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## THE MYTHOLOGY, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-LORE OF THE ALGONKINS.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND [HANS BREITMANN], HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read June 23, 1886.]

OF all branches of learning, Anthropology (including Archæology and Folk-lore) is most interesting to the merely general reader, for the same reason which makes a museum interesting, even to a child. For it deals with all that is strange and rare, curious or interesting in Man himself, and as Goethe says, varying an old Latin proverb, "Man is properly the only object that interests Man."

I propose to speak, on this occasion, of a subdivision of this science, embracing a subject which, previous to my investigations in it, was, I may truly say, almost unknown to the most inquiring scholars. I refer to the Mythology, Legends, and Folk-lore of the North-Eastern Algonkins of North America, inhabiting the State of Maine, and the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and of whom there are only a few hundreds now surviving in each of the four tribes to which I particularly refer. These are the Passamaquoddy, Penobscot, Mic-Mac, Malisete, and St. Francis or Abenaki Indians. They are all Christians, mostly Roman Catholics, and are, with few exceptions, taught to read and write at Mission schools. They live in the manner of the whites,

and until I began my researches it was generally supposed that one might as well undertake to find all the lost books of the Edda, or the perfect original text of Beowulf in the memories of the peasantry in Yorkshire, as a mythology and cyclus of sagas, legends, and ancient poems among these poor basket-makers, who still haunt fashionable American watering-places after the manner of gypsies. Yet I succeeded, with great difficulty, in finding all this in vast abundance among them. One or two learned men had indeed conjectured that something of the kind existed, but these Indians were so extremely reticent, and averse to communicate their lore, that when I had made some progress in my work, I received a letter from my friend J. H. Trumbull, the most learned Red Indian scholar in America, congratulating me on having been "the first to crack this hard nut." As an instance of the difficulty which I experienced, I may state that during the first summer which I devoted to it, I did not succeed in getting a single story, though I was very intimate with a really well educated Abenaki Indian, who spoke and wrote both French and English like a gentleman. I tried and tempted him in every way to give me some scraps of folk-lore, but he persistently denied that he knew anything of the kind, though I afterwards learned that he was a perfect living library of legends.

It was wonderful enough to find such a literature, about equivalent to the Scriptures as regards quantity, preserved among a few poor people, who are seldom spoken of by the whites, except as illustrations of ignorance and utter degeneracy. But a further surprise awaited me when I found that the

whole of this Indian tradition—that is to say, such of it as the Indians regarded as most ancient—was steeped and penetrated with the old Norse spirit, and that it had above all so much that was common with the Elder Edda that it was impossible not to admit that there must at one time have been extensive intercourse between the Northmen and the Algonkins. This, if verified, would be an important discovery, since it would settle beyond question the greatly disputed matter whether America was really discovered by the Scandinavians, which it has become the fashion of late to utterly deny, it being a much easier and safer thing to discredit the discoveries of others than to make them.

There are still in existence about forty tribes, or their remnants, speaking as many greatly varied dialects, which belong to the Algonkin stock as German and English or Norse belong to the Indo-European. These are scattered from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and from frozen Labrador to the warm South.<sup>1</sup> Of the character of their language it is enough to say that my friend the Rev. Silas Rand, who is, I believe, the best Latin scholar in America, and who perfectly understands and writes nine European tongues and three Indian, declares that “the Mic-Mac is one of the most marvellous of all languages, ancient or modern—marvellous in its construction, in its regularity, and in its fulness.” He was the first to discover the name and

<sup>1</sup> [The Baron la Hontan compiled a small dictionary of the Algonquin language; Reland has also written a gloss on the same. The first is entitled *Mém. de l'Amériq. Septent. Hag.*, 1703. The second will be found in Reland's *Diss. Misc.*, p. 3, Diss. 2.—Eds.]

many of the legends referring to Glooskap, the great divinity of these Northern tribes.

And here let me state that the Indians were never, of old, Monotheists, nor was the Great Spirit, of whom we hear so much, known to them before the coming of the white men.<sup>2</sup> Their true religion was simply Shamanism, or sorcery, exactly like that of the Eskimo or Tartars, and their gods, men who by magic and bravery combined had been gradually exalted by tradition, until some one was finally regarded by a very few among their thinkers and myth-makers, as the chief of them all. But that there existed among them any idea of an all-wise, all-good, omnipotent Jehovah is not true, for this is not the first but the last idea which comes in the gradual formation of religion.

We have a startling proof of this, at the very outset, in the name of the deity or heroic demi-god of these tribes, which is Glooskap, meaning the Liar—truly a strange title for a god. The Indians explain this by saying that he left earth, promising to return to his people, and that as he has not kept his word they have given him this appellation. But Dr. Brinton, a great authority, believes that it was originally bestowed as a compliment to that craftiness which is among all savages as great a virtue, as it was among the Italians of the days of Machiavelli.

His history is briefly this. The first being—a woman—bore twins, of whom Glooskap was the elder, and Malsum, the Wolf, the younger. The neighbouring Iroquois, who have developed a Dualism

<sup>2</sup> [It seems to be generally admitted that the Indians did believe in an all-powerful, all-directing Spirit, though they paid no positive worship to him. (*Vide Rees' Cycl.*, sub art. "Indians."—Eds.)

as marked as that of the Persians, declare that the one was the Spirit of good, the Wolf being that of all evil. Out of his mother's body, whom the Wolf slew by his manner of birth, the good brother made the sun and moon, animals, fishes and man, while the Evil Mind, following him, made mountains, valleys, reptiles, and all that was inconvenient or bad.

Now it came to pass that one day the Wolf asked the elder what would kill him—Glooskap—each having his own secret as to this. And Glooskap, to test him, told him that the only way in which he himself could perish was by the touch of an owl's feather, or, as some say, by that of the soft down of a cat-tail flag or flowering rush. And Malsum said, "I can only die by a blow from a *fern-root*." Then Malsum, taking his bow, shot the owl, and with one of his feathers struck Glooskap while he slept. Then he indeed died, but came to life again, for this secret he had concealed. Yet again he craftily said that it was not by an owl's feather, but by a blow from a pine-root, that he could really die.

Then the false man led his brother one day far into the forest, and while he again slept smote him on the head with a pine-root. But Glooskap soon rose unharmed, drove Malsum into the woods, sat down by the brook-side and said, as if unto himself, aloud: "Nothing but a flowering rush can kill me." This he said apparently to deceive Quah-beet, the Great Beaver, who was hidden among the reeds. And hearing this the Beaver went to Malsum and told him the secret of his brother's life. For this Malsum promised to give the Beaver whatever he should ask, but when the latter wished for wings like a pigeon,

the warrior laughed, and scornfully said: "Get thee hence—thou with a tail like a file—what need hast thou of wings?" Then the Beaver was very angry, and went to Glooskap and told him all. Therefore Glooskap arose in scorn and in anger, and taking a fern-root sought Malsum in the deep dark forest, and smote him so that he fell down dead. And Glooskap sang a song over him and lamented.

However he appears in after times, in life again as Lox, who in one form is called Loki, the chief of the Wolves, and the special type of all manner of mischief. After Glooskap had made the world and all therein, he created the Mikumwess, the Oonahge-messük, the small elves, the dwarfs, the dwellers in the rocks, the fairies of the streams and woods, of fruit and flowers, and last of all, Man. The elves he made from the bark of the ash-tree, and man from its trunk. For himself he chose two loons, a large water-fowl, which brought him all the news of the world. These birds caused him so much anxiety by prolonged absences that he took two wolves, one black and one white, to attend him. These he at times rides.

From this time we find the hero engaged in numerous adventures, such as slaying giants, evil sorcerers and demons, who are generally all three in one, being further identified with certain animals, to say nothing of horrible witches. Among these occurs a being called the Chenoo, who is to my mind actually more horrible than anything to be found in any other mythology whatever. It is manifestly of Eskimo origin, but it has been made more frightful by Indian, and apparently Norse influences. Glooskap is beneficent to man: he does great works, such as levelling

hills, he undergoes a sort of regeneration or illumination by sailing in a canoe through a terrible cavern of darkness, on a rushing river full of rocks. His personal characteristics are an incredible grandeur or dignity manifested in his great struggles, when he grows to giant stature, towering far above the clouds, which contrasts and yet is in harmony with his habitual *bonhomme*, and quaint gentle humour in dealing with men. He approaches, and that very strikingly, in all respects to the Gargantua and Pantagruel of Rabelais. But these latter never manifest the tremendous force, or the *gaudium certaminis*, or joy in battle, of the Algonkin hero. Here he is like Odin and Thor in one, and (as I shall show you) is, in certain adventures, absolutely identical with them. Thus on one occasion when he was battling with a terrible and very wicked sorcerer and giant, named Win-pe, we are told that Glooskap, the Lord of Beasts and of Men, rose before the wicked one in all his greatness and might and stepped forward, while Win-pe drew backward a pace to recover his strength. And then with great will Win-pe roused all the magic within him, and as it came he rose till his head was above the tallest pine, and truly in those days trees were giants beyond those of this time. But the Lord of Men and Beasts laughed as he grew till his head was far above the clouds and reached the stars, and ever higher until Win-pe was as a child at his feet. And holding the man in scorn, and disdaining to use a nobler weapon, he tapped the sorcerer lightly with the end of his bow, as if he were a small dog, and he fell dead.

Now it came to pass after he had done many great

deeds, all created beings became so bad that Glooskap determined to leave the world, but ere he went he sent forth a message that for (seven) years any who would come to him might have any wish granted they chose to make. Of these visits alone there is quite a number of legends. But it was no easy matter to get to the Lord of Life; many were years on the journey, passing through terrible trials, to be strangely punished when they wished unwisely, and well rewarded when they showed good sense. One of these is as follows:—Three pilgrims, after a year's journey, came to a very pleasant land. All in that place was fair, and it grew fairer day by day to all who dwelt therein. Now when they began to feel that they were in a new life and a magic land, he that was their host asked them whence they came and what they sought. And they replied that they would fain find Glooskap. And the host replied, "Lo! I am he!" And they were awed by his presence, for a great glory and majesty now sat upon him. And with him all they that were around changed, for all in that place was wonderful.

Then the first, telling what he wanted, said: "I am a wicked man, and I have a bad temper. I am prone to wrath and reviling, yet I would fain be pious, meek, and holy."

And the next said: "I am very poor, and my life is hard. I toil, but can barely make a living. I would fain be rich."

And the third replied: "I am of low estate, being despised of all my people, and I wish to be loved and respected."

Then the fourth spoke, and he was a very tall

man, and vain of his good looks. For he was one of those who put bark or fur into their moccasins that they may be looked up to by the little folk, and be loved by the women, and his hair was plastered to stand up on high, and on the top of it was a very long turkey's tail-feather. And he asked that he might become taller than any man in all the land, and never depart from it, and that he might live for ages.

Then, taking his medicine-bag, Glooskap gave to each a small box, and bade them keep their bags closed till they should reach home. Then he led them to the top of a high mountain whence they saw their homes, and a way leading thither, and they departed, and three of them indeed got home ere the sun set. And each, having opened his box, found therein an unguent so rich and fragrant that when they had all rubbed themselves completely with it all people sought to be near them.

And he who had been despised for deformity and weakness became beautiful, and stately as a pine-tree. There was no man in all the land so graceful, or of such good behaviour.

And he who desired abundance had it in all fullness, for the deer came to him in the forest, the fish leaped into his nets, all men gave unto him, and he gave unto all freely to the end.

And he who had been wicked and of evil mind, hasty and cruel, became meek and patient, good and gentle. And he had his reward.

But he who would fain become tall and long-lived, could not wait till he got home, but took out his box in the woods on the way, and anointed himself.

And truly he became, at once, exceeding tall, for he was changed into a pine-tree, the first that ever was, and his head rose above the forest, and even the turkey-tail at the top is still visible. And he who will listen in a pine-wood may hear the tree murmuring all day long, in the Indian tongue of the olden time:—

“Oh, I am such a great man!  
Oh, I am such a great Indian!”

For there is in all this mythology a humour which is strangely Norse; witness the following little tale.

When Glooskap had conquered all his enemies, such as the Kewawkqu', who were giants and sorcerers, and the Medéoolin, who were magicians, and Pamola, who is the evil spirit of the night air, and all manner of ghosts, witches, devils, cannibals, and goblins, he thought upon his great deeds, and was glad there was nothing left for him to subdue.

And he said this to a woman. But she replied, “Not so fast, Master, for there remains one whom no one has ever mastered, and who will remain unconquered till the end of time.”

“And who is he?” inquired the Master.

“It is the mighty Wasis,” she replied; “and I warn you if you meddle with him you will be in sore trouble.”

Now Wasis was the Baby, and he sat on the floor sucking a piece of maple-sugar, greatly contented, troubling no one.

As the Lord of Men and Beasts had never married or had a child, he knew nothing about managing children, and was therefore quite certain (as is the

wont of such people) that he understood it perfectly. So he turned to Baby with a bewitching smile and bade him come to him.

Then Baby smiled again—but did not budge. And the Master spoke sweetly, and made his voice like that of the spring bird, but it was of no avail, for Wasis sat still and sucked his maple-sugar.

Then Glooskap frowned, and spoke horribly, and ordered Wasis to come crawling to him immediately. And Wasis burst into crying and yelling, but did not move for all that.

Then since he could do but one thing more, the Master had recourse to magic. He used his most awful spells, and sang the songs which raise the dead, and scare the devils. And Wasis sat and looked on admiringly, and seemed to find it very interesting; but for all that he never moved one inch.

So Glooskap gave it up in despair, and Wasis, sitting on the floor in the sunshine, went "*Goo! goo!*" and crowed in triumph.

And to this day when you see a babe, well contented, going "*Goo! goo!*" and crowing, and no one can tell why, know that it is because he remembers the time when he overcame the Master who had conquered all the world. For of all the beings that have ever been since the beginning, Baby is alone the only invincible one.

"Now when the ways of Men and Beasts waxed evil they greatly vexed Glooskap, and at length he could no longer endure them, and he made a rich feast by Lake Minas. All the beasts came to it, and when the feast was over, he got into a great canoe, and they looked after him till they saw him no more.

And after they ceased to see him, they still heard his voice as he sang. But the sounds grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at last died away; and then deep silence fell on them all, and a great marvel came to pass, and the beasts who had till now spoken but one language, were no longer able to understand each other, and they fled away, each his own way, and never again have they met in counsel. Until the day when Glooskap shall return to restore the Golden Age, and make the men and animals dwell once more in peace, all Nature mourns. And tradition says that on his departure from Acadia, the Great Snowy Owl retired to the deep forests, to return no more till he could come to welcome Glooskap, and in those sylvan depths the owls even yet repeat to the night, *Koo-koo-skoos!* which is their name in the Indian tongue, meaning, 'Oh, I am sorry!' And the Loons who had been the huntsmen of Glooskap, go restlessly up and down through the world seeking vainly for their Master, whom they cannot find, and wailing sadly because they find him not." And when he departed he took with him the chief of every kind of animal, so that they are now all waste and wild, and mourn not only for the Lord, but for their Masters.

And Glooskap, saddened and sore distressed,  
Took his way to the unknown West,  
And the Mic-Mac kindled his wigwam fire  
Far from the grave of his child and sire.  
Where now as he weaves his basket gay,  
And paddles his birch canoe away,  
He dreams of the happy time for men,  
When Glooskap shall come to his tribe again.

All of these legends were, till within a generation

or two, preserved in the form of poems, in a metre, or rather manner, much like that of the Edda. One of these, which I will, however, repeat in prose, is called, "How Glooskap caught the Summer." It is simply a beautiful Nature-myth.

"In the time, long ago, when people lived always in the early red morning before sunrise,—before the *Squid-to-neck* was peopled as to-day—Glooskap went very far North, where all was ice.

"He came to a wigwam. Therein he found a giant. A great giant, for he was Winter. Glooskap entered: he sat down. Then Winter gave him a pipe. They smoked: the giant told tales of the old times.

"The charm was on him, it was the charm of the Frost. The giant talked and froze, and Glooskap fell asleep. He slept for six months, like a toad. Then the charm fled, and he awoke. He went his way home—he went to the South, and at every step it grew warmer, and the flowers began to come up and talk to him.

"He came to where there were many little ones dancing in the forest; their Queen was Summer, the most beautiful one ever born. He caught her up, he kept her by a crafty trick. The Master cut a moose-hide into a long cord, and as he ran away with Summer, he let the cord trail behind him.

"Then the fairies of Light pulled at the cord, but as Glooskap ran the cord ran out, and though they pulled, he left them far away. So he came to the lodge of Winter. But now he had Summer in his bosom, and did not fear him. Winter welcomed him, for now he hoped to freeze him again to sleep.

“But this time the Master did the talking. This time his magic was the strongest. And ere long the sweat ran down Winter’s face. Then he melted away more and more, as did the wigwam. Then everything awoke, the grass grew, the fairies came out, and the snow ran down to the rivers, carrying away the dead leaves. Then Glooskap left Summer with them, and went home.”

In this story, as in others, Glooskap is simply Nature itself. In one he has for an attendant the course of the seasons, in another the Earthquake, the Northern Lights and the Lightning, even as Odin, who is generally a man, is at other times the All-Father. And this leads me to the remarkable points of resemblance between the Indian sagas and the Norse which I now propose to present to you.

Glooskap, the Indians say, still lives, far away, no one knows where. He dwells in a very great long wigwam. He is always making arrows. One side of the lodge is quite full of arrows now. When the whole lodge shall be filled with them, will come the last great day. Then he will go forth and arm the good spirits, and make war on Malsum, the Wolf. He will come in his wonderful canoe, which can be made to carry an army, or shrink up so that it may be carried in the pocket. Among his friends is *At-wus-kenniges*, the lonely giant of the woods, who carries an axe, which, when thrown away, returns to him. In this last great battle all will be slain, there will not one be left—not one. The world will be burned up—yea, the universe will perish. But the good, as the Indian woman who told the tale added, will go to the good heavens, and all be well.

There is not a principal point in the prophecy in the Edda of the Ragnarök, or Twilight of the Gods, or Norse Day of Judgment, which is not given here. We find in it Odin, with his boat which becomes great or small, and Fenris, the Wolf. Odin, like Glooskap, wears a belt which gives him strength illimitable. His ally, Thor, carries a hammer, which, when thrown away, returns to him. But the culminating point of identity in all this is that the last day is to be not one of judgment, but of battle. Can any one suppose that this version of it came from a Christian source?

In the Edda the Wolf appears in three forms—as Loki, who is the father or chief of these animals, and also the Norse Satan, as the steeds and attendants of Odin, and thirdly as the great Wolf, Fenris—the highest type of destruction. Now these three types occur exactly and literally in the Algonkin mythology, where we have Glooskap with two attendant wolves, which he rides. In the Edda we read:—

The god Odin and gods  
Sang magic songs,  
And rode on wolves.

These wolves of Glooskap were one white and one black. In the Eddas we are told that there are two wolves—one Fenris, who follows the sun, and one, Moongarm, the moon. Secondly, Loki, the father of the wolves, and the incarnate spirit of mischief, has his exact counterpart in the Indian Lox (who in one inflection is also called Loki), who is also the chief of the wolves.

In the Norse mythology, Balder, the Sun-god, can only be slain by a blow from the mistletoe, the weakest

of all plants. In the Indian legend, Malsum can only be killed by either a stroke of a feather, a flowering rush, or a handful of bird's down.

Odin has two ravens, who bring him news of all that is done in the world. Glooskap has two loons, who do the same. Both in the Edda and in the Mic-Mac legends it is expressly stated that these birds occasioned great anxiety by their prolonged absences. The Edda makes Odin say of his messengers :—

Hugin and Mugin  
 Fly each day  
 Over the wide world.  
 I fear for Hugin  
 That he comes not back,  
 Yet more anxious  
 Am I for Mugin.

Glooskap has the same trouble, but he gets rid of it by giving the occupation of news reporters to his wolves, meaning that he now learns all that is done by day or night. I am inclined to infer, from this and other passages, that there is much preserved in the Indian Edda which has been lost from the Norse.

In an Indian legend we are told that Malsum, the principle of Evil, forced himself out into life through his mother's armpit. In the Edda it is said of the two beings first born on earth, that they were twins begotten by the feet of a giant and born out of his armpit, and that from his two feet, male and female, sprang a six-headed sow. This is told in six lines, and in them there are six coincidences with the Red Indian mythology. (1) The Evil principle, as a Jötun's first-born in the one, and the same in the other, are

born of the parent's armpit. (2) In one of the tales of Lox, the Indian Devil, also a giant, we are told that his feet are male and female. (3) In both mythologies, this is the first birth on earth. (4) The six-headed demon appears in a Mic-Mac tale as one with three. (5) There is both in the Norse and Algonkin Eddas a very remarkable coincidence in this: that there is a Titanic or giant birth of twins on earth, followed by the creation of Man from the ash-tree. (6) The Evil principle, whether it be in the Wolf Lox (or Loki) in the Indian myths, or Loki in the Norse, often turns himself into a woman. Thus the male and female sex of the first-born twins is identified.

It is in the Lox, or Loki, of the Indians, and his resemblance to the being bearing the same name in the Edda, that the most extraordinary coincidences are found. It has been observed, that the Norse mythology is the only religion in which the Devil is developed out of mere mischief, or the wayward yielding to wanton will. He is the friend of the gods at first—he aids them in many ways. But from indulging in mere jests, he proceeds to practical jokes, then to cruel ones, and ends by becoming infinitely wicked, and at last appears as the great Arch-Enemy himself. Now the Lox of the Algonkins is precisely the same being in every respect. Both are distinctly described as the Father of all the Wolves, and as the god of fire. The Indian Lox is pursued by a giant who is also a bird at times; in the Edda, a giant, who is for the nonce an eagle, drags and trails Loki over woods and mountains. The Algonkin Devil becomes a girl merely to make mischief; Loki took the form of a woman in Fensal, which was his first step towards

the death of Balder. This is a very strange coincidence, for, as in the Edda, Loki's becoming a woman led to all the subsequent tragedy, and to his own doom, so in the Indian legends the very same thing caused Lox to be chased to the high waterfall where, owing to his own tricks, he perished, just as Loki came to grief in Franangursfors, "the bright and glistening cataract." But the most remarkable point is that the general immoral character of the Indian Lox or Loki is so much like that of the Norse Loki, consisting of evil, or mischief of the worst kind, always tempered by humour which provokes a laugh. But to find two very similar, singular, and original characters, supported by remarkable coincidences of action, is itself quite enough to suggest a common origin.

It has been declared that the Norse Edda owes a great deal to the Finnish mythology, which is set forth in the *Kalevala*, a great epic. There is a legend in the latter that a stag, created for evil by evil spirits, was so prompt to show his wickedness that the first thing he did on receiving life was to kick over a boiling kettle, containing soup and meat, into the ashes. In an Indian tale, Lox, disguised as a dead racoon, is thrown into a kettle of hot water. The touch of heat restores him to life, and in the very moment in which this happens his mischievous nature inspires him to kick over the pot—dash the scalding water into the ashes, and make it all fly up and blind an old woman. Here is another bit which may possibly be a missing link from the chain of the Edda, and it is very curious that the last incident in the lives of both Lox and Lokī is to catch a salmon.

Now there is a passage in the Edda which has hitherto defied all explanation, and its translator, Mr. Thorpe, has said that he believes the difficulty is beyond all help. It is this:—

“Loki, scorched up  
 In his heart's affections,  
 Had found (or eaten)  
 A half-burnt woman's heart.  
 From that wicked woman  
 Thence into the world  
 Came all the giantesses.”

Now, in the Indian mythology, there are several very ancient legends describing what is called the Chenoo. This is a being, originally human, who becomes at first melancholy, then misanthropical, after which he or she flies to the frozen wastes of the far North, and, after acquiring extraordinary magic power, is converted into a cannibal; and then to a veritable ghoul, ogre, or devil. But the Chenoo does not attain to this intensity of evil till he has eaten the heart of another Chenoo, and that, as the legend expressly states, of a female, and this heart is harder than stone, or is literally a stone. It is the image of the giantess. To utterly annihilate this evil being, this heart must be burned—if there is a grain of it left, it would shortly grow to the original Chenoo. And if any one who has become a recluse and a sorcerer should find it in this half-burnt condition—that is, of a half-burnt stone—he would become as Loki, utterly evil. Now if this does not explain the passage in the Edda, I will agree with Mr. Thorpe that the difficulty is indeed beyond help. But if it does, it can hardly be denied that we have

in the legend of the Chenoo, something which is certainly missing in the Edda, and which as certainly belongs to it.

The Indians have many legends of giants who are also mountains. Ka-toh-din, the great mountain of Maine, appears as a mighty being whose cheeks and eyebrows are of stone. Hrungrir, the mountain giant of the Edda, has a face of stone, and what is more, like the Chenoo, he has a stone heart and an insatiable appetite.

According to both the Edda and the Algonkin legends, all the wind is caused by a giant in the form of an eagle, who sits on a cliff far in the North.

Hræsvelg he is called,  
A giant in eagle's plumage ;  
He sits at the end of Heaven,  
From his wings comes,  
It is said, the wind  
That over all men passes.

There is a wonderful Indian legend how this Eagle-giant was once subdued by Glooskap. It seems to me as if the Norse mythology were wanting in some story of the wind conquered by Odin or Thor. Perhaps it does exist in some other form which was once in the Edda.

Odin, in the Edda, consults the head of Mimir, which communicates all wisdom. In several Indian tales, the hero, who is manifestly Glooskap, unnamed, has a head which does the same. Again, Odin parts with his eye, and resumes it at will. This is just the same with Glooskap, who is cheated out of his by the squirrel, but gets it again. Now be it observed that several things which are only briefly mentioned in

the Edda, or are there summarised or simply alluded to, are expanded into long legends or poems in the Indian versions. I have no doubt that they once existed in this fulness in the Norse, but are now lost.

In the Edda, as with the Algonkin legends, there is a river which divides the land of the Giants, Jötuns, or sorcerers, from earth. In the Norse it is called Ifng.

Many will remember the story of Thor's wrestling with the old woman, who proved to be Old Age in disguise. In an Indian story the hero wrestles with a little decrepit old woman, who had, however, previously overcome all the strong men of the world. But the hero, who is Glooskap in reality, as is manifestly the case with all the champions of these tales, overcomes her, by throwing her up in the air, over a cliff. In another tale, a messenger of Glooskap goes to the land of the Giant-sorcerers, where he is obliged to run a race. He that ran with him was the Northern Lights disguised as a man. But Glooskap's messenger was the Lightning, so that ere the *Aurora Borealis* had gone far, his opponent went round the world and returned. Does not this remind us of Thiase, in Thor's visit to Jötunheim, the Home of the Giant Magicians, who is called on to run a race with Hugi, or Thought disguised as a mortal?

We are told in the Edda that Thor visited the Frost-Giant, Hymir. The two went out in a boat to fish for whales. The Edda says: "Then he and Hymir rowed out to sea. They rowed off with two oars, and so powerfully that the giant was obliged to admit that they were going very fast. He himself rowed at the prow."

Thor went,  
Grasped the prow,  
Quickly with its hold-water  
Lifted the boat  
Together with its oars and scoop,  
Bore to the dwelling  
The curved vessel.

Hymir inquires—

Wilt thou do  
Half the work with me?  
Either the whales  
To the dwelling bear,  
Or bind the boat?

In the Indian tale Glooskap asks, "after the other giant had carried the boat and paddled to the sea," who shall sit in the stern and paddle, and who shall take the spear—that is to say, exactly what Hymir asks in the Edda, and in the very same words. In the Edda, Hymir pulls up two whales. In the Algonkin legend, first the giant host spears a whale, "and as he whirled it on high, the whale roaring, touched the clouds. Then taking it from the barb, the fisher tossed him into the bark as if he had been a trout. And the giants laughed—the sound of their laughter was heard all over the land of the Wabanaki. And being at home the host took a stone knife, and split the whale, and threw one half to the guest, Glooskap, and they roasted each his piece over the fire and ate it." After this, we are told in the Edda that Hymir had a contest with his guest, which, when clearly explained, means that he asserted his powers of freezing to the utmost, while Thor conquered his

cold. In the Indian tale, the two giants try to see which can freeze the other to death. "Then the rocks out of doors split with the cold, the great trees in the forest split, the noise thereof was as thunder, but the Master, and he who was born after his mother's death, laughed even louder." But with them it was a drawn game, for neither conquered.

In the Edda, Thor fishes up the Great Serpent. In another version of this legend, given to me by a Passamaquoddy Indian, Glooskap goes, not with Kitpoosagenuay but with his uncle Tchi we notchk, the Great Turtle, and after the whale is caught, brings up the Great Eel, a stupendous sea monster, in memory of which exploit there is a stream on the island of Grand Manan called Kate gatik, or Eel Brook, to this day. I think that the Great Eel in this connection may very fairly be admitted as the Indian equivalent for Midgard, the

Sea-snake tremendous curled,  
Whose bulk encircles half the world.

In this Indian tale he catches the Great Eel first, and then the whale, by means of a trap. In a third version the god fishes for whales with his brother and sister.

I could go on much longer with these points of resemblance between the Edda and the Algonkin mythology. The only way in which I can at all account for them is, firstly, that the Norsemen, who dwelt for centuries in Greenland, communicated them to the ancestors of these Indians. If we can believe the account of the brothers Zeno, and one other chronicler, there was a Norse settlement on the island

of Newfoundland. All of this would explain these coincidences, and all of it has been vigorously and persistently denied. For denial and refutation form the spirit of modern criticism. Goethe makes his devil say, "Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint" (I am the Spirit who always denies). The discoverer is like one who goes into the forest and hews down woods and blasts rocks, and bringing them home builds a house and bids men dwell in it; the critic is one who finds it easier to sit at home and find fault with the scaffolding—that is, the theory by which the house is built—and demonstrate how badly all was done from the beginning. Woe to the pioneer—for he is the hardest worked and worst paid man in the advancing army of Science!

I have spoken of the great number of these Legends. Two years ago I published a collection of them, of four hundred pages, and I have as yet in MS. at least three times as many. And I do most sincerely believe that, since the Edda was discovered, nothing has been found which would cast so much light upon it as these collections. And when we reflect on the immense amount of labour which has been bestowed on explaining and clearing up this wonderful work, which may be called the real Gospel of manliness, and the exponent of the grand Northern spirit of which England inherited the fullest share, it may well be admitted that such work has not been in vain.