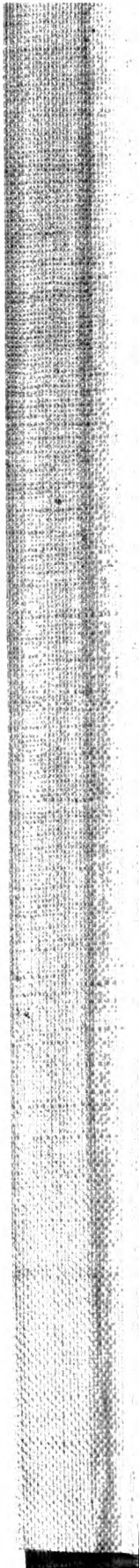
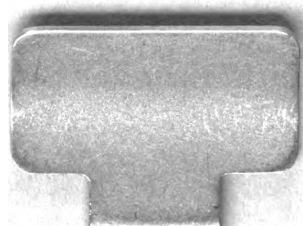


DA
2
D857.3
A582

DA Duffield, George, 1816-1868.
Angelique; a story of Lake Superior,
A.D.1845.



ANGELIQUE;

A STORY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

A. D. 1845.

BY

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

University of Michigan

ANGELIQUE:

A STORY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

[Inscribed by permission to Senator Ferry.]

PROEM.

High o'er the inland sea, the summer sun,
Well pleased, surveys the triumph he has won;

Gone the last snow-drift on the distant shore,
And field of ice, dissolved, and seen no more;
Gone the fierce north wind to his Arctic home,

To brood o'er days of vengeance yet to come;
Gone to the gay splendors of Aurora's Hall,
Streamer and crown and merry dancer—all.
Many the tale that winter long could tell,
And one as true as sad, I know full well;
First, from a sainted sire and well beloved;
Whose soul indignant was most deeply moved;

Next, drawn reluctant, did I learn the same,
From her own lips who gives my verse its name.

In honor of her sex I weave this wreath
Of thoughts awakened newly by her death. (1)
If braver heart e'er beat in woman's breast,
Or fortitude were put to stronger test,
Or patience had more perfect work on earth,
In one of heathen, or of Christian birth,
Or hope 'gainst greater odds refused to yield,
And fought and conquered on more doubtful field,

Than once Isle Royale saw, I know not where

The honored place, nor who the hero there.
Hear, then, the tale, tho' it be sad and long,
And learn, thyself, to suffer and be strong.

SAULT ST. MARIE.

'Tis eventide, and that when leafy June
Has well nigh filled her bright and welcome moon;

With rush and roar Superior's flood descends
In mighty cataract, and upward sends
Its thousand waves and ever-dashing spray
Thro' rugged rocks that check its headlong way;

(1.) Angelique died at the Sault in 1874.

While, strangely poised against the rapid stream

The Indian's birch canoe, with fitful gleam,
Bears up the fisher and his fatal net,
Skillful the white-fish in its toils to get,
Filling his wigwam, with the smoke profuse
Of luscious food, for squaw and brown papoose.

CARL AND HIS BRIDE.

Nature the same in ever changing guise,
Whate'er the sphere or continent or skies;
Leaping from rock to rock, in sportive pride,
Behold a happy bridegroom and his bride;
Wider each chasm, as she leads the way,
In daring, dangerous, emulative play;
Joyous, swift-footed as a deer, and sure,
Her eye as quick, and radiant, and pure,
Lightly and safe she bounds where'er she will,

And tempts her lover to his utmost skill.
The brave Shawano of Sault St. Marie,
Of Chippewas the chief, his daughter she;
For beauty, health, and strength, in vain you seek

Thro' all her tribes, another Angelique.
Of Carl, save this, the traders little knew:
" Handsome he was, and wore a suit of blue."

THE LAUNCH.

Their wild romantic chase at length is o'er,
And hand in hand they reach the upper shore;

Another moment it had been too late,
And otherwise perchance had been their fate.
Swift to her native wave, a vessel glides,
Algonquin named, and anchored there abides,
Bulwark and deck, they view with curious eye,

The sails so ample, and the masts so high,
The cabin snug, and the deep hold, explore,
The more they look, they wonder more and more.

As when the Griffin passed by Mackinaw,
Their simple hearts are filled with lively awe.
Oh! that their lot in such a ship might be,

To tempt the waters of the unknown sea!
So oft we ask, and ask with earnest cry,
What it were better God should still deny.
Henceforth by perils manifold beset,
Like birds ensnared, or fishes in a net,
Too late the truth they see, too late confess
Change was not wisdom, was not happiness.

THE VOYAGE.

Northward the gallant bark speeds on her
way,
Cool, calm, and sweet, and ever bright the
day,
Dim grows, and still more dim, the fading
shore;

Headland and pebbly beach are seen no more,
Square sail and top, main and top-gallant
sail,

All canvas spread to catch the friendly gale,
New life with each successive breath it gives,
And whoso breathes, can say, he doubly
lives;

No more he wants, that he may happy be,
Existence very self is luxury.
Lovely the scene above, below, around,
The fair horizon, and the blue profound;
The glinting waves, nor blue nor green are
they,

But like some eyes, a most bewitching gray;
The white caps few, but frequent and far
down,

Are amber clouds, and each in shape a crown;
As if the Queen of Lakes had dared to set,
Around her brow a worthy coronet.

With broad slow moving wing, and pendent
beak,

The restless gull, far in the shining wake,
Now soars aloft, now drops with pointed wing
Into the wave, and seldom fails to bring
The finny prey, that from the upper sky
Had caught the notice of his hungry eye.

Long time they gaze, Carl and his Indian
bride,

His hope so long, and now his joy and pride,
Till evening comes; and then like children,
try

Who, the first ray of coming stars, shall spy,
Red Mars, Orion, Venus, and the Bear,
That to the pole-star keeps so true and near.
Of gods they speak, but more than is his due,
Of Menni-boju's pranks, than Manitou;
Tho' when at length they sink to peaceful
sleep

They pray that Manitou their souls may
keep.

THE CREW.

Not such the pleasure of the motley crew;
On hasty gain intent, they scarcely view
With more than passing glance the grand
Portaille,

The Pictured Rocks, and far deceiving sail,
The lofty Sables, with their changing light,
Crimson by day and silver sheen at night.
Whence—far remote—Superior's waves arise?

They only heard the question to despise. (2)
Whene'er they speak 'tis in unvaried strain,
Of Iron Mountain, and of copper vein;
Of stones, most rare and precious to the sight,
Jasper and agate, and chlorastralite;
Of mines and miners, centuries ago,
Older than rings of oldest tree can show;
Of Ontonagon, and the silver found,
Which in Isle Royale did still more abound;
Of stocks, and shares, in Eastern market sold
At large advance, and realized in gold.
Dearer the greasy card with every day,
Far into night, they drink and swear and
play.
Who loves not God, nor Nature loves, nor
man,
And ne'er content will know, do what he can.

THE PILOT.

Not such were all, and one, a king of men,
From distant Erie and the land of Penn, (3)
The pilot good, who in his youth had been
With youthful Perry, in that tragic scene,
What time he "met the enemy," and fame
With everlasting honor crowned his name.
Strong were his arms, and still undimmed
his eye,

And his the daring soul, to do or die.
Who for the right could stand, and loved it
well,

Who wrong detested, as the gates of hell.
Frequent his glance, where sat the happy
pair,
And thought of other days, and one so fair!

KEWEENAW.

On, and still on, the Algonquin keeps her
way,

To Keweenaw, across the dangerous bay,
And round the extended point to where,
In Eagle Harbor safe, the echoes clear
And manifold, delight the listening ear.

At length La Pointe is reached, and glad
again

They see the house of God, and that of men.
Warm is their welcome as they come to
shore,

And opened wide are every heart and door.
No joy like Angelique's; her mother's face
She raptured sees, and rests in long em-
brace. (4)

But joys so exquisite are ever brief,
And even while we speak are turned to grief.
"Ho! for Isle Royale now! unfurl the sail,
Nor lose a moment of the favoring gale."

ISLE ROYALE.

The monarch isle of all the inland sea
Is soon in view: they note each rock and
tree,

(2.) Whence indeed? From the Rocky
Mountains?

(3.) The pilot and the captain are purely
ideal.

(4.) When I saw Angelique in her lodge her
mother was still living.

Nor much are pleased; only the spruce, so green,
The cedar and the tamarack are seen.
No white or yellow pine, no hemlock grove,
No beech and maple, that "land-lookers" love.

Rocky the land and ne'er invites the plow,
No pasture for the sheep, no herb for cow;
Few berries as elsewhere, few birds they see,
Save here a jay and there a lone "Pe-wee;"
At Siskowit they land, far up the bay,
And smoke and doze the evening hours away.

THE DISCOVERY.

But, hark, a signal whistle from the shore,
Where Carl and Angelique the rocks explore;
Swiftly they run, and to their greedy sight
A mass of virgin copper, pure and bright;
They laugh, they shout, they dance, they name the mine,

The officers elect, the shares assign,
Each one his castle builds, in upper air,
And goes to sleep to dream that he is there.
One only doubt remains, and that secure,
Success is certain and their fortunes sure.

THE FATAL COMPACT.

All fair it seems, and who could dream of ill,
Or what they promised, they would not fulfill?
"Such will we build the Lodge, so much will pay,

If you and Angelique will only stay
For three short months, and right pre-emptive claim,

Till we in legal form make good the same.
When shines again the bright October sun,
The Algonquin comes, and then your task is done."

Reason in Carl says "yes," but ever still,
That subtle instinct of a woman's will
In Angelique says, "Softly, Carl, take care,
Beneath the bait may lie a treacherous snare."

Once more he pleads, and states anew the plan,

And—love in woman yields to hope in man!
Never so great her love, so sure advice,
As when they call for greatest sacrifice.

SUSPENSE.

Two moons had waxed and waned, and now a third

Had well nigh filled her horn, and still is heard

No tidings of the ship! No welcome gun
Proclaims the Algonquin come, their exile done.

Morning, and noon, and eve, they watch and wait;

Their eyes with looking fail, their hopes abate

Each anxious hour, as sinks the ebbing tide,
When rocks appear, and glistening sands are dried.

"Deserted and betrayed? It cannot be.
The ship's ashore, or sunk beneath the sea!"
So Carl would cast on Providence the blame,
So Angelique would *not*, and says the same.

Her soul prophetic all too well had kened
The plot so base, and what would be the end.
Rising like bird against the adverse wind,
She trusts her wings, and keeps an equal mind.

"While God was good, and the good pilot lived,
The ship was safe, and all the crew survived."

THE DESERTION.

Nor on the rocks, nor 'neath the waves was she,
But worse, and sadder far, her history.

One man can little do 'gainst all the rest,
But who can more? The pilot did his best.
O, cursed thirst of gold and greed of gain!
How many woes it brings! how great the pain!

So has it been through all the track of time,
That sin in sorrow ends, and vice in crime.

The news not to their wish, their stock unsought,

Isle Royale shares a drug, and seldom bought.
"To-morrow, homeward bound!" in rage they say,

And wait impatient for the break of day.
"Straight for the Sault, as crow for carrion flies,

Nor lose a point," the surly captain cries.
Some looked askance! The pilot dares to speak,

"What, then, becomes of Carl and Angelique?"

"Let the red devils starve, both wife and man,

Or pull the winter thro', as best they can."
"Then some one else must take the helm,

not I
Will leave them thus, in gaunt despair to die."

"Obey my orders, or receive my blow,"

But not the pilot, 'twas himself laid low!
Too great the odds! What one strong arm could do

The pilot's did against the raging crew;
Fierce was the strife, but overcome at last,

They bind him, sore and bleeding, to the mast.

PORTENTS.

E'en while they fight with clubs and brands of fire,

Sudden the waves with angry roar retire; (5)
The ship itself is fast upon the shore,

And tho' the sails are up, will move no more.
"See," said the pilot, "nature's self refuse

To aid your plot, and thus so plain accuse
Of crime most infamous, the cruel men,

Who ne'er deserve to wear that name again!"

A while the abject crew stand all aghast;
Conscience awakes, and summons all the past:

But when the falling waves again return,
A true repentance they have yet to learn.

The captain took the helm, and furious swore,
"Rather to hell than to Isle Royale's shore."

(5.) A local fact.

Sooner than he expects, the Isle he nears,
And while he looks, it fades and disappears.
What strange portent is this? with wild sur-
prise

Each of his comrades asks and rubs his eyes.
(6)

This wonder o'er, another takes its place:
Now faint each heart, and pale is every face.
A shout, a shriek! the ship with mighty
shock,

Thro' all her length has grazed a jutting rock.
Not then as now a friendly beacon there,
Of Stannard's fatal rock to say, Beware!
Nor anywhere the clear refracting lens,
That to the sailor light and comfort sends,
As from Grand Island's lofty bluff, afar
Shines forth the splendor of its double star.

Wonder on wonder, now the compass shows
A sign uncertain, and the needle goes
Backward and forward at its own wild will,
Nor longer does its wonted office fill. (7)
Around the binnacle in dumb dismay
They stand, and mourn the swift declining
day.

THE STORM.

Now in good earnest comes the northern gale,
The wind too quick and strong for ribboned
sail;

In mighty deluge pours th' incessant rain,
As when tornadoes burst on southern plain;
(8)

Hot thunderbolts make sulphurous the air,
And vivid lightnings, with terrific glare
Each moment more amaze, until at last
Crash into splinters goes the mizzen-mast.
No one is at the wheel! The spokes fly round,
And tiller chains, with harsh and grating
sound

The story tell, how desperate is their case,
And the true pilot takes his proper place.
Prone on the deck, his face in blank despair,
The captain lies, nor is there one doth care.

The ship is saved, and saved the unworthy
crew,
And soon their much-desired haven view.
Another day, and then too late to save,
The leaking ship had sunk beneath the wave.

DESPAIR.

Four months now notched upon the fatal
stick;
Their wearied hearts with hope deferred are
sick.

Poor Carl and Angelique! with every hour
Their sorrows gather, blacker than before.
So have I read of one with chains secured,
And in a dungeon horrible immured,
Each night the noise and jar of rumbling
wheels,

Each hopeless morn a window less reveals;
Of all the six but one remains, and then,

(6.) The mirage, which is very remarkable.
(7.) Manitou Island is the pole of magnetic
disturbance.

(8.) The prairies of Illinois. *Crede exopto.*

No morn! no light! no window! comes again
Not less the cruelty, nor less the crime,
Because the prison larger, more the time.

Hard task indeed! to starve and to be brave.
Trouble on trouble comes, as wave on wave.
Long weeks ago have failed their slender
means;

"Some fifty pounds of flour, and five of
beans,"

The rich, munificent provision left
The pair forlorn, of all beside bereft!
No! there we do the generous donors wrong.
"Six pounds of butter, too, both old and
strong."

A boat and fishing net their hope alone,
A storm untimely comes and these are gone.
The self same storm through which the Al-
gonquin passed

Whose first brief voyage was well nigh her
last.

STARVATION.

No fish, no birds, no berry to be found,
On every hill and dale they wander round.
Their hunger vain would satisfy with grass
And leaf of shrub, and root of sassafras.
O hunger! what a fearful thing art thou,
When soul and body both together bow
Beneath thine awful sway,—when every
breath,

Declares thy cruel sceptre one with death.

DEATH OF CARL.

Each buckle in her belt more tightly drawn,
Sees Angelique more thin, her face more wan;
Each day more bright upon Carl's sunken
cheek,

The hectic glows, until with maniac shriek
His knife he whets, and shouts, "I want some
meat.

"I'll kill a sheep, and something have to eat."
What sheep he meant, his bride but too well
knew,

And what with hunger wild, he sought to do.
All night she watched intent, and with the
day

The blade she snatched, and hurled it far
away.

Then to himself he came, and kissed her
hand,

Nor once his murderous thought did under-
stand;

Slowly he sank, and when his latest breath
Was gently drawn, she did not think it death.

CHRISTMAS.

A sadder Christmas eve was never spent
Than that which now to Angelique was sent;
Loud howled the wind, and high the drifted
snow

Piled on the hill and in the vale below;
Alone she was, and with the dead, alone;
No eye with hers to weep, no heart to moan

In sad response, no sympathizing sigh,
No mother, sister, friend, to hear her cry;
No hand with kindly touch to soothe and
bless,

And say what lips could ne'er so well express.
Alas! and harder still, no one to share

The last sad toil, and winding-sheet prepare.
The rocks a grave refuse, the earth below,
Carl's only place of burial, the snow.

THE FUNERAL.

But how ingenious love, when woman pays
Her precious dead the tribute of her praise;
Like her, who first believed His death, and
poured

Her costly ointment on our blessed Lord.
Still on the self-same couch she lets him lie,
Where soon beside him she expects to die;
What else he lacks, with this she is content,
The lodge shall be his grave and monument;
The harmful fire removed shall elsewhere be

(9)

Henceforth her best and only company.
So have I seen a heart, as thro' a vase,
Show the sweet lambent flame of other days;
The star of memory rise, when hope declines
And life new written in illumined lines;
Ever an aureole seems around the head
Of those who truly love and mourn the dead.

THE NEW LODGE.

Short time sufficed, with skillful ax, to rear
Another lodge, warm and compact, and near
To Carl, on whom, as on a bust of clay,
She loved to look with each returning day.
Less lonely then she felt, and less of fear,
That one of the great family was near.
But ever when she dared to touch the clay,
Fresh horror came, and then she fled away.

THE DREADFUL FEAR.

One fear alone she had, one dreadful thought,
That ever and anon, within her wrought.
'Twas not of evil spirit, nor the ghost
Of hardy voyager in tempest lost;
'Twas not the prowling wolf or rugging bear.
Their coming a fierce joy, with naught of fear!
'Twas not to die she feared, O death were
gain,

To escape the cold, and lose the hunger pain;
Too brave, by suicidal hand to fall,
She kept her post until the Master's call.

Nor man is there, nor woman, though they
try,
Could name that fear, or guess the reason
why.

O! times there were, when hunger gnawed
within,

So like a winter wolf, it seemed no sin,
To put into the pot, and food to make (10)
Of anything to stop the longing ache
They only know who once have felt its
power,

And ne'er, while life remains, forget the hour.
By day, by night, this was her constant dread,
Lest she should *boil*, and then should *eat* the
dead.

"Spare me but this, O God, in mercy spare,

(9.) She was afraid he would—"spoil."

(10.) Her own dreadful words, which she
spoke with a shudder, were, "to make soup
of him."

And more I ask not, was her fearful prayer.

My story near its close, hear from this time,
In her own words, marred by imperfect
rhyme.

A FRIEND.

—"At the new lodge, the newly-lighted fire
Seemed like a friend. High did it blaze, and
higher,

Until the wigwam caught, and then with
snow

I made it safe, and let it burn more slow.
Good company is fire: light, heat, and cheer,
And while it burns some one is ever near.
Then at Carl's death, and many a time be-
side,

But for this grateful flame I, too, had died.

PRAYER.

"Machee Monedo was no god of mine:
The Christian's God I knew, the Christ di-
vine;

As in the mission I had learned it well
From holy fathers who had loved to tell
How at all times, and in all places where
We sought his face, that God would answer
prayer.

So had they learned from sainted Pere Mar-
quette,

Whose apostolic zeal they cherished yet.
Disciple true, who counted all but loss
For Jesus' sake, and for his holy cross.

"The little stock of bark and roots prepared
By loving Carl, which we together shared,
Bad as it was at best, was now no more;
Too deep the snow-drifts to renew the store;
Now was the time in all my life, I said,
Our Heavenly Father to implore for bread.
O how I prayed that day, and thro' the night;
The welcome answer came with morning
light.

RELIEF.

"Opening the door, my heart nigh ceased to
beat;

I saw the well-known track of rabbits' feet.
Over the ice, from Prince's bay they came,
And now to catch them was my instant aim;
From out my head I tore a lock of hair,
And wove from plated strands a skillful
snare.

Then watched and waited, hoped and prayed
that quick

A 'fat' one might be caught by springing
stick.

"O, joy of joys, one in the snare I saw;
I cut his throat—I skinned—I ate him raw;
You smile, but I was then in no such mood.
To the last drop I sucked his precious blood.
Nor start in horror back. Before you speak
Know this: I had been starving for a week.
Then down I sat and cried, O, Carl, too late!
A stronger heart had known a better fate.

NEW ANXIETY.

"Another week and no more rabbits caught,
Could that have been the only one, I thought.
The thought despair. O then again I prayed



With all my might, that God would give me
aid,
And aid he gave me, in his most wondrous
way,
Tho' tried was faith, and hard the long delay.
Each week I found a rabbit in the snare,
But what was strange, I never caught a pair!

"So weeks went by, and months, I know not
how:

Less human all the while I seemed to grow.
I ceased to think at last; I ceased to weep;
I paced the lodge; I seldom went to sleep;
No rest e'en when I did. I cooked some dish
Of muscalunge, brook trout, or other fish,
Only to find when I would touch and take,
Delusive bliss, and disappointed wake.
'Tis all a blank but this, that in default
Of other food, I'd take a pinch of salt.

At certain times, no doubt, I sought the
snare,
And made a meal, if anything was there.
But then, and since, and now, it does but
seem,

A restless sleep, an agonizing dream.
Stranger, 'tis hard, 'tis very hard to wake
My slumbering thoughts: and only for the
sake

Of those in sorrow, can I deem it kind
Thus to arouse and to distress my mind."

What then, the poet urged, with zeal intense
He need not tell, the tale his sole defense.
Thus Angelique again, repressed the sigh,
Speaking with tender tone and kindling eye.

THE SIGNAL.

"It was in June, for still I kept the date,
The day when Carl first took me for his
mate;

Such, and so beautiful; the sun as warm,
The sky as blue, and free from threatening
storm,

When suddenly the warble of a bird
Came to my ear, the sweetest ever heard;
That bluebird's note, dear harbinger of
spring,

A thousand tender recollections bring.
I waked, I breathed, I lived; thro' every vein
I felt at once the soul-inspiring strain.
My fishing-rod I seized, threw in my hook,
And soon six nice and juicy mullets took.
Swift to the lodge I ran. To-day, at least,
A full meal mine, and that will be a feast;
For joy I clapped my hands; my joy not done,
Hark! from the distant shore a signal gun!
Down on my knees I dropped, as if with fear,
Then bounded swiftly forward, like a deer.
Another gun, and then again I fell;
Tho' why such falls I'm sure I cannot tell;
Once more a gun! and as they come to land
The captain leaps on shore and grasps my
hand.

ISLAND HOUSE, Mackinaw, Aug. 11, 1875.

'And where is Charley?' 'In the lodge,' I
said;

'And fast asleep.' I did not say 'he's dead.'
I wanted him and all the rest to see
How foul their guilt! how deep our misery!

THE RACE.

'A way he ran, as if he ran for life,
And others joined him in the friendly strife;
They shout aloud, they call him by his name;
Call as they would, poor Charley never came;
Opening the door, the sunlight rushes in.
And in that thin, pale face they read their
sin.

'Charley is dead!' then did the captain cry;
'Yes! and you killed him!' was my stern re-
ply.

Vain his excuses all, his guilt to hide;
The honest pilot simply said 'he lied.' "

A QUESTION.

"And did you not a halter make him draw,
And on the villain vengeance take by law?"
"To punish such a crime not mine the rod,
I left him to his conscience and his God.

Once I had brained the man just where he
stood,

Torn off his scalp, and laughed to see his
blood;

This was the thought that saved the fatal
blow,

Too much I've borne, to work another's woe!
God has been good to me, why not in turn,
The lesson of his wondrous goodness learn."

INSPIRATION.

A moment's pause, her soul was in her eye,
Her gaze turned upward to the cloudless sky
No more across her brow th' inverted hand,
Essayed to loose the ever tight'ning band.

Softly she spoke, and all her face the while
Was lighted from above, with that strange
smile,

That fills the room at times, when heaven is
near,

And strains angelic greet the dying ear.
Exalted moments these! from passion freed,
When man is man, and God is God indeed!

L'ENVOI.

"'Tis this I most desire, that while I live,
Such thoughts as these I may to others give.

"What you can do or bear, you little dream,
Until for life you struggle with the stream!

"Never give up; but do your very best,
And a good God will surely do the rest.

"The darkest hour is just before the day,
And then, if not before, O learn to pray!" (11)

Here endeth then the lesson, and I speak
No more of Carl or glorious Angelique!

(11.) The leading incidents are strictly
true.

**PHOTOMOUNT
PAMPHLET BINDER**

~
Manufactured by
GAYLORD BROS. Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.



Generated at Library of Congress on 2021-03-14 03:00 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/mdp.39015071597861
Public Domain in the United States; Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_user#pd-us-google

