Poem about Chief Orono - undated

Fannie Hardy Eckstorm

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/eckstorm_papers

Part of the Anthropology Commons, History Commons, and the Linguistics Commons

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/eckstorm_papers/41

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Fannie Hardy Eckstorm Papers by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.librarytechnical.services@maine.edu.
We sing the chiefs of auld lang syne:
Madockawando grave—
The Tarratine in Philip's time;
Megone, the fiend and knave;
Wenamust with kindly face—
All chiefs who bent the bow
In autumn's hunt or winter's chase;
But most great Orono.

Madockawando's royal hand,
In nature's temple green,
His squaw —child gave in marriage band
To lone and proud Castine.
But from the mountains to the sea,
Where gleams Penobscot’s flow,
Best praised the white-born chief shall be,
The blue-eyed Orono.

For whiter Indians, to our shame we see,
Are not so virtuous nor humane as he.
Disdaining all the savage modes of life,
The tomahawk and bloody scalping knife,
He sought to civilize his tawny race,
Till death, great Nimrod, of the human race,
Hit on his track and gave this hunter chase.
His belt and wampum now aside he flung,
His pipe extinguished and his bow unstrung,
When countless moons their destined grounds shall cease,
We'll spend an endless calumet of peace.
Latian: Count 8 Barne 6
Povts -
Made 3 knucktles and 3 large bone.
Pattern overlaid with peeling wood, red - yellow
and 7 edges are arcs 8.
Circles drawn by pencil in
string from a center outside 8 bone.
Six counters di forme.
I hope the cat met thee. 
Old Clara said, too.

Miss MacLigea