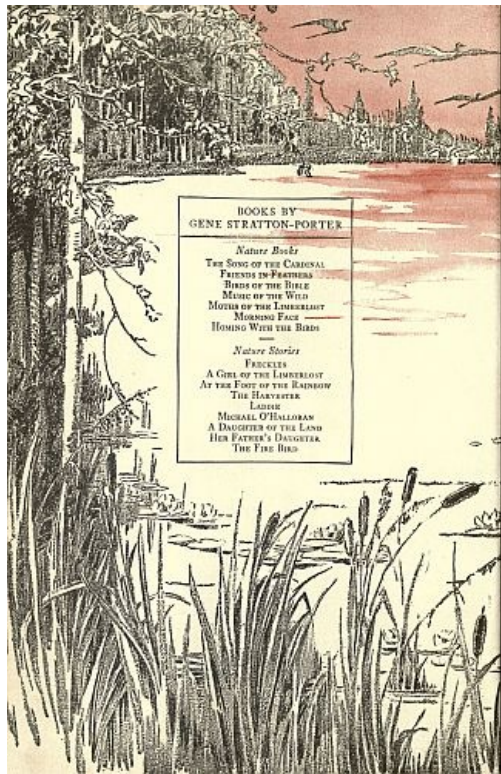
**Language:** English

**Credits:** Produced by Chris Curnow, Steve Read and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <https://www.pgdp.net> (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive)

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE FIRE BIRD \*\*\*



**THE FIRE BIRD**



BOOKS BY  
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

*Nature Books*  
 THE SONG OF THE CARDINAL  
 FRIENDS IN FEATHERS  
 BIRDS OF THE BIBLE  
 MUSIC OF THE WILD  
 MOTHS OF THE LIMBERLOST  
 MORNING FACE  
 HOMING WITH THE BIRDS

*Nature Stories*  
 FRECKLES  
 A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST  
 AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW  
 THE HARVESTER  
 LADDIE  
 MICHAEL O'HALLORAN  
 A DAUGHTER OF THE LAND  
 HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER  
 THE FIRE BIRD

BOOKS BY  
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

*Nature Books*

THE SONG OF THE CARDINAL  
 FRIENDS IN FEATHERS  
 BIRDS OF THE BIBLE  
 MUSIC OF THE WILD  
 MOTHS OF THE LIMBERLOST  
 MORNING FACE  
 HOMING WITH THE BIRDS

*Nature Stories*

FRECKLES  
 A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST  
 AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW  
 THE HARVESTER  
 LADDIE  
 MICHAEL O'HALLORAN  
 A DAUGHTER OF THE LAND  
 HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER  
 THE FIRE BIRD



---

*"Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
Make for me a new, a sure medicine  
That will ease my scorched heart  
Of the fire of a flaming red bird  
And take from my tortured hands  
Their burden of moon white lilies."*



*"Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
Make for me a new, a sure medicine  
That will ease my scorched heart  
Of the fire of a flaming red bird  
And take from my tortured hands  
Their burden of moon white lilies."*

---

**THE FIRE BIRD**  
GENE  
STRATTON-PORTER,

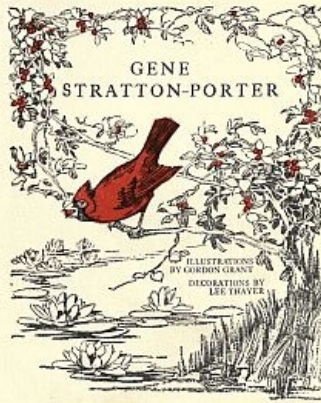
ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY GORDON GRANT

DECORATIONS BY  
LEE THAYER

GARDEN CITY, N. Y., AND TORONTO

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
1922

# THE FIRE BIRD



GARDEN CITY, N. Y., AND TORONTO  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
1922

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY  
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING  
THAT OF TRANSLATION INTO  
FOREIGN LANGUAGES, INCLUDING  
THE SCANDINAVIAN

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES  
AT  
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N.  
Y.

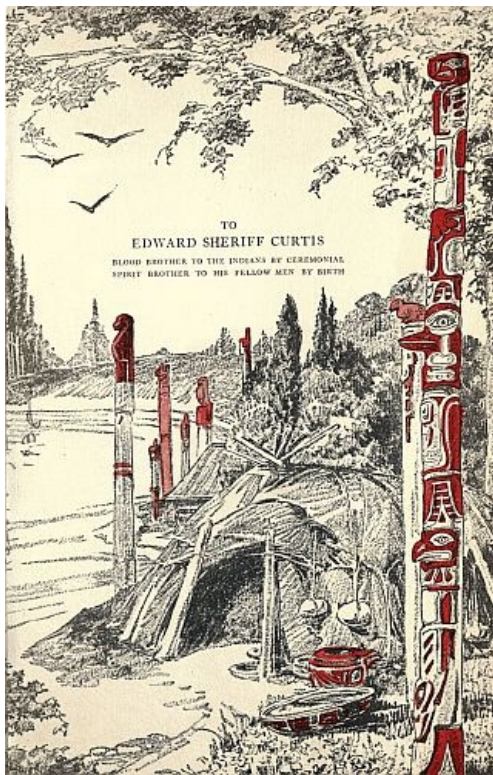
*First Edition*



TO

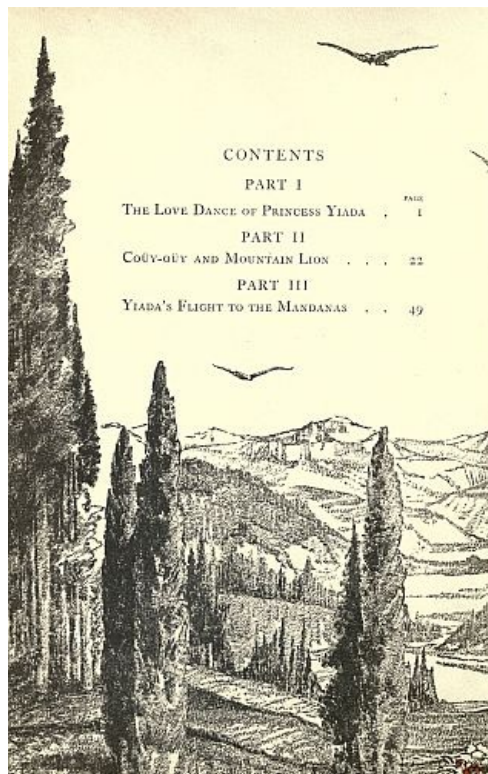
EDWARD SHERIFF CURTIS

BLOOD BROTHER TO THE INDIANS BY CEREMONIAL  
SPIRIT BROTHER TO HIS FELLOW MEN BY BIRTH



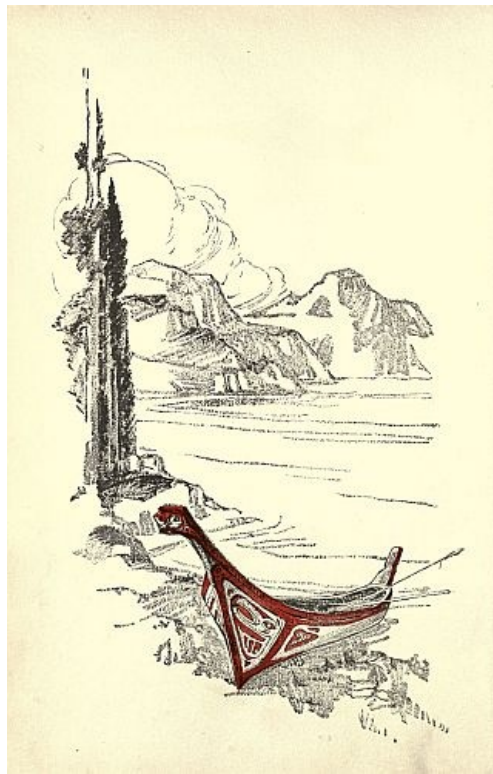
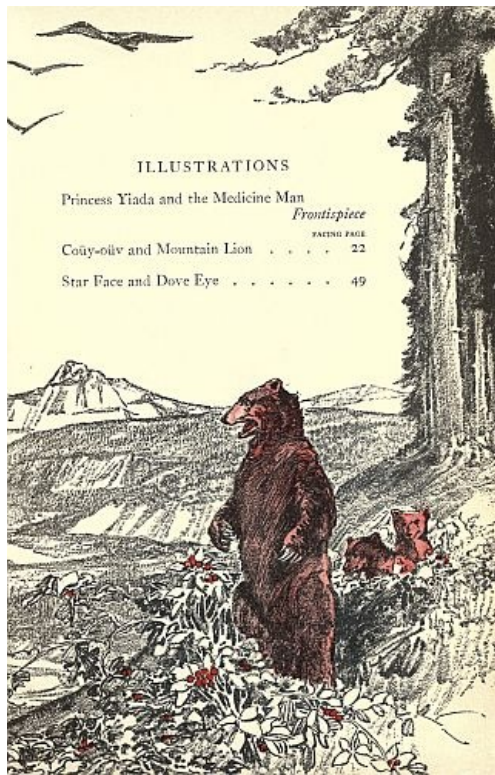
## CONTENTS

	PAGE
PART I	
THE LOVE DANCE OF PRINCESS YIADA	<a href="#">1</a>
PART II	
COÛY-OÛY AND MOUNTAIN LION	<a href="#">22</a>
PART III	
YIADA'S FLIGHT TO THE MANDANAS	<a href="#">49</a>



## ILLUSTRATIONS

Princess Yiada and the Medicine Man	<a href="#">Frontispiece</a>
	FACING PAGE
CoÛy-oÛy and Mountain Lion	<a href="#">22</a>
Star Face and Dove Eye	<a href="#">49</a>



[1]

# THE FIRE BIRD



THE FIRE BIRD

## PART I

## THE LOVE DANCE OF YIADA

Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
Make for me High Magic.  
I, Yiada, daughter of White Wolf,  
Mighty Chief of the Canawacs,  
Mate of Star Face, Brave of the Mandanas,  
I of your blood, I have said it!

From the roots of the white toluache lilies  
Make me a strong medicine  
That will drown my scorching spirit-fire  
And empty my hands of their fulness.  
Beat your sacred turtle drums  
Loud and threateningly.  
Drive back to the fear peopled forest  
Of the far and dread Shadow Land  
The flaming ghost of the fire bird  
And the white flower of the still water.  
Heal me of the dread head-sickness  
Like the midsummer madness  
Of foaming-mouthed quiota.

[2]

I, Yiada, proud daughter of the fierce Canawacs,  
I, mate of the Brave, Star Face,  
Chief of a forest of wigwams,  
With ponies like the sands of the sea, have said it.  
Hear me, for the healing of my sickened spirit!

Where the triumphant blue sea water,  
Sky-gold all day in the slanting sunlight,  
Silver-white in the uncertain moonlight,  
Teases the pale sands of the craggy beaches,  
Lay the lodge of my Father, White Wolf,  
The savage hunter of beast and enemy,  
First at the kill, Chief of great wealth,  
Next in power to the high Sachem,  
Chief of all Chiefs.

Many were the strong sons  
Who sprang from White Wolf's loins—  
I, Yiada, his one daughter, pride of Falcon Eye,  
His daring chieftainess, from the far Mandanas.

Tall our wigwams of deer and bear and elk skins,  
Stout our warm lodges of cedar and pine tree,  
Many our robes of beaver and buffalo and marten,  
Heavy our necklaces with cunningly carved beads,  
Polished elk teeth and eagle talons,  
Shining black obsidian and precious blue shell;  
Our war ponies flocking like birds fleeing winter.

[3]

Always for me, the one daughter,  
The warm spot by the storm fire,  
The floating sweet fat from the cooking kettles,  
The first crusty brown cake  
From the smoking red baking stones,  
The clear flowing gold sweet  
From the tall nests of the wood bees;  
The soft sun coloured robe of down fine doeskin  
Embroidered with broad bands of white beads,  
Luring beads of green, and blue, and yellow,  
The red stained singing quills of the porcupine,  
And downy snow white under feathers  
From the breast of the white swan.

I, first in the picking of the juicy berries  
The fruits of earth and bush,  
Most skilful in the weaving  
Of the bright story baskets,  
Swiftest at embroidering robes of doeskin  
For chieftain or little fatling;  
Leader in the ceremonial dances  
Of the young women of our tribe,

In the great Assembly Lodge of our people.

[4]

I, of slim body, willow smooth, oak strong,  
With thick long hair of crow-back blackness,  
And keen far eyes like the high eagle  
Of the top crag of the cloud country  
Spying in the gold hunting grounds of the sun.

Many the gaily dressed young Braves  
Who nightly crept close our lodges  
And made soft eyes and sang wooing songs,  
When the moon of full womanhood shone on me.  
But always, when she braided ornaments  
In my hair, for dancing,  
And oiled me for high ceremonials,  
In my ear Falcon Eye, my Mother, whispered:  
"Keep your body for Mountain Lion,  
Son of the High Sachem,  
Chief of Chiefs when his Father makes his journey  
To the far country of the Great Spirit."

Mountain Lion was the tallest,  
The strongest of our young men,  
The fastest rider, the most skilful dancer,  
The surest hunter among us,  
The spy who never failed,  
The warrior who always returned in triumph.

[5]

Like the young trees of the sea shore  
He was slim and straight.  
Like the water rolling up the white sands  
He was ever tireless.  
Like the shining of the spirit sun  
He lighted all the day with gold magic;  
Like the kindly silver moon  
He peopled all the night with friendly shadows.  
The heart of every maiden was wingéd  
In the wild breast of her,  
If he but looked where her footsteps led her.

Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
Make for me a new, a sure medicine  
That will ease my scorched heart  
Of the fire of a flaming red bird  
And take from my tortured hands  
Their burden of moon white lilies.

[6]

In the cool night of the fat, bloody moon of harvest  
When the tribal storehouses were full heaped  
With dried fish and bear, buffalo and deer meat,  
With little mountains of maize for winter;  
When the cakes and candles of yellow tallow  
Were moulded past numbering,  
When the wide-mouthed seed baskets  
Were high heaped with richness,  
And many deep nut baskets were overflowing,  
When the dried berries from far thickets  
Made little sun painted hills—  
Then all of the tribe of our hunting grounds  
Bathed their hard worked bodies,  
Oiled their smooth skins, painted their happy faces  
And put on the wealth of their richest robes  
For the Great Dance of Thanksgiving.

When the robins made love chase that season,  
In the secret ceremonial of the wise old women  
My Maiden's Hour had been celebrated.

Always had my proud, savage Mother  
Taken me alone to the forest,  
And there, beating hands and chanting,  
She had carefully taught me  
The Wonder Dance of the Maidens' Hour  
Of the Mandanas, her people.



It was a dance of moonlight and moon madness,  
Of sign love talk, of eyes asking great gifts,  
Of swift feet stamping like the roebuck  
And singing bead and shell trinket music,  
So that all the night was softly lighted  
With strange visions flower sweet.

[7] On the day of the Thanksgiving Ceremonial  
When my Mother oiled me to leaf fine smoothness,  
And hung me heavy with bracelets of bone beads  
And a necklace of precious carved blue shell,  
As her skilled hands of love flew,  
In my ear she made Canawac talk:

"To-night, before the Great Sachem  
On his high throne of prideful authority,  
With the son who follows him in Council,  
Sitting beside his knee,  
When thou ledest the Thanksgiving Dance  
At the head of the young women  
Thou shalt wave all of them back to their places,  
And alone, before the assembled Chieftains,  
Thou shalt dance the Mating Dance  
Of the rich and powerful Mandanas,  
Ever keeping thine eye of glad submission,  
Fast on the eye of Mountain Lion.

"If the soft light in his eye strike fire for thee,  
Then shalt thou forget all others  
And dance out thy heart for him alone  
And bow low as the young cedar before him,  
And as the serpent charm him.  
If he arise and stand facing thee  
And dance love manifest before thee,  
Then is the hour come for thy union with him.

[8] "Then shall I fly to set up thy wigwam  
Of down-fine doeskin, bleached with love,  
That many suns I have worked on in hiding for thee,  
And gladly in the sand before it  
Thou shalt set thy lighted candle,  
Thy tall proud candle of gold bear tallow;  
And if he come to thee with soft words  
With words of wooing magic,  
Then shalt thou bury thy candle flame  
In the yielding sands before him.

"Then art thou our Chieftainess in seasons to come,  
And high shall thy sure heart beat  
With pride of love and power,  
And swift shall thy red blood run in leaping streams  
With the flood-high tide of mighty Chieftains.

"Braves shall thy many straight sons be,  
Great Chiefs who shall rule other far nations;  
And sweet shall thy tall strong women be  
As the red honey-flower that grows in the forest,  
And swift shall their hearts be  
As the heart of the frightened fawn  
That leaps with feathered feet before the hunter."

Medicine Man, make me a sure medicine,  
A strong medicine, new to our people,  
That shall ease my weary eyes  
Of a red bird and a white lily.

[9] When the Harvest Ceremonial Dance  
Was cried through all the village,  
When night crept, silent as the bat's wing,  
From the blanketed heart of the forest,  
When the great Assembly Lodge  
Was lighted and filled with happy faces,  
When the old chiefs and the wise men  
Had spoken thanksgivings for fat harvest,  
And the time was come for all the tribe to rejoice,

First came the dance of the little stumbling children;  
The little fat bellied round faced serious children,  
With shining black hair and wonder eyes,  
And flower red cheeks and mouths,  
And stout breath like short gusts of North Wind.

When, worn out with swift dances,  
They rolled in their soft blankets,  
Came the shy youths' dance,  
And the uncertain growing maidens'  
All bravely tinkling little necklaces  
Of squirrel and rabbit teeth, and bright rare shells.

Then danced the carefully trained young women,  
Grown and ripe for the Harvest of love.  
In their lead I did as my Mother had told me.

[10] Straight I stood before the Great Sachem  
And the son of the pride of his heart.  
High I lifted my head like a proud pine tree,  
And softly I shook my bracelets of beads  
And rattled my necklace of blue shell,  
And rustled the porcupine fringes  
Of my fine robe of yellow,  
In music like the little secret whispering  
Among the dry grass under passing feet.

I spoke as I had always been taught by my Mother:  
"Great Chief, grant that I dance before thee  
The Woman's Love Dance of the brave Mandanas,  
A dance that I have learned  
From the swift feet of my Mother."

Searchingly, the Great Sachem looked at his son  
And his son looked at me with understanding  
And made a swift sign to his Father;  
So raising his hands of authority,  
The Great Sachem cried aloud:  
"Yiada, daughter of Chief White Wolf,  
Will dance the Woman's Dance of the Mandanas,  
Let all others be seated. I have said it!"

[11] Alone, with the blood of heart red on lip and cheek  
And with the pride of my asking heart  
Beating like wings on my light feet,  
With my Mother keeping time for me,  
As she did in the secret forest,  
Slowly I stepped into the great dance  
Of the Mandanas, of the peace lands;  
The strongest love medicine  
Ever measured by the feet of wild women.

As I danced, even as my Mother had long told me  
I kept my eyes ever spying  
Deep into the eyes of Mountain Lion.  
When the dance grew to its swiftest wildest note,  
When my proud head of certainty  
And my willing arms were high lifted,  
And the beads and obsidian and blue shell  
Tinkled soft singing, like falling rain,  
Mountain Lion sprang to his feet  
And came down in the firelight before me.

With no knowledge of the dance of the Mandanas,  
And no teaching of step or of posture,  
He fell into the strange measures  
That my Mother had taught me;  
With eyes upon eyes and heart near to heart,  
Facing in the wide fire flaming circle  
Where envious faces kept watch upon us,  
We danced the wonder dance  
Of the hour of full womanhood.

Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
Healer of the hearts of the Mandanas,

[12]

There, facing the chiefs and maidens  
Of a thousand lodges of our tribe,  
With the Great Sachem keenly watching  
On his high throne of great power,  
Darest say that was not my hour  
My rightful moon of exultation?

When I looked, near the close of the dance,  
Toward my Mother for guidance  
She gave me the swift happy sign of birds flying;  
So I caught that joyful sign  
And I gave it to the waiting maidens.  
Like homing swallows they swept around me;  
The young Braves came stamping,  
Like roebucks before the does of Spring,  
Then all of us changed the dance  
To the love measures of the Canawacs.

When the chattering maidens  
Went back to their waiting mothers,  
I stood there tall and straight and proud  
Fresh as the wing of the eagle,  
From the highest peak of dawn  
Eye to eye, face to face with Mountain Lion.  
His eyes burned deep into my eyes  
With a look of quivering power.  
Medicine Man, darest thou say  
That was not the great understanding?

[13]

So when all of the others  
Went on with the Dance of Thanksgiving,  
Soft as the veiling mists  
From the dim breast of evening meadows  
I slipped from the Council House  
And I flew to our lodge.

With hands of high satisfaction  
My Mother set my wigwam beside her lodge.  
I lighted my tall happy candle of bear fat;  
I opened my doorway wide to the friendly moon;  
Deep in the sands I set my love light to burning.  
And there I waited—long and long I waited,  
In burning eagerness of heart  
Tremblingly listening with each breath  
For the sure step of Mountain Lion.

Then, Medicine Man,  
With black angered sign talk  
And fierce eyes of leaping fire,  
Came my storm driven Mother.  
As she came toward me,  
Like a killing wind uprooting the cedars,  
Arose high clamour from the Council Lodge.

[14]

She caught up my hopeful waiting candle,  
My living love token to Mountain Lion, my man,  
She buried its flame deep in the white sands,  
In rage she thrust it from her,  
She snatched shut the welcoming doors  
Before the eyes of anguish of my Mother  
Of my willing doeskin wigwam,  
And in the harsh low voiced Canawac tongue  
She cried to me in choking anger:

"Woe is upon us! Strangers have reached us.  
Comes a great Chief from tribes of the far North,  
From the camps of the powerful Killimacs,  
From the home fires of the Ice God;  
And with him on a snow white pony  
Rides his beautiful raven haired daughter,  
A tall proud Princess of a great warlike nation.

"This night Mountain Lion will not come to thee:  
His father has sent him to serve the rich strangers.  
Get thee back to thy place in the Council Lodge

Before the venom tipped finger pointers miss thee,  
For there will be great feasting and much talk,  
The rejoicing will last for many suns and moons.  
It was the wrong time for thy dance of allurement  
Thy maiden proffer of prideful loving,  
But I, thy Mother, taught thee thy undoing,  
I, thy Mother, gave to thee the sign."

[15] Then, Medicine Man,  
As fierce a storm as ever tore the forest,  
As ever pitched the sea high in wild fury,  
Broke in my heart, leaping to flee its lodging place.  
I lifted my head high, and proudly and silently  
I stepped into the moon tide,  
But I trembled and shook with all-over sickness,  
My blood ran hot angry gushes,  
And I, who had never known pain  
In any part of my strong body,  
Now felt its rending arrows  
Tearing my heart in sick torture,  
As I crept through the restless whispering forest  
Where the wise old yellow leaves  
Talked over my shame with each other  
And every mocking finger of night  
Pointed in derision at my wounded side.

I crept back to the Council Lodge  
Still as a panther fending for her cubs,  
I slipped in unseen by any,  
And took up my place among the young women.  
On the high throne of power  
Beside our Great Sachem, Storm Wind,  
Sat a tall Chief trailing rich robes  
Of white fox, sealskin, and white bear.  
A proud Chief of savage face,  
Weighted with a heavy necklace of eagles' claws,  
Many elk teeth, and lion talons,  
Hanging across his broad shoulders.

[16] Standing still and straight before them,  
First, I saw the stranger woman.  
I heard the deep voice of her father,  
Toned to soft talk, as among peace councils,  
When he told the Great Sachem and Chieftains  
And all the watching Canawacs:

"This is my daughter, a Princess of seven tribes,  
She who can run with the foot of the hare,  
Who can dance as the gold birch leaves,  
When spring comes stealing from the Southland;  
Who can guide the swift canoes surely  
And ride the wild ponies on the chase,  
Whose fingers are skilful in basket weaving,  
In beading, and braiding, and polishing ornaments.  
She comes with me to make the friendship  
Of a people of her mother's blood;  
And her name is a name held sacred  
Among all the tribes at peace with us.  
Like music there fell from his smooth tongue  
A name well known to council wise Canawacs,  
'Coüy-oüy'—a breath of sweetness—  
He spoke it like the easy tongue of a lazy brook  
Softly singing among the small stones of its bed.

[17] Then every Canawac remembered the dark days  
When the Great Spirit became justly angered,  
And in the height of his deep wrath  
Against the treachery of all tribes  
Drew up the waters of destruction  
Until they covered the earth's face,  
Leaving upon the tallest tree  
Only one Chief and his mate,  
And one pair of every bird and climbing beast,  
On the top of the highest mountain  
Of all the earth known to man.

When the water had come up to the top branches  
Until only their heads were above it,  
And had stood still for three weary suns,  
Then slowly it drew back, and left the earth barren,  
So there was no fire to cook food  
For the hungry Sachem and his mate,  
Nor to warm the water soaked camping grounds.

Then the Sachem sent a beaver messenger  
Far down to the underworld  
To borrow only one coal  
From the campfires of the dark spirits;  
But the beaver was not able to bring it  
For burning his mouth cruelly.

Then he sent the fierce mountain lion,  
Searching all over the earth for campfires,  
But there was no fire to be found,  
For the water had been everywhere.

[18] Then he sent a little gray bird to the spirit world  
To bring from the campfires of the unseen country  
One living coal with which to make a fire  
For the cooking kettles and light-signals,  
And to warm the lodges of all the tribes  
That would follow him in suns to come.

So the dauntless little gray bird  
Slowly winged across the far spaces.  
Three suns arose and set, and at the red evening  
When the third sun plunged its face in the sea,  
With all of its plumage burned a flame-tongue red,  
With a beak of red like hot coals  
And its face blackened with fire,  
Came the brave panting bird  
With a living coal held fast in its mouth,  
A coal snatched from the high altars  
Of the far country of the spirits.

And so the fire gift was brought back to earth  
To warm the hearts and the wigwams  
Of every nation, for all seasons to come.

[19] The bird was sent from a stranger tribe  
Far to the south of our hunting grounds,  
Where the hot suns shine and the grass withers;  
But travellers journeying northward to see us,  
Had told our grandfathers about it,  
Had shown us the bird of bloody red beak  
And face still blackened with fire,  
Singing gaily in our summer forests,  
Singing even in the ice of winter.

Often when we chanted songs of thanksgiving  
To the Great Spirit, for rich gifts,  
When we thanked him for the buffalo and beaver,  
For the deer meat and fish and corn for winter,  
Then our tribes made a ceremonial of glad rejoicing  
For the bird that brought back  
The great wonder gift of fire.

Its sacred name fell on our ears  
Like the peace of the Great Spirit,  
Fell soft as flying snowflakes  
When first squaw winter comes,  
Soft as the hunting wing of the thieving owl,  
Sweet as the breath of flowers in the nesting moon,  
From the lips of the Great Chief: "Coüy-oüy."

Before him, her shining head bowed,  
Our people watched her in silent wonder.  
She was tall, taller than any of our women,  
Tall and slender like the singing wind reeds  
That grow around the magic pool

Of the white spirit lily of the still water,  
Far back in the valley pastures.

[20] She moved like the night hawk  
Slowly sweeping across the moon sky.  
From the proud lift of her head  
And the eagle look of her dark eye  
From the red flower flame of her soft lips  
And the sureness of her being,  
I could see that the heart of her  
Was like a wiry little war pony  
Swiftly racing up the steep trail of her breast  
With the hunt blood of the soft chase  
Fevering its questing nostrils.

No woman among our people,  
Had seen the beauty of her robe,  
For she stood in flower white, flower fine doeskin,  
Bleached and tanned like winter snowdrift,  
Like the shining water flower face of far lakes,  
Like the wide wing of a homing white swan,  
Like the silver rays of the big cold hunting moon.

All around her feet fell soft knotted fringes  
Cut deep as the height of the first upstanding  
Of papooses ready to walk.  
And her belt and her neck were deeply embroidered  
With a thousand green stained quills  
From the backs of many porcupines,  
While her long heavy necklace  
Was got from traders crossing far seas,  
For it lay soft dull jade like the green wave meadow  
In the deepest bay of the leaf tinted big sea water.

[21] Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
When one looked upon her searchingly,  
As I looked long upon her,  
That night of fat harvest thanksgiving,  
Slowly one saw creeping from her bare arms,  
From her firm high breasts,  
Over the dark gleaming bowed head  
And sure slender shoulders of her,  
A faint waving cloud like fine blue mist  
That could have been none other  
Than the secret power of the Great Spirit,  
Stealing from her breast to wrap around her  
So that any evil spirit magic  
Might not be strong to work against her.

I could see that she was softer  
Than our hard working women,  
Though she had learned from the bee  
To be busy and useful,  
Though she had learned from the hunted fawn  
To travel far journeys in daring wingéd leaps.

[22]

---

## PART II

### COÛY-OÛY AND MOUNTAIN LION

Medicine Man, it were not enough,  
Ha! it were not enough  
That the stranger bore the song name  
Of the fire bird our tribe worshipped;  
For on her breast, sheltered with one slim hand,  
With flaming wings outspread,  
And panting saw-edged beak like fire,  
Lay a brother of the spirit bird,  
Flame red, blood red, feathers like wounds—  
Dead coal black of face;  
A wild thing, sheltered and unafraid.

In her language and with wave smooth sign talk  
 She told the Great Sachem and our Chiefs  
 That she had found it in the forest  
 Wounded from the missed kill of the night bird  
 Or bare escaped from the eager claws  
 Of the hunger driven wildcat.



*"Before the approving eyes of the watching Canawacs  
 Never had there been a sight so fair to see,  
 As when, clinging trustingly to her firm finger,  
 The broken bird fed from her hand of pity."*

[23] Even as she told how she had found it,  
 She folded its wings against its full breast  
 And set it upright on her steady finger.  
 Medicine Man, it moved not, it fluttered not,  
 Though one bleeding wing hung broken.

Where it had lain between her round breasts  
 Its red sign stained the front of her white robe,  
 The mark of her soft heart of pity.

Medicine Man, the face of the Great Sachem  
 Changed slowly as he watched our visitor;  
 He looked with understanding upon her,  
 He marvelled at the quiet bird.  
 The heart of my Father, the White Wolf,  
 Grew tender as he studied her.

My own heart lay strange in my tormented breast  
 Until swiftly she turned her face from the women  
 Ever the grinders of the meal in our jars,  
 Ever the curers of the deer meat, and salmon,  
 The fillers and the guardians of the storehouses;  
 And stretching her hand toward Mountain Lion,  
 By strange words and by pretty sign talk  
 She asked of him like coaxing birds:  
 "Coarse meal and water. Coüy-oüy is hungry."

[24] As a sudden wind bends a tall birch low,  
 Willing my man sprang to obey her bidding.  
 Before the approving eyes of the watching Canawacs  
 Never had there been a sight so fair to see,  
 As when, clinging trustingly to her firm finger,  
 The broken bird fed from her hand of pity.

I could see the deep look, the inner trouble,

The battle in the heart of Mountain Lion,  
When she held the bird toward him  
That it should drink, as do the wounded,  
From the polished mussel shell he had brought.

He looked, not at the broken bird, as we did,  
But far into the eyes of Coüy-öüy,  
The Princess of the Killimacs.  
Medicine Man, was it not a Brave's hour,  
Was it not a Warrior's hour,  
That hour in which I stood unflinching  
And saw her take him from me?  
I, whose heart had possessed him  
Since we shot the play arrows of childhood,  
And together chased the painted wings  
Through the flower fields of the Canawacs.

Then came Prairie Flower,  
Mate of the Great Sachem,  
To lead away the mighty strangers.  
For many suns and as many moons  
We feasted and danced gaily.

[25]

Was I not brave to wear fine robes,  
Nightly to chant boastful songs?  
My breast was torn and bleeding  
As the broken wing of the fire bird,  
Yet many searing times  
At the command of the Great Sachem  
Was I made to smile in the Council Lodge,  
And to dance the Love Dance of the Mandanas;  
That dance that I had learned in secret  
From the flying feet of my Mother,  
Learned only for Mountain Lion,  
For the great ceremonial of love giving.

Medicine Man, Hear me!  
Not again did the eyes of Mountain Lion  
Travel across the Council Lodge  
To seek my eyes in understanding.  
Coüy-öüy had taken his eyes;  
On her face she proudly kept them,  
For he saw nought but the blue mist around her,  
The gleam of her hair, the red bow of her lips.  
He heard nought but the luring music  
Of her echo sweet voice,  
And the happy song of her quilled robe  
As she hourly passed among our people;  
While always clinging to her breast or shoulder  
Proud and fearless as in freedom,  
Rode the sacred wounded bird of blood redness.

[26]

Her father homed in wigwams  
Near the lodge of the Great Sachem,  
Rode his hunting pony on the far chase beside him,  
Sat on high in the councils of our Chieftains.

When the dancing and feasting were over  
It was known through the voices of the criers  
That for many moons our visitors  
Would home beside our campfires,  
Learning of our wisdom from us,  
Teaching, where their customs differed.

The Great Sachem was swift to order,  
The rarest fish from sea or river,  
The juiciest of the small birds  
From the snares of the children,  
The tenderest fawn flesh  
From the arrows of the hunters,  
To be brought for the cooking kettles  
Of the strangers who trusted us.

Every day I watched the slow sun,  
And at night I danced with the maidens,



[27] But no sleep came to my eyes,  
No hunger came to my body.  
My Mother tempted me with bits as sweet  
As the Sachem had commanded for Coüy-oüy,  
But my parched throat refused them in scorn,  
My dry tongue found no savour in juicy fatness,  
My hot hands could not place the beads evenly.

Then it was that my Mother came to my wigwam,  
And closing the doorway she stood before me,  
And long and long she looked far into my heart.  
Deep in her eyes there gathered the black fury,  
And a storm like the wildest storm  
That ever twisted the cedars in wrath,  
Raged in her rocking breasts  
And her lightning flashing eyes.

Fiercely in the silent Canawac motion tongue,  
Her look burning into my living spirit,  
She made the sign of the quick kill;  
And turning she slipped like a vision  
From my wigwam of torture.  
As she crept into the mouth of darkness,  
O Medicine Man,  
I knew that she had but made the outward sign  
For the savage inward purpose  
Long hardening in my deepest heart.

[28] The next sun, when our mothers sent the maidens  
With their baskets to the Fall nut gathering,  
I kept ever close beside Coüy-oüy, my enemy,  
And in my breast there flamed fierce anger,  
That she had robbed my heart.

Always at the door of her wigwam,  
Rocking in the sunshine of each dawning,  
Hung a yellow osier basket woven like a ball,  
With its ribs placed wide enough apart  
To give the gifts of light and air,  
Close enough to prison a flame red bird.

And there, healed of his wounds,  
But forever broken for flight,  
On a twig shaped and placed by Mountain Lion,  
Coüy-oüy, the flame feathered voyager of air,  
Sang a song filled with tears and wailing,  
The cry of a broken bird heart  
Pleading for wings and a mate.

The Great Spirit heard his notes of sorrow,  
But I hardened my heart against the sacred bird;  
For his golden cage had been cunningly wrought  
By hands of such great strength that naked  
They had slain the mountain lion  
And taken its yellow skin for a ceremonial robe,  
Its fierce name for the sign of a great deed.

[29] Now I saw in dazed wonder  
That Mountain Lion had grown papoose hearted.  
He was not leading the hunters in the forest;  
He was not at the head of the fishermen  
Spearing and netting as of old.  
He had proved his manhood in deadly combat;  
He had won his name by the fiercest fight  
Ever known among any of our warriors;  
But now he chose to lie in his wigwam and dream,  
And I knew what he dreamed, O Medicine Man!

So with soft words and pretty sign talk  
I led his evil spirit to the bright late flower;  
I showed her the little flitting creatures.  
And when I helped her fill her basket  
With sweet nuts that were greatly desired,  
My ear, quick for every sound of menace,  
Marked the thing the softer one did not hear.

By a slender beckoning blue flower,  
I measured the distance,  
And skilfully I led the other nut pickers  
Far away from the spot of danger.  
Then I dared her to race in turn with me  
To leap the long leap across the nut bushes,  
To land at the mark of the sky flower,  
A fair thing to shelter death.

I set down my heaped basket of furry nuts,  
I gathered my robe to my knees and raced swiftly,  
I made the leap to which I challenged her,  
Before her and all of the wondering maidens.

[30]

She followed my footsteps like a rift of white light.  
She rose high in the air over the sweet nut bushes,  
But she had not my strength, not my purpose.  
My leap carried me far over the danger;  
But as I turned quickly to watch her  
I saw her touch earth in smiling confidence,  
At the mark of the waving sky flower.

When she tore away, her eyes wide in danger,  
Dragging her robe from the clinging thicket,  
With greedy eyed, death hungry heart  
I watched her proud face.

The Great Spirit had not pitied me,  
If the curved death serpent had struck at her,  
His awful fangs had missed her soft body.  
O Medicine Man, make me magic for the fire bird,  
Ease my spirit of the snaring water flower.

Many suns I waited in hunger and spirit searching;  
Far and alone I wandered over the meadows,  
Beside the white sand shore of the sea water.

One day I lost from my necklace  
A carved piece of rare blue shell,  
A beautiful heaven tinted shell, a treasure,  
Got from traders from the Islands of the seas  
Far to the south of us—across vast waters;  
A big shell so precious among us that only one  
Cost us the weaving of fifty blankets;  
The greatest wealth known to our people.

[31]

Slipping unseen from all the others,  
I went alone through a trail of deep forest  
To the back of a far secret cavern I knew,  
Where lay hidden my precious blue shell,  
And I cut one small piece from it,  
For the mending of my necklace.  
When I came back to the sun, O Medicine Man,  
And through the forest followed my trail,  
I heard the rushing thunder footsteps  
And the death growl of Black Bear.

I looked, and I saw at the welcoming cavern mouth,  
Hurrying in from the forest, the bloody killer,  
Mother black bear, gaunt and hard chased,  
With far hanging tongue and foam dripping jaws;  
And behind her, panting and whimpering,  
Her pair of travel worn hungry little children.

Some far tribe had driven her from her home,  
And with her crying small ones following  
She was seeking shelter in my treasure lodge.

I watched her turn and forbid her children to enter;  
Alone, bravely to the inner recesses she went.  
Her nose must have told her of my recent body,  
But she could lead her sleepy cubs no farther,  
For the death weariness was upon all of them.

[32]

So she came back to the cave's homing mouth,  
Drove her panting cubs to the farthest wall,  
And making fierce boastful war talk,  
There she claimed the homing rights of the wild.

I went back to where our women were working  
And I began the Brave's task of drilling my shell.  
Coüy-öüy came and lay beside me, watching.  
Her tribes had no knowledge  
Of such rare precious ornaments.  
She greatly desired to possess one  
For her most precious bracelet.

When we were alone, as I worked  
I told her how to find my cavern  
And where the shell was hidden on a high ledge.

Her heart knew no fear;  
Her eyes shone with gladness  
When I told her my great secret of blue treasure  
And that, if she would go alone,  
She might take for herself one piece.  
The one I was drilling so carefully I must use  
For the mending of my rarest necklace.

[33]

When I thought of the dripping jaws  
Of the killer, ravenous, tormented to frenzy,  
And looked at the smoothness of her body,  
I relented; I knew mercy.  
It was in my softened heart  
To say that the hunters must go with her;  
But before my lips of compassion  
Could speak the words my heart said,  
With the joy light shining on her face,  
She told me in happy confidence:  
"I will take but one small piece  
To ornament my richest bracelet,  
And I will polish it smooth even as you do,  
And Mountain Lion shall carve it for me."

O Medicine Man, look in mercy upon me!  
Darest say she drove not her own stake,  
Lighted her torture fire with fearless hands?

Darest say she knew not that Mountain Lion  
Would now make her our Chieftainess?  
Darest say the buzzing of a swarm of maidens  
Had not told her many suns past  
That Mountain Lion was my man,  
That he had danced the Mating Dance  
Of the Mandanas with me,  
Before the assembly in the Council House  
On the night of her coming among us?

[34]

All that night my eyes surrounded her wigwam.  
With first dawn ray she came slipping forth  
And darted down the veiled trail  
That led through the deep forest.

Well had I marked the path  
That ran to the cave's mouth.  
When she had gone I closed the slender opening  
Through which I had unceasingly watched  
The moon's long journey for her,  
And for the first time in many pitiless suns  
I fell into the deep visionless sleep  
Of the body tired past endurance.

It was near evening when my Mother wakened me.  
She told me, her eyes burning deep into mine,  
How hunters in the forest had found Coüy-öüy  
Fleeing like a doe before the furious black killer.

When she fell, her utmost strength exhausted,  
Over her raged the foaming black death.

Her beautiful breast and arms  
Were forever shorn of their smoothness,  
But she lived, and her hateful face of allurement  
Her trouble-maker face, was untouched.

[35] I knew what my Mother knew  
When she turned from my doorway.  
Medicine Man, the killer had not struck  
To the depth where life tented.  
She had not sent my enemy to the Great Spirit.  
She had only moved to compassion  
The heart in the breast of Mountain Lion,  
So that alone in his canoe he speared the rare fish,  
Alone on the mountains he sought the tender bird,  
Even the bright flower, the red leaf,  
To lay at her doorway—love's offering.

Well I knew that when she was healed  
He would stand tall and straight before her,  
And in his fierce pleading eyes  
She would find the great understanding.  
Then, Medicine Man, despair settled in my heart;  
I shrivelled like the ungathered wild plum,  
I burned with a fierce, hot inward fire.

The day came when Coüy-oüy stood forth  
Whitely robed in shining wonder,  
Untouched in her courage and her beauty  
Save that she hid her arms with deep fringes.

[36] In bitterness of spirit I turned from her,  
I followed the long lonely trail  
Through the fringed blue flower meadows.  
I lay beside the small still waters of the flat lands,  
And I talked to my sister, the tall blue Heron  
While she hunted food among the water flowers;  
And I told the wise old Heron  
For the easement of my torture,  
I told her, O Medicine Man,  
This same tale I tell you.

And then, Medicine Man,  
The Heron gave me a sure sign.

She stalked to where a great white flower  
Was resting in serene beauty,  
Like a sheaf of fallen moons upon the water,  
And from beneath the safety of its shelter  
She picked out my little frog brother so easily.

She tossed him clear and high in the air,  
And head first he shot down her long red gullet.  
Then she looked at me questioningly  
And awaited my understanding.

So I slipped from my robe of doeskin,  
And fighting my way through the black muck,  
And the snares of the entangling round leaves,  
I gathered the white flower riding like a spirit canoe  
That had sheltered fatness for my sister Heron.

[37] Clean and white as storm foam I washed it,  
Carefully on the home trail I carried it,  
Like a living thing to my wigwam I took it,  
And I put it in a cooking kettle  
Overflowing cold water from mountain torrent,  
Then I waited for the spirit to make me a sure sign.

That night, when Coüy-oüy's shadow touched me,  
Like a star fallen from on high was her beauty.  
Her eyes rested for the first time  
On the white flower of the still waters.  
On her knees she made a little medicine over it;  
In her throat she chanted a hushed song  
Of exultation and worship,

Over the wonder beauty of the white flower  
That she had never known  
In the far, cold land of the Killimacs.

On her face there was a veiling breath mist  
Like the softest ray from the lovers' moon;  
All around her wrapped the blue light blanket  
That seemed to steal from her body  
Creeping through her white robe.

Then, Medicine Man, I told her this fair tale:  
That I loved a young Brave  
Son of the mighty Eagle Feather,  
The Chief of a high mountain tribe far north of us,  
And that when he saw me in the deep forest  
Holding up high the fair water flower  
The lure of its white magic  
Would make in his cold heart  
That strong medicine I needed,  
To bring him face to face with me  
In that great understanding  
Which is followed by union, among our tribes.

[38]

O Medicine Man, I told her by word  
And by convincing sign talk  
That if her heart ran soft as gold sweetness  
At the coming of any of our young Braves,  
And her roving eyes flew to them  
Searching for loving understanding,  
Until she feared they would betray her,  
And the tongue of her heart pled for them,  
And her willing hands thought sweet sign talk—  
If she would hold aloft the white flower,  
That she had gathered from the water,  
Deep in the thickness of the forest  
Where none but her Brave could see it,  
It would surely make for her the great magic  
That would draw him straight to the flame  
Of the candle she set before her wigwam.

Long and long and long again  
She watched the white flower.  
All her heart melted at its gold heart sweetness;  
And then she looked deep into my eyes,  
To spirit depths she searched me carefully,  
But pride would not let me quail before her.

[39]

She knew she had barely missed  
The peril of the death snake:  
She had sent hunters to bring its rattles for her.  
She knew she had faced the red death  
By the black killer of the treasure cave;  
Yet was my spirit so strong over her doubting  
That once again in the chill of early morning  
She set her proud feet confidently  
On the forest trail I pictured for her.

She knew not how the white flower  
Of the still water lifted to the sun,  
She knew not the wind reeds and flute rushes.

I told her the path her feet must follow alone,  
That when she saw a white flower  
Like a rocking canoe cradled by soft wind,  
Riding on the breast of the blue water,  
She should leave her robe in the deep forest,  
She should run like the chased antelope,  
And leap from the sand shore  
To the resting place of the flower.  
She should snatch it in her hand, hold it high,  
And swim back to the red beach of dawning.

[40]

But Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
I sent her not on the meadow path  
Where the war ponies fattened.

I sent her not to the still black water  
Of the singing reeds and rushes,  
Where the charmed spirit flowers  
With sun hearts and snow faces  
Spread in flocks like feeding gulls  
Over the breast of the dark waters.

Medicine Man, I sent her straight to that one spot  
On the sands of the great sea water in the deep bay,  
In the sheltered cove of the soundless depths  
Where every Canawac knew there crouched waiting  
The hungry Monster of the lazy sucking sands.

Again I watched all the moon time  
And in the gold red morning  
She slipped from her wigwam  
And entered the ancient forest.  
Soft as flame ascending, swift as night bird flying,  
I circled past her among my familiar tree brothers.  
Long before her coming to the bay of torture,  
I dropped the snaring white flower,  
Fresh and lovely, a convincing decoy,  
Far into the heart of the pitiless death pool  
Where the eager mouths of the swallowing sands  
Embrace and draw, quietly, but so surely  
That no strength of arm can lift,  
No power of spirit can save their victim.

[41]

Behind the rocks I hid and waited;  
In anguish I prayed to the Great Spirit  
That the luring white flower of wonder  
Might rest on the gently heaving water  
Until the time of the coming of my enemy.

As I waited with my eyes ever watching, watching  
The wave cradled flower white as swan feathers,  
Through the air shot the slim scarred form  
Of Coüy-oüy, my hated enemy.

Her slender feet touched the water  
And went down softly as a diving bird,  
Her reaching hand caught the white flower surely.

She lifted her face to the face of the morning;  
The beauty that shone upon her  
Was like the beauty of the Great Spirit  
When he had first the vision of the flower world  
And the wonder of flower magic was sent to him.

Coüy-oüy held the water flower in high triumph;  
She gazed at it, she laughed to it, she kissed it,  
She laid it against her glad face like a papoose,  
And chanted to it throaty words of lullaby.  
Then with the other hand and with her quick feet  
She began swimming to reach the certain shore.

[42]

When her light feet would not lift to the surface  
And her strong stroke would not move her body,  
Slowly the dawn light faded from her face  
And a look like the look of a little hurt papoose  
Came over her in slow wonder—  
A look of surprise, of doubt  
That her strength could be unavailing.

Then she struggled like an arrow stricken sea bird,  
For the sure sands grip their captive cruelly.

Then gray terrors came sweeping upon her,  
And her face was white, white as the white flower  
That she held at arm's length above her.

Her black oiled braids floated out on the water,  
While a cry, a shrill cry, a high screaming cry,  
The voice of a wounded mountain lion,  
Rang from her lips in quivering terror.

I knew who had carefully taught her  
To use that cry in time of trouble:  
I knew that for my Brave she was calling.  
And I knew, too, how the wood and the water  
Carried sound far distances to wild ears.

[43]

I wondered if Mountain Lion were on the water  
Or if he were hunting the wide forest  
Or if he were drilling ornaments of blue shell  
Or weaving the sacred, singing fire bird  
A new wigwam of gold osiers.

Only once she screamed that awful wild cry,  
Then her struggles were the final battle.  
Already her face of anguish was even  
With the treacherous water hiding death,  
Already her slender body was forever encased.

One arm slowly beat the fair bay helplessly;  
But even as the gray terror closed in upon her,  
The stealthy catlike death of the waves  
And the little famished mouths of sand,  
The slow mealy strangling sands,  
She bravely held aloft the white flower.

And then, Medicine Man, I cared not if he came,  
The Mountain Lion, my faithless man!  
The utmost reach of his strength could not save her,  
He might go down to bottomless depths with her;  
He might strive and bear me down to her.  
Come was my just and rightful hour of triumph!

I arose and went forth on the white shore  
I smiled like a mother upon her,  
Then I pointed my finger, I laughed in scorn,  
I made bad sign talk at her,  
I danced the Braves' triumph dance, with song,  
I cried to her in the exultation of victory:  
"He will not come again to you,  
The faithless Mountain Lion, my man,  
He who danced the sacred Mating Dance  
Of the Mandanas with me in the Council Lodge,  
He who read into my eyes the great understanding  
Even upon the night of your coming among us.  
Go thou back to the evil spirits who sent thee!"

[44]

Until the last wave overran her eyes,  
The slim thing of bone hardness,  
Of arrow straightness, and sureness,  
Of bird swiftness, would not look once upon me,  
Would not plead with me for mercy  
Nor sign for help at my hands.  
When she saw me she suddenly ceased to struggle,  
And with her eyes fixed upon the white flower,  
The fallen moon that rides the still black water,  
She went to bottomless depths silently;  
Slowly, slowly, Medicine Man, she sank,  
Until the flower again rested  
On the breast of the unconscious water.

Then I went into the forest on her trail,  
I hunted her precious robe of snow white doeskin,  
I rolled a heavy stone in its rich bead work:  
I carried it back swiftly,  
And upon the face of the white flower  
Slowly sinking beneath the water I threw it.

[45]

Then I knelt in cunning like the fox,  
And swiftly working my way backward,  
With my steady, careful fingers  
I sifted the sands over our footsteps,  
Until I came to the feather grass  
And the dry leaves of the deep forest.

Like the hunted I ran to the safety of my wigwam,  
I buried myself in my soft robes of satisfaction,  
My heart laughed in victory,  
The sleep I had lost for many mocking moons  
While my brain thought snares,  
Now settled heavy, like sickness upon me.

Even as I slept in deep stupor,  
There came dreams and yet again dreams,  
But they were not familiar dreams  
Of the low humming rattler  
Nor the foaming mouth of the knife footed killer.  
I dreamed that over my heart flamed and scorched  
And burned Coüy-öüy, the little sacred red bird;  
While my hands could not braid  
And put the gay ornaments in my hair,  
[46] Could not put on my robe,  
Could not tie my moccasins,  
Could not lift food to my hungry mouth,  
Because they were full of the white flowers  
From the land of the still water.

When the alarum cries sounded  
And the ponies' feet thundered,  
When the hunting dogs raged  
And shrill clamour arose in the camp,  
My Mother shook me,  
And long she looked deep into my eyes  
And I looked into her eyes;  
And then in the silent talk of our tribe  
I made the swift going down sign  
Of the Monster sands of the far bay.

There was no triumph on her face  
When she slowly turned from me,  
And fear was born in my heart  
Because I clearly saw its awful image  
When it sprang into life in the deeps of her eyes.

When the scouts and hunters were gathering,  
When the visiting Chief was threatening,  
And all of our Chiefs were in secret council,  
While the women were wailing the death cry,  
[47] There came to my lodge in that hour,  
The footsteps I had always awaited.  
So I passed through my doorway  
And in the revealing sunlight  
I stood before Mountain Lion,  
Terrible to face in his deep rage.

With dazed hand I drew sleep from my eyes;  
I met his gaze stupidly with smiling face;  
When he saw this he was forced to doubt  
The thing he had come expecting to see.  
When he tried to look far into my eyes for a sign  
He saw only stupid Old Man Sleep sitting there  
Mocking the tortured heart in his breast.

Then he caught me fiercely by the shoulders,  
He drew me close to him,  
He forced my eyes to meet his,  
And low and hoarse he cried to me in torture:  
"She jumped to the mark of the sky flower,  
And the snake with death in its mouth was there;  
The mark was the mark you set for her, Yiada.

"She went to the far, lonely cave  
Of the chased and hungry black death,  
And the rare shell that she sought  
Was a part of your treasure, Yiada.

[48] "Again she is missing, evil spirits know how long,  
What torture death have you sent her seeking now—  
Coüy-öüy, my brave fire bird, my woman?"



O Medicine Man, if he had not said soft words,  
I might have told him as he held me before him.  
I might have braved the storm of his wrath  
And made my journey to the Great Spirit  
In that menacing breath.  
When I saw that she lived in my place  
In the secret tent of his heart  
I laughed at him and I cried tauntingly:  
"She is chasing painted wings  
In the pasture meadows of the valley.  
She is at the still pool hunting the water flower:  
She would use its white magic  
To snare your wild heart,  
Even as she used the red magic of the fire bird.  
Go and seek her, O mighty hunter!  
Go and seek—until you find her!"

[49]

## PART III

### YIADA'S FLIGHT TO THE MANDANAS

When the hunters had raced from our village  
Toward the land of ice,  
Toward the land of hot suns,  
Toward the land of dawn,  
And where the sun dives in the sea,  
In the conflicting cross winds  
Between the paths of their going,  
On their stoutest ponies  
Rode the young women and the squaws  
Who could be spared with safety  
From the watch of the campfires  
And the care of the little happy children.



*"Like the wings of a snow white sea swallow  
Writing mating signs on the blue sky of Heaven  
Flashed his quick hands of entreaty,  
In the little love sign talk he taught her."*

Foremost among these I rode on my fastest pony,  
But to my Mother I made a secret sign  
To remain in waiting by her campfire  
And yet the swifter sign of the quick return.

Because I was first in the fish drying

[50]

The berry picking of earth and mountain,  
The gathering of seeds of all kinds  
And the work of the women,  
The other maidens went where I sent them.  
Then swiftly I made a wide circle  
And slipped back to the lodge of my Mother,  
And leaving my pony in the tented forest  
I crept to the door of my Father,  
Unseen by any of the watchers.

There I lay in hiding  
While my Mother worked silently.  
She rolled a bundle of my finest robes,  
My moccasins, my best bow and full quiver,  
Big strips of smoked venison,  
Dried fish and bear and deer meat,  
Nuts and tallow cake and dried berries,  
And the last little sweet meal cake  
That her hands would ever make me.

When Old Man Moon made soft talk  
In his canoe among the clouds,  
From the back of the lodge of my Father I crept  
After I had stood long and again long  
Before my Mother, racked in fierce anguish,  
And made her many signs of the great crossing,  
For we knew that never again should I see her.

[51]

We made long straight talk between us  
That when the others returned from the search  
I should be missing, as was Coüy-oüy,  
So that a new search would be made for my body.  
Then should she cry the death wail  
Through the length of all our village for me;  
And make high prayer to the Great Spirit  
For my safe crossing to the Happy Lands.

Thus her lodge and wigwams  
And my Father and brothers  
Would be saved from all suspicion of treachery,  
And to the mourning of the Great Chief  
Who visited our campfires in confidence,  
Would be added the wailing of our tribe for Yiada.

I rode my Father's swiftest remaining pony,  
I turned my face between the sun's rising  
And the hot suns of the South.  
I slipped through the forest and on, and on,  
Each moon on, and again on,  
Fast and far as the pony could run, I journeyed  
In the direction where my Mother had told me  
Lay the encampment of her people, the Mandanas.

[52]

When the tired pony could travel no farther  
I let him feed and rest and drink;  
And then again I rode, moon after moon,  
Until he grew lean as deep snow gray wolf.  
When I had eaten the last crumb of meal cake,  
And there was nothing left in my bundle,  
But tough strings of deer meat,  
I came one sun-rising to signs of the Mandanas.

Then, O Medicine Man,  
I slipped from the pony and bathed carefully,  
I oiled my body, braided my hair with ornaments  
And I put on a snow white robe  
Whose bleaching had been taught my Mother  
By Coüy-oüy as a secret art.  
I stripped the beads and the obsidian  
From my heaviest necklace for ceremonials  
And wore only the sky water blue  
Of the precious blue shell.

When I looked into the shining water  
Above the white sands of the lake bed,

I saw in my face great beauty like high magic,  
Wrought by the fear painter, the hunger moon,  
The far stealthy journey, the anxious heart—  
Beauty even greater than the beauty of Coüy-öüy.

And so, O Medicine Man,  
At fire lighting I rode into the village.  
The spies and the couriers raced before me,  
Crying the wonder of my coming,  
The fierce, snarling dogs yapped after me,  
The frightened children ran from me,  
[53] Angered squaws with harsh voices  
Cried threatening, forbidding words at me.

When I came to the door of the Council House  
At the head of the long village of fatness,  
I slipped from my pony, and leading him after me  
I walked to the feet of the Great Chief  
Sitting in solemn state on his throne;  
I gave him the deeps of my troubled spirit.

My eyes slowly unfolded to his eyes  
The tale of the robbed heart,  
Of the tortured sleep, of the lone moon trail,  
Of a fugitive from the arrows of an enemy.

With Mandan speech and by the sign language  
I told him that I was of his blood,  
Of his tribe through my Mother;  
Seeking refuge with her people,  
And I told him, O Medicine Man,  
These things of woe, I now tell you.

Beside him came the Great Chiefs and wise men,  
Around him the warriors, the spies and hunters;  
While back of the chiefs, dim in the firelight,  
Again and again I felt the eye of a mighty hunter,  
A young Brave, with the broad shoulders  
The round face of compassion,  
[54] And the softer eye of the Mandanas  
Of the lands where peace homed securely.

Little of my story had I told the Chieftain,  
As straight and fearless I faced him,  
Before I knew in my heart that over his head  
I was speaking to the stirred heart of his son.  
I was asking of him rest and meat, and tribe rights,  
Even as Coüy-öüy had asked meal and water  
Of Mountain Lion, instead of our women,  
For the broken fire bird that rested on her breast.

As I asked I knew the answer in his heart;  
For I was tall and I was seasoned,  
And I was tortured beyond bearing,  
And I was beautiful with a living spirit beauty  
Far above that of the Mandan women around me.

When they learned that my Mother  
Was of their tribe in her youth,  
That I had fled as the hunted for cave rights,  
They held counsel, and they set me a tall wigwam;  
They gave me the rich food of a welcome guest,  
And they led me to my wrinkled, gray grandfather.

The great council of Chiefs and Medicine Men,  
The wise men and all of the young Braves  
Made Mandan sign talk to hold me securely,  
[55] As if born of their tribe and village,  
Even if Mountain Lion suspected treachery  
And rode in war paint against them for vengeance.

Then was my body lazy with rich comfort  
But my spirit was gray ashes  
Burned out by the flames of the fire bird  
Nesting in the heart of my breast.

I was all over sick for my Mother,  
For my brothers and my Father, who loved me,  
For the clear sky, the heavy clouds,  
And the taunting water of the restless sea,  
For the fat grass, the flower valleys  
And the tall mountains, with head-bands of snow,  
For the night fires of village and Council Lodge,  
And the little honey cakes of my Mother;  
While I dared not even remember  
The face of Mountain Lion's agony,  
As I tortured him in derision,  
And he turned from me in hot anger.

As the sign was in the deep eyes of Star Face,  
Son of the Great Chief, the night of my coming,  
So it was in the suns that followed.  
Well I knew that in the day  
When he saw candle lighting in my eyes  
His willing feet would dance before me  
The hated Love Dance of the Mandanas.

[56]

He was a broad Brave, a fierce Brave, a warrior.  
He would sit at the council in the seat of his father  
When he had made his last journey  
To the far Spirit Lands of final peace.  
His earth-lodge would be warm  
With the skins of beaver, mink and otter;  
While the white dress of a great Princess  
From the bleached and softened doeskin,  
Beaded with the sign of the Chief's mate,  
Would cover my sick heart with the robe of pride.

So hard I worked, O Medicine Man,  
From the lifting to the setting of every sun,  
So long I danced at night in the Assembly Lodge,  
That when I walked to my wigwam  
Sleep came swift and deep upon me.

Sometimes I lay visionless,  
My body worn to stone heaviness;  
Sometimes the flaming bird burned my breast  
To gray ashes, like dead campfires,  
And the white lilies overflowed my unwilling hands  
Until I fought to keep from choking among them,  
Even as Coüy-oüy was smothered  
By the little yielding wave hidden sands.

[57]

When I had worked that season  
Until the troubling mating moon  
Sailed like a polished pearl canoe in the Spring sky,  
When the hurrying blood of the trees  
Ran fast in the red and yellow osiers,  
When the birches, givers of large gifts,  
Put out their little talking leaves of gold,  
When strange birds made love chase in the forest  
And the fish leaped high from the shallow water  
As the yellow spawn they planted and quickened,  
There came a night of quivering moon magic  
When, after all the others had assembled,  
Star Face entered the Council Lodge,  
His head lifted to face the star country,  
And the great wealth of his riches  
Rode flauntingly from head-band to moccasins.

He had scoured his skin to fatling softness,  
He had oiled his body to birch bark smoothness,  
His braided hair was filled with eagle feathers,  
With quill feathers of white swan  
And wing pinions of wild turkey.

He was robed in the soft gray skins of the otter;  
On his feet were beaded moccasins of deerskin;  
In his hand was a broad fan of the wing feathers  
Of the proud and contented white swan,  
Round his neck lay heavy shining ornaments

[58]

Made from the teeth and the cutting claws  
Of many black and brown bear,  
Of fierce mountain lion and wildcat,  
And the big teeth of the elk and moose,  
Carved copper and cunningly pierced bone beads,  
From obsidian and little singing shells.

The dance of the maidens was beginning  
When he entered in high pride.  
He came through the long Lodge  
And stood with compelling eye before me,  
And before his Father on the throne,  
And his Mother, his brothers and sisters,  
The whole council of Chiefs and wise men  
And all the assembled people of his tribe.

Slowly he began the Mating Dance  
Of the Mandana who would prevail,  
While his eyes like coals from the campfire  
Seared my body to action—  
The eyes of black bear when he is facing the hunter,  
The fierce eyes of the starving panther  
When the hunger moon is shining,  
The scouting eyes of the eagle of high spaces,  
Seeking a mate in the far country of the stars.

[59]

When he had danced the dance of allurement  
To the last stamped out measure,  
Straightway I walked to the feet  
Of his powerful Father, on his throne,  
And in the speech of the Mandanas I said to him:  
"Great Chief, thou hast seen the dance  
Of thy mighty son, Star Face.  
If I dance the ancient Mating Dance  
Of the unconquered Mandanas  
This night before thee, for Star Face,  
Even as he has danced before thee, for me,  
Great and powerful Chief, am I of thy people?"

The Great Chief looked into my eyes and said:  
"Thou art of mine, even as Star Face is my son;  
With our last arrow, with our last battle axe,  
With the stoutest blood of our hearts  
Will our Braves defend thee forever."

The next sun, the young women  
Set me a tall prideful wigwam apart.  
They bathed and oiled my heart sick body;  
They beaded and feathered fine robes  
For the mating ceremonials of a rich Brave.

In another tent all of the young men  
Were busy preparing Star Face for our union.

[60]

Down the long wide trail  
Of the swarming, bee like village  
The painted criers on swift horses  
Were announcing the marriage of Yiada,  
Daughter of the far and friendly Canawacs,  
And Star Face, the son of the Head Chief  
Of the boastful Mandanas—the proud ones!

So, with the full Mandan ceremonial,  
I gave my tortured body to Star Face.

There was no heart left in me, O Medicine Man,  
And that Star Face might not miss it,  
When he looked in my eyes in tenderness,  
I gave to him such willing and sure service  
As no other Chief of the Mandanas had ever known.

Soft were the skins that bedded his wigwams,  
Warm his earth-lodge against the sting of winter,  
Sweet was the crisp squaw bread  
That bubbled in his fat kettles,

Gold was the mountain of tallow  
Stacked in his storehouse for winter,  
High heaped were the nuts of tree and bush  
Gathered and husked against the Ice Chief,  
Rich were the berries dried with sunshine,  
Boiled back to tenderness, honey sweetened.

[61] And, Medicine Man,  
No other Brave served his mate as Star Face.  
High and boastful was his pride  
When I gave him a straight little chieftain,  
And great to pain was my joy  
When I oiled the little fatling:  
For the fire ever burning in my heart  
Had not scorched his small body,  
The fulness of my hands had set no mark upon him.

He was a young chieftain of spirit magic  
Who in suns before his coming to my lodge,  
Had ridden on the backs of milk white fawns  
Over the floating thistle seed trail  
That we saw nightly in the country of the stars,  
Who had played with baby beavers  
In their village at the creek's mouth,  
Who had hunted canyon ways,  
Stout heart with bear and panther,  
Who had sailed over tall mountains with the eagle,  
Who had hung in the eye of the sun  
With the silver winged falcon,  
Who had fished angry waters with the crafty mink,  
Who had raced among the white birches  
With the soft eyed does of Spring,  
And slept deep with his tall blue heron brothers  
In their rough nests among the wailing cedars.

[62] Every sun I watched him,  
Every moon my fear-filled hand was on him.  
Ever his gay cradle was light in my eye  
Its tinkling shells sweet music in my ears.  
When he could walk with strength  
I led him to the meadows, to the forest,  
And I taught him—thou knowest,  
O Medicine Man, thou knowest well,  
How carefully I taught him  
Our every custom and tradition;  
And how Star Face trained him with the bow,  
To fish the rough waters, to ride the wild ponies,  
And how he taught him all the laws and customs  
For young Braves who would be warriors.

Thou knowest how all of the tribe shouted  
When first he sat his pony alone,  
And rode it through the village at its racing speed.  
And then, O Medicine Man, thou knowest the day  
When first he strayed far from me  
With the little curious feet of childhood,  
And now, now, I hear the wild shrieks of terror  
When the snake that has death in its mouth  
Struck its pitiless fangs into his tender flesh.

[63] When his little blanket wrapped body,  
Looking so long and straight, and lonely,  
Was carried to the far, haunted death village  
All the forest echoed wild cries of mourning  
From a thousand wigwams of desolation  
And earth-lodges that loved him.

[63] My stiff lips made no sound,  
My robbed hands lay death's captive,  
For my eyes saw again the nut thicket,  
And the thing the sky flower sheltered,  
My ears again heard the soft buzzing menace.  
Well I knew that Coüy-oüy  
Had escaped the watchful Great Spirit,  
That she had come back to earth

To strike me through the death snake,  
That hers were the fangs of poison  
Buried deep in my little fatling.

Thou knowest, Medicine Man,  
How another little chief came to me,  
And how again, with all the wild magic  
All the wisdom of our tribe,  
All the strength in our power  
And the cunning of our hearts of love,  
The great Star Face, and I, his strong mate,  
Strove over the life of our son.

Thou knowest how he shouted  
When to us there came a little sister.  
And then the black day, that dread day  
Thou knowest well as any,  
When tall and straight he entered the forest alone  
To strive for the first vision from the Great Spirit.

[64]

Without food and without sleep  
I knelt silent in my lonely wigwam;  
With one hand ever easing my burning breast  
With the other I fought back  
The slowly rising tide of the white flowers,  
The luring spirit flowers of destruction  
That home on the still lake waters.  
I needed not the chilling death cry  
That came to my ears three suns later:  
I knew surely that my little chieftain  
Would not come back to me from the forest.

He still breathed when the hunters  
Brought before me his stout body  
Ripped deep by the cruel knives of the killer.

The black death, man's height and buffalo heavy,  
Lay dead in the far uptorn pitying forest  
Where they had battled for their lives.  
It had been the greatest fight  
That youth had ever waged in our tribe.

All night the anxious Medicine Men  
Made their strongest Medicine for him;  
But the green sickness was eating his slender body.  
In the morning, O Medicine Man,  
Coüy-öüy again danced her triumph dance,  
Again scored victory over me,  
When our unavailing death wail  
Beat against the copper face of heaven  
For my little chieftain, my brave little warrior.

[65]

Because of her pointing finger no cry would I utter.  
Silently in my tortured wigwam  
I writhed in the flame of the fire bird  
And choked with the rising sick sweetness  
Of the hated water flower of the pasture lands.

But ever I held in a tight grasp  
The clutching hand of little fat face,  
And my ears ached with her shrill wail  
For the long journey of her brother;  
For she had ridden his racing pony  
Before him on the saddle on far trails,  
And gathered gay flowers in the valleys  
On the coloured faces of high hills,  
And brought me the little juicy birds  
From the snares of cunning set in the valleys,  
And chased the war painted wings  
Where the hunting ponies pastured.  
Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
Darest say I had not killing torture?

When the burning of the fire bird was past bearing,  
When the stifling cloud of the white flowers

[66]

Sickened my body to leanness,  
I arose and began skin dressing and fish drying  
And seed grinding and weaving blankets.

All of the squaws and the young women  
Pointed taunting mischievous fingers  
When, silent, I passed among them.  
They said: "She is possessed of a devil;  
Evil spirits drive her with secret arrows,  
It is with strength stolen from the Spirits  
That she works every sun at the fish drying,  
The meat curing, the seed gathering  
And the making of tents not needed.

But ever, when far grown I carried little Dove Eye,  
Little cooing bird, on my aching shoulders,  
Ever I pressed her against my burning heart:  
I would not trust her to the stoutest cradle.  
Tightly I held her that from my fear strong hands  
She might not be pushed out by the white flowers.

[67]

When her stumbling little feet of uncertainty  
Carried her to the willing knees of Star Face,  
Like the first dawn of Spring long awaited  
Came the light to his hungry eyes,  
Like the soft talking brook water  
Came the sweet words in his throat;  
Like the wings of a snow white sea swallow  
Writing mating signs on the blue sky of heaven  
Flashed his quick hands of entreaty,  
In the little love sign talk he taught her.  
Many suns he sat grinding small beads of bone  
Every little rare white shell he found,  
And polishing squirrel and otter teeth  
For the necklace she wore so proudly.

Never did I leave my hands free of her  
Unless the hands of Star Face were upon her.  
When he made signs of soft pale-faces  
I made signs of the passing of spirits,  
So he saw that my hands ever upon her  
Were only that I might hold her back  
From the land of the great Unseen;  
For only these three, Medicine Man,  
Only these three little people,  
The Great Spirit sent to my lodge,  
From the far land of cradle filling.

[68]

Always when we came near still or running water  
I held her with the hug of black bear.  
Before she might chase the little fishes,  
Even in the shallow inshore water of the bays,  
Or hunt the clinging mussel for food,  
Or bathe with the small people,  
I went before her every step  
And always my feet were feeling, searching,  
For any sign of the sands of treachery.  
In my heart I said: "They shall not have her,  
The ravenous Monster mouths,  
They shall not have her, the pitiless death sands!"

Thou knowest, Medicine Man,  
The season of the great pow-wow  
When I was needed at the fires roasting deer meat,  
When I was needed to set the forest of wigwams  
For seven tribes, seeking our welcome,  
When I was needed to make swift preparation,  
To use all the store of my knowledge,  
For the coming of a cloud of peoples  
From far countries to our village,  
To teach us of their experience  
And to learn of our wisdom from us,  
Thou knowest that day, Medicine Man—  
The greatest day of the life of our nation.



I held little Dove Eye tight  
Then set her on the pony of Star Face before him  
That she might ride to meet the friendly people.  
Thou knowest how she danced to him,  
And beat her little hands in triumph,  
How she snatched at the sunbeams  
And fluttered her fingers to me,  
Like the flying painted wings  
Honey gathering over the valley pastures;  
How she made me the sign of birds far flying,  
[69] When she rode away at the head of our Braves,  
On the proud pony of Star Face.

Thou knowest how again and again, harshly,  
I made the sign of full cradling arms,  
Of tight holding, of unsleeping spying,  
To Star Face as he left me.

All day the fire bird burned my heart  
All day I heard his prison song;  
I stopped work at the smoking baking stones,  
To push back the hated water flowers  
Like fulling wool from the wild sheep's back.  
Ever I pleadingly prayed the Great Spirit  
To have her in his safe keeping.

And thou knowest how the mighty Chiefs  
Rode with bowed, sorrowing heads before me.  
Thou knowest how Star Face, my man,  
Stood stricken and mourning at our doorway,  
His empty hands turned down in sign of torture.

Thou knowest the tale the old wise man made  
Of how her glad voice chanted with the birds  
And her little hands clamoured and begged,  
When they passed the white flowered still pool,  
[70] The magic ornament of the valley breast,  
Where first she saw the flowers of dawn growing.  
Thou knowest how she whimpered,  
How she reached pleading hungry hands,  
How she fought to be put down to pick them.

On his pony, Star-Face left her with the Braves,  
While he made the welcome sign talk to the visitors,  
While he spoke the brothers' friendly greeting,  
While he smoked the contented peace pipe  
That warmed the hearts of our visitors.  
Thou knowest how she turned his war pony  
And flew back over the trail, wind driven.  
Thou knowest how the frightened hunters  
Rode at racing speed to catch her,  
And how they saw only one little hand  
Not yet swallowed by the sand mouths  
The living sign of coming mourning,  
Tightly clutching the white flower of destruction  
With its lying heart of the gold of happiness.

And thou knowest how three of our young Braves  
Went down in the fierce sand mouths,  
Fighting with full man strength to save her,  
Until the mighty Chief, her grandfather, cried:  
"It is enough. The Great Spirit has spoken.  
He has taken her back to the land of short shadows.  
[71] We cannot have her. I have said it!"

Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
Is there no magic in the toluache lily?  
Is there no medicine in thy heaped storehouse,  
Fat with all the harvest of field and forest,  
That will quench the flaming fire bird,  
That will ease its coal hot scorching?

Medicine Man, O Medicine Man,  
Is there no magic granted by the Great Spirit  
That will take from my tortured hands

This curse of snowy sweetness?  
Call Coüy-oüy and ask if she has finished.  
Tell her she has taken my all, my last little fatling,  
Ask her, O Medicine Man, ask her in mercy  
To send you High Magic from the Spirits,  
That will empty my hands of the white flower,  
That will ease from my sickened heart  
The gnawing flame of the Fire Bird.

The names of the tribes used in "The Fire Bird" are fictitious. The country described begins in the land of the Salish tribes of Alaska, runs south to the lowest extent of British Columbia, and east to the vicinity north of North Dakota. All tribes and country described are Alaskan or Canadian.

THE END



### TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

The following changes have been made in the text:

- Page 2: comma added
- Pages 16, 66: closing quote missing - no alteration
- Page 26: printer typo - name spelling corrected
- Page 34: printer typo - kille changed to killer

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE FIRE BIRD \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and

research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

## START: FULL LICENSE

### THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

#### **Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the

United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

## 1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future

generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

### **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

### **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

### **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.