

and arrows, and shot the owl, Koo-Koo-Skoos, and he tumbled down on the grass dead. Then Malsunsis took out one of the feathers, and stole gently, and struck Clote Scarp on the forehead between the eyes. And Clote Scarp awoke, and saw his brother standing over him (but the owl's feather he saw not), and said: 'O brother, a fly hath tickled me;' and he sat up, and Malsunsis was ashamed. Yet he felt more angry with his brother than before. And when Clote Scarp sat up, he saw the owl and the arrow sticking in its body, and the feather wanting in his tail. (For the feather itself he could not see, Malsunsis having hidden it in his hand.) And he turned to his brother and said: 'What is this, O my brother, hast thou sought to kill me?' And he sang this song:—

'Verily I am ashamed for my brother,
Because he hath sought my life,
My safety is turned to my danger,
My pride is changed into my shame.'

And he said: 'How came this to pass, my brother?' Then Malsunsis said: 'Truly, I did this thing because I believed thee not, and know well that I should not slay thee. I knew that thou hadst deceived me; and lo! thou hast not dealt fairly with me. Have I not told thee truly my secret? but thou hast not told me thine. Dost thou distrust thy brother? Dost thou fear me, though I fear not thee? Tell me truly thy secret, that I may keep the hurtful thing from thee.' But Clote Scarp feared him the more. Nevertheless, he made as though he believed him, and said: 'Truly my brother, I did wrong to lie to thee. Know that a blow from the root of a pine would kill me.' This he said, deceiving him again, for he trusted him not.

"Then Malsunsis stole away into the forest, and marked where a great pine lay which the wind had overthrown, and whose roots lay bare and turned towards the sky. And the next day he called to his brother to hunt with him in the woods: and brought him near the pine-tree. Now it was mid-day, and the sun was hot, and Clote Scarp lay down and slept. Then Malsunsis, mighty in strength among men, seized the pine tree and raised it in his arms, and struck Clote Scarp on the head many times. Then Clote Scarp arose in anger, shouting: 'O thou false brother, get thee hence, lest I slay thee!' and Malsunsis fled through the forest. Clote Scarp sat by the river and laughed, and said in a low voice to himself: 'Nought but a flowering rush can kill me.' But the musquash heard him. And he grieved because his brother sought to slay him; and he returned home to the lodge. Now it came to pass, that Malsunsis came and sat by the same river, and said: 'How shall I slay my brother? for now I must slay him, lest he kill me.' And the musquash heard him, and put up his head and said: 'What wilt thou give me if I tell thee?'—And he said: 'I will give thee whatsoever thou shalt ask.'—Then said the musquash: 'The touch of a flowering rush will kill Clote Scarp: I heard him say it. Now give me wings like a pigeon.' But Malsunsis said: 'Get thee hence, thou with a tail like a file; what need hast thou of pigeon's wings?' and he departed on his way.

"Now the musquash was angry because he had not received his wish, and because Malsunsis had likened his tail to a file; and he was sorry, and he sought out Clote Scarp, and told him what he had done.

"Then Clote Scarp rose up and took a fern-root in his hand, and sought out his brother, and said, 'Why dost thou thus seek my life? So long as thou knewest not I had no fear, but now thou must die, for thou hast learned my secret, and I cannot trust thee.' And he smote him with the fern-root, and Malsunsis fell down dead. And Clote Scarp sang a song over him and lamented. And all that Clote Scarp did, and how he slew the great beaver—whose house is even now in Kensbekias—and how he ruled beasts and men, and what the great turtle—turtle of turtles king and chief among turtles—did, I will tell another time."

"Three brethren came to Clote Scarp, and they prayed him to make them tall, and give them great strength and a long life exceeding that of men, and Clote Scarp was vexed with them, and said, 'Probably you desire great strength and size that you may help others and benefit your tribe; and long life, that you may have much opportunity to do good to men.' And they said, 'We care not for others, neither do we seek the good of men; long life and strength and height are what we seek.' Then he said, 'Will you take for these success in fight, that you may be glorious in your tribe?' And they answered, 'Nay, we have told you what we seek.' Then he said, 'Will you have, instead thereof, knowledge, that you may know sickness and the property of herbs, and so gain repute and heal men?' And they answered, 'Verily we have informed thee touching our desire.'

"Then he said once again, 'Will you have wisdom and subtlety, that you may excel in counsel?'

"And they answered him, 'We have told thee what we seek. If thou wilt grant it, give; if thou wilt refuse, withhold. We have asked strength and long life and stature. Probably thou art not able to grant them, and seekest to put us off with these other things.' Then Clote Scarp waxed angry, and said, 'Go your ways; you shall have strength, and stature, and length of days.' And they left him rejoicing. But before they had proceeded far, lo! their feet became rooted to the ground, and their legs stuck together, and their necks shot up, and they were turned into three cedar-trees, strong and tall, and enduring beyond the days of men, but destitute of all glory and of all use."

Others of these legends were more of the nature of "Reynard the Fox," relating exclusively to the different animals and the tricks they were supposed to have played each other. The clumsy butt of all the other animals was always Muween, the bear; and the cleverest were the panther Lhoks, and the fisher-marten Pekquan, but they had not the same rank with the tortoise, who, to my surprise, was considered the great lord and chief among the beasts, although his awkwardness and helplessness led into many unpleasant and ludicrous positions. There was one very comical story of his going out hunting, drawn on a sled or traboggin by two cariboo. Of course he met with many misadventures. The boughs swept him off his sled without its being perceived by his steeds; he got entangled in creepers, and finally his bearers became so tired of their load that they made a hole for him in the ice, and left him there; but, by dint of subtlety, he shot the moose of which they were in search, whilst his companions returned empty-handed. On another occasion he fell into the hands of enemies, and only escaped from them by a series of clever stratagems. But Lhoks, the panther, filled the most conspicuous place in these stories. The following is a specimen of those in which he figured:—

"Lhoks, the panther, Pekquan, the fisher, sat by the lake-shore, and they watched the water-fowl at play. 'We will eat of these ducks to-morrow,' said Pekquan, the fisher, and he acquainted Lhoks, his uncle, with his design. And it seemed good to Lhoks, the panther. So Pekquan went forth and proclaimed that, on the morrow, there would be a council in the lodge of Lhoks, the panther, to which all the water-fowl were asked, and at which matters of great advantage to the ducks and geese would be declared.

"So on the morrow there was a prodigious assembly of water-birds, large and small. There were the great geese and the little geese, the wood-ducks, and the teal, and the little gold-eyes, and the loons, and the mallards, and they all came flying, and hopping and waddling, and jostling to the lodge. Then Lhoks declared that a great mystery was to be performed to their advantage, and that it behoved them all to keep silence whilst he danced, singing, round the lodge five times, and that they must all keep their eyes fast closed, or they would lose their sight for ever. So they all shut their eyes and put their heads under their wings, and Lhoks danced round the lodge. And behold! as he finished his first turn round the lodge, he snapped off the head of a fat foolish duck, and the second time he did likewise. Now, Pekquan, the fisher, had a cousin among the teal, and he whispered to him, 'Open your eyes.' 'Oh no,' said the teal, 'for I shall lose my sight.' And the third time, Lhoks snapped off a head. Then said Pekquan again, 'Open your eyes! open your eyes!' but the teal replied, 'I dare not. Do you wish that I should lose my sight?' And the fourth time, Lhoks went round the lodge and bit off a bird's head. Then, as he was making the fifth round, Pekquan said again, 'You foolish bird, I tell you to open your eyes without delay.' So the teal drew out his head carefully from under his wing and opened one eye a little way, and when he saw what was going forward, he cried as loud as he could, 'We are all being killed! we are all being killed!' Then all the birds opened their eyes at once and made for the door, with such a scramble and scurry as was never seen before, and in the confusion Lhoks and Pekquan killed as many as they desired, and the dead lay in heaps about the lodge.

"Now, Lhoks, the panther, took to himself the greater part of the prey, and Pekquan, the fisher, seeing this, was grieved, for he knew that the design had been his own, and he took of the warm fat of the birds and put it on a birch-bark dish and carried it to the water's edge; and he said to the musquash swimming by, 'O musquash, take down this dish into the cold deep water and cool it for me;' and the musquash did so; and when Lhoks saw that Pekquan, the fisher, had good cool grease to eat, he too desired it, and he likewise called to the musquash. Now, the musquash had been instructed by Pekquan, the fisher, and when he brought up again the dish which Lhoks had given him, behold, it was but partially cooled, and it was not good. So Lhoks said to the mus-