

Kibātiyīnut andāwāndjigwāun mīgkō ima<sup>n</sup> papāmōsenut  
 There were many they hunted there walked about  
 ōshtigwā'ning Wa'nibozhū'.  
 on his head of Nanabush.

Several legends refer to Wāmīshī'wdjākiwā'nsī (vol. ii. p. 146). One of these accounts for the black legs of the fox thus:—

Midūsh Wāmīshī'wdjākiwā'nsī andāwa'ndjigā'wun ōnīngwānan  
 And W. hunted his son-in-law  
 midūsh kābishīwad. Midūsh ōtā'pīnin ōmūkussinun ōnīngwanam  
 and camped. And then he took his moccasins his son-in-law's  
 ōtā'ssun kaye'tush midūsh kīzhōgīshun ōmūkussinun ōnīngwanan;  
 his leggings and then he burnt his moccasins his son-in-law's;  
 wīnītush mī'ū ōmukussinun kīzhōgīshun īnīū midūsh akukā'dja  
 and he those moccasins he burnt the same and then coal  
 kīsīnīgwūnung ōkāting, midūsh ī'ū kiwagwōshiwit. Midūsh ī'ū  
 he rubbed on his leg And then he became a fox. And this  
 āndji mākatawānik aū wagwōsh ōkā'dun.  
 is why are black the fox his legs.

This story,<sup>1</sup> somewhat condensed in the Indian version, is freely as follows: Wāmīshī'wdjākiwā'nsī did not like his son-in-law. One day they were out hunting together, and on camping placed their leggings and moccasins by the fire to dry. W. changed the places of the moccasins. Afterwards he threw what he thought were his son's moccasins and leggings into the fire. In the morning the young man rose, found his own moccasins, and put them on. W. tried to make out that they were his, but he had forgotten that he had changed the places of the moccasins before he burned what he thought were his son's. So W. was forced to go barefooted and barelegged. He then blackened his legs and feet with a coal, and thus the foxes have black legs to this day.

Another legend<sup>2</sup> of Wāmīshī'wdjākiwā'nsī is this: W. hated his son-in-law. One day he went with him to a little island, and abandoned him there. W. then went off in his canoe. W. made his canoe go without paddling. He used to lie on his back and tap on the cross-piece with his hands (Pan! pan! was the noise he made), and the canoe used to go right along. Meanwhile his son-in-law had changed himself into a young gull (Kāyāshkōns), and, flying over the canoe, dropped some of his excrement (mitchinigit) on W.'s breast. W. said, "Misukwō ādjitchigēwod kāyāshkōnsug kātebīssi nīwā'-

<sup>1</sup> This brief legend is probably all that Nāwīgīshkōkē remembered of the Mississagua story corresponding to the tale of "Mishosha the Magician," given by Mrs. Jameson (*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, iii. p. 96, etc.), but there are some curious divergences.

<sup>2</sup> For a similar legend, with somewhat different incidents, see Mrs. Jameson (*Op. cit.*, pp. 101, 110).