

THE CREATION OF MAN.

Told by Ben Simeoe, Chippewa (Ojibwa), of Rama Reserve, Ontario County.

He (the Creator) took some clay and made a man. He baked it; it was not done enough. He threw it away; it was no good. This was the white man.

He took some more clay and made another man and baked it. This one was baked too much, and was burnt. It was no good. He threw this away. This was the negro.

He took another bit of clay and made a third man. He baked this and it came out all right. It was just right. This was the Indian, better than the white man or the negro.

THUNDERBOLT.

This story was told to Wash-a-ghe-zik by his father, and was told to his father by his grandfather.

A young Indian, many years ago, went out to hunt early one morning, and coming on noon he got hungry and started back to camp. In passing a pine stub that had been struck by lightning he saw "something" sticking in the tree where the lightning hit. He pulled this "something" out and looked at it. It was about two fingers broad, and about one hand long. He put it back again in the tree exactly like he found it, and went on. When he came to camp he told his father about it, and his father and several other men, together with the young man, went back to examine it. Neither his father or the men with him could pull this "something" out, but the young man could; so he pulled it out, wrapped it up and took it to camp. This "something" would tell the young man some hours before a storm came up that the storm was coming, so that the Indians could make camp. The young man used to dream that he could split trees by pointing this "something" at them, but never tried it. He kept this for many years. He was about eighteen years old when he found it, and lived to be forty-seven. He died unmarried and his name was forgotten.

The "something" was shiny and quivering, and nobody knew what it was made out of. It was lost shortly before the man died. Wash-a-ghe-zik had no name for this "something," and said the Indians could not make up a name for it.

NIM-MAH-KIE.

Once, a long time ago, before the white man came to Canada, an Indian struck out through the bush to hunt. It came on a storm and he took a line for camp, which was by a little lake away up north. It came on worse, and the Indian crawled under a projecting pine tree. He saw the lightning strike several trees, and looking very closely at one tree that was struck he saw a little man (about two feet high) standing by one side of the tree, and looking again at the tree he saw another little man standing at the other side of the struck tree. Both these men were fine little fellows, all black and shining, and are called Nim-Mah-Kie (Thunder). They climbed up in the air like they were climbing ladders, and disappeared. After they went up more lightning came down. These little men set the lightning at the trees and make the thunder. Thunder and lightning keep the monsters down on the land and in the lakes.