

HASTINGS HOUSE AMER

American

W I L D F L O W E R S



III

New York: Hastings House Publishers

From Gilbert

Bean Lake

July 1947



HASTINGS HOUSE AMERICANA

American

W I L D F L O W E R S



New York: Hastings House Publishers

HASTINGS HOUSE



AMERICANA

About this book: The plates and text are selected from *American Wild Flowers in Their Native Haunts* by Emma C. Embury, with hand-colored lithographs after drawings by Edwin Whitefield, published in 1845 under the joint imprint of D. Appleton & Company, New York, and George S. Appleton, Philadelphia. It is one of the few popular books of its date on native flora. The author (1806-1863) was a New York literary lady who also produced a book of poetry, *Love's Token Flowers*, and a book for children, *The Waldorf Family: Grandfather's Legends*. The artist, born in England in 1816, came to the United States as a youth and devoted much of his life to depicting the American scene. His three-volume work, *The Homes of Our Forefathers from Original Drawings on the Spot* (1886) forms an important architectural record.

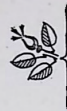
The flower plates are unusual in that they show a landscape background with a view of an actual locality as it appeared in the 1840's, which the text describes.

PLATES

Bluet and Wild Geranium	1	Blue-eyed Grass	17
Wild Rose	4	Slender-leaved Gerardia	20
Harebell	5	Wild Columbine	21
Pipsissewa	8	Wild Honeysuckle	24
Wild Strawberry	9	Mountain Laurel	25
Eyebright	12	Four-leaved Milkweed	28
Azure Starflower	13	Bellwort	29
Dog's-tooth Violet	16	Cardinal Flower	32

Production Notes: Alice Henius Radt did the research and editing. The New York Botanical Garden Library, through the willing assistance of Elizabeth C. Hall and Barbara Hoskins, allowed its copy of the Embury-Whitefield book to be used for reproduction. Paul McPharlin designed the book. Printed by offset lithography in the United States of America.

Produced by Rudolph J. Gutmann, New York
Copyright 1946 by Hastings House, Publishers, Inc.



BLUET WILD GERANIUM WILD ROSE



THE BLUET (*Houstonia cœrulea*), also called Innocence, Fairy Flax, or Eyebright, is shown together with Wild Geranium on the title-page of this book. It flowers from April to July, from New England west to Michigan and south to Georgia, being at its best in New York toward the end of May. WILD GERANIUM (*Geranium maculatum*) or Spotted Crane's Bill blooms from April to July in fields and woods, growing as high as eighteen inches.

PASSAIC FALLS (title-page) are near Paterson, New Jersey, a flourishing manufacturing village about sixteen miles from the city of New York. The scenery around them is exceedingly wild and romantic; the waters plunge into a gorge between granite walls. From the bridge a fine view is presented.

THE WILD ROSE (*Rosa carolina*) shown on the next page is found throughout eastern America; it is bright and fragrant, growing among low shrubbery in sunny places.

STATEN ISLAND (next page) is depicted two miles south of ship quarantine. The half-moon Fort Tompkins was erected during the War of 1812. Beyond lie Coney Island and the open Atlantic. The telegraph station on the hill connects that at Sandy Hook with the one in the Merchants' Exchange, New York.



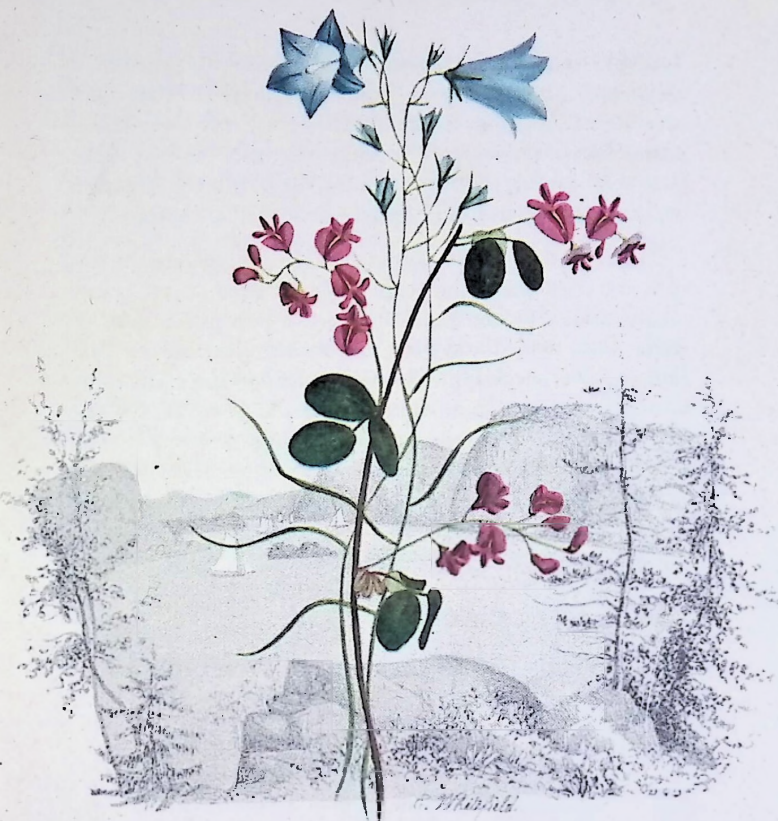
Among the flowers that crown milady's cranium
There's even geranium. Anon. Rose is a rose is a rose. Stein





WILD ROSE

* 4 *



HAREBELL AND TRAILING BUSH CLOVER

* 5 *

 HAREBELL
 TRAILING BUSH CLOVER

THE HAREBELL (*Campanula rotundifolia*) delights in a rocky soil, blooming from June to September from coast to coast in America. TRAILING BUSH CLOVER (*Lespedeza procombens*) thrives in the same soil and has the same flowering period. While attaining a height of eighteen inches, it is seldom found upright as it is here shown.

THE HUDSON: upper entrance to the Highlands. In this view the river enters the gorge of the Highlands on its way to the ocean. To the right appear the precipitous sides of Butter Hill, while Crow-Nest recedes into the distance. Bull Hill and Breakneck Hill are seen on the left; the small rocky Pollipell's Island is near the center of the river. West Point is concealed by the projection of mountains to the left. The sketch was made from a spot about six miles below Fishkill Landing, a small village opposite Newburg on the eastern banks of the Hudson.



 The azur'd harebell, like thy veins.
Shakespeare


* 6 *

 PIPSISSEWA

PIPSISSEWA (*Chimaphila umbellata*) or Prince's Pine, sometimes called Bitter Wintergreen, flowers from June until August from Nova Scotia south to Georgia and west to the Rocky Mountains. Its delicate waxy petals contrast beautifully with its variegated pistil and stamens, and its glossy deep green leaves make it one of the prettiest of woodland flowers. It thrives in dry situations, growing from six to eight inches tall, and remaining evergreen.

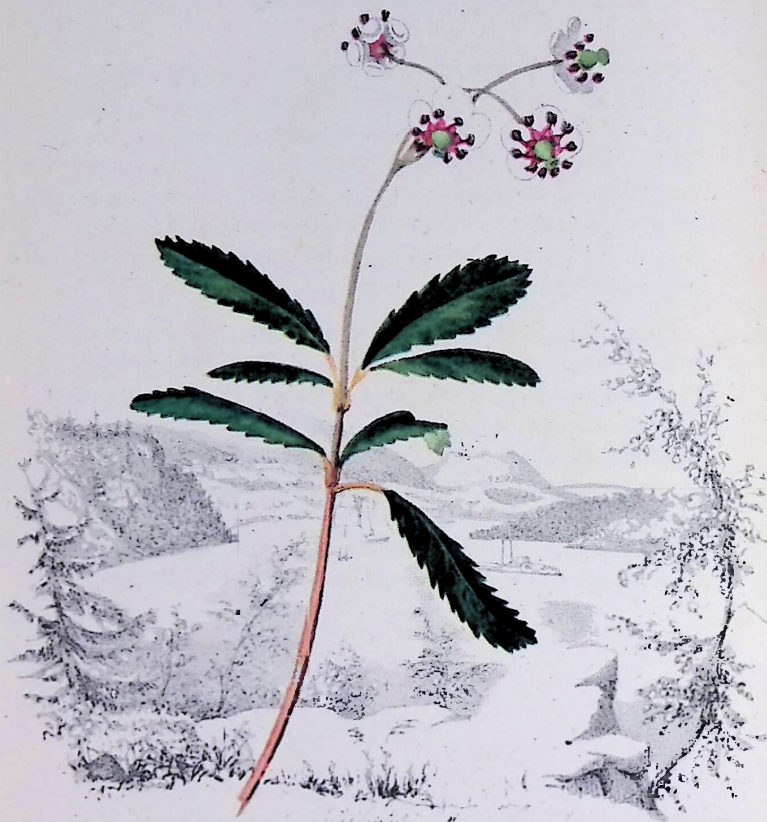
NEAR POUGHKEEPSIE. This view was drawn near Crum Elbow Point, between Hyde Park and Poughkeepsie. The Point is a low rocky projection which sends the river out in a sudden curve about a mile below the village of Hyde Park. The hills on the opposite side are quite high, and in some places precipitous; from their summit expansive panoramas stretch to the north and south. The variety of sail observed coming up the river with a fair wind will be recognized as a familiar sight to all who are familiar with the Hudson River.



 Leaves of this plant moistened with brandy
 assuage the rheumatism. *Vegetable Materia Medica*, 1825



* 7 *



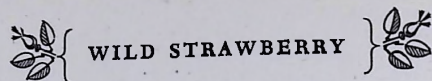
PIPSISSEWA

* 8 *



WILD STRAWBERRY

* 9 *



WILD STRAWBERRY

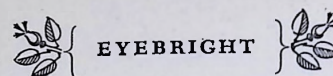


THE WILD STRAWBERRY (*Fragaria virginiana*) is common in eastern North America, its white flowers dotting the woods and fields in May and June, and its bright fruit, a signal to birds and little boys, ripening while it is still in blossom. It is a perennial, at home in moderately dry, sandy soil, multiplying by runners which are sent out to take root and become new plants. It is a member of the family of *rosaceæ*, which are astringent, febrifugal, and refrigerant.

DISTANT VIEW OF CATTAWISSA, PENNSYLVANIA. This was drawn from a spot about a mile below the village, which is on the Susquehanna. The country around is broken and hilly; in short, it is inevitably picturesque. Cattawissa, a small, straggling place on the eastern bank of the river, is reached by a bridge of considerable length. Above and below it the river is full of pretty wooded islands. The eastern bank of the Susquehanna is bold and rugged, affording extensive prospects where it rises several hundred feet. The country in this neighborhood is fertile and well settled, though agriculture is backward compared with what it is in other parts of the state.

The wild strawberry is grateful to the stomach,
especially eaten with wine and sugar. *A Curious Herbal*, 1737

* 10 *



EYEBRIGHT



EYEBRIGHT (*Euphrasia species*) is found in two colors, growing in light dry situations. It is frequently seen along roadsides. A delicate plant seldom exceeding eighteen inches in height, it blooms during July and August. The peculiar form of the bud with its angular folding makes it resemble the envelope of a billet-doux so small that it might well be called Fairy's Love Letter. Its common name springs from its reputed virtue of relieving diseases of the eye.

VIEW FROM CONSTITUTION ISLAND opposite West Point. The island derives its name from Fort Constitution, the remains of which are still to be seen at its crest. This spot commands a fine prospect of West Point, Fort Putnam, Crow-Nest, Cold Spring, and other well-known places. Nearly in the center is seen Kosciusko's monument; to the right is the hotel, above which are the remains of Fort Putnam. The new buildings on the Point lie too far back to be seen from this position. To the left juts Anthony's Nose with Sugar-Loaf Mountain behind it—its outline from this point bearing no resemblance to a sugar-loaf.

This plant is famous for all disorders of the eyes,
to strengthen the sight when weak: *A Curious Herbal*, 1737

* 11 *



EYEBRIGHT
* 12 *



AZURE STARFLOWER
* 13 *

 AZURE STARFLOWER

THE PRETTY LITTLE AZURE STARFLOWER (*Aster linariifolius*) blooms during September and October, well content in dry, rocky soil. Its delicate color of blue shades toward purple. It seldom exceeds ten inches in height, and is one of the most graceful of the wild asters, found from Maine south to Florida and west to Texas.

VIEW ON THE SUSQUEHANNA NEAR NINEVEH. The Susquehanna, "Winding River" of the Indian, no longer resounds with his hunting cry, and white men have established themselves along its banks. Here represented is Nineveh, a small, straggling place, not far from South Bainbridge, New York, its inappropriate name its most remarkable feature. A brush dam across the river, formed of stakes driven down in a shoal and interwoven with brush, is meant for catching eels; they are said to be large and abundant. Such eel weirs are frequently encountered along the first three hundred and fifty miles of the course of the Susquehanna.

 { Some measure days by dreams,
And some by flowers. *Madison J. Cawein* } 

* 14 *

 DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLET

DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLET (*Erythronium americanum*) or Fiddler's Tongue blooms in April and May, one of the first wild flowers to show in the low, damp meadow and woodland. It is found from Maine to Minnesota and south to Florida and Arkansas, growing to a height of six or eight inches. Its gleaming yellow petals contrast with its russet-spotted leaves.

VIEW NEAR TIOGA POINT, PENNSYLVANIA. This is the Susquehanna a few miles below Athens, Pennsylvania. Tioga Point, on the neck of which the village of Athens stands, is a peninsula between the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers. Athens is a pretty place, promising to become important should the North Branch canal be continued. Hills rise to a height of five or six hundred feet on either side of the river. From the summit of the highest, on the eastern bank, the courses of the two rivers can be traced for miles. To the north stretches beautiful undulating country. In the middle distance rises an isolated, squarish hill known as Spanish Hill for reasons now forgotten; it is said to have once been fortified.

 { One of the attractive things about the flowers
is their beautiful reserve. *Henry Thoreau* } 

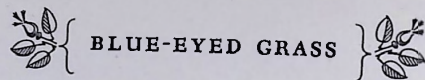
* 15 *



DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLET
* 16 *



BLUE-EYED GRASS
* 17 *



BLUE-EYED GRASS

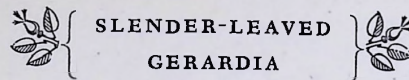


BLUE-EYED GRASS (*Sisyrinchium angustifolium*) grows in meadowlands, seldom more than eight inches tall, so that its purple buds and sapphire blossoms may be lost to the eye of the unobservant. It prefers moist, though well-drained soil, flowering in May and June throughout the eastern United States and westward to Utah. Belonging to the family of *irideæ*, it looks like a very dwarf kind of flag.

THE HUDSON NEAR VERPLANCK'S POINT, seen from a meadow about four miles below Caldwell's Landing, forty miles from the city of New York, overlooking the western portion of Haverstraw Sea or Bay, with Verplanck's Point on the left, Stony Point with its lighthouse, and Grassy Point on the right, while the Haverstraw or Rockland Hills close the view. The highest summit of this range, High Tor, towers over Grassy Point, rising about seven hundred feet above sea level, and affording one of the most extensive views in the region.

I believe a leaf of grass is no less
than the journey-work of the stars. *Walt Whitman*

* 18 *



SLENDER-LEAVED

GERARDIA

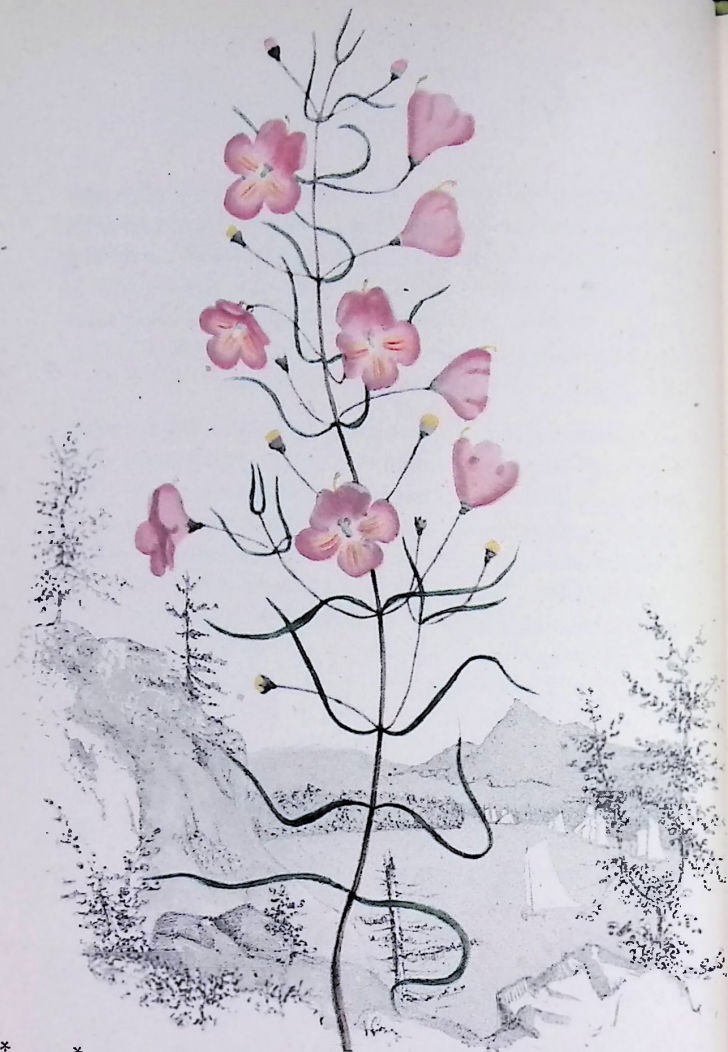


SLENDER-LEAVED GERARDIA (*Gerardia tenuifolia*), an exceedingly delicate and graceful flower, blooms from August to October and is found from Quebec south to Georgia and west to the prairie states. It likes dry soil, being found in chinks in the rock among the Hudson Highlands where there would scarcely appear to be sufficient earth to afford it foothold. It grows only eight or nine inches tall.

VIEW NEAR FORT MONTGOMERY, looking northeast toward Sugar-Loaf Mountain, which rises nearly eight hundred feet. At the foot of this mountain, a short distance from the Hudson, stands the Beverly house, which was the headquarters of the traitor Arnold during the Revolutionary war; its appearance has altered little. The property is now owned by Mr. Arden, who resides north of this house, and from whose grounds may be obtained one of the finest views in the Highlands. West Point lies on the opposite side about two miles north. Fort Montgomery, as well as Fort Clinton, on the opposite side of Fort Montgomery Creek, which here falls into the Hudson, was taken by the British after a severe struggle in the Revolution; the earth-works were never afterwards repaired, but their outlines, nearly level and overgrown with trees, may still be traced.

Come, make up a nosegay for her whose love you prize;
Choose what you will, here are enough wild blooms. *Anon.*

* 19 *



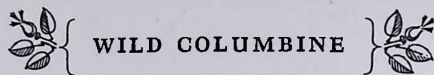
* 20 *

SLENDER-LEAVED GERARDIA



* 21 *

WILD COLUMBINE



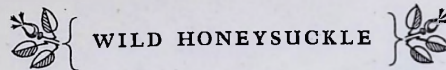
WILD COLUMBINE



WILD COLUMBINE (*Aquilegia canadensis*) blooms early, from the latter part of April until June, and is found from Nova Scotia to Florida and west to the Rocky Mountains. In dry rocky situations it gleams from ravines and nods over precipices where there is scarcely footing for a blade of grass. Its brilliant red and yellow form a vivid contrast with the gray lichens and brown mosses on the cliff about it. It is seen in perfection only in such places. A perennial, it grows only ten inches tall.

✓ MATANGA FALLS, near Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, empty into the Susquehanna between Tioga Point and Lackawanna about ten miles below the village of Wyalusing. They drop a hundred and fifty feet, fed by a stream of considerable size issuing from a mountain lake two miles away. Not far to the north, in picturesque mountainous country, on the western side of the river, is a sheer rock said to contain treasure; many unsuccessful attempts have been made to find it. The Indian manito who guards it possesses the freakish spirit of old-world gnomes and kobolds, withholding reward from the toil of sordid intruders into his wild domain.

✧ { She twinkles in her dress of gold and wine,
The woodland ballerina, columbine. Anon. } ✧



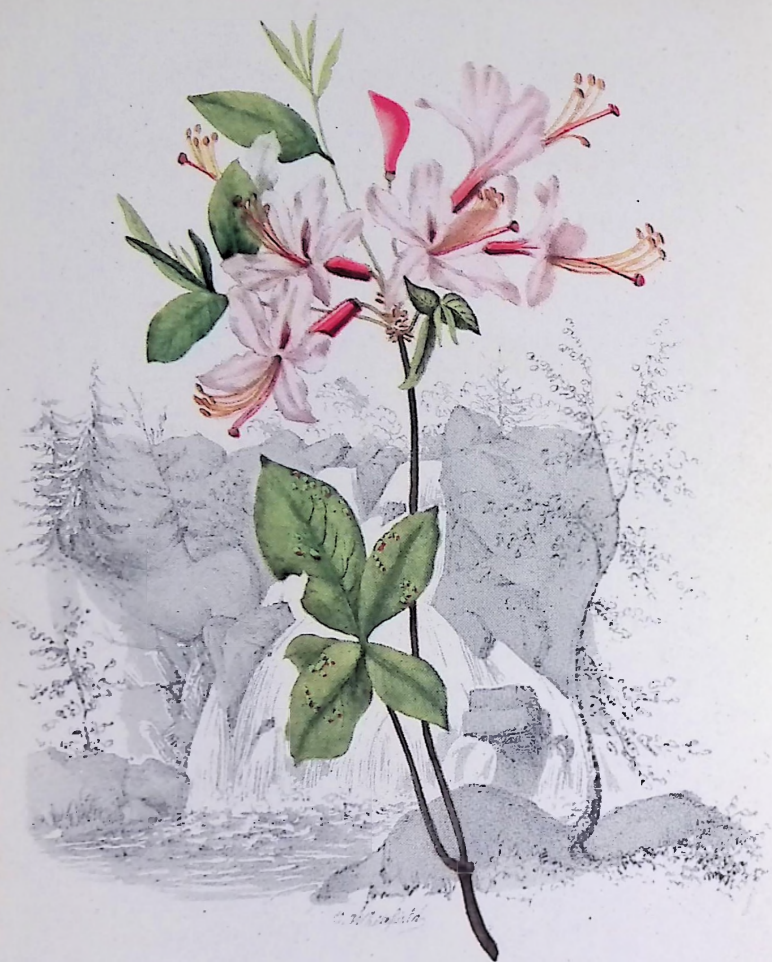
WILD HONEYSUCKLE



WILD HONEYSUCKLE (*Azalea nudiflora*; *Rhododendron nudiflorum*) is also known along the Hudson by the Dutch name of the Pinxter Blumache. A shrub seldom attaining the height of five feet, and generally only two or three, it likes dry, sandy situations on the margin of woods, and may be seen in full flower in May or early June from Massachusetts to Illinois and south to Florida and Texas. Some varieties bloom as late as July; the Swamp Honeysuckle (*Azalea viscosa*; *Rhododendron viscosum*) is even more fragrant than the others.

UPPER FALLS OF BUTTERMILK CREEK are part of a stream issuing from a mountain lake about four miles east of the Susquehanna, into which it falls, ten miles below Tunkhannock, Wyomissing County, Pennsylvania. The surrounding country is wild and thinly settled. At the mouth of the creek stands a small village with a factory and some flour mills, in a rather depressed condition.

✧ { And in the wood a fragrance rare
Of wild azaleas fills the air. D. R. Goodale } ✧



* 24 *

WILD HONEYSUCKLE



MOUNTAIN LAUREL

* 25 *

 { MOUNTAIN LAUREL }

MOUNTAIN LAUREL (*Kalmia latifolia*) is as pretty a blossom as any to be found in North America. It flowers in May and June in the eastern portion of the continent from New Brunswick to Florida, as far west as Ontario, Indiana, and Louisiana. There are two colors, one nearly white, the other a pale rose. It prefers a moist woodsy situation in acid soil. An evergreen, its leaves are poisonous and its fruit narcotic and astringent. It grows into a bush varying from three to fifteen feet.

FALL OF THE YANTIC, Norwich, Connecticut. The Yantic is a small, though very picturesque river, rising in the eastern part of Connecticut, uniting at Norwich with the Sherucket, and forming the Thames, which flows into the Atlantic at New London. This fall is half a mile above the junction, not large, but beautiful for the wild rocks, lush overhanging foliage, and the transparent pool below with its little island. Not far from the fall, on the eastern bank of the river, is the tomb of Uncas, the Indian sachem, neatly maintained and enclosed from the public road near which it stands. No village in Connecticut can boast so many wild and romantic scenes as Norwich, lying as it does in the embrace of two charming rivers.

 { Mute green is mountain laurel the winter long;
Pale pink in spring it flushes forth in song. *Anon.* } 

 { FOUR-LEAVED MILKWEED }

FOUR-LEAVED MILKWEED (*Asclepias quadrifolia*) derives its generic name from Esculapius, the god of medicine; one variety of the family, Butterfly Weed (*Asclepias tuberosa*) was sometimes used to relieve pleurisy and catarrh; but this pretty wild flower has no medicinal virtue. It flowers from May to July, from Maine to Alabama and west to Minnesota and Arkansas. Its blossoms, less showy than those of other milkweeds, are delicate and odoriferous. It grows from twelve to eighteen inches in dry, shady places. This variety upon being broken does not discharge white milky juice so freely as others.

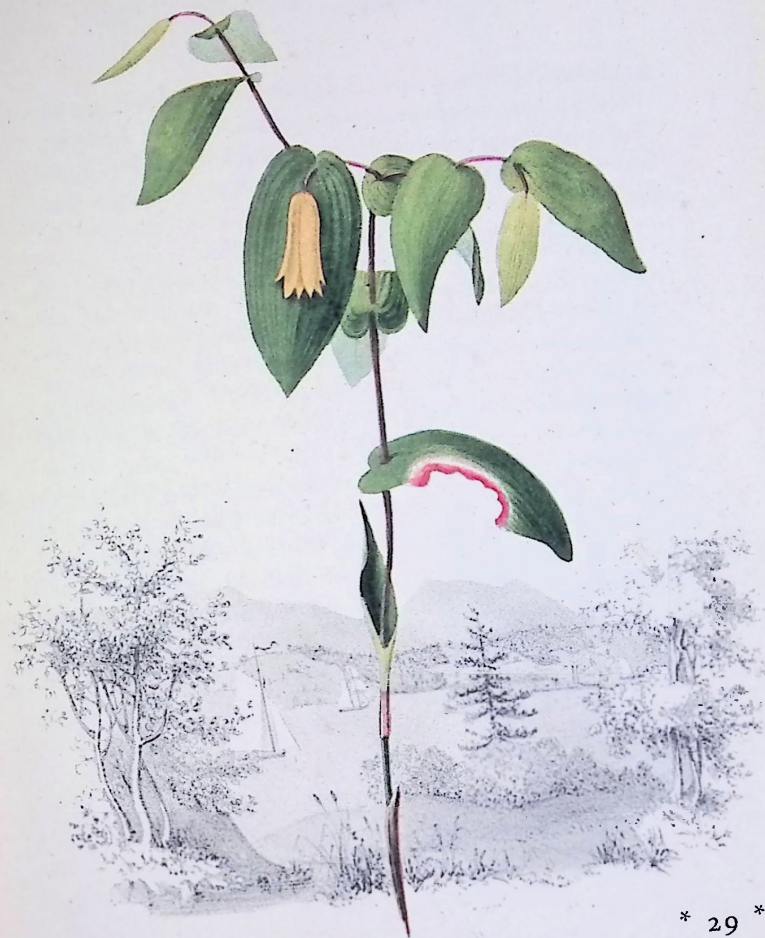
OTSEGO LAKE, New York, is a small, exceedingly beautiful sheet of water, nine miles in length and from half a mile to a mile and a half in breadth. At the foot of the lake lies the pretty village of Cooperstown, a thriving place of about two thousand inhabitants. Nearly in its center stands Otsego Hall, the residence of James Fenimore Cooper, from the windows of which charming views of the lake and surrounding country may be obtained. The residence of Mr. Keese, standing on the margin of the lake, commands one of the finest views in the neighborhood.

 { "A milkweed, and a buttercup, and cowslip," said sweet Mary,
"Are growing in my garden-plot, and this I call my dairy."
Peter Newill } 



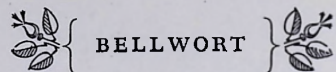
* 28 *

FOUR-LEAVED MILKWEED



* 29 *

BELLWORT



BELLWORT

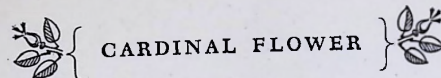


BELLWORT (*Uvalaria perfoliata*) is a modest flower growing in shady, sequestered spots from Quebec to Florida and west to the Mississippi. It attains from eight to twelve inches, flowering during May. Its delicate bells droop gracefully amid dark green leaves.

NEAR THE CITY OF HUDSON, New York. This view was sketched from Merino Hill, about a mile south of the city of Hudson. The hill rises about three hundred feet, its surface diversified with woods, pasture, and cornfields. On the north-western side stands the fine mansion of W. Wiswall, commanding magnificent views of the surrounding country, the winding river, and the Catskills. The city of Hudson occupies a bluff on the eastern bank of the river, about a hundred and twenty miles from the city of New York. It is a place of considerable size, having about five thousand inhabitants, and is the prettiest town lying on the river between New York and Albany, enjoying some of the finest views in the state.

Flowers are words which even
a babe may understand. *Arthur C. Coxe*

* 30 *



CARDINAL FLOWER



CARDINAL FLOWER (*Lobelia cardinalis*) or Indian Feather is one of the brightest crimsons to be seen in an American wild flower. It flowers from July to September, growing from Ontario to Florida and west to Colorado, a perennial fond of swampy and wet places. The *lobeliaceæ*, when used in medicine, are noted for being acrid, narcotic, astringent, emetic, and expectorant.

OUTLET OF FISHKILL CREEK. Fishkill Creek, a small but pretty stream, rises near the center of Dutchess County, New York, flows in a southwestern direction nearly thirty miles, and falls into the Hudson two miles below Fishkill Landing, a village opposite Newburg. In this view may be seen, on the opposite side of the river, a portion of New Windsor, a straggling place three miles south of Newburg. In the blue distance is presented the outline of Schonemoek, or Skoone-muck Mountain, a spur of the Alleghanies in Orange County, twenty miles away. A mile up Fishkill Creek from the Hudson is the village of Matteawan, with several factories in successful operation, and nearly two thousand inhabitants.

Beyond the steamy creek, the smoky ferns,
The flickering cardinal flower burns. *Anon.*

* 31 *



* 32 *

CARDINAL FLOWER



AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS

How SELDOM DO city people see, or country people take time to see, our native flowers! From the common Skunk Cabbage which thrusts its mottled brown head, exotic-looking as an Orchid, out of the muck as soon as the snow melts, to the purple New England Aster (hybridized in Old England into the garden Michaelmas Daisy), there is a pageantry of multi-form, variegated bloom well worth searching out. The flowers of the east give way to new varieties in the desert and the mountains, and to still others on the West Coast; tropical varieties appear on the Gulf Coast and in Florida. America has been a botanist's treasure trove from the time of its first exploration. Today any drive along a byway, or ramble over the fields and into the woods, will repay the observer with discoveries of familiar and unfamiliar wild flowers.

* 33 *

Walt Whitman, in one of his poems, takes a country walk, gathering branches and flowers which he sees as symbols of friends present and departed:

These, I, singing in spring, collect for lovers,
(For who but I should understand lovers, and all their sorrow and joy?
And who but I should be the poet of comrades?)
Collecting, I traverse the garden, the world—but soon I pass the gates,
Now along the pond-side—now wading in a little, fearing not the wet,
Now by the post-and-rail fences, where the old stones thrown there, pick'd from the fields, have accumulated,
(Wild flowers and vines and weeds come up through the stones, and partly cover them—Beyond these I pass,)
Far, far in the forest, before I think where I go,
Solitary, smelling the earthy smell, stopping now and then in the silence,
Alone I had thought—yet soon a troop gathers around me,
Some walk by my side, and some behind, and some embrace my arms or neck,
They, the spirits of dear friends, dead or alive—thicker they come, a great crowd, and I in the middle,
Collecting, dispensing, singing in spring, there I wander with them,
Plucking something for tokens—tossing toward whoever is near me;
Here! lilac, with a branch of pine,

Here, out of my pocket, some moss which I pull'd off a live-oak in Florida as it hung trailing down,
Here, some pinks and laurel leaves, and a handful of sage,
And here what I now draw from the water, wading in the pond-side,
(O here I last saw him that tenderly loves me—and returns again, never to separate from me,
And this, O this shall henceforth be the token of comrades—this Calamus-root shall,
Interchange it, youths, with each other! Let none render it back!)
And twigs of maple, and bunch of wild orange, and chestnut,
And stems of currants, and plum-blows, and the aromatic cedar:
These, I, compass'd around by a thick cloud of spirits,
Wandering, point to, or touch as I pass, or throw them loosely from me,
Indicating to each one what he shall have—giving something to each;
But what I drew from the water by the pond-side, that I reserve,
I will give of it—but only to them that love, as I myself am capable of loving.



While the parlor poets were singing of the charms of the Violet and the Rose, Whitman wrote this, *The First Dandelion*:

Simple and fresh and fair from winter's close emerging,
As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics, had ever been,
Forth from its sunny nook of shelter'd grass—innocent,
golden, calm as the dawn,
The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.

Emily Dickinson, always anti-Violet-and-Rose,
made a typically quaint, wry little verse about the
autumn wild flower which is bluer than a bluejay's
crest:

God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed, and all the summer laughed.

Hundreds of leisured young ladies, in that fabulous
era when there were servants to do the housework
and male clerks to write business letters in longhand,
painted flower pieces to hang against the printed roses
of the wallpaper—but never did they paint directly
from nature, and almost never wild flowers. In the
pretty books which they received as gifts from cousins
or admirers there were always flower plates—showing
flowers of the garden or of exotic climes, but almost
never wild flowers. On Valentines, in autograph
albums, even on hand-painted china, proliferated
Violets and Roses, with never a May-apple or Tril-
lium to relieve them!

The Victorians knew the Language of Flowers,
having placed dictionaries of flower meanings in their
table books and even in their advertising booklets.
Fortunately for the swain who had no florist and had
to depend upon a sunny bank for his sweetheart's



nosegay, few American wild flowers possessed senti-
mental meanings which might, if one were not sure
of them, prove to say the wrong thing. According to
Flora's Dictionary, compiled with appropriate poetic
quotations by A Lady (who was, in case you are
curious, Mrs. Elizabeth Washington Gamble Wirt)
and published in Baltimore in 1831, the White Aca-
cia, or common Locust tree, meant *elegance*; the New



England Aster, or Starwort, *cheerfulness in old age*; the Buttercup, *riches*; the Cardinal Flower, *distinction*; the Columbine, *anxious and trembling*; the Dandelion, *coquetry*; and so on. Supposing the flowers were available in this succession, a whole love story might have been plotted by their exchange:

Coreopsis, *Love at first sight*; Dogwood blossom, *I am perfectly indifferent to you*; Chrysanthemum, *I love*; China Aster, *I'll think of it*; Purple Columbine, *Resolved to win*; Rose, *If you love me you'll find me*; Magnolia, *Perseverance*; Honeysuckle, *I won't answer hastily*; Peach blossom, *I'm your captive*; Ambrosia, *Love returned*; Jasmine, *Ecstasy*!

Inspired by the beauty of the Wild Rose and the Water Lily, the American composer Edward MacDowell wrote his well-known piano pieces early in this century. It was at this time that American wild



flowers—the fashion had been set by Kate Greenway, Walter Crane, and William Morris, who used English wild flowers in their designs—began to appear as decorations on wallpaper, on printed fabrics, and in children's books. They can still yield many a motive.

Indian legends are not concerned with flowers. But this one (adapted from a version in the *Wisconsin Archaeologist*, Vol. 20, No. 2) has to do with the forbidding qualities of the Wild Rose:

Long ago a gray wolf prowled about a village. Men tried to catch it with traps but it sprang them and got away. Then it was noticed that the wolf appeared only to Hitcoga, the daughter of the Witch Man.

One day the Witch Man hid in the ferns when his daughter went for water. He saw the wolf go up to her. As it reached a patch of sunlight it shed its gray skin. There stood a handsome young man dressed in

white deerskin gleaming with shells. He took her by the hand and led her to where her father was hiding, addressing him, "I wish your daughter for my wife." Whereupon he disappeared with the girl, leaving her father blinking.

Hitcoga was not made welcome among the Wolf People of her husband. When he died she was blamed and they were about to kill her. She remembered a small white bag that he had given her. "Always wear it at your belt," he had said. "It is full of sharp pointed sticks. When you are in great trouble, throw them about you."

Hitcoga made up her mind to go home. She stole away, but the Wolf Men found her tracks and were soon up to her. She opened the bag and threw some of the sticks before the pursuers. Up from the ground shot a thick hedge of Wild Roses which held them back and gave her the lead till she got to her people.



The decorations on pages 33-40 are from wood-engravings by Alexander Anderson, American illustrator of the early nineteenth century.



