

No. 64.

WITCH STORY (No. 10).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

In Georgina Island (Lake Simcoe) some time ago there was an old witch. That is the witch who killed quite a few people, and one night a young man was lying beside the road dead drunk. About midnight he woke up and wondered where he was. He lay there for a while and he saw someone coming on the road. It came near to him, it was a bear, and every time it opened its mouth this young man could see fire. He began to think it was a witch and he kicked the bear in the belly. The witch yelled and went where she lived. The next morning this young man heard the church bell ringing. He began to think of the witch he killed. This old woman's belly was burst that night and she died. This young man was afraid to tell what he did for fear some of the witch's relations might kill him too, but he did right to kill this old woman. The end of this story.

No. 65.

WITCH STORY (No. 11).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Once there was a man and his wife camping. They were very mean. They did nothing but kill people, and the rest of the Indians made up their minds that they were going to kill this old man. "I tell you what we do," said one. "We will say that we are going to have a feast, and we will tell him to sit in the corner of the camp, and we will be talking and smoking." The old woman came too. They were to be killed.

One man came late. He had his gun wrapped up in an old quilt, so no one would take notice, but the old man witch kind of took notice; his eyes were shining like fire. He was afraid then at last that they would shoot him. The old witch woman went out and hurried to their camp to get her "medicines." Before she got them they shot her. The two old witches were killed, and there were no more people dying in that Indian village. The end of this witch story.

No. 66.

SERPENT STORY (No 2).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One time there was an Indian and his wife living. They had a young daughter about twelve years old. This girl would never eat with them, she would take her plate and tea-milk out some place behind a big tree. They began to take notice of her. The Indian said to his wife, "To-day at noon I will follow her and see where she will go." This girl did the same again and her father followed her. She went and sat down under this big elm tree. Her father was watching her. After a while he saw a hole right at the foot of the tree. A big serpent came out of there. The serpent and the girl ate together. The man felt awful bad. He went home and got his rifle, came back and shot the serpent. This girl felt awful bad. She would not eat. She said to her father, "Why did you kill the best friend that I had?" They told her everything they could, thinking that she might forget the serpent, but she died a couple of days afterwards, she was that sorry for the serpent. The end of the story.