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DEPARTMENT OF MINES
HON. LOUIS CODERRE, MINISTER; R. G. McCONNELL, DEPUTY MINISTER
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

No. 11, ANTHROPOLOGICAL SERIES

Huron and Wyandot Mythology

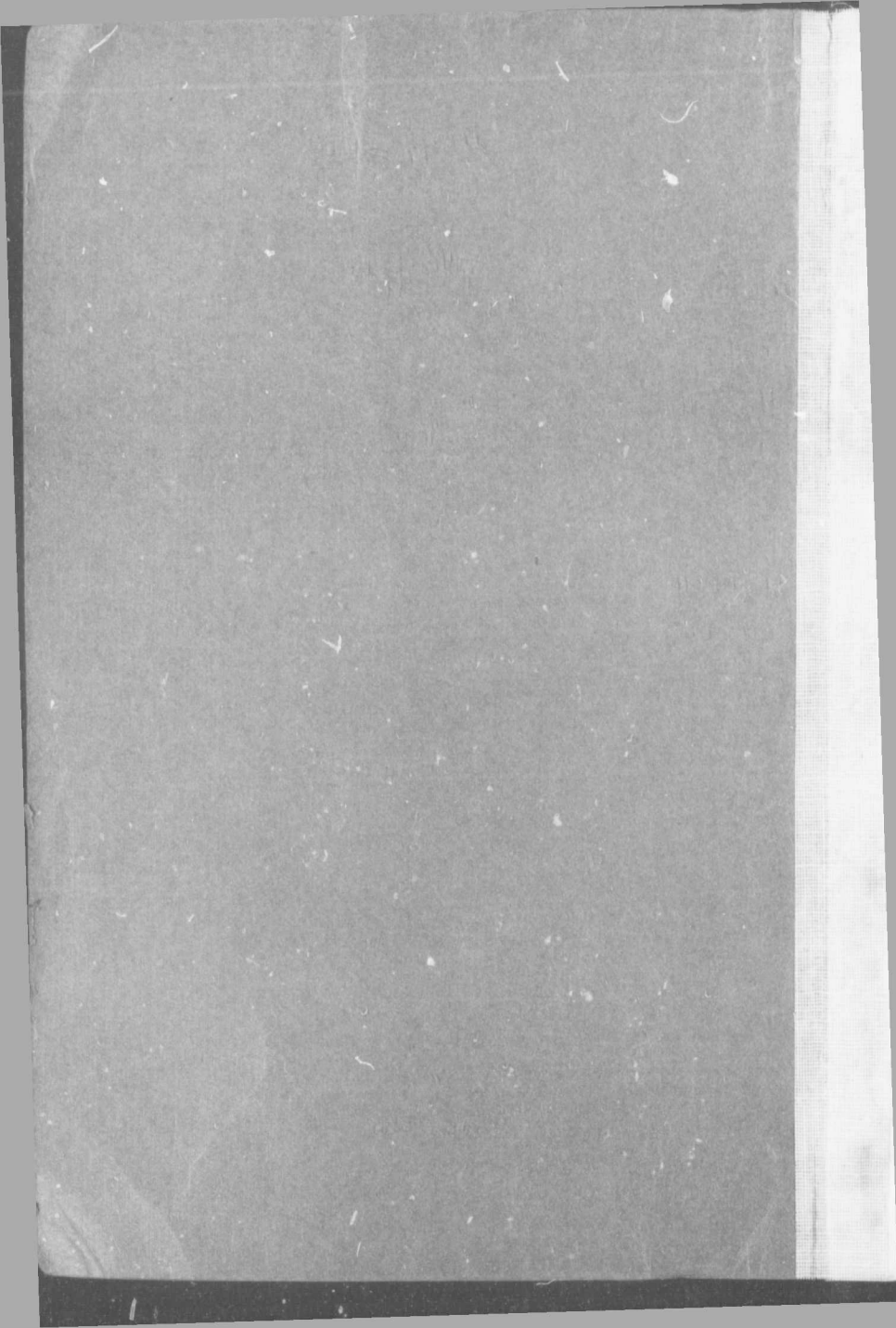
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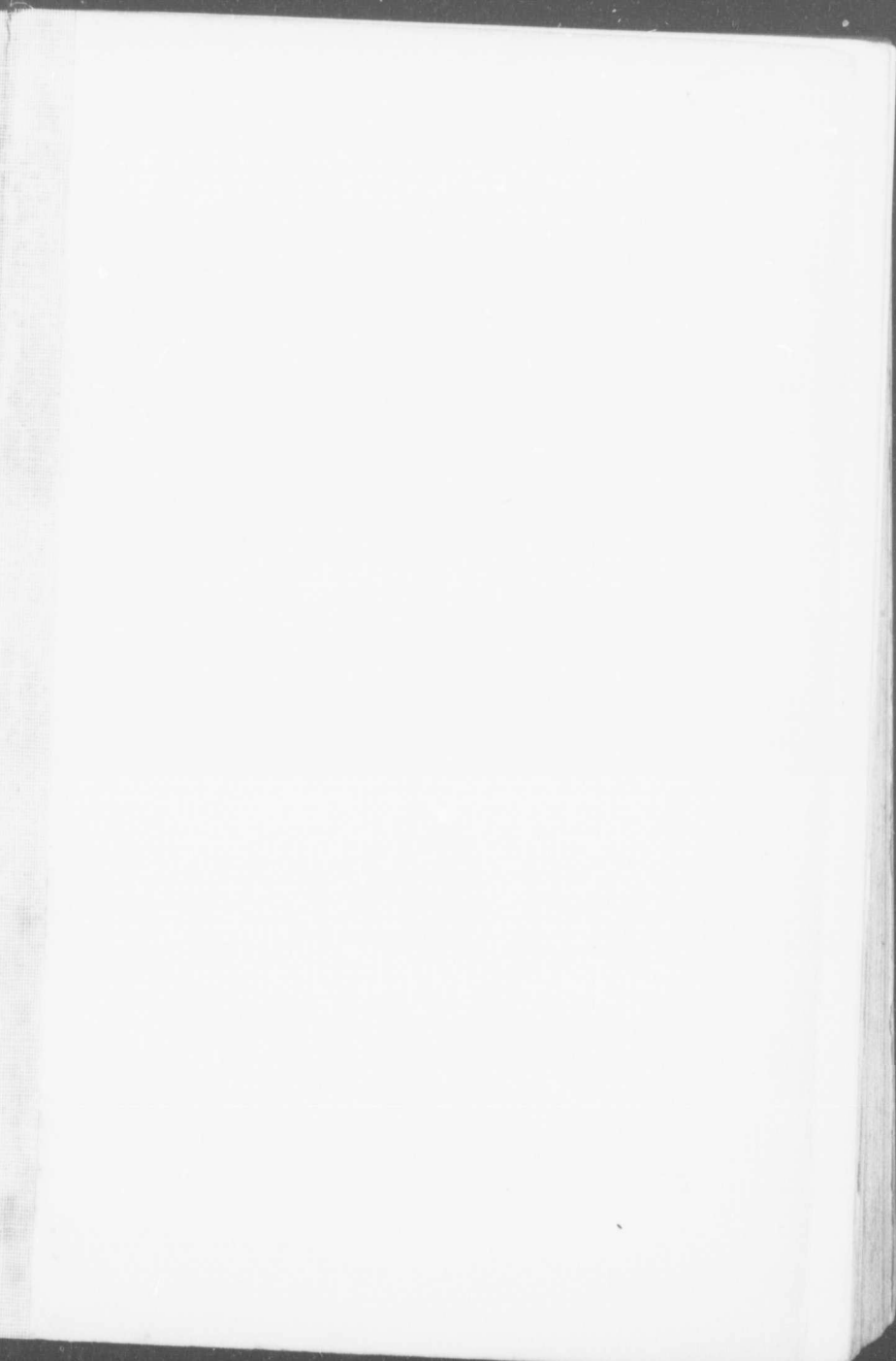
BY
C. M. Barbeau



OTTAWA
GOVERNMENT PRINTING BUREAU
1915

No. 1554







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PREFACE.

The present memoir consists of Huron and Wyandot myths, tales, and traditions. While its main part embodies first-hand material, the appendix incorporates further data from early sources. The myths, tales, and traditions collected and prepared by the author, under the auspices of the Anthropological Division, were recorded in the course of a general ethnographic survey of the dispersed Huron and Wyandot bands. Various periods of field-work among the Hurons of Lorette, Quebec, and the Wyandots of Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario, and of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma, covering altogether about nine months, extended from April, 1911, to September, 1912.

The present-day Hurons and Wyandots are the half-breed descendants of the once powerful Huron nation, whose country was situated between Lake Simcoe and Nottawasaga bay, Ontario, at the time of the discovery of America. As a result of the destruction of their villages by the Iroquois and their final dispersion (1648-1650), a few hundred survivors sought the protection of the French and settled near Quebec city, while the others fled northwestwards. After incessant migrations about the Great Lakes, the western bands of the Hurons, thereafter described as Wyandots, definitely established their settlements, in 1701, along the shores of the Detroit river. Early in the eighteenth century most of these Wyandots moved to the southern shore of Lake Erie, to the present site of Sandusky, Ohio. The Ohio band of Wyandots was transferred, in 1843, to the site of the present Kansas City, Kansas, and, in 1868, to Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma. Six or seven hundred half-breed Hurons and Wyandots are still to be found; about three hundred and fifty of these live at Indian Lorette, over two hundred and fifty on Wyandotte and Seneca reservations, and a small number in Anderdon township, Ontario, Detroit, Michigan, and Kansas City, Kansas.

The names and descriptions of the native informants from whom these narratives were secured are the following, in order of importance:

Catherine Johnson (maiden name: Coon), of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma, is a half-breed Wyandot, of the Deer clan, and speaks Wyandot almost exclusively. Her personal name, in Wyandot, is *Ya-rōñā'a-wi'is* (*she is sailing or floating in the sky*). She was slightly over 60 years of age, in 1911. Her mother was Mary Coon, *Ja-hi'no'*, of the Deer clan, and her father

Da'ta'es, John Coon, of the Porcupine clan. Late Allen Johnson, sen., *Sku'ytac*, of the Big Turtle clan, was her husband. Mrs. Johnson contributed a considerable number of the following myths and tales, which were mostly recorded in Wyandot text, subsequently translated with the help of interpreters. It seems that, in the course of the two seasons of field-work in Oklahoma, Mrs. Johnson visited many of her old acquaintances on the reservation with a view to refreshing her memory on a number of these tales, which she had at first almost forgotten.

B. N. O. Walker, an educated half-breed Wyandot of the Big Turtle clan, and chief clerk in the Quapaw U. S. Indian agency, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, was born in Kansas City, Kansas, in 1870. While his regularly ascribed name is *Cε^{na}-da'cre'te'* (of the Big Turtle clan), he has since assumed the name of *Hε^{na}to'* or *Hεto'* (*he leads*, or *he is a leader*), of the Small Turtle clan, which was formerly borne by John Greyeyes, one of his relatives. The late Isaiah Walker, *Ta'ohε'cre'* (*the dawn of day*), his father, was born of a white woman adopted in the Small Turtle clan, and a half-breed Wyandot father, the nephew of William Walker (1799-1874), the provisional governor of Nebraska territory. His mother, Mrs. Isaiah Walker (Mary Williams), of Seneca, Mo., is a Canadian born Wyandot.

Smith Nichols, *Tsi'itsiwa'wa'* or *Sa'tsi'itsiwa'* (*he gathers flowers habitually*), of the Deer clan, was 83 years of age, in 1911. Born in Sandusky, Ohio, he is the oldest member of the so-called *breech-clout* (or conservative) band of the Wyandots in Oklahoma, and he seems to have an extensive knowledge of the decadent old-time customs and mythology. He speaks Wyandot almost exclusively, and is nominally a preacher of the denomination of Friends. His mother, *Kya'we'ñq'o* (*the [deer's] many footprints or traces*), of the Deer clan, died in Ohio in 1842. His father, *Terε'noçuryu'ta* (*going through the house*), was a Cayuga, of the Bear clan. His grandmother, *Nε^{na}du'c'a'*, from whom he claims to have learnt most of the old traditions, is said to have died at the age of 125 years. Smith Nichols was the most important informant in the season of 1911, and most of his information was recorded in Wyandot text. His ill-health, however, made it impossible to use his services as extensively in the season of 1912.

Star (Hiram) Young, now of Seneca reservation, Oklahoma, is named *Harq'nu'* (*his sky in the water*), nicknamed *Tic'q'o* (*morning star*), and belongs to the Wolf clan. He was raised by his uncle (late) John Solomon, *Ta'harq'ñutε'* (*both-he-sky-sticks out*; interpreted, *sky sticking out or sticking out of the sky*), of the Deer clan. He seems to be over 65 years of age. Part of his information was recorded in English, part in Wyandot.

Mary McKee (Miss), *Ta're'ma'* or *Ta're'mq'* (*holding mud or carrying a pond*), of the Bear clan, and nicknamed *'gya'wic* (*turtle*), is a refined half-breed Wyandot, of Anderdon township, Essex county, Ontario. Her mother, *Kyu'kwe*, a Wyandot, of the Bear clan, spoke Wyandot exclusively. Thomas McKee, her father, was a half-breed Wyandot whose father was a Scotchman, Colonel McKee. Miss McKee, who was 73 years of age in 1911, was the only important informant to be found on Anderdon reservation. The other half-breeds, only two or three of whom are known to speak Wyandot, have now lost their Indian individuality.

Reverend Prosper Vincent, *Sa'wa'tanε*, a Roman Catholic priest, is a Huron half-breed of 69 years of age, born in Lorette, Quebec, in 1842. His father was chief Philippe Vincent.

Allen Johnson, *Hu'ncra'e'wa's* or *Cra'e'wa'* (*he cannot find axe or game*), of the Deer clan, is the son of the above-mentioned Catherine Johnson, of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma. His services were highly useful chiefly as interpreter and informant on linguistics.

John Kayraho, *Hu'nda'ju'* (*his arrow or quill kills, or arrow killed him*), of the Porcupine clan, was about 72 years of age, in 1912. His information was recorded in text, as he could speak only Wyandot. He died in 1913.

Mrs. Isaiah Walker (Mary Williams), *Nyε'mε'q'* (*[she] knows how*), of the Big Turtle clan, was an educated half-breed Wyandot of 83 years of age, in 1912, residing near Seneca, Mo. Born on Anderdon reserve, Ontario, she joined the western band of the Wyandots in 1843. Her father was a white man, and her mother a half-breed, named Charlotte Brown.

Eldredge H. Brown, of Wyandotte, Oklahoma, is a half-breed Wyandot who was born in Kansas City, Kansas, in 1845. *Ha'ja'tε'* (*he writes or he marks*) by name, he belongs to the nearly extinct Snipe clan of the Wyandots. Susan (first married Robitaille), *Uhε'ta'wa*, of the Snipe clan, was his mother.

Henry Stand, *Cru'yu'ti'*, is a half-breed Wyandot and Shawnee, living on Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma. He was 52 years of age in 1912, and he belongs to the Big Turtle clan of the Wyandots. He was raised by his uncle John White-wing, *Tu'ta'ra's* (*mud eater*) of the Small Turtle clan of the Wyandots.

Mary Kelley (maiden name, Whitewing) is a half-breed Wyandot, of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma, and belongs to the Deer clan. Her Indian name is *Te'we'sq'* (*always walking about*). Mrs. Kelley's father, Jacob Whitewing, named *Rp̄q-te'ka'* (*sky burning*), was a member of the Small Turtle clan.

Her services—mostly as interpreter—were utilized during the first season of field-work in Oklahoma, in 1911.

Catherine Armstrong, *Kyurde'mε* or *Kyurde'mε* (a personal name of the Big Turtle clan), also named [*Tuwa*]*trō-nq'εs* (*sky falling on it*, a name of the Wolf clan), was a half-breed Wyandot, over 60 years of age, residing in Wyandotte, Oklahoma, who died in 1913. *Nε'dakq* (*her [turtle] ways*), of the Big Turtle clan, was her mother.

Thomas Walker, *Wε'daryete'* (*carrying an island on his back*), of the Big Turtle clan, is a farmer living near Seneca, Mo. He is Mrs. Isaiah Walker's son.

Francis GrosLouis, a half-breed Lorette (Quebec) Huron, of the Turtle clan, was an ex-head-chief, who died in 1912, at the age of 76.

Mme. Etienne GrosLouis (nicknamed Marie Robigaud), a Lorette Huron half-breed, of 83 years of age in 1914.

Maurice Bastien, *Añq'lε* (*the Bear*), head-chief of the Lorette Hurons, of 56 years of age in 1911, is a manufacturer of Indian moccasins and snowshoes.

Louisa Vincent (married Maurice Sioui), is a Lorette half-breed Huron, the sister of Rev. Prosper Vincent.

Photographs of these informants, taken by the author in the course of 1911-1912, are included in the appendix.

The author is much indebted to Mr. B. N. O. Walker, not only for the valuable myths which he contributed to the following collection, but also for his many services in facilitating the work with other informants, by whom he is deservedly esteemed. All available information was generously given without any material consideration by Mr. Walker and his relatives, as well as by most Lorette people. Thanks are also due to Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Deaver, the government superintendent at Quapaw U. S. agency, for their hospitality at the agency, during the two seasons of field-work in Oklahoma, and to Miss Naomi Dawson for her valuable help in facilitating research.

The myths, tales, and traditions from earlier sources—reprinted in the appendix—were recorded by missionaries, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and by historians or ethnographers, in the nineteenth century. The missionaries from whose printed records extracts have been assembled here, are the Recollet, Gabriel Sagard, who, about 1615, was living among the Hurons of central Ontario, and the Jesuit fathers, Brébeuf, Lejeune, Lalemant, LeMercier, Ragueneau, de Charlevoix, and others. Substantial extracts from *Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandotts*, 1870, of P. D. Clarke, a half-breed Wyandot of Anderdon township, Ontario, have also been introduced in the appendix. The more modern data collected

by historians and ethnographers are those of Schoolcraft, 1845; Hale, 1888; W. E. Connelley, 1899; P. A. DeGaspé, and Sir James LeMoine. Connelley's contributions to the mythology and folklore are extensive. Their value, however, is somewhat impaired by the author's lack of scientific accuracy and by his tendency to use the myths which he collected among the western Wyandots as literary material.

With regard to the method in recording the material and preparing it for publication, it may be said that the author's chief aim has been accuracy. The data were recorded directly under dictation, in French, at Lorette, Quebec, and, among the western Wyandots, either in English or in Wyandot text. Forty myths and tales obtained from the most conservative Oklahoma Wyandots, in fact, were taken down in their own language, and subsequently translated with the help of linguistic informants; these texts are to be published in a separate monograph. On account of the radical differences in construction and syntax, it was impossible to preserve the form of the Wyandot sentences in English. Even in the case of tales and information recorded in English or French, considerable rehandling of the sentences, with a view to reducing them to grammatical and idiomatic English, was indispensable. In every case, however, the author has been careful not to alter the character of the material and, as far as possible, to retain the informant's style and expressions.

It was at first intended to introduce in footnotes cross-references to similar tales or episodes in other mythologies. Such references, however, have become so numerous and bulky that it was deemed advisable to withhold them for a separate publication.

LIST OF WYANDOT PHONETIC SIGNS.¹

VOWELS:

a, a vowel closely resembling those in English *mat* and French *parade*.

e, French *é*, English *a* in *cave*.

ε, French *è*, English *e* in *pet*.

i, French *i*, English *i* in *fit*.

u, French *ou*, English *o* in *lose*.

¹ The following brief description of the phonetic signs used in this memoir is merely provisional.

NASALIZED VOWELS:

q, *ɛ*, and *i*, above vowels nasalized; nasalized *a* resembles *an* of French *marchand*, and nasalized *ɛ* is approximately like French *in* in *vin*.

o, open *o* nasalized, as in French *bon*.

SEMIVOWELS:

w, as in English *wine*.

y, as in English *yes*.

CONSONANTS:

c, English *sh*, French *ch* of *chat*.

j, closely resembling French *j* (as in *jamais*) followed by a very brief *y*.

s, English *s* of *sit*.

t, approximately as in English and French.

d, approximately as in English *done*, often with a preceding weak *n*.

k, approximately English *k*.

gy, sonant *g* immediately followed by *y*, often with a preceding weak *ɲ*, palatalized *ng* of English *sing*.

m and *n*, as in English and French.

ñ, as in Spanish.

r, roughly corresponding to English *r*.

h, aspiration followed by a vowel.

Superior letters indicate extremely brief, and sometimes unvoiced, consonants and vowels, as in **da'tra'askwi'ju'ndi'*.

DIACRITICAL MARKS:

' , glottal stop or catch as in **gya'awic*.

ˈ , breathing after a vowel and before a consonant, as in *a'cɛ'k*.

ˈ , (after a vowel) indicates the place of the main stress in a word, which generally corresponds to high pitch of the voice.

ˊ , denotes minor or secondary stress.

ː , placed after a letter indicates preceding long sounds, as in *i'yɔ'ɛ'*.

˘ , indicates a short vowel, as in *te'ha't*.

Unmarked vowels are intermediate in length.

Small capitals are used for original Iroquoian hypothetical, i.e. reconstructed, sounds.

Huron and Wyandot Mythology.

INTRODUCTION.

*Types of Oral Narrative; the Natives' and the Author's
Classifications.*

The Hurons and Wyandots, like the other American natives, have several types of oral narrative. Although no explicit classification thereof obtains among these tribes the informants would often spontaneously begin a relation or a tale by the words, 'This truly happened,' or 'Erqme' ha'ce' i-re' (*the-man-like-walks*, i.e., *it is as if a man walked*).¹ They were thereby intimating that the following story was a *true* or an *invented* one. Such a distinction between true and invented stories seems to have been an important one among the natives, though opinions now sometimes differ as to the class to which a particular narration belongs. Other categories have also been hinted at by an informant,² such as 'traditional stories'³ and the 'They-went-to-hunt-for-meat tales.'⁴ The first of these terms seems to apply to the myths⁵ in general, the second to those bearing on *uki*⁶ experiences.⁷ It is not impossible, moreover, that the recital of the tribal war adventures and the explanations of the

¹ Cf. 'The pumpkin and the rabbit,' LXXVIII, p. 252.

² Allen Johnson,

³ *ya'gya'ge'*.

⁴ *Hwi'wa'tsi-ca'ke'*.

⁵ Part I of this memoir; also Part I in the Appendix.

⁶ Manitous, guardian spirits, or monsters.

⁷ Part III, section B; also corresponding section in the appendix.

treaty belts formerly constituted, in the mind of the natives, a distinct class of narratives.¹

The nature of the material itself seems to call for the following classification, which has been adhered to in the present memoir: (I) *myths* or traditional narratives, in the truth of which the Hurons and Wyandots used to believe; (II) *tales*, acknowledged by them to be mere fiction; and (III) *traditions* or narratives bearing on the history of the tribe.

In the mythology proper are included: (a) traditional accounts and description of the origin of the world, the cosmogonic deities, and beings; (b) etiological myths on a number of natural phenomena;² and (c) various social events of the past.³

The folk-tales or fiction bear chiefly on (a) the Trickster and heroes, (b) human-like animals, and (c) various human adventures.⁴

As to the pseudo-historic traditions, they consist of (a) mere anecdotes, and (b) the relation of important historic events and tribal wars.⁵

¹ P. D. Clarke, in his *Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandotts*, pp. 66-67, refers to such relations in the following passage: "About this time" (1790-1801) "the King or Head Chief of the Wyandotts, Sut-staw-ra-tse, called a meeting at the house of Chief Adam Brown, who has charge of the Archives . . . , which consisted of wampum belts, parchments, etc. . . . One by one was brought out and showed to the assembled Chiefs and warriors. Chief Brown wrote on a piece of paper, and tacked it on each wampum belt, designating the compact or treaty it represented, after it had been explained from memory by the Chiefs appointed for that purpose. There sat before them their venerable King, in whose head was stored the hidden contents of each wampum belt, listening to the rehearsal, and occasionally correcting the speaker and putting him on the right track whenever he deviated . . . A sort of bailiff was also appointed by the Head Chief to preserve order during the rehearsal; and whenever two or more of the young men got to talking or laughing, the bailiff would hit them with his staff. "Listen," he would tell them, "and bear in mind the words of each wampum belt, as they are now recited; otherwise you might say, hereafter, that you did not understand or recollect the contents of some of them. . . ."

² Part I, sections A, B, and C; and corresponding parts in the appendix.

³ Part I, sections D, E, and F; and in the appendix.

⁴ Part II, sections A, B, and C; and in the appendix.

⁵ Part III, sections A and B; and in the appendix.

The Myths, Tales, and Traditions; Their Function.

Most of these narratives were tribal possessions, transmitted orally from one generation to another, and recited by story-tellers on various occasions with a more or less definite purpose. As the natives had no system of writing, human memory was the only keeper of their tribal lore, and their story-tellers had at best but a few mnemonic devices to rely upon, such as certain pictographs or symbols on wampum belts,¹ and 'little bundles of straw a foot long which serve to them as counters for calculating the numbers, and aiding the memory of those present'.² The elders used systematically to teach their traditions to the young folks, in order that this national patrimony might be handed down to the coming generations. "They are accustomed," adds Father Ragueneau,³ ". . . to relate the stories which they have learnt regarding their ancestors, even those most remote, so that the young people, who are present to hear them, may preserve the memory thereof, and relate them in their turn, when they shall have become old. They do this in order thus to transmit to posterity the history and annals of the country—striving, by this means, to supply the lack of writing and of books, which they have not . . ."

Old Time and Modern Story-Tellers.

Although nobody in particular among them would claim the exclusive privilege of preserving the traditions, it is evident that such a duty was, on the whole, assumed by gifted narrators, more especially old men. Father Brébeuf, in 1635, wrote, "There are among them mysteries⁴ so hidden that only old men, who can speak with credit and authority about them, are believed. Whence it comes that a certain young man, who was talking to me about this, said boastfully, 'Am I not very

¹ P. D. Clarke, *ibid*; Appendix L, p. 382.

² Rev. Paul Ragueneau, S. J., *The Jesuit Relations*, 1645-46, Thwaites ed., Vol. XXX, pp. 61-63; Appendix I, p. 288.

³ *Ibid*.

⁴ In the context, Brébeuf refers to the deeds of the cosmogonic deities.

learned?" While interrogating them on their beliefs, an early missionary also noted that very few individuals were versed in such matters. It is pointed out by Sagard¹ and Brébeuf², and borne out by evidence, that their wise men often radically disagreed on important points of their mythology or traditions, each of them offering disconnected versions, apparently derived from different sources.

More recently many native story-tellers and informants have been mentioned by various authors. In H. R. Schoolcraft³ we find the names of chiefs Splitlog and Oriwahento or Charlo, both belonging to the Detroit band of Wyandots; and H. Hale's⁴ informant, about 1888, was chief Joseph White. Another well-informed Detroit Wyandot, P. D. Clarke, published, about 1870, an interesting and extensive account of the traditions of his band; and it appears⁵ that both he and Joseph Warrow, another chief, had secured most of their knowledge of Wyandot mythology from an old woman, named (Paulie or Thérèse ?) Hunt, a member of the Big Turtle clan,⁶ of Amherstburg, Ontario. Late Kitty Greyeyes, a prolific story-teller,⁷ also born at Amherstburg, ascribed her own information to the same woman, Hunt, and to Jim Clarke. In a list of his informants on mythology, W. E. Connelley⁸ makes a special mention of the late George Wright, Captain Bull-Head, and Matthias Splitlog, all of whom were connected with the Kansas City and Oklahoma Wyandots. It is still remembered among the Oklahoma Wyandots that there were formerly many good story-tellers among them: Jos. Williams, John Solomon, Harç-hut, an old woman named Sarçtat, and Kate Young, among others. The only survivors still possessed with a fair knowledge of the Wyandot folk-lore are old Smith Nichols and his niece,

¹ Sagard, *Histoire du Canada*, Tross ed., p. 451. Appendix, II, p. 289.

² *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. X, pp. 139 et seq. Appendix, IV, p. 292.

³ *Oneota*, 1845, p. 207. Appendix, VII, p. 297.

⁴ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. I, p. 181. Appendix, VIII, p. 302.

⁵ Jos. Warrow, Appendix, XXXIX, p. 361.

⁶ According to Mrs. I. Walker, of Seneca, Missouri.

⁷ From whom Mr. B. N. O. Walker and his relatives learnt a number of Indian tales.

⁸ In *Wyandot Folk-Lore*, pp. 53-66.

Catherine Johnson, of Wyandotte and Seneca reservations, Oklahoma. Among the Lorette people, hardly any traces of ancient mythology are left, although references¹ are often made of the old-time story-tellers, of the late Christine Vincent in particular.²

When the Narratives Were Recited.

Most of the traditional narratives were formerly recited during the long winter nights, by the fireside. The informants³ are agreed that "the rule" was not to recite stories in the summer time.⁴ Otherwise, according to the popular saying, "toads" or "snakes would crawl into your bed."⁵

Oklahoma Wyandots formerly used to gather at night, in the winter. Sitting on the floor all around, in front of the fire, they would listen until late⁶ to the oft repeated tales, while

¹ Rev. P. Vincent's statement in this connexion was, "The grandmothers used to tell us a great many of these Indian stories and tales."

² For the author's list of informants cf. Preface, pp. ix to xiii.

³ Catherine Johnson, Mary Kelley, B. N. O. Walker, H. Stand, and Allen Johnson, of Wyandotte, Oklahoma.

⁴ Miss Mary McKee, Amherstburg, Ontario.

⁵ Informants: Mary McKee, Catherine Johnson, and B. N. O. Walker. Allen Johnson's opinion was that "none of these stories are told in the summer time for superstitious reasons. They are meant for the fireside, in the long winter nights." In the same connexion, B. N. O. Walker made the following remark: "In the winter time only was Aunt Kitty Greyeyes willing to tell us the stories she knew. Once, as I was about fifteen years old, some children were tormenting a toad with a stick. Aunt Kitty, though almost blind, noticed the children and asked me, 'What are they doing?' I replied that they were teasing a toad. She at once said, 'They must not do so; go and tell them to stop, for the old toad is their grandmother, and they should respect her.' Then I begged her to tell me all about the story of the toad; but she replied that she could not, because it was then the summer time. She would say that when you tell stories in the summer, 'Snakes get into your bed.' She also added that, in the summer, 'too many animals could hear these stories, which might hurt their feelings.'" Many other tribes entertained similar beliefs; Schoolcraft has recorded the following saying (presumably among the Algonkians): "Do not tell a story in the summer; if you do, the toads will visit you." (Oneöta, p. 10.)

⁶ Sometimes until morning.

eating basketfuls of apples, cakes, and other dainties.¹ It appears that, on such occasions, the children were not always welcome, and that they were sent to bed with the remark that 'for little folks like them, it was not good to listen to those stories'.² Ragueneau, in 1645,³ noted that 'the elders of the country were assembled,' that 'winter, for the election of a very celebrated captain'; and that 'they are accustomed, on such occasions, to relate the stories which they have learned regarding their ancestors' In the course of the same meeting, in fact, the cosmogonic myths were recited.

On many special occasions besides were the old men called upon to relate some definite kind of tradition. Before starting on a war expedition, for instance, the warriors were told rousing war adventures of their ancestors; and, about 1798, the head-chief of the conservative band of Ohio Wyandots is said by Finley⁴ 'to have organized his band afresh, and appointed Scioun-tah his high priest', and to have had him relate 'great things of their Indian god'.⁵

The periodical or occasional recital of myths, tales, and traditions answered on the whole to varied purposes. While the winter tales were simply meant for entertainment, the cosmogonic and etiological myths conveyed the inherited religious and philosophic ideas of the tribe; and the stock of historic traditions, particularly those on the past wars, were the ruling guide in the direction of domestic and international affairs.

Summary of Huron-Wyandot Mythology.

Although the Huron and Wyandot mythology does not lend itself to synoptic statements and abstract thinking, a brief and tentative summary of its contents may be offered here for the convenience of the reader.⁶

¹ Informant, Star Young.

² Repeating this statement on two occasions, Henry Stand was apparently repressing laughter, as if he did not care to say what the stories were about.

³ *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. XXX, p. 61; Appendix, I, p. 288.

⁴ *Life among the Indians*, p. 328.

⁵ *Ti'jaska'a* or *Tse'ista*.

⁶ Abstracts indicating the episodes of all the narratives included in this memoir have been prepared for the use of specialists. (See pp. 393-415).

As to their cosmology, it no doubt once embraced long accounts of the pristine supernatural beings, the origin of the world, the sky, and natural phenomena, the animals and peoples of the continent, as well as of many cultural, social, and religious events. The scanty and disconnected fragments now preserved from oblivion in our literature¹ but faintly reveal the significance and grandeur of the native lore taken as a whole.

In the beginning—so it is said in the cosmogony²—there was nothing but an endless sea under the pristine sky-world. From among the semi-divine people dwelling in the sky an ill-fated woman fell into the lower water regions. Water-fowl rescued her; and human-like sea quadrupeds built an island for her on the Big Turtle's back out of some mud secured from the bottom of the sea. While the island was being enlarged into a continent, the Small Turtle was sent into the sky to create luminaries. She made the sun, the moon, and the stars out of lightning, and assigned them their course along various paths in the solid arched vault of the sky. The sun and the moon had to travel westward across the sky once a day; but the world being flat and the heavy edges of the sky vault resting on the waters around it, these luminaries could not return to their starting point in the east. The Turtle, therefore, bored a passage under the earth, thus allowing them to proceed across the underworld at night, and, in the daytime, through the sky. Once a quarrel broke out between the divine but human-like sun and moon, the results of which are still felt to this day in their phases and variations. On the island the woman gave birth to mysteriously begotten boy-twins, or—according to another tradition—to a daughter who died at the birth of her own children, the Twins. Of the Twins one was good, the other bad. Their mission was to prepare the island for the coming of man. All the good things came into this world through the good twin, and all evil through his wicked brother. The rival creators finally fought a duel to decide who would remain supreme

¹ Practically all the recorded Huron and Wyandot mythology, so far as known to the author, has been embodied in the present memoir and following appendix.

² Part I, A, Nos. I-VII; and Appendix, Part I, A, Nos. I-XIV.

on the island. The bad twin was slain by his more powerful brother, who restored the island and called the Indian man forth. As the good one could not entirely blot out the traces of his brother's works, evil has survived to this day, to the greatest detriment of mankind. Death, so far unheard of, for the first time appeared at the downfall of the evil twin or, according to other versions, when the mother of the Twins died. Both the deceased woman and her evil son have since remained in charge of the souls of the dead, in the underground or western world; and the Milky Way is the road along which the souls slowly proceed into their distant and peaceful abode. As to the good twin, it is believed that after he had taught man various arts and precepts, he established his new home far away in the east, where the sun rises. There he is still, subject to all the necessities of human life, regulating the seasons from afar, overseeing the harvests, and protecting his people.

Other supernatural beings are said to have made their appearance soon after the creation of the island. The leading characters among them are: the giants, the dwarfs, and the good and bad monsters or *uki*. While the flinty giants were made by the evil twin to assist him in his war against his brother, the dwarfs were brought forth by the good one, to stand with him. Almost until our epoch these dreaded cannibal giants, the enemies of mankind, have wandered on the island; and the mere rumour of their approach would set whole Indian villages to flight. The giants' raids and wars are the subject-matter of many tales. Rabid female giants are said often to have chased people, some of whom, especially children, they captured. For detecting further victims, they would use human fingers which, when stood upon the palm of their hand, indicated the people's hiding-places. The stolen children they usually carry in a pack-basket on their back. In certain anecdotes their many curious characteristics are revealed. They are apparently naïve and easily fooled. Being unable to swim, they wade across rivers regardless of their depth. Although almost invulnerable, some of them occasionally were slain when found asleep, by being shot in the armpit or beaten to death with lynnwood pillows. As a coat of flint scales protects their huge

body, the beach of a lake was once strewn with the scales of a dead female. The Little Turtle is somewhere said to have fought and destroyed them; it is generally agreed, however, that some of them are still living somewhere.

The dwarfs, on the other hand, are witch-like old people, whose benevolence toward the Wyandots has shown itself by many marked favours. Long ago, a dwarf woman is said to have met a Wyandot in a hollow tree, during a storm, and given him a charm for good luck in hunting. The dwarfs are so old that one of them, while conversing with a hunter, claimed to have seen the big flood, in the early ages. The feet of one kind of dwarfs are like those of ducks, and their elbows are without joints. Marks of all kinds and footprints on rocks are still claimed, on various reserves, to be traces left by these little folks. Living underground or in rocky caverns, they are fond of dancing; and the sounds of their water-drums are sometimes heard to this day.

With regard to the omnipresent *uki*, or common deities constantly mingling with man, they are of various kinds. Some are the magnified 'souls' of animals and plants; others are dreaded monsters and supernatural agents. While good *uki*, or supernatural helpers, tender their protection to individuals or to collectivities, many bad ones are either propitiated or occasionally overpowered, while others are avoided. This topic being one of the most important to the natives, a considerable portion of Wyandot mythology bears thereon.

The *uki* are essentially supernatural beings endowed with 'powers' either harmful or useful to man. A magnified personal 'double', it is believed, exists at the head of almost every species of animals and plants, the main external features of which it retains. Rivers, rocks, and other natural objects, moreover, possess similar personal souls or spirits. Held in reverence or dreaded on account of their 'powers', they are not all considered as enjoying the same standing. Most of the *uki* dwelling in rivers, plants, and rocks are considered as benevolent or harmless; and they are only occasionally propitiated or given offerings. The animal *uki* and the monsters are either the friends or the enemies of the Wyandots. Most of the animals, accord-

ing to some cosmogonic accounts, were created by the good twin. But his evil brother made some of them wild and fierce; and he infested the island with all kinds of monsters—the bad uki. The friendly animal uki are, as a rule, the supernatural guardians of individuals, clans, and societies. They seem to belong to several unfederated groups. The uki whose function it is to appear to individuals during their puberty seclusion are classified by some informants into approximately the following hierarchy: the Eagle, the Raven, the Otter, the Buzzard, the Lion, the Snake, the Wolf, the Beaver, and others down to the wild fowl. In the following recorded myths, taken at random, appear the names of the Snake, the Lion, the White Otter, the Eagle, the Wolf, the Beaver, the Bear, the Buzzard, the Frog, the Horned Serpent, the Flying Lion, the Thunderers, the Sky Old Man, the Maple, and a dwarf woman. These supernatural helpers extended their good offices usually to their protégés individually or, in some cases, to a group of people who thereby became a new clan or a society. Dreaded monsters—the Ground-squirrel, the Spotted Snake, and the Lizard—are said in some myths to have been overpowered after a long struggle, slain, and their remains made into charms for good luck. Such monsters are often destroyed by the Thunder gods, whose mission it is to cast their thunderbolts at them. Although not often spoken of in the tales, the clan totems and other animals are also considered as good uki; these are the Turtles, the Deer, the Bear, the Porcupine, the Hawk, the Beaver, and the Skunk.

Beyond these supernatural beings, and standing more or less by themselves, are the sky gods. Although considered among the highest deities, the Sun and the Moon, the Winds, *Hamε^cdi'ju'*—probably an early adaptation of the European God—play but an obscure part in the Huron mythology as now recorded. *Henq*, the Thunderers, on the other hand, are popular deities whose traits and deeds are the subject of many narratives. In the story of his remote origin, *Henq*, the chief of the Thunderers, is said to be one of seven brothers whose birth long preceded the creation of America. In the early ages his brothers, in dread of his destructive powers, parted

with him forever. Following the Sky-woman into the lower world, he has since extended his favours and protection to the Indians, thus becoming their guardian. No Wyandot, therefore, is ever struck by lightning, so it is believed. With the assistance of his three or six subordinates he destroys the monsters and other enemies of mankind with his thunderbolts, and he pours the rain whenever it is needed for the harvest. *Ts'ijutq̄*, his half human grandson, is also a sky deity entrusted with the sun-showers.

Natural phenomena are, on the whole, accounted for in etiological myths, which either constitute complete stories or mere incidental remarks in the course of a different type of narrative. The creation of the 'island', the Pleiades, the Belt of Orion, the origin of the thunder and sun-shower, the seasonal variations, the Indian tribes, the animals, their shapes, traits, and colour, various plants and medicines, such as tobacco and a well-known remedy against small-pox, and sundry other facts, are thus explained according to the native's ideas. It is noteworthy that while lengthy myths, tales, and episodes are easily borrowed from tribe to tribe, and travel over vast areas, most of the etiological accounts, on the other hand, offer considerable variation even within a single people.

In close connexion with the uki, monsters, and charms, the remarkable deeds and tricks of sorcerers are often told. Deriving their powers from charms and uki, the sorcerers, wizards, and witches are usually themselves called uki. It appears from such narratives that a White Lion or Panther once was conjured from a bog, overpowered, and speared. The Lion's dried magic blood was distributed to various individuals confederated into a medicine fraternity. Distrusted by the other members of the tribe, they were finally massacred; and the dreaded charm was thus done away with. Witches and wizards are elsewhere said to have been killed as a result of their evil practices, and their families warned against further use of evil charms. Other stories describe various deeds of witchcraft and the lengthy trials of suitors in their attempts to win young women under the protection of dangerous uki.

The folk-tales or fiction¹ of the Huron-Wyandots are varied in type and subject-matter. The tales bearing on the Trickster and wizards,² the Indians,³ and a number of human-like animals⁴ form three main groups.

The Trickster is a mischievous supernatural being whose humorous tricks are usually played upon a naïve and revengeful old witch. This cycle consists of brief episodes, all cast in the same mould; that is: The Trickster is walking along the road when he sees the old witch coming. At once he contrives in various ways to excite the witch's admiration and desires for something in his possession. The witch asks, "How did you manage to get it?" To which he inevitably replies, "It is very simple; this is what I do . . ." And the old witch, satisfied with the deceitful explanation hastens away, thinking, "At the next dance I shall be the only matron seen with such a beautiful thing!" But as soon as she attempts to carry out the Trickster's directions, discovering her plight, she exclaims, "He has thus only cheated me; I shall get even with him!" And, at a distance, the Trickster is roaring with laughter. She no sooner meets the Trickster than, forgetting her grief, she again falls an easy prey to his mischievous humour. In the tale of the two wizards, marvellous adventures of two uki brothers and their fight against an old witch and her brother, whom they finally defeated, are related.

Human-like animals are the leading characters in many tales, such as the Fox, the Wolf and the Raccoon, the Deer and the Owl, the Rabbit, the Bear, and others. The Wolf or Fox and the Raccoon tales constitute a cycle similar in nature to that of the Trickster. The greedy Fox or Wolf, in every episode, is said to meet his industrious and cunning cousin, the Raccoon. Treated to a bountiful dinner, the Fox every time asks, "How did you get your meat, or fish?" To which the Raccoon replies, "It is easy enough; and you can get still more than I if you are only willing to do such and such a thing." Readily

¹ Part II in text and Appendix.

² Part II, section A.

³ Part II, section C.

⁴ Part II, section B.

believing his crafty cousin, the Wolf or Fox tries to imitate what he is supposed to have done. Fooled and in a sad plight, the glutton always end by promising to 'get even' with his cousin, who almost always succeeds in dodging his anger and in playing another trick on him. The Wyandot Trickster and Raccoon cycles and the Algonkin cycles of Manebojo, Wiskedjak, and Lox are derived from one another, as not only the leading characters but also most of the typical episodes are either the same or closely similar. It is fairly safe to say that they have, on the whole, been borrowed by the Wyandots from the neighbouring Algonkins. Among other less important tales are those of the Deer and the Owl, and of the Wolf and Rabbit. The Owl, pretending to be the Deer, a noted chief, takes to wife two young women intended for the Deer. At a dance, the Owl's trick is discovered by his wives, who forsake him for the Deer. The Owl thereafter, in his grudge, persistently refuses to sing for the dancers as was his habit, and remains at home all by himself. In the other story the Wolf, in many satirical songs, calls the Rabbit, a ferry-man, and asks him to take him across the river in his canoe. Without stirring, the Rabbit answers in a like vein, and is chased by the angry Wolf, who, finally, devours him.

The tales of human adventures are miscellaneous in character and cannot easily be classified. In many of these stories, the theme is that of an ill-treated or unfortunate youth who, after many trials, in the end meets with lasting good fortune. More specifically, someone tries to get rid of a burdensome relative, a step-son or a sister-in-law. Protected by an uki—the Cyclone, the Bees, the Bear, the Steer, and a small dog charm—the ill-favoured youth takes to flight, encounters enemies, and overcomes them with the uki's help. Many contests or fights are crowned with success, leading to ultimate good luck. Another type of human stories consists of those in which a silly boy commits rash blunders in trying to obey his educator. An uncle, for instance, speaks in the old language to his nephew whenever he orders him to do something. The young man, failing to grasp the real meaning of the words, misconstrues their significance, and indulges in foolhardy deeds. The uncle,

each time, says, "You are truly foolish; this is not what I meant." It so happens, however, that the booby, after a time, turns out to be so wonderfully clever that the folks refuse to believe in such transformation until, to their own detriment, he is put to the test. As to the other tales, they do not call for any general statement.

The traditions¹ or pseudo-historical narratives range from mere personal anecdotes² to remote tribal migrations and wars.³ As the anecdotes deserve no explanation here, let us at once cast a glance upon the historic relations of the Huron-Wyandot chroniclers. The tribal recollections of the past, as now preserved, hardly reach beyond the time of the discovery of America. The brief tale of their early migrations has been written by two half-breed natives from Amherstburg, Ontario, P. D. Clarke and Joseph Warrow. Many narratives, recorded on various Wyandot reserves, on the other hand, bear upon the coming of the white men and the subsequent Indian wars. According to these oral traditions, the Hurons, long before the discovery, were living in the northeast, in close alliance with their neighbours and subordinates, the Delawares. For an unknown reason they migrated westward after having appointed the Delawares guardians of the coast. Someone had foreseen the advent of strange people from across the sea. When the Europeans came, they traded with the Delawares, and cheated them out of their land. A Huron then predicted the sad fate of the Indians at the hands of the unscrupulous invaders. In those days a young woman brought about the murder of a Seneca chief by a Huron warrior. The Senecas took revenge upon the neighbouring Hurons. The war spread between the tribes of the hitherto friendly nations, and only ended with the final dispersion and destruction of the once powerful Huron nation. The Hurons, in the course of their wars with the Senecas migrated first from the Niagara to *Karqtut* (Toronto), and thence to Georgian bay. Almost annihilated after a long period of warfare, they were dispersed, a few bands going to their

¹ Part III in text and Appendix.

² Part III, section A.

³ Part III, section B.

former home near Quebec, and the others proceeding westward. The western section of the tribe—called Wyandot—is said to have in turn sought the protection of the Northeastern Ojibwas, and of the French settlement along the Detroit river. The neighbourhood of the Senecas and of several other unfriendly tribes compelled them to move their settlements to Ohio, where they for a time headed a league of Indian tribes. Many other wars or skirmishes—those with the Cherokees, the Fox, the Pawnees, the Americans—were followed by the removal of the Wyandots, in 1843, from Ohio to Kansas, and thence to Oklahoma.

The only matters now left for us to consider, after the above classification and summary of contents, are the antiquity of the Huron-Wyandot mythology, its form and style, and its parallel with other mythologies.

Form; Stylistic Devices; Beginnings and Endings; Songs; Style; Humour.

Notwithstanding their originality, the form and style of the stories are simple, direct, and, on the whole, unconventional. Strictly descriptive, they are flexible and adapted to the matter. Quite uneven in length, some narratives are brief, while others were long enough to extend over several evenings.¹ The beginning and ending of myths and tales are often conventional, although formalism is but seldom noticed elsewhere. A story-teller usually began a narrative by such words as indicate the category to which it belongs; he would say, for instance, "This truly happened long ago. . .", or "They started for the winter hunt", or "It is as if a man walked", thereby intimating that he was to recite a myth, a tradition, or a tale. And the audience would then acknowledge, *Yihé*, that is, 'Welcome!' It may be noticed, moreover, that quite a number of myths and tales begin with the stereotyped sentences: 'They . . . were living together' . . . 'He' or 'she had a step-son . . .', 'They built a camp for the winter . . .',

¹ B. N. O. Walker stated that his aunt Kitty Greyeyes would take several evenings to recite in full the Creation myth and the Fox and Raccoon cycle.

and 'He was walking along the road . . .'. The ending still more frequently assumes one of several devices or formulae, the most typical of which are: . . . 'They may still be there, so far as I know,' 'I suppose they are still living at the same place', 'He has been running ever since,' 'She will have to wait forever,' and 'He became a lucky hunter'. Many narratives, on the other hand, conclude by an etiological myth, such as: 'This is why the toad is called grandmother', 'That is why the people now say . . .', 'These are (the Pleiades, the Cluster, etc.) which we can see nowadays', 'That is why that remedy never fails', and 'That is why the people say that *Tsijutq'* is making the rain', or 'the turtle cannot be overpowered', or 'stripes (on her body) may still be seen to this day'. No sooner was the last sentence in a narrative uttered than the listeners would greet the story-teller with another *yihe*.

Although poetry and lyrics are practically unknown in Huron and Wyandot narratives, set themes and songs are occasionally introduced in the body of myths and tales. In the Trickster and Raccoon cycles, and the Rabbit tale, among others, some recurring typical sentences apparently aim at producing a certain humorous effect. Every time the witch and the Wolf, in the Trickster and Raccoon tales, greedily ask, "How did you manage to get (such a fine thing)?" the other inevitably answers, "It is very simple indeed! this is what I do . . ." Boasting to herself, the witch repeats the same terms, in each episode: "Of all the matrons that put on the leggings, I shall be the only one (walking about striped so nicely!)". And when she discovers the trick she always yells, "*Yiwa!* he is but a trickster! and he has thus cheated me . . ."

Whenever a song is found in a tale, it is merely given by the story-teller as a quotation, that is, it is supposed to have been sung by a character in a story. For instance: A *Stre^odu* or ogress, one day, was rocking a child to sleep. "She was singing, 'Sleep, child! a child is good to eat . . .'" In the Suitors myth, "Following with her voice the movements of the paddle, their old guide sang, '*ironikę* . . .'". A sorcerer, in another tale, "sat down by the fireside and sang, '*Gena gena* . . .'" In 'The Rabbit and the Wolf' the narrative abruptly starts

with a chanted dialogue. The Wolf sings, "O you fellow with feet turned outwards, take me across the water!" To which the Rabbit answers, "I used to dance in large crowds; that is why my feet are now turned outwards." Four times the Wolf sings different words, and the Rabbit, in a similar vein, gives him the appropriate answer. There is no evidence and no likelihood that lyric chants were ever introduced in the narratives, or that whole myths or parts of myths were sung.¹

As to the style itself, it is essentially descriptive, concise, and simple. Devoid of metaphors, proverbs, philosophic or lyric phrases, and any ambitious stylistic devices, it differs widely from the metaphoric and elaborate style² which characterizes Iroquois ceremonial and ritual speeches or recitals, at least as presented by many authors. Restraint and the apparent dislike of emotional utterances are so marked that nowhere, even in the most pathetic moments, does the narrator reveal by any statement that he is at all concerned. The narratives recorded in text are notably sober in style, and although often burdened with trifling details, they are never stagnant. The Huron language, moreover, lends itself to a descriptive rather than philosophic or lyric style. Verbs predominate and adjectives are almost lacking. The only current adjectives—and they are verbal adjectives—are: great or good (-*iju'*), big (-*uwa'ne'*), long (-*étsi'*), and small (-[Y]a'a).

The characteristic dry humour which pervades a number of folk-tales is quite restrained and elusive. It chiefly depends

¹ W. E. Connelley was labouring under a misconception when he wrote (*Wyandot Folk-Lore*, pp. 60-62): "The old pagan songs in which their history and mythology were wrapped for preservation"; or "All the mythological tales and legends were thus arranged to be sung, and also all the traditional history of the tribe," or "The Song of Creation as sung by Captain Bull-Head . . ." (p. 83). In fact, the only Wyandot lyric songs bearing on myths are those used in ritual dancing in the Lion fraternity's or Snake clan's festival. Moreover, in most other North American mythologies, perhaps with the exception of that of some Californian tribes, the lyric singing of myths seems to be unknown.

² The grandiloquent and bombastic tirades found in W. E. Connelley's, and occasionally in P. D. Clarke's, versions are wholly due to their own method of handling the material.

upon comic situations brought about by the gluttony, foolishness, or naïveté, and the idle vanity of some favourite mythic character. In these tales, more than in others, the ability of the story-teller, no doubt, had to be reckoned with.

Subject Matter; Themes and Episodes, and Their Diffusion; the Narrator Considered as a Factor in the Making of Mythology.

With regard to the subject-matter, it is safe to say that most of the fundamental or even accessory themes and episodes in the Huron-Wyandot mythology, with the exception of some of their traditions, belong to many other American mythologies as well. In the absence of explicit historic data it is difficult to say, in most cases, what the origin or derivation of a certain myth in particular is. There is no doubt, however, that each tribe has to various extents, in the past, contributed to the common patrimony of mythic personages and narratives. And, to judge merely by the widespread and rapid dissemination of some well-known motives, it does not seem likely that any tribe has long remained isolated and exclusively retained its own original myths. Thus, the cosmogonic and other deities or supernatural beings of the Hurons, and correlated myths, are in substance similar to those of other Iroquoian tribes¹, and analogous to those of neighbouring tribes.² The tales of uki visions and protection are still more widely distributed and most of the typical themes of the folk-tales are found, variously distorted, in a number of foreign languages. A close study of

¹ Cusick, for the Six Nations, cited in *The Algonquin Legends of New England*, by Leland, pp. 24-25; Mooney, for the Cherokee in *19th Report, B. A. E.*, I, 15, 1902; 'Kanati and Selu,' pp. 242 sqq.; Hewitt, for the Iroquois in *21st Report, B. A. E.*, 1899-1900, pp. 127-337; and in *Handbook of American Indians*, B. A. E., Bulletin 30 part 2, 'Teharonhiawagon,' pp. 718-723; Barbeau, in *American Anthropologist*, N.S., Vol. 16, No. 2, pp. 288-314, 'Supernatural Beings of the Huron and Wyandot'; etc.

² Brinton, *American Hero Myths*, Philadelphia, 1882; Ehrenreich, Paul, Götter und Heilbringer, *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, Vol. XXXVIII, 1906, pp. 536-610; Loewenthal, John, Der Heilbringer in der Irokesischen und der Algonkinischen Religion, *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, 45. Jahrgang, 1913, Heft 1, pp. 65-82.

the Iroquoian motives or themes, in fact, almost inevitably results in tracing their distribution over a vast area, often reaching beyond the confines of North America itself.¹

While the narrator's inventive powers may not count for much, his faculty for assimilation is quite developed, and his initiative finds ample room for display in the adaptation or rearrangement of the ever fluctuating stock of themes and episodes. In the examination of his sources we find that the story-teller has largely borrowed from cognate or neighbouring tribes. Many striking and extensive parallels are thus found between the Huron-Wyandot myths and those—quite inadequately represented as yet in published material—of their neighbours, the Senecas, the Ojibwas, Ottawas, and other Algonkin tribes. Since the discovery of America, moreover, a considerable influx of European tales and riddles has readily found its way into the native lore, and thereby partly lost its identity.

The impress of the narrator's own individuality or personal element upon the transmitted subject-matter is indeed an important factor in the formation of a national mythology as such. In the process of assimilation he eliminates whatever clashes with his moral requirements or understanding. Appropriating the elements which suit his fancy he distorts them freely, and often incorporates them in his own favourite stories. The endless shifting from tribe to tribe and from tale to tale of some well-known themes is thus explained. The combination of disconnected motives into a co-ordinate narrative is found to vary in extent in different regions. Some natives prefer long tales, cycles of episodes bearing upon some favourite mythic character, and the occasional repetition of stereotyped passages or burdens.² Of this the Algonkin culture-hero myths offer remarkable instances; such are Glooscap and Lox for the Penobscot, Manebojo and Wiskedjak for the Ojibwa, and Wisa'kâ for the Fox. Among other tribes, on the other hand, there is a marked predilection

¹ A list of Huron-Wyandot leading themes with indications of their distribution, is now being prepared for eventual publication.

² Cf. 'Fox texts' in *Publications of the American Ethnological Society*, Vol. I, pp. 228 sqq., by William Jones.

for brief and snappy stories; the Iroquoian mythologies, on the whole, belong to this second category. To the reader of Indian narratives it soon becomes apparent that tribes, as well as story-tellers in particular, are often possessed as it were, with special types of myths and style. Such tendencies were sometimes noticed in the author's informants. Let us here compare, for instance, two versions of the same episode, obtained at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, from Mr. B. N. O. Walker, an educated half-breed, and from Mrs. Catherine Johnson, a so-called 'breec-clout' Wyandot. Mrs. Johnson's text, in 'The Trickster and the old witch'¹ is the following: "As the Trickster saw the old witch coming at a distance, *he pulled his hair. Wu, it at once grew long and beautiful.* The witch asked, 'How do you manage to get such long and fine hair?'" Mr. Walker's version,² on the other hand, is more rational and sophisticated: ". . . The Trickster *got a horse's tail, made it into a wig which he wore on his head.* And with this new hair, now flowing down beautifully, he went towards a high cliff. When he met the old woman . . . she exclaimed, 'Oh! what beautiful long hair is yours . . . Tell me, how did you manage to get it to grow so long?' . . ." In another episode of the same tale, Mr. Walker's text is: ". . . The Trickster gathered a handful of ripe wild plums, put them in his pouch, and went back to the village. On the very same evening, he dressed up in his finery, placed the finest plums in his pouch, and started for the place where he was sure to meet the old witch. It seems that *the young fellow had very deep eye-sockets, and that his eyes were sunk deep in his eye-sockets.* As the old woman was coming along the trail, he picked two of his plums, *put them over his eyes, and held them in his eye-sockets by means of his thick overhanging eye-brows . . .* The old witch, noticing his eyes, exclaimed, 'Oh! how beautiful are your eyes! . . . How could you ever change yours into these?' . . . He replied . . . 'I tore my eyes out with a stick, and just replaced them with the wild plums, as you see' . . . She exclaimed, 'How strongly do I wish to do the same thing with mine!' . . . And, handing

¹ Cf. LIII, p. 166.

² Cf. LIV, 'The witch and the Trickster,' p. 170.

her a couple of plums, he said, '*You may go and fix your eyes like mine, as soon as you get home again*' . . ." The following version is that of Mrs. Johnson: "Presently, as the Trickster was walking along, he met the old witch again. His eyes were beautiful, this time, for *he had just replaced them with wild plum stones*. The witch could not help craving for like ones. She asked him, 'How did you happen to get such beautiful eyes?' 'It is very simple indeed!' said he; 'I have just replaced my eyes.' Now she begged him, 'Pray! make my eyes beautiful in the like manner.' *He plucked her eyes off*, as she did not mind it, and *replaced them (with plum stones)*. Then he said, 'Look over there, yonder!' So she did, and, in truth, *she could see much better*. He added, 'Now, can't you see the woods yonder?' And she replied, 'Yes! I can see far better, indeed, than I ever did when I was a young woman.' And they parted . . . After a little while, however, she knocked against the trees, as she could not see [any longer] . . ." It was occasionally found that the memory of some informants had readily retained characteristic customs of the past which they were the only ones to describe in their narratives. Allen Johnson, for one, seemed fond of introducing in many narratives explicit descriptions of the sorcerers' trances, and of the method of deriving charms from the remains of slain monsters, such facts being found in but one of the myths recorded with other informants. In 'The Ground-squirrel and the Lion monsters'¹, Mrs. Johnson related how the dead monsters' bodies were burnt and made into specific charms, in the course of certain ceremonies. The only other informant who refers to such a custom is Allen Johnson, her son. Johnson, on the other hand, seemed to attach unusual interest to this subject, which he introduced several times in conversations, and in his versions of 'The Ground-squirrel and the Flying Lion',² in 'The monster Lizard and the hunter',³ and in 'The boy and his pet snake'⁴

¹ Cf. XLI, p. 137.

² Cf. XLII, p. 139.

³ Cf. XLIII, p. 142.

⁴ Cf. XLIV, p. 146.

The story-teller's process in borrowing and adapting foreign narratives is well illustrated in the following instances. Handsome-Lake was a Seneca chief who, after spending the prime of his life in idleness and vice, became the reformer of the Iroquois, and established¹ a new religion, about a century ago. To give authority and sanction to the new doctrine, Handsome-Lake pretended to have many visions, about 1800, in which the Great Spirit (*Hawenniyu*) revealed to him a divine message, which he was thereafter to preach to his nation, in his regular pilgrimages from village to village. The Good Message (*Gaiwiyu*)², as composed by Handsome-Lake, consists of over one hundred paragraphs containing moral and dogmatic precepts. It expounds at length the new beliefs, supposedly revealed by four divine messengers. Some of the leading themes of this new theology were derived from mediaeval Christian theology, indiscriminately mixed with old Iroquoian beliefs. A certain Henry Obail, a Christian Indian educated in Philadelphia, had, in fact, previously explained at leisure the Christian dogmas to Handsome-Lake. In the middle of the nineteenth century several thousand Iroquois were the followers of Handsome-Lake. The news of this well-known historic event, on the other hand, spread among the neighbouring Indian tribes, and soon became part of their own lore, as is shown by the present instance, recorded in an eastern Algonkin tribe (presumably Penobscot)³. In the mythology of the easternmost Algonkin the two leading characters are Glooscap, the culture-hero, and the Trickster, variously called Lox, Wolverine, Raccoon, and Badger. Lox is a mythic human-like animal endowed with magic powers, whose only ambition is to play tricks upon everybody. Glooscap is the divine protector of the Indians, while the Trickster is their enemy. Their

¹ 1735-1815.

² L. H. Morgan, *League of the Ho-dé-no-sau-nee or Iroquois*, new ed. by H. M. Lloyd, N.Y., 1904, 'The New Religion,' pp. 217-248; A. C. Parker, *The Code of Handsome Lake, the Seneca Prophet*, *New York State Museum, Museum Bulletin 163*, Albany, 1913.

³ 'The Mischief Maker' . . . , A Lox Legend, in *Algonquin Legends of New England*, 1884, by C. G. Leland, pp. 194-206.

deeds are described in narratives which, owing to these people's fondness for long narratives, have developed into cycles of more or less disconnected episodes. When a tale of heroic deeds is borrowed from a foreign tribe, it falls to Glooscap's lot; and, on the other hand, it is added to Lox's cycle whenever it is consistent with his ill-repute. The tale of Handsome-Lake's disgraceful early career and his conversion, when it was borrowed, was not found consonant with Glooscap's repute. Hence it was incorporated among the tales of Lox, although the story of his divine mission is by no means consistent with his character. In the Algonkin myth¹ are first related several tricks played by the 'Mischief Maker' upon various people. Finally the people decide to get rid of him forever. Chased in every forest, Lox climbs a tree, under which his pursuers build a large fire. Lox sails away on the smoke into the sky, and thus ascends to the home of the 'Great Spirit,' in the 'happy hunting grounds.' The Chief tells him that henceforth his mission must be to teach 'his' people. As soon as Lox returns from the sky-land, he says, "*I will no longer play tricks*, but tell the people what I learned in the happy hunting-grounds." And at once he starts on his apostolic mission. The remainder of the tale contains the very deeds and doctrine of the Seneca prophet; yet they are given as those of Lox, the Algonkin animal trickster.²

A large number of crude adaptations of foreign motives in American mythologies might be cited. But two further instances will suffice here, the first of which is found in the mythology of the easternmost Algonkins, the other in that of the Fox Indians. While the Iroquoian culture-heroes are twins, whose function it was to create the world, the chief cosmogonic deity of the Algonkin—Glooscap, Manebojo, *Wi'sa'kã*, and other equivalents—is without relatives, except for his conventional 'grandmother'. Being acquainted with the Iroquoian myth of the miraculous birth of the Twins, the Micmac borrowed it and gave a twin brother to Glooscap. After the brief episodes of the birth and struggle of the Twins, in the Micmac version,

¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 194-206.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 202-205.

Glooscap's brother, Malsum, is said to have been killed; and no further mention is made of him.¹ In a similar way *Wi'sakū*, as well as other Eastern Woodland culture-heroes, are usually without wives and children; but it so happens that, in the Fox mythology, *Wi'sakū* is at once the culture-hero and the trickster; whenever an episode pertaining to either of these beings is introduced from outside, it is added to *Wi'sakū*'s cycle. Thus, in a widely distributed 'bungling host'² theme, the leading character is supposed to imitate unsuccessfully his previous host, the Beaver, who had eaten his own children and then restored them to life. So, in a fox episode, *Wi'sakū* is also found to have spoken to his wife, clubbed one of his children, eaten him, and failed to restore him to life.³

Antiquity of the Huron-Wyandot Mythology; of the Form, Style, and Ending Formulae; of the Subject matter; Direct and Indirect Evidence.

To conclude, we may touch upon the question of antiquity of the Huron-Wyandot mythology. As to their form and style, the myths, tales, and traditions seem to have retained, especially in the recorded native texts, many of their original characteristics. It is quite likely, however, that long myths and cycles consisting of miscellaneous parts have to a certain extent disintegrated. If we compare the Wyandot cosmogonic myth recorded by W. E. Connelley⁴ with the versions taken down by the author,⁵ we find that the former is more comprehensive, and includes subjects which, in the latter, are treated separately. No connexion, for instance, is indicated between the culture-heroes, *Tse'sta* and *Taweskare*, and the dwarfs and giants,⁶ in the author's set of myths. According to Connelley, the origin of the Flying Heads, the flinty giants, and the dwarfs

¹ Leland, *Algonquin Legends*, pp. 15-17.

² Lowie, *Journ. Am. Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXI, No. LXXX, 1908, p. 26.

³ W. Jones, *Publications Am. Ethn. Soc.*, Vol. I, 'Fox Texts,' pp. 231-233.

⁴ W. E. Connelley, *Wyandot Folk-Lore*, pp. 67-92, etc.; also Appendix, No.

IX.

⁵ Nos. I, II, and III.

⁶ Nos. VIII to XII.

is accounted for contradictorily by different informants. In the minority's opinion they were created by *Tse'tsa* and *Tawes-kare'* in the course of their war. And the deeds of the giants and dwarfs were for that reason embodied in the cosmogony. But this is not necessarily a case of disintegration of myths, for some of Connelley's educated half-breed informants themselves may thus have superficially joined hitherto disconnected myths.¹

Some doubts may be entertained as to the antiquity of some of the ending formulæ in myths and tales, such as: 'they may still be there, so far as I know'; 'I suppose they are still living at the same place'; 'he has been running ever since'; and 'she will have to wait forever'. Although similar endings are also occasionally found in other American mythology it is more than likely that this typically European device has been borrowed here from the French.²

The antiquity of the subject matter itself is of more interest, since the same problem offers itself in other American mythol-

¹ In the Iroquois version of Cusick, the culture-hero himself is said to have "come to earth as a giant"; and having been "made their chief," he "led them into a hollow, where he overwhelmed them with rocks." Leland, *The Algonquin Legends of New England*, pp. 72-73.

² Most of the French-Canadian tales end with one of the following formulae:—

From tales recorded in 1914, in the vicinity of Quebec, by the author: "C'est signe qu'il est bien par là, puisqu'il ne revient pas. J'en juge par là"; "Ça fait bien des années; c'est un peu plus vieux que moi"; "Et je pense qu'ils ont passé de bien beaux jours, et qu'ils s'amuse encore"; "Et ils ont toujours bien vécu"; "Je ne sais pas ce qu'ils ont fait depuis, parceque ça fait longtemps que je n'y suis pas allé"; "Mais ils n'ont pas voulu me garder, et ils m'ont renvoyé ici"; "Et moi ils m'ont renvoyé ici avec pas un sou"; "Et moi ils ne m'ont pas invité à aller aux noces, et depuis je n'y suis pas retourné"; "Et moi, ils ne me l'ont envoyé raconter ici." Compare also:—

From *The Book of Noodles*, by W. A. Clouston, London, 1903: "So he remains by the fireside, as great a fool as ever," p. 130; cited from *Contes Populaires Slaves*, by M. Leger, Paris, 1882; "And Bastianello did not die, but still lives with his father and mother," p. 202; cited from Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*; "And he is dead at the present day, and dead he will, shall, and must remain," p. 60.

From *Indian Fairy Tales*, by Jos. Jacobs, New York: "And if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were," p. 87; "And

ogies as well. The growth of historic traditions and personal anecdotes, of course, coincided with, or followed, certain events therein described. Such traditions as those bearing on the coming of the Europeans in America¹ have, no doubt, been handed down without interruption since the sixteenth century. This does not necessarily imply, however, that the recorded narratives as they now stand have originated among the Wyandots, or that they have long had their present form. Many omissions, additions, and other transformations are more than likely to have altered their contents. Other eastern tribes also seem to possess the same tradition, which they consider as one of their own. The theme of the deceitful purchase of land just the size of a bull's hide wherefrom a string is made to surround a large territory² is also independently known in European folk-lore.³ Although the Europeans might have borrowed it

he and everybody were as happy as ever they could be," p. 124; "and everybody lived happily."

From *Where Animals Talk, West African Folk Tales*, by R. H. Nassau, Boston, 1912: "And they remain without fire to this day," p. 58; "He and his tribe have remained in the trees ever since," p. 68; "This continues to happen to this day," p. 84.

From *Uncle Remus*, by J. C. Harris, London, Amer. ed.: "En dey ain't kotch 'im yit," p. 46; "En Brer Fox ain't never katch 'im yit, en w'at's mo'. . . he ain't gwineter," p. 5; "En ef his head ain' swunk, I speck he is hanging' dar yit—dat w'at I speck," p. 144; "En speck we better let it go at that," p. 154; "I ain't nev' year nobody tell 'bout how long Brer Fox sot dar waitin' fer de Pimmerly Plum," p. 191; "Hit may be wrong er't may be right, but dat's w'at I years," p. 164.

¹ Nos. LXXXIX-XCI, and Appendix, XLI.

² XC, XCI, and Appendix, VII. Although the author has not yet come across any other recorded version of this narrative, Dr. E. Sapir well remembers having read it somewhere, possibly in connexion with the Delaware tribe.

³ Mr. F. H. S. Knowles, of the Geol. Sur., Ottawa, has heard the following tradition in England:

"According to my best recollections the scene was laid somewhere in the North—Scotland or Ireland perhaps. Some strangers headed by a chief were entertained hospitably by a king. Having asked for some land, the reply was that they might have as much as a bull's hide would cover. Whereat the chief, being a cunning fellow, got the biggest bull's hide procurable and proceeded to cut it into thin strips. Joined together these strips surrounded

from the Indians, it is more probable that the latter heard it from the neighbouring European settlers here and embodied it in their own narratives. In P. D. Clarke's account of the Wyandot traditions it is noticeable that myths, tales, and traditions at many places merge into one another, extraneous matter being thus freely introduced into the original relation of historical events.

With regard to the Huron-Wyandot myths and tales, we have direct or indirect evidence of the partial antiquity of most of the material so far recorded. Let us here discard many semi-assimilated European tales and fables, the list of which might be still further extended:¹ 'The Pumpkin and the Rabbit',² 'The Fox and the Rooster',³ 'The old Robin',⁴ 'The Steer and the ill-treated step-son',⁵ 'He is going to the land of bliss',⁶ 'The deer and the ill-treated sister-in-law',⁷ and possibly, 'The seven brothers transformed into oxen',⁸ 'The witch transformed into a hen',⁹ 'The child and his grandmother',¹⁰ and 'The big dog'.¹¹ Direct and indirect evidence bearing on the antiquity of the myths explaining the origin of the world is to be found in the records of the early Récollet and Jesuit Fathers, and other explorers. In the relations of Sagard (*circa* 1615), Brébeuf (1634-36), Lalemant (1642), LeMercier (1637), LeJeune¹²

a considerable area of land. I think that he then proceeded to build a strong castle or fortress on that domain, and eventually made it rather hot for his former host. (Unfortunately the most important details as to where and when it happened are beyond me)."

¹ The Hurons of Lorette and the Wyandots of Oklahoma possess quite a number of unassimilated European tales, which in some cases, they mistake for their own.

² Cf. LXXVIII.

³ Cf. LXV.

⁴ Cf. LXIV.

⁵ Cf. LXVII.

⁶ Cf. LXIX.

⁷ Cf. LXXI.

⁸ Cf. XL.

⁹ Cf. XLV.

¹⁰ Cf. LXXXIV.

¹¹ Cf. XXXIII, in Appendix.

¹² Le Jeune, in *The Jesuit Relations*, Thwaites ed., Vol. VIII, 1635, p. 147.

(1635), Ragueneau (1645-46), and De Charlevoix (whose journal was published in 1794), we read fairly explicit versions of the cosmogonic myths¹ of the Hurons. These accounts resemble the more extensive ones later taken down by Schoolcraft (1837), Hale (1888), Connelley (*circa* 1895), and the author (1912-1913). Although they are fragmentary and imperfect, owing chiefly to the lack of technical ability and interest of the early missionaries, they definitely establish that before the European invasion, the Hurons had lengthy cosmogonic myths. And these myths, moreover, are quite similar in tone and contents to those recently recorded. Other early documents have also been made by early explorers of parallel traditions obtaining among the Iroquois and eastern Algonkians.² Documentary evidence also shows the age and wide diffusion of the Huron narratives of various adventurous journeys to the world of souls, undertaken by living human beings. First written down among the Hurons by Brébeuf, about 1636,³ it was also recorded in the same century among the Algonkians (presumably the Micmacs)

¹ Appendix, Nos. II, III, IV, V.

² For the Montagnais: LeJeune, S. J., *The Jesuit Relations*, Thwaites ed., Vol. V, 1733, pp. 153-157; Vol. VI, 1634, pp. 157-161; Vol. XII, 1637, pp. 31-37 and 73. Sagard, *Histoire du Canada*, Tross ed., pp. 464-470.

For another Algonkin tribe: Father Buteux, cited by LeJeune in *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. IX, 1636, pp. 125-127.

For the Ottawa and neighbouring tribes: Nicolas Perrot, and Tailhan, *Memoir on the Manners, Customs, and Religion of the Savages of North America*, by Nicolas Perrot (1665-1699), in E. H. Blair, *The Indian tribes of the Upper Mississippi and region of the Great Lakes*, Cleveland, 1911, Vol. I, pp. 37-40.

For the Delawares: Jasper Donkers and Peter Sluyter, *Journal of a Voyage to New York 1679-1680*, p. 268, *Memoirs of Long Island Historical Society*, Vol. I, p. 875; Thomas Campanius, *Account of New Sweden*, Book III, chap. XI, cited by Brinton in *The Lenape and their Legends*, pp. 131-132, in *Library of Aboriginal American Literature*, No. V, Phila., 1885; also *Life and Journal of the Rev. David Brainerd*, Edinburgh, 1826, p. 395, cited by Brinton, *ibid.*, p. 65, footnote 2, and pp. 67 and 130; and Zeisberger MSS. version, *Life and Times of Zeisberger*, by E. de Sweinitz, cited by Brinton, *ibid.*, p. 134.

For the Mohegans: Van der Donck, *Description of the New Netherlands, Collections of the New York Historical Society*, series II, Vol. I, pp. 217-218.

³ Appendix, Nos. XIX and XX.

of Gaspesia, by Father Chrestien LeClerc.¹ And this legend has since been found current among many other tribes.² Although some documents demonstrate the antiquity of typical myths of origin of supernatural power and protection derived from uki, the evidence here is less abundant and explicit.³ It is no doubt due to the lack of interest of the missionaries in such matters. If they had no sympathy for the native accounts of the beginning of the world, they at least acknowledged their existence for the sake of combating the religious beliefs of the Indians. But the bulk of the etiological myths, folk-tales, and other apparently trivial narratives never seemed to them worthy of attention. So we now find only vague references to what Sagard terms 'a great many trifling fabulous tales' ('beaucoup de petits contes fabuleux').⁴

In the absence of written documents showing the age of the folk-tales about the Trickster, and the mythical animal and human adventures, we have to rely upon indirect evidence obtained from their diffusion and nature. Their leading characters and themes are well-known to students of other American tribes. The Trickster, whose only pleasure consists in cheating and harming people, the Fox and Raccoon cousins, whose reciprocal tricks always lead to revenge, the canoe-man Rabbit, who refuses his services to the Wolf, the horned Snakes, the Turtle, the Wolverine, and so forth, are quite as familiar to the reader of Indian folk-tales as are their deeds. The following incomplete list of common American themes found in the Huron-Wyandot narratives is merely il-

¹ 'New Relation of Gaspesia with the Customs and Religion of the Gaspesian Indians,' by Father Chrestien LeClerc, edited by W. F. Ganong, Toronto, in *The Publications of the Champlain Society*, V, 1910, pp. 207-213.

² A. F. Hunter, Note 14, Appendix, Vol. X, 1636, *The Jesuit Relations*, pp. 141-153.

³ For such instances, see the Appendix: No. XXII, 'The ukis and the origin of the medicine feasts', by Brébeuf; No. XXIII, 'The ukis, masks, and medicines' by LeMercier; and No. XXIX, 'The Sky old man and his protégé', by Lalemant. Other myths of the same type have also been recorded among other tribes by the early missionaries.

⁴ *Histoire du Canada*, p. 463; Appendix, No. II.

lustrative: the wonderful sky tree,¹ the primeval waters,² the magic conception,³ the deluge,⁴ the diving for earth,⁵ the visit to the culture-hero's home,⁶ the hoarded water,⁷ the separation of nations,⁸ the Pleiades girls,⁹ the flight to the stars,¹⁰ the sky basket and rope,¹¹ the tree refuge,¹² a thunder deity married to a woman,¹³ the roc carrying human beings on his back,¹⁴ people swallowed by a monster,¹⁵ a girl transformed into a monster for having overfasted,¹⁶ the grateful uki and his protégé,¹⁷ secrecy about the gift of charms,¹⁸ the lost boy brought up by bears as one of their own,¹⁹ the monster's life spots,²⁰ the sacrifice of a virgin to an uki,²¹ the woman with twins, one of whom is a dog,²² the evil father-or mother-in-law,²³ the suitor's tests,²⁴ the life wager,²⁵ the turtle's war party,²⁶ the turtle's contests,²⁷

¹ I, and Appendix, IV and IX.

² I, II, III, and Appendix, IV, V, VIII, and IX.

³ Ibid.

⁴ XXXII.

⁵ Same as in note 2.

⁶ Appendix, II and IV.

⁷ Appendix, IV and VIII.

⁸ XVI.

⁹ VI, and Appendix, XI.

¹⁰ Appendix, XII.

¹¹ VI.

¹² XIII.

¹³ IV.

¹⁴ XXV, XXVI, and Appendix, XXVII, XXVIII.

¹⁵ XLIV.

¹⁶ XIX to XXII, and Appendix, XXIX and XXX.

¹⁷ XXIX, XXXIV, and Appendix, XXV.

¹⁸ XXIX, XXXII, and XXVIII.

¹⁹ XXXV to XXXVIII.

²⁰ X and XLIV.

²¹ XXXIII; Appendix, XXXI and XXXII.

²² XLVI.

²³ XXVII, XXXV to XXXVIII, LXVII, and LXXI.

²⁴ XLVIII and XLIX.

²⁵ LVI.

²⁶ LXXV.

²⁷ XIII.

the burr-woman,¹ the replaced eyes,² the magic flight,³ the unsuccessful imitator,⁴ the tail-fisher,⁵ the hood-winked dancers,⁶ the hare and tortoise race,⁷ and others.⁸

Although typically American, many such motives are quite widespread in northeastern Asia, Europe, and elsewhere. Such are: the magic flight (in which small objects being thrown backwards increase in size or number and thereby impede the progress of pursuers),⁹ the monsters hoarding all the fresh water on earth,¹⁰ the diving for earth,¹¹ the thunderbird, the rival twin creators—one good and the other evil¹²—the 'eye-juggler' removing his eyes, playing with them, or replacing them with

¹ LV.

² LIII, LIV, and LV.

³ LXVI and LVI.

⁴ LIII to LV, LVII to LXI, and Appendix, XXXV.

⁵ LVII, LIX, and LX.

⁶ LVII and LVIII.

⁷ XIV.

⁸ Most of the above mythological motives are already known to ethnologists by characteristic catch-words, tentative and partial lists of which have been offered by a few authors: A. L. Kroeber, Catch-words in American Mythology, *The Journ. of Amer. Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXI, No. LXXXI, 1908, 222-227; R. H. Lowie, The Test Theme in North American Mythology, *ibid.*, pp. 97-148, and Catch-words for Mythological Motives, *ibid.*, Vol. XXI, No. LXXX, pp. 24-27.

⁹ Commonly known from ocean to ocean in America, and in northeast Siberia, as well as in Greek, French, and other European folk-lore. For Wyandot, see LXVI and LVI; for North America, see Lowie, *The Journ. of Amer. Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXI, No. LXXX, 1908, p. 25; Waterman, 'Folk-tales of North American Indians,' *ibid.*, Vol. XXVII, No. CIII, pp. 46-47; and E. Sapir, personal authority for Southern Paiute and Nootka; for northeastern Asia, Bogoras, *American Anthropologist*, N.S., Vol. IV, p. 626, and Jochelson, The Koryak, *The Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, Vol. VI, part I, pp. 369-370; for European: Jochelson, Greek and Russian, *ibid.*; and Barbeau, MS. French-Canadian folk-tales.

¹⁰ Widely diffused in America and Asia, see Jochelson, *ibid.*, p. 373; also in Vedic myths (according to Sapir).

¹¹ In most American mythologies; for its distribution outside of America, see E. B. Tylor, in *Primitive Culture*, London, 1913, Vol. II, pp. 274-5.

¹² A world-wide myth.

fruits,¹ the supernatural being who allows his human wife to visit her earthly relatives,² the shaman who assembles all the animals on earth, but selects just one or a few for his purpose,³ 'visits by the living to the regions of departed souls,'⁴ and others. Granting the existence of widely diffused and complex myths and motives in America and elsewhere, some interesting problems offer themselves as to their origin and history. In other words, how should such complex similarities or parallels be accounted for, when they occur in the mythologies of peoples living far apart?⁵

¹ Termed 'eye-toys' by Waterman; see Waterman on distribution in America, *The Journ. of Amer. Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXVII, No. CIII, pp. 44-45, and Jochelson, on the same regions and northeastern Asia, *The Koryak, ibid.*, p. 375.

² From east to west in North America and in northeastern Asia (Iroquoian, Pacific Coast tribes, and tribes of northeastern Asia), Jochelson, *ibid.*, p. 366.

³ Iroquoian, Eskimo, Pacific Coast tribes, northeast Siberia, and elsewhere.

⁴ In Appendix, Nos. XII, XIX, and XX, for the Hurons; see Tylor on the diffusion of this myth, *Primitive Culture*, Vol. II, pp. 44 sqq.

⁵ Various theories as to the origin or diffusion of myths, especially those bearing upon the celestial bodies, have been expounded and discussed by Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. II; Tylor, E. B., *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I, London, 1871; Brinton, D. G., *The Myths of the New World*, Philadelphia, 1868; and *American Hero-Myths*, Philadelphia, 1882; Leland, C. G., *The Algonquin Legends of New England*, Boston and New York, 1884; Lang, A., *Custom and Myth*, London, 1885; and *Myth, Ritual and Religion*, London, 1887; MacCulloch, *Childhood of Fiction*, London, 1887; Gomme, G. L., *Ethnology in Folklore*, in *Modern Science Series*, New York, 1892; Boas, F., *Dissemination of Tales among the Natives of North America*, in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. IV, No. XII, 1891; *The Mythologies of the Indians*, in *The International Quarterly*, XI, 327-342, and XII, 157-173; *Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste Amerikas*, 1895; and *The growth of Indian Mythologies*, in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. IX, No. XXXII, 1896, pp. 1-11; Ehrenreich, P., *Die Mythen und Legenden der südamerikanischen Urvölker und ihre Beliehungen zu denen Nordamerikas and der alten Welt*, Berlin, 1905; Lowie, R., *The Test-Theme in North American Mythology*, in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXI, No. LXXXI, 1908; Van Gennep, A., *Origines des Légendes*, Paris, 1907; *La formation des légendes*, 1912; and Waterman, T. T., *The explanatory element in the folk-tales of the North-American Indians*, in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXVI, No. CIII, 1914.

According to Tylor,¹ and more emphatically Brinton, such similarities have developed independently, and were derived from spontaneous notions common to all mankind. To quote Tylor's words: 'The treatment of similar myths from different regions, by arranging them in large compared groups, makes it possible to trace in mythology the operation of imaginative processes recurring with the evident regularity of mental law; and thus stories of which a single instance would have been a mere isolated curiosity, take their place among well-marked and consistent structures of the human mind.' The same author, however, does not entirely ignore the importance of another factor, that of the transmission (and, implicitly, diffusion) of myths: 'The superficial² student, mazed in a crowd of seemingly wild and . . . lawless fancies . . . , at first concludes them to be new births from the imagination of the poet, the tale-teller, and the seer. But little by little, in what seemed the most spontaneous fiction, a more comprehensive study of the sources of poetry and romance begins to disclose a cause for each fancy, an education that has led up to each train of thought, a store of inherited materials from out of which each province of the poets' land has been shaped, and built over, and peopled.' Boas' theory, on the other hand, rests upon the genealogical unity of widely diffused motives; that is, it insists upon the fact that, in the course of their historic growth, myths have travelled over vast regions; which accounts for their widespread distribution. Apparently with the same hypothesis in mind, many authors have begun the comparative study of leading mythological motives or themes, with a view to examining their distribution and variations.³

¹ *Ibid.*, vol. I, p. 282.

² *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 273.

³ Among these as yet few contributions to American mythology may be cited: *Indianische Sagen*, by Boas; The Folk-Lore of northeastern Asia, as compared with that of northwestern America, by Bogoras, in *American Anthropologist*, N.S., Vol. 4, 1902; The Koryak, by Jochelson, *The Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, Vol. VI, part I, 1905; cf. List of episodes of Koryak tales compared with similar or identical elements of other mythologies, pp. 363-382; The Test-Theme in North American Mythology, and Catch-words for Mythological Motives, by Lowie, in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXI, Nos. LXXXI-LXXXII, and Vol. XXI, No. LXXX, 1908; Catch-

While acknowledging that almost similar beliefs are likely to have originated independently in many isolated parts of the world, the modern student may now soundly trace the diffusion of definite and complex myths over vast contiguous areas, and safely demonstrate their geneological affiliation. The 'diving-for-earth' motive, for instance, is quite the same all over America: 'In the beginning, there was water everywhere in the world, except for one little spot, whereon stood a living being. Muskrat, Beaver, or another diver was sent to the bottom of the sea, and brought back some mud. With this an island was made, which gradually grew in size, until it became the world'. In such distant regions as the valley of the Saint Lawrence, the Mackenzie River basin, and the interior of California, only derivation from a common source could account for the extensive and striking parallelism evinced in this and other motives. The successful diving feat is often ascribed to the same animals, that is, Muskrat or Beaver.¹ Such a conventional and elaborate tale cannot be the result of universal laws of human psychology. It has merely been transmitted from one generation to another and from tribe to tribe, until it has assumed the present proportions and forms. Between the various parts of America, in fact, there is no geographic or ethnic break; and even through the Rocky mountains racial as well as cultural elements, including folk-lore, have travelled back and forth. Bering strait itself was not an insurmountable barrier, as has recently been shown by the study of northeastern Siberian tribes by Bogoras and Jochelson.² The parallels between the beliefs and myths of the

words in American Mythologies, by Kroeber, in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXI, No. LXXXI, 1908; Abstracts of stories obtained in Haida, with cognates in footnotes, by J. R. Swanton, in Contributions to the Ethnology of the Haida, *The Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, Vol. V, part I, pp. 182-264.

¹ For the Montagnais, of the St. Lawrence valley, see Nicolas Perrot, in *Indian Tribes*, ed. by E. H. Blair, Vol. I, pp. 35-36; for Huron, see Nos. I and II, and Appendix, V and IV; for the Athabaskans of the Mackenzie river, cf. MS. Loucheux cosmogonic tales, recorded by C. Camell, of the Geological Survey, Ottawa.

² Also see Stefánsson on: 'Prehistoric and present commerce among the Arctic Coast Eskimo' [Geological Survey, *Museum Bulletin* No. 6].

Koryak and Chukchee, of Siberia, and of the northern Pacific Coast tribes of America are, in fact, so striking and persistent that one might say that both areas are culturally almost a unit.

We cannot, indeed, accept the theory of diffusion of the same tales over such vast regions without granting that a lengthy period was necessary for their transmission and assimilation.

The conclusion is now reached that, notwithstanding the lack of documentary evidence, most of the above-mentioned Huron-Wyandot mythological motives are ancient, and antedate the discovery of America. Confidence in this conclusion is further increased when European tales are directly compared with their derived American versions. The Algonkin, Iroquois, and other versions of the typical 'Ti-Jean' tales, borrowed from the French 'Coureur-des-bois,' may still easily be recognized, as they have retained most of their original traits and episodes. In many cases even the name of the characters has been remembered.

Conclusion.

It may be noted, as a last remark, that the present body of Huron-Wyandot myths, tales, and traditions constitutes only a small fraction of what it formerly was. Mythology for these peoples is now a thing of the past. It has gradually vanished out of existence with their moral and social individuality, and only fragments of it could be secured. Demoralized by their white neighbours and by modern conditions, the most conservative among them no longer show any practical interest in their ancient lore, and before many years they will have lost the remnants of this ancient legacy along with their language. We may now conclude with the words of the late John Kayraho, an old half-breed Wyandot¹: 'Here is what I think: there are two kinds of things, the old customs and the modern ways. Everybody in this land has to follow one or the other. I have picked up just a little of these new things, that is, only in so far as it seemed useful to me. So it has happened; and, in this manner, we have become mixed, in the country where we are now living. While the ones still retain the old customs of long ago, others have

¹ No. LXXXVIII.

adopted modern habits. . . . In the old time, our costumes were made of tanned hide. But to-day, there is no more game here. So . . . our old fashions had to disappear. Long ago we used to fare well on all kinds of game. It is all a thing of the past now. That is what happened to me, an Indian. . . . Could one still live after the customs of long ago? No, that is not possible. That time is gone. But one kind of customs is now bound to exist for all in this country. The same thing happens to all Indians. We were all advised to take up work. The old customs of the time past are merely what we talk about. That is all. Moreover, we have now forgotten most of these things. The many kinds of animals of long ago are the only familiar subjects of our talks. Now, if I really wished to speak of all the modern things that are not good, it might take a great deal of time. There would be a number of stories to tell here. Quite a number of changes, I suppose, should really be welcome; and much might be said on this matter. But I do not wish to add any more. It would not be worth while; for I am a man of the past; my ways are the old ones; and the only things I know well are those of long ago."

PART I.

COSMOGONIC AND SOCIOLOGICAL MYTHS.¹

(A) COSMOLOGICAL MYTHS.

I. THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD.²

The people were living beyond [the sky]. They were Wyandots.

The news spread, one day, that the chief's only daughter was sick, and that the medicine-men had declared themselves unable to bring relief to her. A moccasin, or runner, was sent out to bring back a very old shaman living far away from the other people.

As soon as he saw the young woman, the old shaman told the People at once to dig into the roots of the wild apple tree standing by the chief's lodge. A party of men began digging all around the tree; and following the old man's advice, they laid down the young woman at the edge of the trench; for he had said, "When you dig into the roots of the tree, you will find the remedy that will cure her. Lay her down so near that she may get it merely by stretching out her arm as soon as she detects it."

With all their might the men went on digging. Others replaced them as soon as they felt tired, and carried on the work. The sick girl was there, lying close by, when a party of men step-

¹ Nine versions or fragments of versions of cosmological myths, most of which were recorded by missionaries in early colonial times, are included in the Appendix, Nos. I to X. These as well as other data make it clear that these cosmological myths are ancient, and have not been seriously altered since the advent of the Europeans. (Cf. *Supernatural Beings of the Hurons and Wyandots*, by C. M. Barbeau, in *American Anthropologist*, N. S., Vol. 16, No. 2, 1914, pp. 288-313.)

² Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Sept., 1911. Informant, B. N. O. Walker. Mr. Walker stated that his aunt (late) Kitty Greyeyes, a Canadian Wyandot, often used to relate this myth to him, when he was between ten and nineteen years of age. Kitty Greyeyes was said to have learnt this and other myths from 'Aunt Hunt,' Theresa Brown, of Anderdon, Ontario, and also Jim Clarke, of the same place.

ped out of the trench. The sudden approach of a terrific roar startled them all. Gazing at the place whence it had come, they saw the ground around the tree fall through, and the tree vanish underground with the young woman entangled in its branches.

The world underneath was a vast sheet of water. No land was anywhere in sight. A pair of large 'white birds with long crooked necks'—Swans we are told—were swimming about on the waters. They heard a peal of thunder, the first ever heard in this world. They glanced upwards. They saw the tree and the woman as they fell from the sky. One of them exclaimed, "What a strange creature it is that is coming down from above!"; and he added, "I know that she cannot be borne up by the waters. Let us swim close together and hold her upon our backs." They swam close together and the woman fell lightly upon their backs and rested.

While swimming along, the swans bent their long necks and looked at their burden. They said to each other, "What a beautiful creature it is! But what shall we do with it? We cannot always swim like this and hold her up. What shall we do?" The other replied, "The only way is to go and see the Big Turtle. He will call a council of the animals to decide as to what shall be done."

They swam until they had found the Big Turtle. They showed him the strange creature, told him all they knew about her, and asked whether he intended to call a council of all the animals to decide her fate.

A moccasin, sent by the Big Turtle, went around and called all the animals to a council. They came at once, and for a long time remained looking at her in great wonder. The Big Turtle then warned them of what they had to do; for they had to decide upon what was to happen. They should not even think of dropping her into the waters and leaving her to die. Since she had been sent to them in that way, it must be for their own good, and, indeed, they had to find a place for her to rest upon.

Now, they were all greatly concerned with the matter. A tree had fallen from above, they had been told by the Swans. Someone stood up and suggested that if the Swans could show the place wherein the tree had disappeared, the divers might go

down and perhaps get just a little bit of the earth clinging to its roots. The Big Turtle added, in support of this idea, that if the Swans could show the place wherein the tree had fallen, a little bit of the dirt clinging to its roots might be gotten and an island be made for the woman to live upon. He offered, moreover, to hold the island upon his back.

The Swans then turned around and, with the woman resting upon their backs, they swam ahead of all the animals until they had reached the spot where the tree had disappeared. There they stood still.

The Turtle then summoned the best of the divers, the Otter, to go deep down into the waters, in search of some dirt clinging to the roots of the tree. The Otter at once went down out of sight. The animals were beginning to think that he would never come back, when, after a while, they saw him coming back through the clear waters. So exhausted was he that, reaching the surface, he opened his mouth, gasped, and down again he went, dead. The Muskrat was summoned next. He dived down and remained still longer out of sight. He failed in the same way. The Beaver was then called, being the next among the best divers. He met with the same fate as the Otter and the Muskrat.

A number of other divers were, in turn, sent down, until so many had lost their lives to no avail that the Big Turtle declined to summon any other, but welcomed any one who would volunteer and dive in quest of the tree.

There was no one to offer himself for a long time. Now then, an old Toad, lost in the crowd, spoke up and said that she would try. The animals all looked at each other and, with much laughter, jeered at the small, and ugly old Toad, so futile was her vanity in attempting what so many well-known divers had failed to accomplish. The Big Turtle, on her part, agreed that she did well to try and that, perhaps, she would be more lucky than the others.

Then the Toad took a deep breath and down she went. The animals gathered close together and kept gazing at her, until she had dropped out of sight. They watched and waited for so long that they began to say to each other that it was done with

her, that she would never come back. They kept waiting ever so long, for they had not yet given up all hope. They could not see a thing, however. A bubble of air came up through the waters and, by and by, burst at the surface. Yet they could not see her coming. The Big Turtle thought that she was likely soon to appear and said, "Let us swim right to the place where the bubble has burst and, if the toad comes back, we shall hold her up for fear that she may fall back." So it was done. Just then, some of them could see her rising from the deep. Some others said, "She must have some earth, for she has been away so much longer than the others." Very soon she glided upon the waters, to one side of the Big Turtle, opened her mouth and spat out just a few grains of earth that fell on the edge of the Big Turtle's shell. And she gasped before falling back, without life.¹

The Small Turtle at once began rubbing and spreading the dirt around the edge of the Big Turtle's shell. It began to grow into an island. The animals were looking on as it grew. The island soon became large enough for the woman to live upon.² The two white birds swam to its edge and the woman stepped off on to it. The island grew larger and larger until it had become our island (the world), as we know it.³

¹ Old Mrs. Isaiah Walker, who was born near Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario, said, "A woman was sitting on something. She was the only one left after the big flood, on a little piece of the world. There was water all around. As the toad was near, the woman asked her if she could get some earth. The old toad dived in the waters, came back with a mouthful of dirt, and scattered it around the woman. She kept on doing the same thing until she had built the world. This was called 'the island.' The toad *ket'skwa-yé'* has been called 'grandmother' ever since. The woman was not a Wyandot."

Miss Mary McKee, of Anderdon, Essex county, Ontario, gave the following information concerning the toad: "The ancients had stories about the toad *tskwa-yé'*, and the beginning of the world. The way I heard it was: The toad dived twice or thrice, and when she picked up some earth, she brought it up to enlarge the island. I have often heard the folks say that the toads that hop around the houses are not to be hurt. 'Don't hurt the toads; don't hurt your grandmother.' This was the common saying."

² Mrs. Lucy Winnie, a Wyandot of Seneca reservation, Oklahoma, said that, according to her people, the world rested on the Turtle's back. Mrs. Jenny Zane (Waters) had recollections to the same effect.

³ Mr. Walker here added, "Once I was reading to Aunt Kitty Greyeyes about an earthquake. She said, 'The old Turtle must have moved his foot

It was soon found out, however, that there was not enough light on the island. In order to know what to do, the old Turtle called a council of the animals. When they had all assembled together, the Turtle came forth saying that since the island had been made for the woman, there should be more light. After a prolonged deliberation as to what was to be done, someone suggested that a great light be placed in the sky. The Small Turtle spoke up and said that were she only able to climb into the sky, she could gather some of the lightning and make a light. The Big Turtle prompted her to go ahead and try it. It seems that the Small Turtle had very great powers, for no sooner had she begun to call them forth than the council of the animals beheld a vast cloud, dark with a dreadful mixture of rocks and broken trees, from which lightning darted in all directions. The cloud slowly rolled down towards the animals, and came so near that the Small Turtle climbed it. Then it began to move upwards, soon to disappear into the sky.

Once in the sky the Little Turtle went around and gathered as much as she could of the lightning. Out of it, she made the Sun, that was thereafter to shed light on the island. Then she made the Moon, and gave it as partner or wife to the Sun. Although the Moon was smaller and not quite so powerful as the Sun, she was shining far more brilliantly than nowadays.

Some animals were next appointed to bore a hole through the earth for the Sun and Moon to get back [to their starting point.]¹ The Sun and the Moon were not meant to travel together. It is said that once, however, the Moon ran into the underground passage earlier than she ought to have done and before the Sun had passed through. So offended was the Sun that he abused her most harshly and almost killed her outright.

and changed his position, so as to rest.' This was her explanation of an earthquake."

Star Young, of Wyandotte reservation, Okla., said, in 1911, "They claim that the world is resting upon the great Big Turtle's back. He is still there; and when he gets tired, he moves; that is what makes the world shake."

¹ Square brackets indicate words or passages added to the text for the sake of clearness.

The Little Turtle, not knowing what had become of the Moon, went out in search of her and found her lingering along the underground trail, so sadly had the Sun chastized her. She had thus been so weakened, indeed, that there was just a little light and heat left to her, and barely a strip of her [body], that is, just as much as one sees of the new moon nowadays. The Little Turtle brought her out and tried to mend her. After a while, the Moon would get better and then relapse, soon to improve again, until she had become almost as strong as ever she had been. At this point, hope came to her that the Sun would as heretofore pay some attention to her. Grieved to find that the Sun would hardly notice her at all she again began to fade away, until, as at first, only a tiny strip was left of her and almost no heat. And thus she went on, to this day, regaining her power only to lose it again. This is why the Moon ever keeps on changing, to this day.

It is also asserted that the Little Turtle inflicted a punishment upon the Sun for his rash behaviour towards the Moon. Exactly what she did has been forgotten.

Since she had been sent into the sky to fix things as she thought best, the Little Turtle was known as the Keeper of the Sky, wherein ever after she had her abode. Whenever she was wanted at the councils of the animals, she had to be called by a herald whose voice "goes a long way"; and then she would ride down on the cloud that had first brought her up into the sky.

For a long time, the Little Turtle was the only animal living in the sky. Somehow or other, the Deer came to think that he also should go up into the sky. Perhaps he was pondering in his mind that things were not running quite as smoothly in the sky as might be desired, and that he should try a hand at it. Then he went out to see the Rainbow and tried to get into the sky with his help. But the Rainbow was by no means anxious to help the Deer, and he wanted to know what business he had in the sky, or who was sending him up there. The Deer could not find any good reason to offer. So the Rainbow advised him to call again some other time so that further thought might be given to the matter.

The Deer, in truth, could not get rid of the idea that he had to get into the sky. Therefore, when he judged that a fairly

long time had elapsed, he went again to see the Rainbow and begged to be taken up into the sky. The Rainbow, this time, spread himself with all his bright colours into a long and broad path, joining the earth to the sky, and told the Deer to leap ahead, along the span of colours, until he had reached the top. Thus the Deer went into the sky.

Shortly after, a council of the animals happened to be called together. All the animals came forth, but the Small Turtle and the Deer. The Big Turtle tried to find out what had become of them. Several animals knew of the adventures of the Deer, but they did not stir or say anything. The Big Turtle sent out runners to look for the Deer. When they came back, after a long time, they could only say that the Deer was nowhere to be found; having gone up into the sky. It is remembered that the Turtle was quite angry, for she could not make out who had sent him or helped him to reach the sky, and why he had thus intruded into the Little Turtle's abode. The runners replied that they had been told of the help given him by the Rainbow. Despatched after the failure of the other runners to find out where the Deer was, the Hawk also came back with the report that nowhere had he been seen for sometime.

It was for lack of warning, moreover, that the Little Turtle had not appeared at the council, for the Deer, being gifted with a voice "going a long way," was the one whose function it was to call the Little Turtle from the sky, whenever she was needed. The Big Turtle now said, "Let us call the Little Turtle from the sky; perhaps she may have something to tell us about the Deer." After a well established custom, a council could not, indeed, be held in the absence of the Deer. So, the Little Turtle was called and, by and by, she was seen riding down as usual, on a dark cloud.

No sooner had she reached the place of the council than several of the animals spoke up and said, "The Deer is not here. We cannot have a council without him. Where can he be?" By this time, the Little Turtle had taken her place in the circle. The Big Turtle asked her, "What shall we do without the Deer?" The Little Turtle replied, "The Deer is now in the sky. He has been there for some little time, running all around everywhere."

The other animals were amazed. The Big Turtle, somewhat put out, said to the other Turtle, "Why and how did the Deer ever get into the sky? Who has sent him there?" The other answered, "The Rainbow has taken him up into the sky by means of a beautiful road made of all the colours that he has offered him. If you all follow me, I will show it to you." They followed her for a while and, then, she showed them the Rainbow's broad pathway of colours stretching from the earth into the sky.

The animals having beheld it, the Big Turtle spoke to them, "Now listen! Since the Deer has first shown us the way, let us all follow him." And all the animals in a long file travelled along the Rainbow's broad pathway until they had reached the sky.

It was the old Wyandot's saying that the animals have, to this day, remained in the sky.

The woman, during all this time, was living with her 'grandmother,' an old woman whom she had found on the island. Soon after her fall from the sky, the woman felt that she was with child. Twin boys, in truth, were to be born to her. One of them said to the other, "I shall not be born in the manner of other children. Indeed, I shall 'kick my way out through her side.' His brother remonstrated with him and said, "It should not be so! for this would injure, or even kill, our mother." The other one retorted that it made no difference to him, having well nigh made up his mind to do just as he pleased. While the Good One then came to this island in the manner of other children, the Evil One 'kicked and tore his way through' his mother's arm-pit, and became the cause of her instant death.

From the very first it thus became known to the 'grandmother' that one of the twins was good and the other bad. Their 'grandmother' took charge of them and trained them from their earliest childhood in what their work was going to be, that is, 'making the island ready' for the coming of the people. While the Good One was ever kind, thoughtful, unselfish, and helpful to his 'grandmother,' the other was always wilful and bad, ugly towards his brother, and disrespectful to his 'grandmother.' As they grew in size, the good nature of one of the boys developed more and more, and the other's wickedness day by day became

still more marked. *Tse^osta'* was the name of the Good One, and *Ta^oweska^ore* that of the Evil One.

They were educated by their 'grandmother' in the usual way, as if they had been human children.

When the time for their work had come, it was understood that *Tse^osta'* enjoyed greater powers than his mean brother. He, therefore, was the first to take up work. *Tse^osta'* then began to prepare the island for the coming of the people, and made everything in such a way that—if left undisturbed—hunger, work, and pain would have been unknown to the people. His brother *Ta^oweska^ore*, however, would always disturb and upset what *Tse^osta'* had done, saying that the people should not find life so easy on the island. It seems that the Good One had to work first and, after a while, stop and allow his brother to have his turn. Thus *Ta^oweska^ore* had a chance, from time to time, partly to undo or spoil *Tse^osta'*'s work. As time went on, *Ta^oweska^ore*'s wickedness grew even more emphatic, and when his brother's turn would come, it was not possible to restore things as they had been in the first place.

Thus *Tse^osta'* made smooth or slightly rolling plains and clear forests, with flat ground everywhere; and *Ta^oweska^ore* came and pulled out steep hills and mountains here and there, piling up huge rocks in places, scattering pebbles and boulders all over the land, and obstructing the forests with swamps, brambles, briars, and thickets. Every stream or river running one way was coupled by *Tse^osta'* with another running the opposite way side by side, so that the people might travel up and down stream without labour and paddling. *Ta^oweska^ore* found out that travelling would thus be made far too easy; he, therefore, pulled out one of every second river, leaving the others running in various directions at random. The Good One, resuming his work, made all kinds of trees covered with savoury fruits, just within one's hand's reach; the blackberries, strawberries, and raspberries he brought forth on high bushes, scattered about in vast clusters, in such a way that it were mere pleasure to gather them up. The maple was made so that syrup would just drip out when the tree was tapped. Then came the Evil One. Finding the bushes too luxuriant and the fruits too sweet

and juicy, he spoiled them and tore them apart very sadly, making them small and thorny; and the fruits, thereafter, grew small, bitter and full of hard seeds. Into the maple tree he poured some water and in that way 'thinned' the syrup into sap, which could not be reduced into syrup without exacting labour and trouble.

Among very many other things, *Tse^asta'* had made fishes without scales, but the other coated them over with large flinty scales, such as could hardly be scraped off.

It was fortunate, however, that *Tse^asta'* could always partly undo the evil effects of his brother's work, for life would have proved intolerable, indeed, to the people.

The Twins continued their work on the island for a long time, until it became what we know it to be. In the long run, however, strife arose between them. It is still remembered that the Bad One once took his flight westwards, there to have his own way, unhampered. To his great enjoyment, he made huge mountains out west, and barren wastes. *Tse^asta'* enjoyed the privilege of going out once and improving things. He went all over that rough country, boring springs here and there, and placing rivers and vegetation in the valleys and forests alongside.

Strife was growing ever more bitter between the Twins and became such that there was no telling as to what was about to happen. *Tse^asta'* soon found out, by chance, that *Ta^we'ska^re* entertained the utmost dread of the deer's horns. He, therefore, gathered a vast number of deer's horns, strewed them along a trail, and then chased his brother ahead of him. *Ta^we'ska^re* unaware of his doom, soon found himself engaged along the path strewn with the dreaded deer's horns. Entangled in these sharp horns, he fell to the ground, and while struggling for escape, met with a speedy death.

After *Ta^we'ska^re's* death, the island was not yet ready for the people. *Tse^asta'* improved it and tried his best to stamp out the many evils brought forth by his brother. Most of his memorable deeds have now been forgotten. Last of all, he made the people, [the Wyandots].

Sometime later, the people were all assembled in the underground world, far in the north, somewhere. Their head chief

led them to the opening of the great cavern into this island. From the cave's entrance they had their first view of the world. As they were all gazing at it, a terrific storm-cloud rose into the sky, followed by most vivid flashes of lightning. The people were frightened. Some one then appeared to them and spoke to their chief, saying that they had nothing whatever to fear, for lightning and thunder never would strike a Wyandot.¹

The storm passed away, and still beholding in wonder this beautiful world, the people passed out of the cavern's opening. They divided themselves into bands that travelled in all directions, and thereafter established villages, now scattered all about the land.

II. CREATION MYTH.²

(*First Version.*)

There were people living in the sky. Their patch of corn was just large enough to yield a meal a day. A woman whose occupation it was to gather the daily harvest, cut down the corn stalks, one day, and brought them home. She had thus wasted the corn harvest. That is why the men, being angry at her, cast her down through a hole in the sky.

She fell through the air. There was nothing but water everywhere. No land was in sight. Wild geese, swimming about there, beheld something in the sky. The Gander said, "Let us go there; something is falling from above!" So there

¹ Mrs. Matthew C. Murdoch, one of Mrs. Isaiah Walker's daughters, of Seneca, Missouri, stated independently that "the Wyandots came from a cave. As they proceeded out, they saw a flash of lightning; but they were told that they would never be struck by lightning."

Late William Walker, of Kansas City, Kansas, knew "the story" of creation, according to Mrs. Murdoch.

Miss Mary McKee, of Anderdon, Ontario, said that, in some old Wyandot's opinion, "a full-blooded Wyandot never was struck by thunder."

² Recorded partly in English and partly in text, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Oct., 1911. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Mary Kelly. Mrs. Johnson stated that this story was a well-known one among the old Wyandots. Late Jane *Sarçhes* (married Pipe), named *Da'e'e'e'e'e'*, used to relate it.

they went together; and the woman fell upon their backs, without even touching the water. After she had remained a long time there, the Geese said, "We are tired!" The Gander answered, "Someone else should now take care of her."

The Big Turtle then swam to the surface of the water, and took the woman upon her back. The Toad soon came up, with just a small bit of dirt. She gave it to the woman and said, "Just put some of it all around the Turtle's shell, in the water."¹ So the woman did; and then the land began to grow around her. Quite soon it had become quite large, and the woman did not need the turtle any longer to carry her. She lived on the island.

In those days the children were not born as they are now. Whenever a child was desired, the people had just to think about it, and it was found anywhere, in the hollow trees, maybe. The woman on the island went out to chop wood. There she found two children, both boys. The first one she picked up she considered the elder. The next one was the younger brother.

The boys grew fast. After a while they were big enough to go out hunting and kill birds. Their mother made bows and arrows for them.

The woman at once found out that there was a great difference in the actions of the children. The younger one was quite mean. And, as they grew up, it became more and more evident that one was good and the other bad. While the Evil One was busy with evil deeds, his elder brother was always bringing forth things that were good. The younger one would tear down the good things made by his brother. The Good One made the sugar-trees,² the sap of which was pure syrup, running easily from the tapped trees. Only a little boiling made it into sugar. The evil brother poured water into the trees, so that there was no more syrup, but only sweet water, as we now find it.

¹ *ke'tq'skwa'myç'* or *tq'skwa'a'yç'*, the Toad, is also called *mq'cu'ta'-a*, our grandmother, on account of her having helped in creating the world by giving to the woman a bit of dirt. To-day, she is still called 'grandmother', and the old people would never allow the children to kill or hurt their 'grandmother. They would not harm the frogs either, 'on account of their being harmless.'

² The maple.

It is only after long and patient boiling that we now can reduce it to syrup.¹

Now the Good One² created people, that is, just two persons. As he had also brought forth fruit trees, the Creator spoke to the first man and woman, saying, "You must not touch the fruit of this tree!"³

But his younger brother said to the woman, "Why can't you eat the fruit of that tree?" She answered, "The Creator has forbidden it." The Evil One⁴ retorted, "If you eat the fruit of the tree, you shall be wise." Then the serpent, made by the Good One, but rendered mean by his younger brother, came to the woman and said, "You should eat the fruit of the tree." Then the woman was induced to eat the fruit, and, in turn, she induced the man to taste it. They both found its taste very good. It had not yet been swallowed by the man when the Creator appeared. "What are you doing?" asked he. There was no answer. As they were ashamed, they ran off and hid themselves. This was the garden of Eden. The Creator said, "You shall have to work hard for your bread; and then you shall die."

From that time, the people began to sin, just as they have done ever since. There was neither death nor sorrow in the early days. Now the people are wicked, and there is nothing but trouble everywhere.

The two brothers were God and the Devil.⁵

¹ The usually long list of things created by the Good One and transformed by his evil brother is cut quite short here.

² *Hamεdī'c'u'*, God or The Almighty. This name no doubt was coined after the coming of the Europeans.

³ To the old Huron myth is here annexed the biblical myth of creation.

⁴ *de'cुरूnq'*: *that-the underground-he is a dweller of*; i.e., the bad one, or the Devil.

⁵ This is a modern reinterpretation of the characteristics of the good and evil twins in the old Iroquoian cosmogonies.

III. CREATION MYTH.¹*(Second Version.)*

Several brothers and sisters were living together. The only meal they had every day consisted of a single basketful of corn, the daily yield of their corn-patch.²

Tired of thus gathering of the corn for every meal, the young woman thought to herself one day, "Now, maybe, the easiest way is to cut the stalks [and gather the ears once for all]." So she cut down the corn stalks and gathered them all. Her brothers, in their grief, spoke to her and said, "You have spoilt everything and ruined our subsistence! You have wasted it all!" They dropped her through a hole into the ocean.

Wild Geese³ were roaming about on the waters. Their leader exclaimed, "A body is falling from above. Let us all gather close together!" And the woman from above fell gently upon the backs of the Geese, as they were all assembled together. One of them spoke after a while and said, "We are getting tired. Let some one else now take our place." The Turtle, emerging from under the waters, said, "It is I, the next!" And the body of the woman fallen from above now rested upon the Turtle's back.

Then the Toad⁴ went [down] and came back with a mouthful of dirt. She gave the dirt to the woman fallen from above, saying, "Do this! Sprinkle it about at arm's length where you lie." The Toad meant her to sprinkle the [grains of] earth all around her. So the woman did; and the land grew around her. She rose and began to walk about the new land.⁵

¹ Recorded in text, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in May, 1912. Informant, Cath. Johnson; interpreter, Mary Kelley. Translation later revised with Allen Johnson.

² The informants further explained: there were just enough ears of corn for a meal a day. All the corn that could be reaped every day was cooked in the morning for the whole family.

³ *ya'hq'* wild geese, or swans.

⁴ *ke'tq'skwa'yec'*, the toad.

⁵ Mrs. C. Johnson here added in comment: "We are all living on the top of the Turtle's shell now. When she moves, it causes the earthquakes, as we know them."

The Toad now gave to the woman grains of corn, beans, pumpkin seeds, and seeds of all the plants that are reaped. That is what the Toad did.

After a while the woman felt very lonely. She thought, "I wish to find a child." It so happened that she found twin boys. Very soon she noticed, as they were growing in size, that the younger of the twins was not good, and that he only cared for the ruin of whatever his elder brother had undertaken. The elder brother made all that is found in the lap of our land. He created all the living beings and also the people. The Indian people were created by him, the Good One.¹ His younger brother then came forward and said, "I too will make some people." And the monkeys he brought forth, as though they had been real human beings.

Of the twins, the elder is *Ha'meç'di'ju'*,² and the younger one the Underground-dweller.³

IV. THE THUNDER.⁴

Henq' was one of seven brothers that were living together, long ago.⁵

Happy and boisterous by nature, *Henq'* was always full of sport and keen on playing pranks of all kinds upon the others. He was very big and nimble, indeed; and, so very vigorous and exuberant with life was he that he had not the faintest idea of

¹ Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt (Brooker), a half-breed Wyandot, of Amherstburg, Ontario, remembered the following fragment, which was recorded in June, 1911: "The old folks said that there was a fruit tree somewhere. All the people lived on it, for there was a certain kind of fruit growing on it. One day, the tree gave in, and the people living on it fell with the tree into this world." Late Mrs. Hunt was given as the source of this fragment of a tale.

² *ha'meç'di'ju'*: *his-voice-is-big*, i.e., the almighty voice; Huron name applied to the Christian God by the missionaries.

³ *de'de'cu'ru'ng'*: *that-the underground-is a dweller of*; i.e., the underground-dweller; name applied to the Devil of the Christian pantheon.

⁴ From B. N. O. Walker, Wyandotte, Oklahoma; recorded in English, in Nov., 1911. This myth was learnt by Mr. Walker from his (late) Aunt Kitty Greyeyes; it is still remembered, according to Mr. Walker, by his old mother, Mrs. I. Walker.

⁵ Cf. No. XIV, Appendix; 'Thunder,' by Father Brébeuf.

the disastrous effects of his strength, and could not in the least realize how much annoyed were his brothers at many of his jests and pranks. Without paying the slightest attention, he would often smash things to pieces when getting hold of them. One day for instance, he laid his hand on a pole of the lodge, and the pole was wrenched in such a way that the lodge fell to the ground.

He had, in fact, become such a source of annoyance and trouble that, although they truly loved him, his brothers decided to get rid of him, at their earliest opportunity. Having, by that time, found out how great was his strength, they dreaded the idea of ever exciting his anger, for fear that he might indulge in rash and terrible deeds, and destroy them all.

Henq^o's brothers knew of a lonely and distant island, out on the lake. After long deliberation, they agreed to abandon him on that uninhabited island, as they were aware that, once there, he could never return.

Starting on a hunting expedition, therefore, they took *Henq^o* along with them and, in their canoes, proceeded to the distant island. It was so arranged that, once there, *Henq^o* was to be led into the interior of the island by one of his brothers. The others were to start in various directions, as if they were going around the island.

No sooner were *Henq^o* and his brother out of sight, in the thick woods, than, in fact, all the others came back to their canoes, ready to launch them at the first signal. When they had reached the dense forest, *Henq^o* readily complied with his brother's request to go a little farther into the woods, and watch the game that was being raised and chased ahead.

Unaware of his brothers' intentions, *Henq^o* went farther into the woods, took his stand somewhere, and looked out for the game.

Meanwhile, his brother took to flight and joined the others. All at once they jumped into their canoes and paddled away swiftly. *Henq^o*, however, soon found out what was happening; and he came back running towards the shore, when they were still quite near. One of his brothers caught sight of him as he was rushing towards them, and running along the beach. They all heard him calling and begging them to come back and fetch

him. His voice was so loud and powerful that it made the air shake frightfully. They stopped and listened. He said, "Will you take me along with you?" But they replied, "No! you are to be left on the island."

It so happened that he was willing to stay on the island; and, although he was grieved, he shouted that he had made up his mind to stay there, and would never do any harm to them and their people. He also told them that they would thereafter be reminded of his presence on the island, as he intended to raise his voice from time to time, to call to them.

And that is the reason why he stayed on the island to this day, roaming about a part of the year, and sleeping in the winter-time.

When a peal of thunder is sometimes heard in the winter-time, the old Wyandots used to say, "*Hengq*" is turning over; something must have happened and disturbed his nap!"¹

V. THE ORIGIN OF THE SUN-SHOWER.²

A young woman, the most beautiful of all, was not pleased with her suitors, whom she scorned [one after the other] for a very long time. One day, however, a very handsome young man came around, whom she [at once] fell in love with. Now she was, indeed, willing to converse with him; so that they soon agreed to get married. The young man said, "Well then, tomorrow at night, I shall come and take you away." The young

¹ Catherine Johnson, interpreted by Allen Johnson, said, "*De-hi-nq*", the Thunder, is a descriptive term referring to the loud crash of the thunder. The thunder is a superhuman being."

In at least two places the early Hurons are stated, in *The Jesuit Relations*, to believe that the Thunder is a bird. In LeJeune's relation of 1634, it is said that "the Hurons believed it (the thunder) to be a very large bird. . . . The Hurons say that they (a kind of swallow) make" a "noise from behind, as does also the bird which they think is the thunder . . . This is what my old man told me." Cf. *The Jesuit Relations*, 1634, Vol. VI, p. 225; also Appendix, No. XIV.

² Recorded in text, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in May, 1912; informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Smith Nichols also knew this myth, which he related in part to one of the interpreters.

woman spoke to her mother and said, "I am very much in love with him, for he is far more handsome [than the others]. Tomorrow, at night, he is going to come and take me along with him." The mother gave her consent.

The next night, the young man came over [as expected]. The mother [of the bride] saw him, as he came into her house. They spoke to one another; and he said, "I have come for your daughter." The old woman replied, "Be it so!"

He, therefore, went away with [the young woman]. When they had travelled but a short distance, he said, "Here! let us take the shorter way across the forest yonder." And they went across [the forest], so that, although they had travelled a long way, it did not seem long to her.

Upon reaching home, as he found his mother and three sisters all sitting there together, he brought the young woman in. And the young man and his bride then got married.

Now her husband went out hunting as if he were to bring back deer meat. And his bride kept on sitting there waiting for him. She was thinking that this was the abode of human beings. But, after a while, she was very much scared when [she found out that] her husband was only a big snake. She had taken him for a young man, but there, in her lap he rested his head and said, "Louse me!" So she just looked on one side, and then she glanced at the other side. It was only a big snake whose head was in her lap. She cried out, and started up quickly.

The [husband's] mother [spoke to him] and said, "Why did you ever want to marry this woman if really you could not transform yourself [forever] into a human being?" The young woman, by this time, knew that, truly, he was not a human being; and she was most frightened. The [husband's] mother scolded him still more bitterly. He [remained] only a snake, however; and [the girl] thought, "He was only man-like, [the one] whom I have married."

The mother [took the young woman aside] and said, "Next time, when he goes out hunting again, indeed you had better run back home. I have scolded him; but I shall not be able to prevent him from killing you, as he is one of us; and we are not human beings, but snakes." [And, she added,] "This really

happened because you did not want for so long to get married. That is why he said, 'As it is, I shall be transfigured into a human being and shall marry her.' This could not be so, however; and he could not for ever retain the shape of a human being."

The young woman then took to flight and made for her home, because [the old woman] had said, "Be off! and go straight to the North,¹ and run all the way as fast as you possibly can. It is a long way, but exert yourself to the utmost and run all the way home." Now she started out, running northwards with all her might.

When the [young man] came back [from the hunt], nowhere could he see his bride. Soon, finding out that she had run away he pursued her.

The girl was quite far already, for she had been running as fast as she could [all this time]. It so happened, however, that the water rose all around her, and it became so deep that she could no longer run along. Now, her husband, swimming with his head out of the water, was on the point of overtaking her.

Several men, however, could be seen standing [at a distance]. Their chief shouted [to the young woman] "This way! come and stand behind me. I shall defend you against him." But the Snake was getting still closer to her, while swimming with his head out of the water. The chief [spoke to his men] saying, "Shoot right there!" So it was done, and they killed the big Snake, the one who had been the young woman's husband. The air at once became dark with smoke, as her protectors were the Thunder [and his three sons, whose darts were lightning].² The old man took the young woman along with him. She knew nothing of the place whither she was being taken. This time, she got married to [one of] the Thunder's sons, and soon gave birth to a child.

She was constantly longing, however, to go down and visit her mother. As she had no idea of the way down to her mother's home, the Thunder, her husband, said, "I am willing to take you

¹ Towards the home of *Hatu*, "*He-is-cold*." The North is referred to here as if it were a human being. (Informant A. Johnson).

² Information conveyed in another paragraph of the same myth.

down to your mother's home. But you will have to take the young one along with you, and pledge yourself to take the utmost care of him, as he must always be good-natured. He should never strike anybody, for, if he does, he will surely kill outright, as he is of our family. And should this happen, I would at once take him away from you."

The chief [Thunder] had three young men with him, his own sons; and the young woman's mother had five sons.

Now the child grew in size. When he had reached his fourth year, he could go out and play with the other boys, and he was given a bow. As the other children [one day] came around, one of them got hold of his bow. The [Thunder-] child, at once, took it back and [with anger] drew it at the other boy; and a thunder peal resounded.

The Thunder [his father] looked for the woman; and the air was filled with smoke. When the smoke had cleared off, nowhere was the Thunder-child to be seen. His father, indeed, had fulfilled his promise, for he had said to his wife, "I shall take him away from you if he breaks the custom and kills anybody."

Nobody had been killed, however, when the child drew his bow, for he had not hit anyone.

Then the Thunder spoke again to the young woman and said, "I have now taken him along with me, and whenever it rains while the sun is shining, the people shall think and say that *Tsi'ju'tq'oq*, the Wyandot, is making the rain."¹

VI. THE ORIGIN OF THE PLEIADES.²

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A young man was out fasting.³ His fasting lodge stood at a place where no one ever ventured, near the end of a lake. Just below, a fine and broad beach stretched on both sides.

¹ It was a common saying of the old Wyandots that *Tsi'ju'tq'oq*, the son of the Thunder and the Wyandot woman, was responsible for the sun-shower. (Informant, All. Johnson.)

² Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Nov., 1911. Informant, B. N. O. Walker. Mr. Walker remembered having heard this myth recited by his aunt (the late) Kitty Greeyes.

Cf. 'The origin of the Pleiades,' recorded by W. E. Connelley; Appendix, No. XI.

³ Apparently his puberty fasting.

When his fast was almost over, one evening, the young man was sitting in the entrance of his lodge. He heard something. The faint and distant sound of songs came to his ear. He did not know what it was. Looking around everywhere, he could not tell whence it came. Soon the sounds got clearer and seemed to fall from the sky, over the lake. The boy listened. Now he thought that the voices came from the beach near by. So he started and slowly crept down to the lake, through the grasses and reeds that grew along the beach. As he crawled ahead, the singing grew more distinct. Upon reaching the shore, he moved the reeds apart with his hands and looked around. There, on the beach, seven young girls were singing and dancing around, hand in hand, surrounded with an unearthly glimmer, in the light of the stars. One of them was still more beautiful than the others. He became enamoured of her.

As he was still creeping forward, a pebble slipped from under his hand and made a noise. The maidens started off at once, and, climbing into a large basket, they vanished in the sky.

The young man went back to his fasting lodge, and, all the next day, wondered as to whether they would ever come back. In the evening he watched and listened. The sound of distant songs he again perceived after a while. The maidens were now returning to the lake. So he crept down to the edge of the reeds and grasses. While they came out of the sky, he was there, looking at them. Their big basket then landed on the beach. Stepping out of it, they again began to sing and dance around. As he was watching them, his delight was so great at this beautiful sight that he did not move or do anything to disturb them. After having danced together for a long time, they began to dance one at a time. Then the fairest of the seven sisters danced all by herself, as it was now her turn. Never had her youthful admirer beheld anything so beautiful. Without his even heeding it, his voice rose and expressed his delight. They all vanished in an instant, as the first time.

And, every evening, he came down there in the same way. It grew upon him, in the end, that he should try and capture the maiden whom he so admired. As they were dancing there, one evening, he rushed in their midst. They ran to their basket

swinging there, in the air. The maiden whom he loved happened to be the last to climb into the basket; so he seized her by her girdle, as she had just laid a hand on the edge of the basket. He clung fast to her, and was lifted into the air. But the girl had to quit her hold; and they both fell to the ground. The young man told her about his love and begged her to become his wife. The maiden was grieved, but not truly angry. She said to him, "We are the Seven Sisters, and have always been living together. We are the group of stars¹ which you have often seen in the sky. It has always been our custom, at this time of the year, to come down to the earth to dance and play." And she explained to him that she could not become his wife unless he would first get into the sky with them.

So they both ascended into the sky land, where everything was wonderful. All of one's wishes were at once realized, without the slightest effort.²

Now then, the young man and the maiden returned from the sky. Henceforth they lived together as husband and wife.

This is why, nowadays, we can see among the Pleiades only six of the maiden sisters. Sometimes the shadow of the seventh one may just be perceived.

Abstract p. 394 VII. ORIGIN OF THE SEVEN STARS.³ (Pleijnden)

Seven young boys were playing and dancing together in the shade of a tree. After a while they became hungry. One of them went to the house and asked for some bread to eat; but the old woman would not give him anything. She said, "Be off, and go on playing!" So he could not do anything else but go back

¹ The Pleiades.

² Mr. Walker was aware that here his memory failed him as to the young man's lengthy adventures in the sky.

³ Recorded in text, in May, 1912. Informant, Star Young, of Wyandotte Reservation, Oklahoma. The text was first translated by the same informant and later revised with the help of Henry Stand, of the same place. This was one of the myths which, according to Henry Stand, Frank Whitewing—a Wyandot—used to recite, years ago.

For the origin of other stars, cf. The Stars Dehndek and Mahohrah, recorded by W. E. Connelley; Appendix, No. XII.

to [the tree] where the children were. Now they played together again. Another one went to the house and asked for some bread. The old woman was not willing [to give him any]. Once more she replied, "Now be off, and go on playing!" He went back to the tree, and they resumed playing. One of them soon made a drum, and they began to dance around the tree.

No sooner had they started the dance than they began to be lifted upwards, their feet leaving the ground while they were going around the tree. They went on dancing, and still higher in the air they ascended. Looking around, the old woman saw them dancing high up above the tree, while their leader was beating the drum. The matron looked again. As they were getting still higher, she ran to the tree with something for them to eat. Too late! they did not listen to her. Now, indeed, she was willing to give them food. So she cried out and asked them to come and eat. But they would not even notice her, and continued their dancing while moving upwards. In the end, the old woman gave up in despair and wept.

The seven stars which nowadays we see in a cluster high above are, in truth, the very same boys who were thus dancing together [long ago]. They were not given anything to eat: that is why. They became the *Huti-watsi'-ja*, 'the Cluster,' which we now see [in the sky].¹

*W/o
Pleasant*

¹ Two other brief versions of the same myth were recorded. The first was from Mary Kelley, of Wyandotte reservation, Okla., recorded in November, 1911. It is as follows: "I heard many old Wyandots say that once small boys danced for several days and nights without being given anything to eat. They were hungry and wanted food, but nobody would give them any. They kept dancing until, in the end, they went up into the sky. The people then brought them some food; but it was too late. The leader of the boys asked his friends not to look back. One of them looked back, fell from the sky, and became a cedar tree."

The following is Mary McKee's version, recorded in June, 1911, at Amherstburg, Essex co., Ont.: "A long time ago, so I was told, seven brothers went away, and they appeared in the sky as the seven stars. The seven brothers were thereafter known as the seven stars."

(B) GIANTS AND DWARFS.¹VIII. SKADAWATI AND THE GIANT.²

When the people of long ago saw a *Stré^odu'*, or flinty giant, coming towards them, they at once took to flight. One of them climbed up on a tree, and another made for the river.

The *Stré^odu'*³ knew that some people were to be found there, as she could smell them. She, therefore, laid a human finger on the palm of her hand and whispered, "Where are the people?" And, at once, the finger stood straight up, pointing to the tree in which the man had hid himself. The giant, however, did not believe the finger and said, "I have never known of any people living up in the sky. *Hamé^odi'ju'* (the Big-Voice⁴) is the only one that dwells there!" So she threw the finger away, thinking that it had been spoilt and was no longer good for anything.⁵

The giant woman put another finger on the palm of her hand and again she asked, "Where are the people?" And, in the very same manner, the finger stood up and pointed upwards. She also threw that finger away, thinking that these fingers were no longer fit to reveal the presence of human beings.

¹ Cf. Appendix, No. IX, 'Creation myth,' by W. E. Connelley; 'The stone giants' (p. 314).

² The events described are believed to have really happened, a long time ago. It seems that this story was quite a well-known one among the old-time Wyandots. Three slightly different versions of it have been recorded among the Wyandots of Oklahoma, in the autumn of 1911 and the spring of 1912. The above version was obtained from Catherine Johnson (Mary Kelley acting as interpreter); another from B. N. O. Walker; and the third one from Allen Johnson. Mrs. Johnson heard the late Jos. Williams recite it, while Mr. Walker ascribes his own version to the late Kitty Greyeyes, a Canadian Wyandot from Essex co., Ont., and Mr. Allen Johnson to the late James Armstrong and Smith Nichols. Mr. A. C. Parker states that this myth has an almost equivalent counterpart in Seneca.

³ *Gano^oskwa*, in Seneca, according to A. C. Parker.

⁴ *Hamé^odi'ju'*: *his-voice-is-big*, now popularly translated into "God."

⁵ The *Stré^odu'*, or flinty giants, were mythological beings well-known and dreaded among the Wyandots. Reputed cannibals and enemies of the people, they were believed to use the fingers of those whom they had devoured to detect the presence of other human victims.

Then the *Stré^odu^o* made after the other man who had fled towards the river. He had, by this time, crossed the river [in his canoe] and was now sitting on the river-bank. The giant started across the river, walking under the water, on the river bottom. When she reached the opposite side, the Indian had already come back to the other side, in his canoe. Once more, she waded across the river, again to find the man on the other side, sitting in his canoe.

When the same thing had happened altogether three times, the *Stré^odu^o* called the man *Skadawa'ti¹* (that is "always on the other side of the river").² Then he was so much frightened that he forgot his axe on the river-bank before crossing over for the third time. The *Stré^odu^o* took hold of the axe and said, "I wonder if he thinks that this could hurt anybody!" She spat on the axe, and hit the rock with it. Lo! the rock was split into two; for she had, unaware, made it magically powerful by spitting on it. The *Stré^odu^o* ran away, as she was much afraid at the thought that *Skadawa'ti¹* could, indeed, kill her with his axe.

This is why the people thereafter would say "*Skadawa'ti¹*, is here!" to scare away the dreaded *Stré^odu^o*.

(Mrs. Catherine Johnson, of Wyandotte, Oklahoma, supplemented her version with the following remarks and information):

The *Stré^odu^o* used to appear to the people, in the old days. The young folks were warned by their elders to dread the giants, as they were extremely tall³ and dangerous cannibals. They would chase the people and devour them. The Indians used to

¹ *Skunnawundi*, "beyond the ripples or rapids," in Seneca, according to A. C. Parker.

² Catherine Armstrong and Mary Kelley, of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma, gave the following fragment of the above myth: "A Wyandot man was sitting by a river, making bows and arrows. He saw a giant approaching. He jumped into his canoe and paddled across the river. The giant waded across, and upon reaching the shore, found that the man had returned to the other side. They went back and forth across the river, but the giant could not catch the man. That is all!"

³ Solomon Kayrahoos is said to have found a very large bone in the ground, which was believed to be that of a giant.

keep a bucket of lard for the *Strédu'*, who would drink it and thereby forget her craving for human flesh.

One day, so we are told, an old *Strédu'* woman was running away from her husband. Some people saw her coming into their village. In her arms she had a young child which she was rocking to sleep. The child was not her own; and she only wished to eat it. She was singing, "Sleep, child! a child is good to eat!"

Andante

A - ca - yu'ta' - - e Mics - ki' 'shá' - a De - skwe - ya - wi - a dics.

ke' - 'shá' - a a - ca - yu'ta' - e - dics.⁴

IX. THE GIANT AND THE INDIAN,⁵

Once upon a time, three men were making canoes, along a river. As they had just finished a canoe, two of them heard a *Strédu'* approaching. They at once fled, without warning their friend who was in the canoe, with his back turned to the shore.

The *Strédu'* said to the man in the canoe. "Now, I have got you!" And as she was, no doubt, about to kill him, he swiftly launched his canoe, and across the river he paddled unconcernedly, saying, "I am now trying my canoe to see how good it is." The giant, as if speaking to herself, said, "Yes! try your canoe if it pleases you; but there is more than one way across the river!"

She at once started across, walking on the river-bottom. She had water way over her head, so that the Indian could see her at the bottom, as he was now coming back in his canoe.

When the *Strédu'* had reached the other side, she looked around for the man, and was surprised to see that he was no longer

⁺ ² indicates that the tone here, which cannot be expressed quite accurately with our musical scale, ranges between the B flat and the B natural.

³ Regular form, taken down in text, *a'ca-yu'ta'a, thou-sleepeth.*

⁴ Phonograph record No. III H 115e, Anthropological Division.

⁵ Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in May, 1912; informant, Allen Johnson.

on this side of the river. She thought, "He must surely be gifted with supernatural power!"¹ She again started across the river, however, saying, "This will not prevent me from walking back across the river!"

The man then, once again, started across the river, in his canoe. Upon reaching the other side, he said, "My canoe is not quite watertight, I will now patch it." While doing so, he pretended not to see the giant. He happened to forget his axe on the shore when, again, he started across the river. As the *Stré'du*² saw it, she picked it up and examined it. "He has forgotten his weapon," said she; for she did not realize that it was merely a tool. And she added, "I do not think that this could ever hurt anybody, and I will smash it into bits against that boulder." So she hit the stone with the axe and the stone was crushed into pieces. The *Stré'du*² was, indeed, so scared that she ran away. And the lucky Indian could now relate his experience to his friends.

X. THE FLINTY GIANT.³

It seems that the people that were living in a village, by the lake, had not seen a *Stré'du*², or flinty giant, for a long time.

One day, a *Stré'du*² came into their village, unexpectedly, and so frightened were the people that they ran away and concealed themselves in the woods. When they came back to their houses, they found out that the giant had carried away many of the children in order to eat them. They decided, therefore, to chase her.

It so happened that two of the men started in their canoe, across a bay, and paddled towards the high bank on the opposite side. The weather was calm and clear, and the surface of the water was quite smooth and without a ripple.

As the two men were paddling along, one of them noticed ripples running on the shining surface of the water, in front of him. Time after time, the ripples kept appearing in the

¹ *hu'ki'yé'ca'*.

² From B. N. O. Walker, Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Recorded in English, in June, 1912.

same way. He began to watch them, wondering what it was, and finally he called his companion's attention. They ceased paddling, and both began to watch keenly the ripples as they appeared at frequent intervals. They could now see that these ripples came from the shore whither they were going, and followed each other in a peculiar way. They paddled again and kept watching more closely than ever. When they came within a short distance of the shore whence the ripples were coming, they could hear a strange noise, every once in a while. So they looked around and detected, upon the ridge along the shore, the big body of a *Stréⁿduⁿ* who was lying there asleep, with her back turned towards them. . . . Then they knew all about the ripples.

Now then, they talked over what was to be done. One of them said that the best way was to go back to the village and call the people to arms.

As many swiftly running fellows as could be gathered together armed themselves with their "linn-wood"¹ pillows². [These pillows were, in fact, the most effective weapon known against the *Stréⁿduⁿ*]. The party of warriors then followed their guides along the shore and finally reached the place where the *Stréⁿduⁿ*, was sleeping. They crawled upon the river bank, just behind her. Rushing upon her all at once, they beat her to death with their "linn-wood" pillows.³

It is said that when the *Stréⁿduⁿ* was dead, all the flint scales that covered her body were scattered along the shore where she had been lying. They may still be there, so far as we know.

¹ i.e., basswood.

² Mr. Walker alleges that the old Wyandots used to have blocks of linn-wood, which they would use as pillows after having wrapped them up in animal skins.

³ In another myth about the *Stréⁿduⁿ*, the particulars of which Mr. Walker has now forgotten, two men were described as having killed a *Stréⁿduⁿ* in another way. One of them had managed to have her raise her arm while she was asleep, and the other ran his arrows into her arm-pit, which is said not to have been protected with the flint that covered the rest of her body.

XI. THE DWARFS.¹

I have often heard the old people say that there were dwarfs or little folks. They would even say that they had seen some of these small beings with their own eyes.

It is related that, one day, not so very long ago, three Hurons were on the point of reaching the Baie Saint-Paul², when they met three little men paddling their canoe. These little men-dwarfs, in fact, were very old and were riding in a small stone canoe. They spoke in their language to the Hurons, "Hello! Hello!" and added, "We are from Lorette, and have left there at seven o'clock!"

The Hurons paddled swiftly to the shore, so much afraid were they of these little men, for they had covered the distance between Lorette and Baie Saint-Paul in less than an hour. These little folks were known to travel very fast and were always kindly to the Hurons.

XII. THE TWO GIANT³ COUSINS AND THE OLD WITCH.⁴

Two cousins, one of whom was a cannibal, were living together.⁵ They were all by themselves. While [the cannibal] was out hunting, the old witch⁶ with her three maiden daughters pounded corn and made several loaves of bread. Then the old woman put the bread into a basket, combed her eldest daughter's

¹ From former head-chief Francis GrosLouis, a Lorette half-breed Huron, who died in 1912. Recorded in French, at Lorette, Quebec, in April, 1911.

² The Baie Saint-Paul is situated on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence river, about 60 miles below Quebec.

³ That these two human beings were *Stré^hdu'*, or monster cannibals, was later stated by the interpreter, Allen Johnson.

⁴ Winter tale recorded in text, in July, 1912, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Informant, Catherine Johnson. The text was first translated with the help of Henry Stand, and later revised with Allen Johnson. Mrs. Johnson learnt this tale from her step-father, Jos. Williams (*Mé^hda'di^h-ni^hé^h*), who had obtained it from his adopted father *Hu^h-gwaq^h-du^h-r^hé'* ('he makes a dam'), of the Beaver clan.

⁵ Mrs. Johnson added that these two men cousins were living in the same house, but in two different sections.

⁶ *yaa^h-ta^h-yé^h tsí'*: *her-body-is wise*, the old woman, or old witch.

hair, and said, "There you must go and make love to the cousin of *Yucaharçt*"¹ So the young woman started. But upon reaching his house, she found out that he was not there. When he came back from the hunt, he found her still sitting there. She was very pretty indeed. The young man said, "The best thing for you to do, for your own body's sake, is to go back home; for my cousin will surely kill you." She replied, "No! my mother did not say 'come back,' but she only said, 'There you must go and make love to *Yucaharçt*'s cousin.'" He replied, "Very well, then! But you should not at all converse with me after *Yucaharçt* has returned, and you must not go out either."

The next day before going out hunting [as usual, the hunter] brought into the house all the things that were needed, in order that she might not have to go out. While cooking, [she noticed that] all the water was used up. So she said to herself, "I must go out for water." She went out, thinking, "No doubt *Yucaharçt* is not around here." And *Yucaharçt* at once caught her by the door, and killed her. When his cousin came back home, [he found out] that *Yucaharçt* had already killed his wife.

Very soon after this, the old witch once again spoke and said, "This time, you, my second daughter, must now go and make love to *Yucaharçt*'s cousin." Again they pounded corn, and baked several loaves of bread. The young woman then took up the basket and went away to make love to *Yucaharçt*'s cousin. When she arrived there, he was nowhere [to be seen]. Upon his return, he found the young woman sitting [in his house]. She was still prettier than the first one. He said, "No doubt you had better go back home. You are, indeed, very pretty; and my cousin will surely kill you." She replied, "No! my mother did not say, 'Come back'; but she said, 'You shall make love to him.'" So [the man] said, "Very well! but, mind you, we should never converse together; because there is no doubt that [my cousin] has killed your [elder] sister." He added, "*Yucaharçt* has not yet returned." So that, in a whisper, they conversed together, while eating. Now *Yucaharçt*, coming

¹ *yuca-harçt*, a proper name, probably meaning "it-loin-is hollow."

into the house, said "Hu'hu"! I feel¹ like hunting once again!"² He added, "Here you are again conversing!" His cousin retorted, "No! I am only talking to myself; and I wish that, were I married, I would converse like this for ever." The next day, he again started for the hunt; and, before going away, [he spoke] to the girl, saying, "Beware! and refrain from going out; for he will kill you." [And he went away].

Now, becoming tired, she thought, "I must go out!" She had no sooner [stepped outside] than again *Yucaharēt*, seeing her, gave a whoop while quickly clapping his hand upon his mouth. And as she had barely reached the doorstep, [the cannibal] killed her. When the other man came back, [he found that] his wife had already been destroyed. *Yucaharēt* said, "Just there, by the door, I have slain the bear."

Only a short time after, it was the turn of the [old witch's] youngest [daughter]. Now again they pounded corn and made several loaves of bread. Dressing her as [she had done the others], she said, "It is now your turn to go and make love to *Yucaharēt*'s cousin." The girl then picked up the basket [full of bread] and started away. When she reached her destination, [the man] was not there. He was out hunting. Upon his return, still prettier than the others [he found] her. He said, "It might be better for you to go back home. You are really very pretty; and your body shall be wasted [if you stay here]. For my cousin will kill you." She replied, "He cannot kill me! And I am determined not to go back home." When *Yucaharēt* came in, she took a tray,³ and said, "I only came to give you this bread, my brother-in-law⁴." And, pushing the tray [through] the wall, she put it out. *Yucaharēt* replied, "This is the very one [who is to be] my sister-in-law."⁵ And, he ate the bread.

¹ The cannibal was aware of the presence of the girl; and he thus expresses his delight at discovering another woman there for him to kill.

² *usa'wa'ne'ra'esi*: again-in-the hunt or the attack-his or strikes.

³ Long bark or wooden tray.

⁴ *q'i'da'we'it*, we (dual)-are brother-and sister-in-law. The relationship terms 'brother' and 'brother-in-law' or 'sister-in-law' are not used by the Wyandots in the same sense as in English. Maternal cousins still call each other 'brothers,' and the term 'sister-in-law' was even extended, in the old time, to a friend's wife. (Informant, H. Stand).

⁵ The same term *q'i'da'we'it* is used by men and women.

While it was still dark the two cousins conversed together. [The man] said, "It seems [to me] that we had better take to flight." *Yucaharçt* replied, "Very well! let us all run away!"¹ "This is the way," he added. "You two must go into the middle direction."² As for me, I am going this way."³ And before they started away, *Yucaharçt* added, "You two should keep on watching; for something may befall you." They⁴ took to flight and far away they went. They came to a village. The people were glad [to see them]. The young woman said, "Now it is likely that we shall be given something to eat."⁵ But [later] she remarked, "Let us beware! for it may be that something is about to befall us." *Yucaharçt* exclaimed, "Now it befalls us!"⁶ And after a short while only he jumped up. He slew all the people; and they⁷ escaped safely. *Yucaharçt* said, "Now we must indeed run away." And, again taking to flight, they left the village.

Once again they came across some people. As they were unfriendly, it was not prudent for them to remain there. "They also want to kill us," [thought the girl]. When the mat was spread to lie upon,⁸ some one said, "You lie down there, young woman!" She screamed loudly, and shouted, "*Yucaharçt!*"

¹ They seemed to realize that they had something to fear from the old witch, the young woman's mother.

² *a'çç-nç*, or *da'çç-nç*; *that-in the middle-so*; i.e. in the middle, or between two places.

³ This passage is obscure. It indicates that they are not all to travel together.

⁴ It appears from the context that *Yucaharçt's* cousin only is travelling with the young woman, his wife. But it is clear that *Yucaharçt* could be called whenever there was any danger.

⁵ When welcome visitors came into a village, it was the custom to offer them at once something to eat, some kind of soup or bouillon. (H. Stand).

⁶ Here the dual form "us two" is used, instead of the plural.

⁷ The plural is here used implying that they now were all three together.

⁸ *a'sta*: a mat usually of 4 to 5 feet long by 2 to 4 feet broad. It consisted of woven dried shredded basswood (*Tilia americana*, Linn.) bark, made into a pliant tissue. It was used, in the old time, either for wrapping meat, or as a mat to lie or sit upon.

[bad luck] is befalling me." Jumping there,¹ *Yucaharçt* slew them all. And they returned home again. In the same manner, they kept on travelling all about the land.²

They³ arrived, in the end, at the young woman's home, that is at her mother's place. As they both came in, the girl [spoke to her mother] who was at home, and said, "Here we are! I have brought him along with me, *Yucaharçt's* cousin; and he comes to stay."⁴

The old woman was a witch—*uki*.⁵ At night she was usually addicted to dreams or incantations⁶. [While in a kind

¹ It implies that *Yucaharçt* was no longer with them, at the time, as he had to be called in a particular way.

² Or the world.

³ The dual form is here used. (It applies to the young woman and her husband, *Yucaharçt's* cousin).

⁴ The interpreter, Allen Johnson, here gave the following information, which (as will be seen in a forthcoming report on social organization) is only partly correct: The term *ha'tençmaq'ceç'* (*he-self-lives with parents-in-law or he becomes a son-in-law*) is applied to a married man who stays with his wife's relatives or parents-in-law. In the old time, the informant added, a man generally went to live at the home of his wife's parents. "I consider that this was intended for keeping the clan together, as each clan lived apart in as many villages, one being for each clan." This statement of Johnson is not entirely correct, insofar as in the old time, when the population was large, each clan was split up into several villages; it seems, moreover, that, although a clan was predominant in a village, other clans were not altogether unrepresented.

⁵ *Uki*: witch, monster, supernatural being, or gifted with 'powers.' The term *uki* is also applied to personal totems or benevolent supernatural beings, and to malevolent beings or monsters.

⁶ *w'di-nq's*: *she-conjures*. This word has gone out of use among the modern Wyandots. In fact, it was not understood by the first interpreter used, H. Stand. Allen Johnson, on the other hand, understood it only imperfectly, and translated it: *she is out of temper or in ill-humour*. He added that while she was out of temper and dissatisfied with everything, her object was to get an object which she desired. From other sources it becomes explicitly clear that she was actually engaged in a kind of incantation, termed *w'di-nq's* and described more fully in the Jesuit Relations (*The Jesuit Relations*, Thwaites ed.; vol. XXXIX, 1653, p. 23; Bressani's Breve Relatione).

of dream,¹ she spoke to her son-in-law,] saying, "He² shall find out my desire³: the white⁴ partridge!"⁵ So he went out hunting, and killed the partridge [for her].

After three nights the old woman again fell into her moody spell.⁶ She said, "This time, it is⁷ the bear, the white one!" So [her son-in-law] went out hunting, killed the bear, and came back.

The next night, the young woman [spoke] to the young man, her husband, and said, "Now let us both again take to flight; for it is certain that she intends to destroy us." He replied, "So it is! let us again run away as soon as we find a chance, that is, at night only!" The old witch again had a moody dream. She said, "There he finds my desire,⁸ the beaver, the white one." The next morning again he went out hunting, killed a [white] beaver, and he came back home at night only. Once again, the [old woman] said, "He shall find out my word,⁹ the deer, the white one." The next day, he hunted again, and he killed the deer, the white one, thus finding the old woman's word.

At night, she again dreamt¹⁰ and said, "There he finds my desire, the turkey,¹¹ the white one." The next morning, he hunted

¹ According to a well-established Iroquois belief, the human soul could project itself into a certain object, which was seen in a dream. Such an object had to be procured for the dreamer; otherwise his death was supposed to follow.

² The interpreter translated "*Thou my*," but apparently erroneously, as the compound pronouns here used are "*he to me*."

³ i.e., the object of my soul's desire.

⁴ A 'white' animal is believed to have extraordinary qualities. The *uki* animals are often mentioned as being white.

⁵ Which implies that he has to go out and kill a white partridge. *dukwew'-di'seq'* is the name here given to this bird. The interpreters were not certain as to its exact identity; it was stated in turn to be a wild turkey, a grouse, a pheasant, and, finally, a partridge.

⁶ *sa-udi-nq'*: again-she-conjured or dreamt or desired strongly.

⁷ That is the object of the desire of her soul was the bear.

⁸ *laye-mç-du'rç-hq'*: there-he my-voice, word-finds.

⁹ Or desire, meaning the object of my desire.

¹⁰ Here the interpreter used the expression, "she got out of mood."

¹¹ *du'-te'iq'ta'*, the turkey.

again; and, killing the turkey, he found out the old woman's desire.

The next night the young woman took away the red leggings, which belonged to the witch, her very leggings.¹ She [and her husband] ran away. The young woman, daughter [of the witch] said, "I dreamt that she will sleep three days long."² Then they took to flight; and when the old woman woke up [after three days], they were already far away. The witch realized at once that they had escaped; and she said, "Nowhere shall you two be able to avoid me. And I will surely destroy you!" [Meanwhile] the fugitives crossed a large lake. The young woman then put her mother's [red] legging into the water; and [just] as she reached [her own] home,³ her mother stepped into the water. The young woman then said, "I have dreamt⁴ that the lake is boiling."⁵ The lake boiled, and the old woman was burnt to death, in the boiling waters.⁶ [The witch's daughter] having thus overpowered [her mother] was thereafter rid of her tyranny.⁷

The only things that the young woman had brought over with her were various seeds. She had just one grain of Indian corn, and only one bean, one seed of squash,⁸ only one of watermelon, and of the pumpkin [which one usually] roasts⁹ also one seed only.

¹ The stem for legging—*ri''c*—is repeated three times in this sentence, in the following manner: "Now she her leggings took away from, the red (ones), *it legging-kind* (of), the old witch, her leggings."

² This is a compelling dream, which only the witches apparently are likely to use for bringing about the realization of their wishes.

³ *tu'tayq''q'*: *thereat-she-arrives home, reaches home*; supposedly her own home.

⁴ *aya'tra''skwa''i'*: *-self-to have a dream-past*, that is, she had a dream of a different kind from those previously had by her mother.

⁵ The lake into which her mother had waded.

⁶ It is not unlikely that a native notion, which may be described as connected with sympathetic magic, is involved here: the leggings may have caused the waters to boil because they were red (like fire).

⁷ *q''mqtii''da''skwa''e'*: *they both (to) someone-slave, domestic, servant-are*.

⁸ *w''h''ca'*: general name for pumpkin, squash, melon, and cucumber.

⁹ This variety of pumpkin—termed by the Wyandots "Indian squash"—was said, by interpreter Johnson, to have disappeared several years ago, among his people. This pumpkin was of a yellow colour with green stripes,

[She sowed the seeds] and reaped the harvest obtained from them. The old witch's daughter raised those vegetables which, thereafter, became as plentiful [as we now know them to be].

These people may still be living there at the same place.
*Yihé*¹

(C) OTHER ETIOLOGICAL MYTHS.

XIII. THE BIG TURTLE² MYTH.³

An old man⁴ named *Kyehé*, and his nephew, were living together all by themselves, a very long time ago.

While the old man never went out himself, he used to send his nephew, in the daytime, in search of something. When the young man came back home without anything, for the first

and usually about 3 inches in diameter. It was easily preserved all the year round, and its flavour was quite sweet, when it was roasted—as was usually the case—in hot ashes.

¹ Allen Johnson's impression was that these people, while wandering, had become *Strédu*—or cannibals—and had taken to eating human beings because they were not successful as hunters. They are supposed from that time to have remained cannibals or *Strédu*.

² The Big Turtle's name is here given as *ha-méru're'ngya^mwic* (*he-moss* or *grass-wears* or *is-covered-with, turtle*), that is "the moss-back turtle" or "big turtle." This turtle plays an important part in the Wyandot myth of creation, being the animals' head-chief, and supporting the world upon his back. It may also be noted that the Big Turtle is the clan totem or mythical protector and crest of the Big Turtle clan, and the head of the Big Turtle phratry consisting of four clans: the Big Turtle, the Small Turtle, the Prairie Turtle or Terrapin, and the Hawk.

³ The Big Turtle myth was one of importance among the Hurons, especially insofar as it was advanced by some people of the Big Turtle clan as an explanation for the mythical superiority of the Big Turtle over the other animals and, therefore, of the Big Turtle clan over the other clans. It is also shown to be one of the most ancient by the fact that it was obtained in parts among the Detroit, Oklahoma, and Lorette Hurons.

⁴ The first part of this myth was secured, in June, 1911, from Mary McKee, at Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario. It had almost gone out of her memory, as she had heard it for the last time over thirty years ago, from her step-father, James Clarke, who then related it to the workmen that were repairing his house.

time, his uncle asked him, "Well! nephew, what did you see, what did you get, to-day?" His nephew replied, "Nothing!" The second time, the same thing happened. When the third time, however, the uncle asked, "Well! nephew, what did you get to-day?" his nephew replied, "I have pulled off the Eagle's feather." And, in truth, he had the Eagle's feather.¹ His uncle exclaimed at once, "Danger! we are in danger!"

Then he hung the feather in the smoke-hole of his house. The Eagle soon came and stood for a while over the smoke-hole. He went away, however, without removing the feather. *Kyche* said, "We are in danger! We must have a council!"

The young man, therefore, went and invited the people to a council, saying, "Come around, for there is danger!" They all came at once, and only those that could not run fast—that is the Turtle, the Otter, the Skunk, the Porcupine and others—formed part of the council. Many of the animals that had come around were not accepted by the old man. The Wolf and the Bear, for instance, were turned away, and the Deer was not found fit.²

While the animals were in council, they had to state, one after the other, what they could do in case of danger. The Skunk said, "I would shoot my scent and tear their eyes out!" The Porcupine said, "I will run my quills through them when they come near me!" And a number of others explained, in turn, what they could do.

The people then ran away to a place where a big tree was standing, for fear that the Eagle might come; and, for their own safety, they all climbed the tree. Meanwhile, the Eagle came and stood over the smoke-hole for the second time, but all the animals had now gone away; and the feather was no longer there, as the Turtle had carried it away.

¹ The eagle's feathers are stated to have been considered as a most valuable head-ornament, among the ancient Wyandots (Mary McKee and other informants).

² Two versions were secured from Mary McKee for the remainder of this myth, the first in June, 1911, and the second in August, 1912.

³ The informant was here aware that her memory was somewhat at fault, regarding this part of the myth.

Now then the tree that the animals had climbed was all rotten to the core. No sooner had a strong wind arisen than the tree was blown down, and all the animals were scattered about. It seems that, in the council, the animals had all agreed upon what they had to accomplish, in case the tree would fall. The Porcupine, for one, had been covered up with chunks of rotten wood from the fallen tree.

Still keeping hold of the Eagle's feather, the Turtle placed the Porcupine upon his back and went away. Along the way, the Porcupine kept scattering ashes on the Big Turtle's tracks. But instead of concealing the tracks, as was intended, the ashes only made them more conspicuous. It appears that some of the Eagle's friends¹ followed the tracks of the Turtle, well determined to rescue the feather from him. Upon reaching him, just as he was getting to the edge of the river the animals attempted to take the Eagle's feather away from him. As it was of no avail, however, they began to torture him. Some one suggested that the Turtle should be thrown into the fire. So they began to burn him; but the Turtle pretended to enjoy it as much as mere sport. They gave it up, therefore, and whipped him instead. But he did not mind it in the least. That is why they changed their minds and decided to drop the Turtle into the river. So they dragged him down the river bank, and wanted to take him into deep water. He at once pretended to be most frightened and begged for mercy. All the way he kept pushing back, pushing back, and making a big fuss over it, just as if he did not want it at all. That is why someone said, "Just drop him to the bottom of the water; it is the place for him!" So it was done; and the Turtle could be seen lying down upon his back at the bottom of the river.²

¹ In the second version, the Turtle's friends are the ones that are supposed to chase the Turtle.

² The only fragment of this myth obtained at Lorette, Quebec, was from Pitre Sioui, an old Huron hunter who died in 1912. It is as follows (for greater accuracy, it is advisable to transcribe this fragment in the original French form): "Les anciens avaient bien des choses à dire au sujet de la Tortue. Michel Launières (a Lorette Huron, long since dead) me contait qu'il y avait une chanson où l'on disait à la Tortue: 'Je vais te prendre et te jeter dans le

Now, then, as the people had left him for dead and were standing by the river, he swam across the water to a place where a big log was lying along the opposite shore. The Turtle crawled upon the log, waved the Eagle's feather several times high up in the air, and cried out, "*ki·he·!*" This was, truly, the cry of a warrior who has overpowered his enemy. The animals heard it and gathered along the water's edge for a council. They wanted to know who would try to retrieve the feather. So their chief asked, "Who will bring back the Eagle's feather?"

The first one appointed by the council was unwilling to try, and he said, "No, I cannot go there." The next one replied, "No! I would be drowned if I tried!" The last one, the Otter, replied, "I think I can try and get the feather!"

The Turtle remained sitting on the log all that while, holding up the feather. The Otter, therefore, darted across the river and crawled upon the log where the Turtle was sitting. The Turtle at once dropped on the other side of the log into the water, and dived under the log. The Otter yelled, "Oh! he is now hurting me so badly!"¹ And the animals from the opposite side of the river shouted, "Whereabouts?" As the Turtle was, in fact, pinching the Otter's back, she replied, "Oh! he is pinching me all over!"

The Turtle, therefore, kept the Eagle's feather in his possession, as a token of his superiority over the other animals who had thus been unable to overpower him. This is the reason why the Wyandots still claim, to this day, that the Turtle cannot be surpassed or overpowered by anybody.

feu! Et la Tortue répondait: 'Je suis bien contente; c'est ma place dans le feu!' Alors on lui disait: 'Puisque c'est là ta place, nous allons te faire pâtir autrement, c'est dans les bois que nous allons t'envoyer!' Et la Tortue répondait: 'Ah! je suis bien contente; dans les bois, c'est ma place!' Et l'autre reprenait: 'Puisque c'est dans les bois ta place, nous allons te jeter dans l'eau.' Et la Tortue se mit à se plaindre: 'Là, ça me fait bien de la peine! ne me jetez donc pas à l'eau, car je vais m'y noyer!' Et les autres dirent: 'Ah! puisque ce n'est pas là sa place, nous allons la jeter à l'eau pour la punir!'

Aussitôt qu'elle fut à l'eau, la Tortue se mit à chanter et à rire très haut de ceux qui l'avaient ainsi jeté à l'eau 'Car,' dit-elle, 'je suis bien chez moi, à cette heure!'

¹ The Turtle apparently was biting Otter's anus.

XIV. THE CONTEST OF THE BIG TURTLE, LAND ANIMALS, AND FOWLS.¹

The Fox² was really a most clever and shrewd fellow. He could always manage to do things as he wanted; and whenever he happened to be caught in a trap, he would simply carry the trap away.

This is the very reason why the Buffalo, one day, selected him [as arbitrator in his contest with the Big Turtle]. The Buffalo said, "You are, in truth, extremely wise and clever. It is not so with me, for whenever I hit a trap, it always gets hold of me. You are, besides, very small while I am very large; and yet I do not know what to do when anybody catches me in a trap!"

The Buffalo, therefore, appointed the Fox as referee, and said, "Let us now raise the Turtle, for he must try and run across the water to that island yonder before I do so. And you must sit over there and watch who is to reach the island first."

[The Turtle had thus been selected for the contest because the Buffalo trusted that he could beat him in the race; the Turtle—so he thought—had such short legs that he could not easily get across the water.³]

[The race began] and only a long while after the Turtle had swum across the water, did the Buffalo land, after him. The Bear was the next one to compete in the race with the Turtle. The Bear, in fact, arrived at the island quite a while after the other. The Turtle had thus beaten the Buffalo and the Bear. The next one to enter the race was the Deer; and, in the same way, he reached the island quite a long time after the Turtle. The one that came next was the Wolf. He said, "Now it is I! I am bound to outrun him, as I am a far better racer than he is!" So the race began. But the Wolf only showed himself

¹ Recorded in text-form, from Catherine Johnson, Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma. Mrs. Johnson stated that she had learned this myth from her grand-mother *Né'du'ca*, of the Deer clan.

² Miss Mary McKee, of Amherstburg, Ontario, who had heard this myth, stated that the Fox's personal name was here given *Ské'cu'*.

³ Added by Allen Johnson.

a poor second. The Raccoon then competed with the other. The Turtle reached the island first, and quite a long while before the Raccoon.

Now then, the race began between the Turtle and all the fowls, that had come around. The Turkey was the first one to engage in the contest. The Turtle had arrived at the island first, and the Turkey only second. The next one that ran the race was the Prairie-chicken. The Turtle had been on the island for some time when the Prairie-chicken came in. The Wood-cock then entered the race; but the Turtle outran this rival as easily as she had done the others. Next in the contest came the Quail. They both ran the race; but the Quail reached the goal only a long time after the Turtle.

So then, the Fox said, "This is, truly, enough!" And he added, "No! we cannot get ahead of the Turtle. In the water, he is, indeed, a far swifter racer than we are, for he knows how to swim. This is why you must now all give him some of your own flesh as a ransom for having thus left you behind, in the race."

The animals, therefore, began to cut off some of their flesh in small parcels; and they gave it to the Turtle. [Accepting it as a prize for his victory, the Turtle ate up all the parcels of meat]. The Fox spoke again and said, "As long as the Turtle remains in existence, it shall always be the same with him; whoever kills him and roasts his flesh shall find that his body is made up of various kinds of game meat. And, moreover, these several kinds of meat in the Turtle's body mean that the Turtle, by overcoming the animals in the race, has thereby assumed the first rank amongst them all.

Yihé!

XV. THE LITTLE GREY WOODPECKER AND THE INDIAN MAID.²

A beautiful Indian maid used often to go to dances. Whenever she was getting ready for a dance or a feast, a little grey

¹ Added by Allen Johnson.

² Obtained from E. N. O. Walker, Wyandotte, Oklahoma in 1911. Mr. Walker ascribes this myth to his aunt, the late Kitty Greyeyes, originally from Amherstburg, Ontario.

Woodpecker would always assist her in dressing. It was with the utmost care that he helped her when she put the many coloured paints on her face.

The little bird's feathers were all of one colour, that is, grey all over, with some small white spots in his feathers. Every time his mistress painted these various colours on her face, he would look at her with great admiration and think that she was very pretty, indeed, especially with the bright red colours.

When the Indian maid, one day, had applied some paint on her face and gone to a feast, the little bird noticed that one of the wooden brushes that she had used was still lying there, with some red paint on it. Now he said, "I will make myself look pretty with it!" So he took the brush and rubbed it many times on each side of his head, over his ears. So little paint was there on the brush that it could hardly be seen, at first. Time after time, however, when his mistress put some paint on, the little bird would always take the brush with the red paint and rub it on his head, over his ears; so that, at the end, he had obtained those two tiny red stripes that are still to be seen on his head nowadays.

XVI. THE TWINS AND THE CAVE PEOPLE.¹

I have heard people say that, long ago, an Indian and his wife that were camping out in the forest had twins, a boy and a girl.

One day, the twins quarrelled with their parents and went off all by themselves into the woods, never to return again. Although not quite grown up as yet, they were able to look out for themselves. With bow and arrow, the boy was able to kill birds and squirrels, on which he and his sister lived. When, after a long time, he had become a man, he built a bark house, and began to kill big game. Always at home while he was out hunting, his sister used to cook and roast the meat. It seems that, in those days, they had no cooking vessels; because the old people said that it truly happened a long time ago. The twins lived in that

¹ Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Sept., 1911. Informant, Star Young.

way for a very long time, all by themselves in the woods, never seeing any human beings anywhere.

Now then, it is said that the brother and sister would never eat together. They had, in fact, different bowls for their food; and the young woman used to put her brother's meat in one bowl and hers in another. They had so much meat, in fact, that they could never eat all their supper, at night, so that there was always something left over for the morning, in their bowls.

One morning, it so happened, however, that the young man found nothing in his food-bowl; the meat was gone! And it was the same for his sister; when she looked into her bowl for food, it was all gone! The same thing happened morning after morning. So they remarked to each other, "Strange thing! it is all gone!" But it was all that they said to each other.

Another morning, he looked into his bowl, as usual; and the food was all gone. He, therefore, spoke to his sister, saying, "Why did you eat up what was in my bowl?" She replied, "But it has been the same with my bowl, for a number of days!"

They remained thinking for a long while about what had happened. Finally, he made up his mind to watch, one night. So he did, and stayed up all night. At the end, when it was quite late, somebody came in and made for the food-bowl and took the meat away. It was a man. Then he went over to the young woman's bowl, took the meat out and put it into a bag.

The man-twin now jumped upon the intruder, threw him on the ground, and called his sister to help him. The man that had thus been knocked down was a tall slim fellow. He, at once, begged for mercy.

The twins asked him where he had come from; for they had not seen any human beings for ever so long. He replied that, if they spared him, he would tell everything about the place whence he had come, and, indeed, show them to his country. The twins insisted, "Where are you from?" "Come along with me," said he, "And I will show you." And he told them all about his people, a large crowd of Indians that were living in a cave. After a deadly struggle with another tribe, the survivors had taken to flight and hid in a cave, in which they were now starving. This is why one of them had thus been taking the meat from the twins' bowls.

Then the twins said, "We will follow you!" And, as they had plenty of bear, deer, and raccoon meat, they took as much of it as they could carry, and they followed their guide to the cave. When they came near, their friend told the cave people not to be afraid, as they would at last get plenty to eat.

The twins were so much frightened in the cavern, that they tried to hide themselves. When they had gone outside, they urged the people to come out of their cavern and hunt, as nobody was to be seen around anywhere.

Very many people, it seems, were in the cave; and they were all divided up into clans, such as the Turtle, the Deer, the Hawk, the Porcupine, the Beaver, the Snipe, and others.¹ As each clan had a head-chief², these chiefs came forth, in turn, and called their own clan to proceed out of the cave. Thus the chief of the Turtle clan called forth his people and said, "Let us go southwards!"³ And, accompanied by another clan, they followed their head-chief southwards. Two other bands were thus called out by their own chiefs—we now forget what bands they were—and northwards they went. The Deer and the Hawk marched eastwards. It is likely that two or three clans, perhaps the Porcupine and the Beaver, started for the western lands. Thus they all dispersed in various directions.

Last of all, an old woman came out of the cavern and said, "Where shall I go, for there is no place for me. You have travelled into all directions and occupied all the land!" And there she was, not knowing where to go.

The last chief that had left the cavern came back and, getting hold of her by the arm, he took her to a little pond of water nearby, and then dropped her into the pond. When she emerged for the first time, she was croaking like a toad, and indeed she had become a toad.

¹ No importance should be attached to the order in which the clans are given here, as they were given at random.

² Star Young thought that there were only five head chiefs; probably one for each of the main clans only.

³ The informant did not remember exactly the directions allotted to the various clans.

This is why the toad has been called to this day "grand-mother" by the Indians.¹

XVII. THE SKUNKS' LEAGUE AGAINST SMALLPOX.²

Long ago an Indian went to visit the white men's settlements. These people being gathered together hired him to introduce smallpox into his country. [They told him] "Uncork this bottle in your country, and let its contents run out!" So he uncorked the bottle in the midst of a large crowd [of his people, whom he had] convoked. When it was done, they went back to their homes, and all of them were attacked by smallpox, a kind of disease still unknown among them. So many Indians died that the few that were left ran off to the woods and gathered there. The game animals also assembled there and planned to stamp out the new disease. The Skunk said, "I am surely able to kill smallpox." The skunks, therefore, drawn up in battle array all across the country visited by the disease, began to shoot their scent. Now they had killed smallpox, and its dreadful powers were so much reduced that it was no longer the same disease as had come across the great waters.³ From that time on was known the medicine used for preventing smallpox; that is, before being sick, one should drink five drops of the skunk's secretion once a week⁴ in order to secure immunity. When this has been done,⁵ no danger whatever is incurred on visiting those who are sick with this kind of disease.⁶ This remedy, indeed, never fails, and smallpox cannot prevail against it.⁷

¹ As for the twins, it could not be remembered where they went. It seems, however, that they followed one of the bands to the hunting grounds.

² Recorded in text, in 1912; informant, Catherine Johnson, Wyandotte, Oklahoma; interpreter, Allen Johnson.

³ The ocean.

⁴ *ta'te-ja-tre'*: "a space," i.e., a week.

⁵ Smith Nichols and Catherine Johnson explained to Allen Johnson that this prescribed dose of the skunk's effluvia produces some fever when it is absorbed. In order to obtain immunity, this dose must be repeated until fever is noticed.

⁶ Cf. Appendix, No. XVIII, Origin of the medicine formulæ, by W. E. Connelley.

⁷ Allen Johnson stated that this liquid is still actually used as a remedy against smallpox, and that a liniment made of the skunk's fat and secreted effluvia is still used by his mother and himself for curing croup.

(D) SOCIOLOGICAL MYTHS, OR MYTHS OF ORIGIN
OF POWER AND SOCIAL STANDING.¹XVIII. ORIGIN OF THE PHRATRIES.²

This is [what happened]³, The Wyandot,⁴ the Potawa-

¹For myths of origin of supernatural powers recorded by early writers cf. Appendix, Nos. XXI-XXXII.

²Recorded in text form, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Nov., 1911. In informant, Smith Nicholas, then about 83 years of age. This text was first translated and explained with the help of Eldredge Brown, and Mary Kelley, and, later, revised with Allen Johnson. On account of its importance, it was carefully studied with the informants, and the sources of information scrutinized as well as could be done in the circumstances. Smith Nichols stated that this tradition was truly Wyandot, that he had learnt it by heart, and that he had not changed a word of it here, so far as he knew. The old people from whom he learned it were: (a) his maternal grandfather, *Kalsi-hu-wi* (i.e. there it stops up a hole or bottle (?), a Seneca name), who knew this tradition because he had been a long time living among the Wyandots, although he was never adopted by them; and (b) his maternal grandmother, named *Sa-wa-ta-t* (again she blows out the fire ?), who died at the age of 125 (?), a Seneca woman by blood who was born and raised among the Wyandots, and was adopted in their tribe. One of Smith Nichols' maternal great-grandmothers had married a Wyandot; that is how, according to him her descendants lived among that tribe. The same remarks apply to the other myths recorded with the same informant: 'The origin of the Snake clan' (cf. XIX), 'The Lion fraternity's myth of origin' (cf. XXIII), 'The Bear and the hunter's son' (cf. XXXVIII).

³This text and further additions by the informant constitute a series of short etiological myths, framed, it seems, at various times, to explain, among other things, the origin of the Council Fire organization, consisting of two phratries and an odd clan, and the co-existent exogamic rules. While it has been transmitted in a fixed form, for generations, it is likely to have gradually undergone modifications; and, no doubt, the above version is a much abbreviated one. The mention, for instance, that the Potawatomes and the Delawares were part of this prehistoric council, may be due to a fairly modern transformation of the original text, in order to modernize it and make it fit the circumstances in Ohio. The Potawatomes and the Delawares are stated by the informants to have become, in Ohio, 'one family' with the Wyandots. Smith Nichols also said that the Great Council above mentioned must have taken place before his people came to Ohio.

⁴*ndewaqdat*: the singular is used here.

tomí,¹ and the Delaware,² speaking three different languages, met together and had a council, wherein they settled their marriage customs. They laid down the law about how they were to get married. First, [the Wyandots] were divided³ into seven [nine, in fact] groups [or clans]⁴. Then they studied⁵ the

¹ *de'ha'tq'ma'te'di'*: *the-their-self-abode* or *camp-change*, i.e., they move their camp or change their abode. This is their descriptive name, in Wyandot. (Allen Johnson).

² *de'ta'sa'ya'ng'*: *that-again-he-licks*; he is in the habit of licking. Descriptive name of the Delawares.

³ The text implicitly deals with the Wyandots first. This is made clear by a statement at the end of the text, to the effect that the same custom was subsequently extended to the Potawatomes and the Delawares.

⁴ Smith Nichols first dictated, *tsu'tare' i'wa'ye'*: *seven things or parts*. When in the study of the text, Smith Nichols' attention was called to the fact that he had mentioned the name of more than seven clans, he changed that wording into *a'te're' i'wa'ye'*: *eight things or parts*. In fact, nine clans are mentioned in the text. It may be worth while noting that, on at least another occasion, Smith Nichols spoke of *seven* clans of the Wyandots (cf. 'The Lion fraternity's myth of origin,' XXIII, p. 95). As the informant was merely reciting texts, this statement may refer to a time when the Wyandots had only seven clans, or the 'number seven' may simply be used in a vague mystic way. 'The seven' is also used in connexion with clans by the Cherokees, although they had more than seven clans (Mooney, *Handbook Am. Ind.*, p. 247). Closely questioned on this point, Nichols replied that he had heard the tradition recited in this way; and then, finding that the figure did not correspond to the names of clans given later in the text, he simply changed it to fit the obvious facts. One of the reasons further brought forward by Smith Nichols for stating 'seven clans' was that, at a date subsequent to this council, the Hawk clan became extinct. This explanation, however, is not quite satisfactory, since not only the Hawk, but the Beaver and the Prairie Turtle clans have also become extinct, at an early date.

⁵ Here is what Nichols said through Eldredge Brown, the interpreter: "Before being under a single government—that of the Council Fire with four clans on one side, four on the other, and the Wolf clan—the Wyandot people consisted of several tribes, related by blood, speaking one language, and living in the woods, independently from one another and without organization. These bands were all independent, although they were Wyandot. In those days they were nothing. It happened, once in the old time, that eight men [from these tribes] went out to the woods. Each man there selected a certain kind of animal to represent his own clan. This was done in order to 'designate' the household of each. Once they had gone into the woods [and found animals by means of which to designate their tribes], they gathered the people

nature¹ and habits² of the game³ which they used.⁴ The first animal that was found was the deer.⁵ Now, no fault could be found with this fellow, for he had a perfectly good nature.⁶ That is why they made him their first choice⁷ and gave him a

together, and organized them into one government, according to their nature [that is, the nature of their representative animal]. This was called the Wyandot nation. While these men were in the woods, they examined the habits of various animals. Some were ferocious, others mild. Having made a choice of all the animals that seemed to be of a docile nature, they adopted them to represent their respective clans. These peoples, moreover, conformed themselves to the mild character of their own animal. This is really how they came to be represented, as they now are, by the Deer, the Turtle, the Bear, the Terrapin, the Wolf, the Hawk, and others. The Deer, not being troublesome or wild, was, for this reason, selected as the head one. The Turtle, for the same reason, came next. They imagined that the Bear was also spotless, mild, and docile. So he was their choice. When they found out that he was not so, it was too late to change him, because the Council Fire had decided upon him. The Terrapin was selected for her gentle disposition. The others were all chosen for the same reason. As to the Wolf, when they accepted him they did not know anything of his nature. That is why they conferred upon him the privilege of doing whatever, or going wherever, he thought best." (This is an allusion to the traditional function of his clan in the councils of the nation). "The Wolf later proved to be different from what he had been taken for." Then the informant went into a comparison, saying, "When we select the President of the United States, we don't know how he is going to be and what he shall do. We know only afterwards. It is the same thing."

This is an etiological myth, setting forth the notions of the Wyandots regarding the origin of their totemic organization.

¹ The term 'nature of the animals' was used by Eldredge Brown.

² *i'-n̄q'-tu'w̄t̄e'*: both (vague duality)-actions, ways, sort of life, habits, to be of a kind, sort; i.e. the kinds of habits.

³ *de'ya'ju'*: the game.

⁴ Mary Kelley and Catherine Armstrong here added, "They judged of the ways of the animals, and had to go according to these ways"; which seems to mean that they based their plan (regarding the function of the clans) upon the nature of the animals which they had studied.

⁵ *du'ske'nq'it̄e'*: the deer.

⁶ *a'u'skq'ame'ta'wa'sti*: it-pure or unmixed is, the person-is good; i.e. the person is quite good. (Mary Kelley, Eldredge Brown, and Allen Johnson).

⁷ The council is here said to have selected the deer as the totem of the head clan of the leading phratry, on account of its good nature. It is thus implied that it was becoming for its protégés of the leading clan to be good-

clan.¹ Their next choice was the Bear,² to whom they also gave a clan. The next was the Porcupine,³ and here was his clan. Another was the Beaver⁴ and there was his clan.⁵ They had thus made one side of the [Council] Fire.⁶

natured and conciliating. This modern explanation is wholly etiological, that is, invented to account for the long pre-established fact that the Deer clan was the leading clan of one of the Wyandot phratries.

As to the priority of rank of the Deer clan over the Big Turtle clan, there is absolute disagreement on the part of the informants. Although this matter may not be fully discussed here, it may be said that the Big Turtle people unanimously claim the Big Turtle clan to be the most ancient and the first in rank, while the members of the Deer phratry claim their own clan and phratry to be the foremost. These opinions, in fact, may represent traditions going back to a time when the clans, later included in both phratries, were still independent and supreme.

Smith Nichols, for one, was firm in his opinion that the Deer was the head of all the clans among the Wyandots. It used to be the exclusive representative of the whole tribe. This custom, he argued, fell through at the time of our first treaty with the U. S. government. Since, any member of whatever Wyandot clan was eligible to represent the whole tribe.

¹ That is, they allotted to the Deer one of the nine social groups in which they were said to have divided the Wyandots. The interpreters used the term 'tribe' for 'clan.' This is to explain how the Deer became the totem (or protector and emblem) of the head clan of one of the phratries.

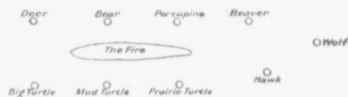
² *nda^oñq^oñq^o*: the bear.

³ *detsi^onq^oka^oa*: the porcupine.

⁴ *detsu^olat^o*: the beaver.

⁵ They were allotting groups of people to each of these animals, thus establishing totemic clans.

⁶ There were two phratries consisting of four clans each, and an odd clan—that of the Wolf—fulfilling specific functions. Each of the phratries occupied the opposite sides of the fire, and the Wolf's place was near the door. In the course of this study with the informants, the following plan was drawn up and discussed:



Another plan drawn by Eldredge Brown was:



Then they began to form the other side of the fire. It consisted of the Big Turtle,¹ the Prairie Turtle,² the Small [striped] Turtle,³ and, coming the last, the Hawk.⁴

Another⁵ one was the Wolf.⁶ And the people [belonging to the two sides of the fire] were his cousins.⁷

Now then, [the four clans on one side of the fire formed 'one house,' while the four opposite clans made up another. As to the Wolf, he remained all by himself. The four clans in

¹*deya'gya'wic ndeha-yu'wa'ne'*: *the-it-turtle, that-he-is large or big, that is, 'the big turtle', also termed 'the mud turtle,' or the 'moss-back turtle.'* The name more frequently applied to this turtle is *a-me'ru're' ngya'wic*, i.e., *the moss-back turtle.*

²*ndey'i'ju'ru'no'*: *the-it-field or land-big-as a dweller, i.e., the big-prairie-dweller or the prairie turtle, also called 'the small terrapin.'* The Prairie Turtle comes only third in rank in the Big Turtle phratry. This inversion is due to an oversight on the part of the informant.

³*deha'ti'duca'mja'*: *that-their (pl. m.)- shell-is small; i.e., they have a small shell.* This turtle is also commonly termed *u'te'p'a'to' ngya'wic*: *it-self-has marks or is marked, the turtle, i.e., it is striped, or striped turtle.* It is said by the informants to live in the water. This Small Turtle clan really comes second in the Big Turtle phratry.

⁴*deha'ti'de'sq'*: *that-they-are flying.* The informant gave the following explanation here: While they were all assembled (in the Great Council), the people decided about what were to be their clans and their leader. The Hawk, besides the Wolf, being their last choice, came in last among the Wyandots. So it took the seven other clans to 'confer the Hawkship' upon the eighth man. The Wolf was the last elected.

It may be added here that two other clans originated among the Wyandots after this phratric arrangement had fallen through, that is the Snake and the Snipe clans.

⁵The Wolf clan was not part of the two phratries occupying the opposing sides of the Council Fire, but stood all by itself at the end of the lodge, near the entrance. As may be seen in the text and from other sources, he was, in many respects, entrusted with functions similar to those of the phratries. With regard to marriage regulations, its members, being declared the 'cousins' of those of the two phratries, could intermarry indifferently with either of them. As to matters relevant to the tribal council, each clan of both phratries had one vote. The Wolf clan was 'the silent individual' who was called to decide only when the votes for and against a decision were even in number. He has sometimes been termed 'referee,' for this reason.

⁶*dana-ha'ri'skwa'*: *the wolf.*

⁷*h'p'rq'se'*: *their-cousin: i.e., he was their cousin.*

each house¹ were 'brothers'² to each other³). Were all [mutual 'cousins'⁴ [those who belonged to opposite houses⁵, so that whoever stood on one side of the fire called 'cousin'⁶ anybody standing on the other side.]⁷

It was then agreed that this was the law which the Wyandots were to observe.⁸ And it had to be proclaimed in such a way

¹ Side or phratry.

² *kwa'te'ye'q'hq*: we (pl. in.) -self-are brothers and sisters, i.e. we are brothers and sisters. This term was also used as vocative "Our brothers and sisters!" Another equivalent term used was *awa'tenq'irq'*, we-self-are connected together, i.e., we are relatives.

³ The informant and interpreter, in explaining the nature of this relationship, compared those on the same side of the fire to the four fingers of one hand. The following instances were given: the Deer and the Big Turtle peoples are 'cousins' to one another. The Deer, the Bear, the Porcupine, and Beaver peoples, being on the same side, don't call each other 'cousins,' but 'brothers' or 'relatives.' The three Turtles and the Hawk, on the other hand, call each other 'brother.' It does not mean that they were blood brothers, but simply that they acknowledged being brothers. Two persons belonging to the same side of the fire, it was further explicitly stated, could not call each other 'cousins.'

⁴ *de'huda'ra'mse'ce'*: that-they-are cousins-as it were, just like it, or so; i.e., they are just like cousins, or they are cousins. This suffix -ce' means 'just like it.' Interpreter Allen Johnson explained that it implies that it was an artificial 'cousinship,' and not a real blood one. This suffix modifies the meaning of the stem, -*ara'mse'*, cousin.

⁵ *deska'ta'awa'tse'q'ete'*: the-one-it fire-opposite or over or other side; i.e. the opposite side of the fire.

⁶ *o'mq'ose'ce'*: it to us-are cousins-as it were, i.e. we (excl.) are like cousins; or *kwa'ra'mse'*, we (pl. in.)-are cousins. Interpreter Brown said, "They were not supposed to be blood cousins. They only claimed to be so. They only stated that they were so allied." Smith Nichols added, through Brown, "The members (of various clans) on the same side of the fire were really no more closely related together (in blood relationship) than they were with those of the other side. The only reason why they arranged themselves in this manner was (their desire) of making marriage regulations" (which is, of course, partly true only).

⁷ The above sentences in brackets are not in the original Wyandot text, but were later taken down in English, in the course of the study of the text with the informant and the interpreter.

⁸ It is evident from this etiological myth, that the Wyandots who framed this tradition had in mind that, in the early times, the conferring of animal totems upon several groups of their people and the organization of these totemic clans into phratries had all been a matter of free political agreement, concluded in the course of one or several prehistoric councils.

that, on all possible occasions, the opposite groups¹ may be known as 'cousins.'

This² is the very first thing done [when they were assembled in council, framing the rules by which henceforth they were to be governed]³. It was so arranged that those who belonged to the same clan⁴ should not be allowed to intermarry.⁵ That is why a woman, having a clan⁶, may not get married within it,⁷ but only in that of her cousins.⁸ This was the established marriage rule

¹ The two phratryes and the Wolf clan. In the text here, however, the dual (*de'ja-ra^mse'ce'*: *that-they* (2n.m.)-*cousins-are like it or so.*) is here used, no explicit reference being thus made here of the odd Wolf clan.

² The informant, when dictating the text, intimated here that he was beginning the second part, as if these sections had been quite distinct in his mind.

³ This incident in brackets was added by the informants while commenting upon the text.

⁴ *deca-wat huti'ia-ra'ce'*: *that-the same one, their* (p.m.)-*clan or tribe-it is*; i.e. those of the same clan.

⁵ It is clear that, in their mind, the marriage regulations were the first matters settled by this council of nations. Exogamy is here said to have thus been established.

⁶ *u'ia-ra'ce'*: *she-a clan-has*; i.e., she has a clan.

⁷ *de-tu-wa'ju'gya'ka'*: *therein she-marries-thus*, i.e. she gets married therein (referring to the word 'clan' previously used in the same sentence).

⁸ A lengthy discussion was here engaged in with the informant and the interpreter. As may be seen, the text is not clear and even offers an implicit contradiction. On the one hand, it was previously stated that the members of the four clans on each side of the fire (i.e. each phratry) called one another 'brothers' (*ku-wa'te-y'e'q'haq*: *we are brothers*), and termed the members of the opposite side (the other phratry) 'cousins' (*ku-wa-ra'se'ce'*, *we are like cousins*). It is stated here, on the other hand, that a woman may not intermarry within her own clan (restrictively) but only in that of her cousins (i.e., in the other phratry).

In trying to find out what was meant exactly, it seemed quite evident that the informant was reciting from memory a text which was not entirely in accord with the modern conditions of the Wyandots. For a long time, clan exogamy has been the rule among them, and even at the present day, there are but few exceptions to this rule, which all the present-day Wyandots know very well. As to the phratric exogamy, it is so much a thing of the past that it is no longer remembered by anybody. Smith Nichols himself—who recited the above mythical relation in which origin of phratric exogamy is described—emphatically denied its existence in fact, and insisted that a woman could not marry within her own clan, but could marry into any other whatever.

which the whole household¹ of the Wyandots was bound to observe.

Moreover, the same custom² was accepted by the Potawatomies, the Delawares, and all the peoples with different languages who, in time, became friends or allies of the Wyandots. And, at the head of all these nations stands the Wyandot forever.³ That is why the customs⁴ of the Wyandot are also the law for them all.⁵

The only rule, which he repeated many times, was, "You must marry outside of your own clan."

When pressed for an explanation on the discrepancies between the text and the well-known modern facts, the informant was at a loss. He agreed that the text, as he had recited it, did not represent the facts as they actually are. He, at one moment, suggested the term 'cousin' might be applied to anybody outside of one's own clan; but he soon withdrew this suggestion; and expressing doubts as to the accuracy of the text, he asked that this part of the text be erased.

It seems quite evident that the text itself describes the old order of things existing at the time when the phratry was exogamous. Phratric exogamy having long ago been replaced by clan exogamy, the present-day informants are acquainted only with the modern conditions. It was thus impossible for Smith Nichols to grasp the real reason for the contradiction between his personal experience and the mechanically recited text, which is likely to have been handed down in a set form for generations.

¹ *wehu'ti-nq'ca'*: both-their (p.m.)-house.

² Only analogous customs, in fact, are found to exist among the foreign peoples here mentioned.

³ The only known historical fact justifying this assertion is the confederation of various tribes in Ohio, which took place in the course of the nineteenth century, and at the head of which were the Wyandots.

⁴ *ndchurri'wa'*: that-his-custom, law, word, story, etc.

⁵ In the words used by Allen Johnson, "The Wyandot is the law-maker among them all." In another place, Smith Nichols stated that the Potawatomies and the Delawares accepted the same regulations as existed for the Wyandots.

XIX. THE ORIGIN¹ OF THE SNAKE CLAN.²

An old woman was living with her granddaughter, and taking care of her. One day, she went out to the woods, erected a hut, and secluded her grandchild in it. The girl was to fast until she would find and secure 'powers.' After she had been without food for ten days, she found the Snake, who spoke to her, "Now, you must eat; otherwise, I will bring you along with me." The old guardian [soon] came back to see the girl, who at once said, "Grandmother! now I should eat; otherwise, the Snake is going to bring me along with him." The grandmother, however, did not believe it, and went away, as usual, only to return in the evening of the next day. As soon as she had perceived her granddaughter, she noticed that her legs were becoming fastened together while she was making a lake. Having run back home, the woman got something to eat, and with haste brought it over to her secluded grandchild. The girl said, "No! the time [for eating] is now past." She had, in fact, become a snake up to the waist. "To-morrow at noon," added she, "you must be here, all of you who belong to my family,³ for you will all be witness when the Snake, at that very moment, gives you the charm on which shall thereafter depend your welfare."⁴

The next day, they all proceeded to [the woods, where the girl was secluded]. As they arrived there, they saw that she had finished making a lake; and they stood along its shore. Now the water rose, and both [the Snake and the Indian maiden] ascended from the lake, twisted together. The Snake gave his own shining scales to the people as charms to be used for their

¹ Cf. Appendix, Nos. XXVII and XXVIII, 'The origin of the Hawk clan,' W. E. Connelley, XXIX, 'The origin of the Snake clan,' and XXX, 'The Snake clan'.

² Recorded in Nov., 1911, in text-form; informant, Smith Nichols, Seneca reservation, Oklahoma; interpreters, Mary Kelley and Eldredge Brown. Translation revised with Allen Johnson.

³ That is, her relatives on her mother's side, elsewhere stated to belong to the Deer clan.

⁴ The informant added here that the Snake would not fail to fulfil his pledges.

welfare,¹ and spoke to them, advising that they should always keep their promise and have a feast every year. He also showed them the songs intended for this dance,² which they pledged themselves to hold yearly for their own benefit.³

XX. THE SNAKE CLAN'S MYTH OF ORIGIN.⁴

A girl, one day, was taken to the woods far away; for it was an ancient custom to confine for a certain period, in the wilderness, the young people who were not yet quite grown up. Her mother, having built a fire and erected a house, left her there all by herself, without food.

The old woman came back after three days and asked her daughter, "Well! what have you seen?" The girl replied that she had seen something, the fox, I suppose.⁵ Not being satisfied, however, the old woman rejected the fox, went back home without giving any food to her daughter, and said that she would return the next morning.

¹ *de'inda-kya'wita'dista'kwir*: *that-their-self-body-depends or rely upon.*

² About fifteen of these ritual songs have been recorded on the phonograph, Smith Nichols and Catherine Johnson acting as informants. The words in the Snake songs are the following: "The trees are twisted [by the storm]"; which alludes to the storm described in the myth as having accompanied the coming of the Snake; and, "A number of Double-horned ones are going to the forest." Many songs refer to the attributes of the Snake in the following terms: "He twists himself in the lake"; and, "The waters of the lake are ruffled [by him.]" In other songs the utterances of the Snake are cited: "I am going to wear the horns again"; "I am the highest living being"; "I live in the lake"; "I go around the lake"; "I go around the rivers"; "I go around the mountains;" "I know where is [my] underground dwelling."

Phonograph records, in the possession of the Anthropological Division, Ottawa: Nos. III. H. 62 a, b; 63 a, b; 78 a, b; 80 a; 85 a, b; 86 a, b; 112 a, b; 113 b; 114 a, b.

³ When questioned as to why the Snake clan was not included in the list of clans that were federated at the time of the Great Council (cf. XVIII, Origin of the phratries, p. 82), Smith Nichols stated that the Snake clan's origin, as related in the above myth, took place after the federation of clans at the Great Council.

⁴ Two almost identical versions of this myth were taken down with the informant Star Young, one in 1911, and the other in 1912.

⁵ Narrator's remark.

The next day she came back and inquired, "Well! what have you seen? Who came here this time?" The wolf, or some other being had visited her daughter, in fact. The old woman was not yet satisfied;¹ and it was always the same thing every morning, for some time. Many animals appeared to the girl to befriend her, in the course of several nights; but her mother would not accept any of them; and, going back home without feeding her daughter, she would say, "I will come back to-morrow morning."

One night a great snake with large deer horns came to her from the lake. At first, the visitor did not look like a snake, but like a handsome young man. He wanted to make friends and live with her. It was only after they had been together for a while that the girl found out that she had been fooled at first. She almost at once began to feel herself transformed into a snake; so that, soon, they both crawled down into the lake.² When the old woman came in the morning, she found that her daughter was crawling by the pond, and even swimming in it, at times. Her lower limbs, indeed, were like the body of a snake. Her mother screamed out and tried to feed her. "Quite useless!" said the girl; "it is too late now, for you have rejected too many."

The old woman, therefore, went back and reported to her people what had happened. The whole tribe at once came to see the girl, and found her transformed into a snake, up to the breast. They were addressed by the young woman, "My folks!" said she, "be here by the lake on the day that I will fix for you; for the lake shall now be my abode."

On the appointed day a large crowd of people assembled by the lake. Soon the young woman and her husband raised themselves together out of the water. Her husband, in fact,

¹ Star Young explained that the old woman wanted her daughter to be befriended by some monster animal; but she did not care for the fox and the wolf, "although they are quite successful in the pursuit of food for themselves."

² In the first version Star Young said, "The next night a man came to visit the girl. He was a splendid fellow and his body was bright and silvery all over."

was a huge snake with a large forked horn [on his forehead] like that of a deer.

The bride had made a song, which she sang to her family and people, adding, "You must sing it every year and remember me, my relatives, for this is the last time you see me." And she explained that it was her mother's fault, and that since all those who had first courted her had been rejected, the Snake could not be avoided.¹

The young woman's relatives, in fact, were first of the Deer clan; but after the event just related, they became the Snake clan. The people of the Deer and the Snake clan are still considered as relatives, and they are, in fact, very closely connected with one another.

XXI. THE SNAKE CLAN.²

The Snake clan's people, so I have heard, used to belong to the Deer clan and form but one family with them. [Now, here is how] they happened to branch off from their [parent] clan.

One of two sisters, both of the Deer clan, had a child, a little girl. When her daughter had become of a certain age,³ she took her into the woods, and built a hut⁴ in which she secluded the young woman, who was there to receive "powers" from a certain animal, and thus become a witch. The [secluded] girl fasted, and all kinds of animals appeared to her. Although these beings were human-like when they came to her, they were really animals. The old woman, however, rejected them all, as she did not want them to have anything to do with her daughter. The Snake came at last and spoke to the girl, saying, "If your mother does not give you anything to eat, to-morrow evening, I shall take you along with me."

¹Star Young remembered that this myth was quite a long one, when given in full by the old Wyandots.

²From Catherine Armstrong, with Mary Kelley as interpreter; both of Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Recorded in English, in April, 1912.

³The interpreter used the words "had become a young lady."

⁴Mary Kelley used the word "tent."

The woman came back the next morning. While she was combing her daughter's hair, she noticed that the young woman's legs were becoming stuck together, and was informed of what was about to happen. When her hair was combed, the girl slipped down upon the ground and, having become a snake, she began to crawl. The monster snake then appeared, and they went both together into the lake yonder.

The girl, indeed, never came back; and just as she was transformed into a snake, the members of her family became the Snake people.

XXII. THE SNAKE CLAN'S MYTH.¹

An Indian woman had a granddaughter. When the girl had become of an age to be married, her grandmother secluded her in a tipi², which she pitched near a swamp. The old woman's ambition was that a most powerful animal should be secured. The girl, therefore, fasted about ten days, and in the end, a sea-serpent³ appeared to her and said, "It does not matter if your grandmother rejects me, for I will take you away and get married to you anyhow!" The Snake added, "I will transform you into a being like myself, a snake, and I will give some charms to your folks as a compensation. Each year, moreover, they must have a feast in remembrance of me and you." So the young woman explained to her grandmother, "When you come back, we shall be in the lake; and as we rise from its bottom, the Snake shall have a white horn, and I a blue horn." The colour of the horn was to denote their identity.

The people had to camp for a certain length of time along the lake shore, in order to learn the new songs⁴ [for the Snake clan's annual dance] and secure the charm.

¹ From Allen Johnson, Wyandotte, Oklahoma; recorded in English, in the summer of 1912.

² Probably, in this case, a small structure of bark stretched on poles.

³ *ya'gɔ't* or *ya'gɔ'ʔt*, monster sea-serpent; *ya'gɔtu'wa'ti'*, the sea-serpent's hole (Smith Nichols and Allen Johnson).

⁴ The name of these songs is *Tekwa'anda'ɔ'ɔ'ta'*: *two-we* (plur.)-*horn head-gear-own as a charm*, i.e., "we have a horn head-gear."

Separating from the Deer clan, these folks then became the Snake people. These two clans, in fact, are closely related to one another. It is said that the sea clan owns a pair of horns too.

XXIII. THE LION¹ FRATERNITY'S MYTH² OF ORIGIN³.

This is what truly happened when, in the old time, someone found out that there was a lion in the lake⁴. The Lion, indeed,

¹ *yεr'ic*: she or *it-tail-is-long*, the long-tailed-one: the monster thus called corresponds to the American puma, *felis concolor*.

² The following statements about the mythic lion are from Mary McKee and Edward D. Grondin, the latter a white settler of Anderdon township, Essex co., Ontario. Miss McKee said, "There used to be a spring between the second and third concessions of Anderdon, near the present schoolhouse. A long time ago a monster lived in that spring, and many people were injured by him, some of whom died of their injuries." Grondin's recollections were as follows: "The Wyandots of Anderdon believed in a monster. It was said to dwell on lot No. 3, in the second concession of Anderdon, on this side of the quarry. Many old people, including Jos. Warrow and Mary McKee, have told me about it, although the monster had been seen long before their time. The Wyandots used to communicate with him, as he was their protector. He would then come out of the ground and speak to his friends. His advice was concerning the future, and what they had to do in case of danger."

Mrs. Isaiah Walker, of Seneca, Mo., said, "There was a white lion, *yεr'ic*, living in Michigan, just by a Wyandot settlement, along the Huron river. The monster dwelt in the water, and whenever something was to happen, the water would boil and the Lion come out."

³ Recorded in text, Nov., 1911. Informant, Smith Nichols, of Seneca reservation, Oklahoma. This text, first interpreted by Eldredge Brown, was later retranslated and analysed with the help of Allen Johnson. Other versions of the same myth have been recorded among the Wyandots of Anderdon, Essex county, Ontario, by P. D. Clarke, and published in his *Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandotts* under the title of "The White Panther—a legend," pp. 153-158, reprinted in Appendix, No. XXXI; and by H. Hale, cf. Appendix, No. XXXII.

⁴ Cf. Appendix, No. XXII, "The ukis and the origin of medicine feasts."

had been seen sitting in the lake¹. The seven² clans, therefore, assembled into a council and considered the matter. Here is what they did. They appointed two men of the head-clan, the Deer, to go to the lake and fast. They were given to eat when they came back. They had not accomplished anything, however, for the Lion would not come out of the lake.

Several men of the Prairie Turtle and the Hawk clans [next went to the same place, and] abstained from any food for thirty days; so that, in the end, the Lion came out. As they conversed together, the Lion said, "You have overcome me. Now give me your sister³ in payment."

As was agreed, they took [the virgin⁴] down to the lake, where they left her. The water rose and submerged the girl, who disappeared under the quickly receding waters. She is still, no doubt, sitting there, for the Lion never touched her.

When they came to draw the blood of the Lion,⁵ the [warriors] heard him say, "Your best and most [sacred custom] shall always be to hold a yearly feast and keep your pledge. Whenever you convoke the people to such a feast and dance, moreover,

¹ In reply to a question as to whether the Lion had actually been seen, the informant stated that the Wyandots had not really seen the monster, but in some way gotten the impression that he was in the lake. "In this they may be compared to miners," added Nichols, "who have an idea of the place where to find minerals in the ground."

² It is interesting to note that the informant should have mentioned seven clans here when he knew that the Wyandots had, at one time, more than nine clans.

³ That is, a woman belonging to the same clan.

⁴ The fact that she was a virgin is made explicit in one of the ritual songs of the Lion fraternity.

⁵ B. N. O. Walker said, "Uncle Jim Clarke, Miss McKee's stepfather's cousin, and brother of P. D. Clarke, of Anderdon, Ontario, told me in 1887, when he came to Oklahoma, that the 'story of the White Lion' was all truth, and that, in fact, a number of people for years kept fragments of the Lion's dried blood."

you shall give away thirty quarts [of rum] to the singers,¹ and all those who attend."²

XXIV. THE WHITE OTTER³ AND THE USTURA FEAST.⁴

A woman [of the Big Turtle clan⁵] fell into a trance. The White Otter appeared to her, and spoke to her, [saying], "The object of the [Big Turtle clan's⁶] feast shall be the *Ustura*' [dance]⁷, lasting four days." When the woman recovered her senses, it seemed that she had experienced things belonging to another life.⁸

¹ Over twelve songs belonging to this ritual have been recorded on the phonograph with Smith Nichols and Catherine Johnson. The words of the songs are as follows: "The people moved their camp to the place (where the Lion was)"; "The Lion joined the people." Other songs cite the words of the conjurer who, before drawing the blood of the Lion, visited his kinsmen: "Now I am going to visit all my relatives"; "and I am going all around the hills"; "and all around the lakes"; "Now I am going around the fire"; "I am carrying a bow that has never been used"; "and an arrow that has never been used"; "I am carrying a [leather] bag that has never been used before." In the next song, the Lion's words are given: "Bring her to me, the one that has never been used." In the last song, it is said, "The Lion and the maiden disappeared together."

Phonograph records in the possession of the Anthropological Division, Ottawa: Nos. III. H. 64 a, b; 65 a, b; 67 a, b; 79; 87 a, b; 113 a; 131; 139 a.

² The above myth accounts for the origin of the Lion fraternity and its annual feast, which is to be described in detail in a later report on the religion and rituals of the Hurons and Wyandots.

³ Mrs. Johnson here expressed the curious opinion that the otter and the beaver were the most eagerly sought for (presumably by dreamers?), on account of the high price commanded by their fur.

⁴ Recorded in text, in June, 1912. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Mrs. Johnson stated that the *Ustura*' dance first belonged to the Big Turtle clan. This dance, however, is said by reliable informants to have been performed as a tribal dance, at the Green Corn feast.

⁵ There is some uncertainty or lack of explicit data as to whether she was really from the Big Turtle clan.

⁶ Detail added as a comment to the text.

⁷ Several of the *Ustura*' dance songs were recorded on the phonograph, and details of the feast were given by several informants.

⁸ The meaning of this passage is somewhat obscure both in the text and in the explanations. Allen Johnson explained, "It is as though she had been out of her life, or senses." The text, however, runs literally like this: "Another, or different, life happened (to her)."

So it happened! and now¹ the people hold the [*Ustura*] feast to comply with the command given to the woman by the leading one, the White Otter.²

XXV. THE EAGLE³ AND THE HUNTER.⁴

I will now tell the story of events that have really happened long ago.

A man was in the habit of hunting game. He was fond above all, of killing deer; and, after he had skinned them, he used to shout, "O you eagles, come and have something to eat!" The eagles, it is said, would gather there, only to be slain by the

¹ The *Ustura*' dance, in fact, does not seem to have been held during the past fifty years.

² Mrs. Johnson added that, in the old times, the charms were secured in the course of trances; and that such having been the origin of the *Ustura*' dance, it was held (annually or periodically) as a commemoration of the event related above.

³ This myth was taken down in text, in May, 1912. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Mary Kelley.

⁴ W. E. Connelley (*Wyandot Folk-lore*, pp. 93-96; also given in appendix No. XXIX) has recorded a version of the same myth, but with some important differences. Instead of a hunter, it is a girl who is said to have been carried away by the "Big Bird," the "Ruler or Mighty Chief of all the Eagles, Hawks, Owls, and other birds of prey" . . . "The Bird Chief was a medicine-man, and could assume any form he chose. He came back to his lodge on the top of the rock, in the form of a young man. She [the girl] was his wife ('partner'; more properly 'friend') there in the clouds, on the pinnacle-top. But she despised him, and longed to escape . . . She, therefore, fed one of the young birds; and, jumping on his back and pushing him down the crag, one day, she recovered her freedom. The "Bird chief" chased her, but in vain; he was unable to find her anywhere." "The children of the girl were called Hawks. Each one was given a feather of those plucked by the mother from the young bird's wings. These Hawks became the ancestors of the Hawk clan of the Wyandots." The only reason, in fact, why the girl had been carried by the Hawk into the mountain top was that "she was too proud to live with her clan, the name of which is not remembered."

While the facts included in this version are suggestive, the quality of the evidence is somewhat impaired by the evident tendency of the author to improve upon the original accounts of the natives, and by his failure to mention from what informant this tradition was secured—some of his sources being of second-rate authority.

It may be doubted, moreover, whether this version should really be accepted as having enjoyed any credit among the Wyandots, for the following

hunter. And it was always happening in the same manner; time and time again the man went out hunting, killing, and skinning deer, and calling the eagles to eat the venison, with the fixed purpose of killing them.

Some people found out what he was in the habit of doing. So they warned him, "You had better give up killing the eagles, for they might destroy you!" He did not mind their advice, however, and kept on slaying eagles, skinning and cutting up the deer, and again calling out, "O you eagles! Come here and have some meat to swallow!" And, as usual, it was only with the intent of killing them.

One day, the chief of the eagles herself came there. Then the man was so frightened that he ran away. As she was just about to catch him, he ran towards a hollow log lying close by and crawled into it. The Eagle came down and, seizing the log in her talons, she carried it to her nest, in which two young ones were sitting. She had thus taken the log to her nest, for her little ones to eat the man inside it.

After quite a long while, the Eagle started off in search of food for her young birds; and, while she was away, the hunter crawled out of the log, now his usual dwelling, and ate some of the meat to be found there. That is really how he managed to keep alive. Then he tied the young eagles' bills.

After three days, the eagle-mother began to worry, because her children could no longer eat. She spoke to the hunter, saying, "Pray tell me what to do, for they are quite sick now and unable to swallow anything. How could they ever recover?" The man replied, "It is a very simple matter: take me back home!" She was now willing to do so; so they agreed upon a pact whereby the Eagle, for one, gave the man a charm to bring about the realization of whatever he wished for, and the hunter, on his side, promised never again to kill any more eagles.

reasons: The Eagle—and not the Hawk—is accepted by the old Wyandot informants (namely, Star Young, Smith Nichols, Catherine Johnson, and Mary McKee) as being the head-chief amongst the birds. And in the two above versions of the same myth, obtained independently from Star Young and Catherine Johnson, the Eagle (*tsamchu'hi'*), and not the Hawk (*ti'de'sq'*), is given as the chief character in the myth. As there is no Eagle clan among the Wyandots, this myth, of course, could not be a myth of clan origin.

That is why the Eagle then took him back to the place where he belonged. His folks were quite surprised upon seeing him again and quite glad indeed, for they were now sure that the eagles had destroyed him.

Soon the hunter started again for the hunt; and, as was his habit, he killed and skinned the deer, again to call them, "Come to eat, O you eagles! because I won't kill eagles any longer."

And so it truly happened; the eagles came down and had plenty to eat, for the man had thus complied with the pact made with the chief of all the eagles.

XXVI. THE HUNTER AND THE EAGLE.¹

An Indian was out hunting in the woods. Suddenly it grew quite dark around him and, as he looked up, he saw in the sky an immense eagle just about to pounce upon him. He crawled at once into a large hollow log lying on the ground near by.

The Eagle seized the log and dragged it away into the sky. The man ventured, after a while, to peep out of his hiding place, and he saw that he was travelling in the sky, far above the earth.

Upon reaching her nest, at the top of the steep mountain, the Eagle laid the log down upon a rock. And, from its hollow, the hunter kept watching the bird until she flew away. Then, the man crawled out and began to examine the strange home of the monster. Two huge young eagles were, in fact, living there together, and the old one used to provide them with plenty of game of all sorts.

While the man was staying there, it sometimes happened that the Eagle would come back with whole deer, laying them there for her young ones to eat. The monster was no sooner seen approaching than the man would hide again in his hollow tree, to crawl out from it whenever the bird started off.

The man was really in the habit of cutting up the meat and of stretching it upon the rocks, that were quite hot—the sun being so near. It was thus dried and prepared for the two

¹ From Star Young, Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Recorded in May, 1912.

young birds. The man himself lived on the dried meat as well. And it was always happening in the same way, that is, every time the large eagle was seen about, the man would stay within his hiding place. I don't know how long he remained there with the birds, at the top of the mountain; but it must have been for a long while.

In the course of time, however, he began to consider how he could get back to his people. The young eagles were growing quite fast and, one day, they began to fly around. The man thought, after a time, that they would be strong enough to carry him upon their backs. So he caught one of them, climbed upon his back, and pushed him down the rocks. The bird flew up, but soon began to whirl downwards. The hunter would keep hitting the bird's head gently when, at times, he was trying to fly upwards, so that he would gradually get down. When, in the end, they had reached the level ground, the man crawled down and allowed the young bird to go back to the mountain top.

Not having the faintest notion of where he was, the hunter roved around, at first, and started in search of his country. At night, he heard the noise of somebody coming behind him. Now, being overtaken, he heard a voice saying, "I am extremely pleased with you for the care that you have taken of my little ones!" It was the old Eagle herself, to be sure. "Had you just waited a little while longer," she added, "I would, indeed, have taken you back to your home." Then the monster explained to the man how he could find his home, and she gave him a little piece of some kind of root, saying, "Keep this, and have it with you when you go out hunting; for it will bring you good luck. And when you get back home, put it away." Then the monster went off.

The hunter, in truth, followed the Eagle's advice and found his way back to his home. It is said, moreover, that he became noted for his good luck in hunting, as he could always detect the game and bring back no end of venison.

XXVII. THE SNAKE AND THE HUNTER'S STEP-SON.¹

In the beginning, the step-fathers and step-mothers were known to be without love for their step-children.

It is said that, once, a girl had a quite grown-up son when she got married to a hunter.

They all three moved over to their winter quarters, for the hunt. They put up a small house and, during the cold season, lived all by themselves in the woods, where the game was plentiful. The man was always out in search of game, in the day-time. One day, he took the child along with him to the forest, and returned without him, at night. He asked, "Have you not seen the child? Has he not come back?" And his wife replied, "No!"

He had, in fact, shown the boy into a big cave and then rolled a large rock into its entrance. Remaining imprisoned there, the lad fell asleep and dreamt.

A man appeared to him in the cave. The stranger, who was really a large snake, spoke to the child and said, "So it is, you are now shut up here!" He added, "In the morning, I will show you the way to your home. You must get up very early and be ready when you see me coming in the morning; and you should not be afraid of me, for I am not a man, but a snake with magical power.²" He spoke again, "I will come quite close to the edge of the rock. Do not be afraid when you see me coming, mind you! And you will have to jump upon my neck and sit there while holding fast to my horn." The monster, to be sure, had a horn on his head.

While the lad was still dreaming, the monster gave him a white pebble and instructed him as to its use. He said, "If you see clouds coming up in the sky and if it is getting stormy, [along the way home,] tap my head with the white stone. Then I will go faster; and if the cloud becomes still more terrible, hit me harder and oftener, so that I may go on faster."

¹ Informant, Mary McKee, Amherstburg, Ontario, June, 1911. Miss McKee stated that, years ago she often heard this myth recited more fully by the old-time Wyandots.

² *hu'nda'ki' kyu'ngge'nsse: they-are-with power, the-snakes.*

In the morning the Snake did as he had promised, and coming near the cavern, removed the rock that stopped it up. As the Snake did not venture to stay near the cave, the child had to jump high and far to reach the monster's back.

Now then, [along the way, he tapped the Snake's head with the white pebble], until they got quite close to the boy's home. The Snake could not go any farther. So he said, "Now it is time for you to get off and run back home."

When the child reached the village, his folks were having a dance. Their surprise was great as they saw him coming, for they had given him up as lost. And his step-father was quite ashamed of his deed.

The white "luck stone" which the Snake had thus given to the child was kept ever after for the good luck of those who owned it. It was, therefore, handed down from generation to generation.

XXVIII. THE WOLF AND THE YOUNG MAN.¹

A large crowd of people started off for the hunt, when it was about winter-time. Among them were a young man, his mother, and his sister.

After having travelled for two or three days, they camped at a place where game was known to be plentiful.

Soon the hunter began to roam in the woods; and, like the others, the young man stayed out all day long. He did not kill any game, however, for he did not enjoy good luck. And the other hunters had to support his unlucky folks and give them some meat.

One day, as the young hunter was out hunting on the hillside he lay down on the leaves to rest, towards the evening. Suddenly, he heard the leaves rustling under the feet of some one who was coming. A pack of wolves, indeed, were rushing in his

¹ From Star Young, of the Wolf clan, Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Two versions were obtained from the same informant, the first in English, in Sept. 1911, and the second one (a briefer version) in text, in May, 1912. Star Young stated that he had heard this myth recited by John Solomon and another old man named *mq'tsa'rq'di'*, Littlechief.

direction. Lying down on the leaves as before, however, he pretended to be dead. The wolves saw his body on the leaves; and their chief stood on one side of him, while the others were gathered on the other side. One of the wolves said, "Here is a dead man; let us now devour him!" But their head-chief interfered and said, "Wait a little while!" He added, "Let me take this off first!" And the man saw him unfasten the bandoleer that was hanging from his shoulder and which held a pouch on his opposite hip. Then, watching the chief Wolf closely, he saw him as he hung the pouch upon a sapling near by.

Once again, the wolves gathered around the man who was still lying there as if dead. Their chief said, "Very well! Let us now eat him!" And they were just on the point of doing so, when he suddenly jumped up with fearful whoops and yells. The wolves slipped away frightened. The man made for the pouch hanging from the sapling and at once ran away with it. The Wolf head-chief, however, followed him and finally overtook him. "Pray!" he begged, "give me back the pouch, for we, the wolves, depend upon it for our living!" But the hunter did not listen and went on his way home. The Wolf pleaded again, "If you return the pouch to me I shall offer you a part of its contents as a gift." The man stopped, and handed the pouch back to the Wolf chief.

It was filled with small bones, just the size of finger tips. So the Wolf said, "I shall give you a part of what is in the pouch, so that you may hereafter be a lucky hunter, and always have plenty of all kinds of game to kill." Both having sat down, the Wolf untied the pouch and, as promised, picked out a very few small bones, which he then wrapped up in a tiny skin. Tying the skin around the bones, he made it look like a very small bundle, no larger than the tip of the thumb. The Wolf now spoke to the hunter, saying, "This is what I wish to give you! We, the wolves, were, indeed, well aware of your bad luck as a hunter." And he further explained, "Whenever you go out hunting, place this in your ground-hog¹ pouch, so that you may be sure of killing as much game as you want. When, moreover,

¹ *Arctomys monax*, woodchuck or groundhog.

you make use of this charm for the first time, to-morrow morning, you will soon come across a deer. Shoot it down, cut it open and just leave it there, in the bush. We, the wolves, will take care of it, as it is our share. As for the deer that you kill after the first one, it matters not what you do with them, as they are yours. And you must refrain, mind you, from ever killing any of the wolf-kind!" The last thing that the Wolf head-chief had to say before parting was, "I confess that I was lost as to what we should have done, in case you had not returned the pouch, for it is from it that is derived our own good luck in hunting."

It all happened, in truth, as the Wolf had predicted. The hunter left the first deer that he killed in the bush; and ever after he slew as much game as he wanted.

When the people saw him coming into the settlement with so much meat, they could not really make out what had happened, for they knew him as the 'poor unlucky hunter.' Upon reaching his home, he noticed that they were all looking at him in great wonder.

All his venison having first been hung onto poles he was given to eat. His mother and sister, in fact, had already cooked what the other hunters had given them in the expectation that they would not have any more meat than usual.

As his meal was now over, he said, "Let us go back to the woods, for we must carry back home all the venison which I have left hanging up in the bush." So all three, his mother, his sister and himself, went to the woods and carried back heavy loads of deer meat. The other people, gazing at them with surprise said, "How wonderful it is for him who has never killed anything before!"

The charm secured from the Wolf brought him such good luck that he became known as a splendid and prosperous hunter. He was in some ways like the Wolf, who had told him, "You know that we, the wolves, are never in trouble as to where to find the game, for we can smell it from far away."

XXIX. THE LION AND THE HUNTER.¹

During a hunting season, one of the hunters who had pitched their camp on an island for the hunt, found a small deer charm, called *hu·ñq't*.²

The next time they went out hunting together, the leader of the party³ spoke to the men in the camp, and said, "Let us abandon him here, and lay hold of all the game that he has bagged while hunting, as well as of his charm, the *hu·ñq't*." So they paddled away, and left him behind [on the island], and [the chief] added, "When we get home, we must explain why he has been lost, and say that some kind [of animal] has caught him."

When the hunter came back [to the camp on the island], they were no longer there anywhere, and the hollowed-out boats were gone. All the game that he had killed they had taken away with them, when returning home. And there now he was, left by himself in the camp. The place, moreover, was quite a dangerous one, as it was haunted by many kinds of dangerous and large animals, such as lions and wolves. He was, indeed, frightened. So he climbed [upon a tree], sat up [in its branches] all night long, and did not dare to come down the next morning. As he was still sitting up there, he saw a very large lion. The animal stretched his paw towards the man and, while he was howling, his voice was quite like that of dogs when they cry. And the hunter, sitting in the tree-top, thought, "No doubt he wants to eat me up!" After a while, being moved by the Lion's cries, he shouted, "Now I am coming down." So he did;

¹ Recorded in text, in June, 1912, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson.

² A *hu·ñq't* is a well-known hunter's charm said to consist of a minute deer, about an inch and a half long, and absolutely like a real live deer. It is believed that it could be found only in the throat of an old buck, the leader of a deer herd. The hunter who, having killed such a buck, could find a *hu·ñq't* kept it carefully in his possession and expected always to be lucky in the hunt thereafter.

³ *de·hōma-yu·wa·nç'i·ju·*: *the-he-the big one is, or leader-just like*; that is, 'he acts as a leader', or 'is like a chief.' The leaders of hunting parties, as a matter of fact, had almost no authority over the other hunters.

and, walking to him as he stood there, the Lion extended his paw. The hunter took hold of the paw and saw something was stuck in it. The Lion spoke to him, saying, "Could you extract this thing?" And, using his bullet mould [as tweezers], he pulled out the [sharp] object that had run deep into the palm.

That is the reason why they became friends, so that the Lion looked after the hunter and protected him. When animals of various kinds came there to devour the man, the Lion, not allowing them to approach, overcame them all. As a mark of gratitude, moreover, for his help in removing the sharp thing from his palm, the Lion gave the man a charm¹ with which he was enabled to accomplish anything whatsoever at his own fancy. Giving him also a large number of *hu'ñ'o't*, he said, "Put one away for yourself, and if you wish to sell the others, nothing prevents you from getting a high price in return from anybody with whom you think fit to make such a bargain."

The hunter remained for some time on the island, roaming about with the Lion, who was always on the watch for fear that anything might happen to his friend.²

When his [envious] companions reached home, they said, "Some kind [of being] has destroyed him; that is why we came back [without him]." But, so it happened, many others started

¹ *natra^mskwi'ju^mdī*: the-to self, or self-to dream-big or good-so.

² The 'grateful animals' theme occurs in *The Soothsayer's Son* (Infra No. X), and frequently in Indian folk-tales (see Temple's Analysis, III i. 5-7; *Wideawake Stories*, pp. 412-13). The thorn in the tiger's foot is especially common (Temple, I. c., 6, 9), and recalls the story of Androcles, which occurs in the derivatives of Phaedrus, and may thus be Indian in origin (see Benfey, *Panchatantra*, i, 211, and the parallels given in my *Aesop*, Ro. iii. I, p. 243). The theme is, however, equally frequent in European folk-tales; see my List of Incidents, *Proc. Folk-Lore Congress*, p. 91, s.v. 'Grateful Animals' and 'Gifts by Grateful Animals'

"We have here a concrete instance of the relation of Indian and European fairy tales. The human mind may be the same everywhere, but it is not likely to hit upon the sequence of incidents, 'Direction tabu'—'Grateful Animals'—'Bride-wager'—'Tasks,' by accident, or independently: Eu ope must have borrowed from India, or India from Europe. As this must have occurred within historic times, indeed within the last thousand years, when even European peasants are not likely to have invented, even if they believed in, the incident of the grateful animals, the probability is in favour of borrowing from India, possibly through the intermediation of Arabs at the time of

for the island. Before they had reached it, the Lion spoke to his protégé and warned him of their approach. He said, "They are coming to look for you, and this is what they have in mind, 'We want to see if it is really so!' For they have been told by the others, 'Some kind [of being] has caught him'." And he added "Mind you! you should not say anything about me and our friendship. When you go back to your village, moreover, you should never denounce those who have left you here. What they have taken away from you does not matter, for I have now given you a far better luck [than you enjoyed before]".

the Crusades. It is only a probability, but we cannot in any case reach more than probability in this matter, just at present."

(Extract from 'Notes and References', in *Indian Fairy Tales*, by Joseph Jacobs, N.Y.: A. L. Burt, publisher; p. 293.)

"The Raja's son thanked him, mounted his horse and continued his journey. He rode on and on until he came to another jungle, and there he saw a tiger who had a thorn in his foot, and was roaring loudly from the pain.

"Why do you roar like that?" said the young Raja. "What is the matter with you?"

"I have had a thorn in my foot for twelve years," answered the tiger, "and it hurts me so; that is why I roar."

"Well," said the Raja's son, "I will take it out for you. But perhaps, as you are a tiger, when I have made you well, you will eat me?"

"Oh, no," said the tiger, "I won't eat you. Do make me well."

"Then the prince took a little knife from his pocket and cut the thorn out of the tiger's foot; but when he cut, the tiger roared louder than ever—so loud that his wife heard him in the next jungle, and came bounding to see what was the matter. The tiger saw her coming, and hid the prince in the jungle, so that she should not see him.

"What man hurt you that you roared so loud?" said the wife.

"No one hurt me," answered the husband; "but a Raja's son came and took the thorn out of my foot."

"Where is he? Show him to me," said his wife.

"If you promise not to kill him, I will call him," said the tiger.

"I won't kill him; only let me see him," answered his wife.

"Then the tiger called the Raja's son, and when he came the tiger and his wife made him a great many salaams. Then they gave him a good dinner, and he stayed with them for three days. Every day he looked at the tiger's foot, and the third day it was quite healed. Then he said good-by to the tigers, and the tiger said to him 'If ever you are in trouble, think of me, and we will come to you.'"

Ibid., pp. 7-9.

When the Indians landed on the island, they were extremely glad to find the hunter without the slightest injury. No indeed! no harm had been done to him, on account of the protector who had taken care of him and had saved him from [the wild animals].

It all happened [as the Lion had said]. The man became a far better hunter than he had ever been before, and he became so wealthy that really nothing was beyond his desires.

XXX. THE LION AND THE BOY.¹

An old woman took her son to a distant place in the woods. She built a hut there for him and, before leaving, she told him to be watching for some one who was likely to come there [at night].

She went back alone to the settlement and, the next morning, she came over to visit her [secluded] son, with something to eat. When she reached the distant place where he was living all by himself, she asked him, "Well, my son! Have you seen anything?" He replied that he had seen some one, a turkey, or some one else.

This [vision] did not really amount to much and the old woman, not being satisfied, went away without feeding him, saying, "To-morrow, in the morning, I will again return."

The Lion, it appears, then came to the boy's hut and offered to make friends with him. The boy, however, replied, "You will have to wait until I see my mother, in the morning, for I must know her will before we make friends." And the Lion answered, "Very well!"²

The next morning, the old woman prepared some food for her son, and again came to visit him. "Well!" asked she, "What have you seen, this time?" He had seen the Lion. So she said, "That is the very thing I wanted!" And she untied her bundle and gave her son something to eat.

¹ From Star Young, Wyandotte, Oklahoma; recorded in Sept., 1911.

² It is quite likely that, according to the custom, several animals appeared to the secluded child, in order of increasing importance, in the course of as many nights; but, we assume that the old woman, not being satisfied until the Lion had offered his friendship, declined to accept them and returned to the settlement without feeding her son.

The boy went back to his mother's home and, with her help, dressed up and went out hunting. Now then, he met the Lion again and spoke to him, "It is now very well, for my mother was quite satisfied. Let us here make friends!" The Lion, therefore, spoke to the young man, saying, "So now we are true friends!" And he added, "From now on, you will enjoy real good luck when you go out hunting;¹ and you will never experience any difficulty in killing whatever game you want. You shall, indeed, be a successful hunter!"

And so it happened; the boy never encountered any difficulty and was always successful in hunting, because he had truly assumed the Lion's ways and good luck.

XXXI. THE MAPLE AND THE WOMAN.²

The Sugar-tree-top, transfigured into a human form, once appeared to a woman who was engaged in making maple sugar.³

The sweet sap from a maple-tree was changed at once, as it still lay by the tree, into a sugar lump, as big as a large round pebble. When the woman found it on the wooden chip that she had driven into the tree for conveying the sap into a bark tray, she picked it up and started to eat it. A person⁴ whom she did not know suddenly [appeared and] stood by her, saying, "I wish to bring you good-luck. You must not eat the sugar-lump, but keep it in a box,⁵ so that it may not be spoiled. And whenever you are making maple-sugar, you may use it for gathering as much syrup as you will desire. The only thing for you to do, when the sap is boiling, is to make a mark in the

¹ The Lion presumably also gave him a charm, as is generally the case in similar myths.

² Recorded in text, in May, 1912, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson.

³ The Iroquoian tribes knew how to make maple syrup before the coming of the whites. It is not certain whether the Wyandots belonging to the western band made any maple sugar since they left the neighbourhood of Detroit, Ohio, in the course of the eighteenth century.

⁴ A female guardian spirit or protector.

⁵ *de'ya'a'ca'*: *the-it-box or cavity*.

big kettle¹ with the [treasured] sugar-lump; and the syrup will fill the kettle up to that spot.² Keep this [charm] forever, and I will give you good fortune."³

XXXII. THE HUNTER AND THE DWARF WOMAN.⁴

Quite a long time ago, an Indian was always out hunting in the wilderness, far away. There were no deer and no bears for him, and he could kill only squirrels and other small game. He was, indeed, a very unlucky hunter.

While a storm was raging, one day, he ran for shelter into a hollow tree. Over his head, in the hollow tree, he heard a queer noise, that of rustling wings; and bits of rotten wood kept falling until he stretched himself up and happened to grab a duck's foot. As he pulled it to him he saw a *Tike^oq*⁵—a dwarf woman—tumbling down from her hiding-place, with a tiny child clasped in her arms.

Her child was, like other children, fastened on to a cradle-board, with a bow projecting over his head. The girdle around it and the veil over its face were made of the hair of many kinds of animals, woven into cloth.

The hunter soon began to tease the *Tike^oq*. He took her child away from her and held the cradle-board over his head, so that she could not reach it. She pleaded for mercy while he pretended never to give it back to her.

They began conversing together, "You are extremely small!" said he, "You must be very young?" But she retorted, "No!

¹ Brass kettles were introduced among the Hurons by the early French traders.

² That is, "you will have that much syrup."

³ Mrs. Johnson said, through Allen Johnson, "This happened in our family," that is, "on my mother's side."

⁴ Two versions of this myth are here combined, as they came from the same source by two different informants; the first version was obtained in text-form from Catherine Johnson, of Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in April, 1912, Mary Kelley acting as interpreter; the second, in English, from Allen Johnson. Allen Johnson stated that this was a well-known tale among the Wyandots. He heard his mother and Smith Nichols recite it. Mrs. Johnson, his mother, ascribes her version to her grandmother, related to John Barnett's ancestors.

⁵ Allen Johnson interpreted the term *ti-k^oq* as meaning "twins."

I am really much older than you are." He could not believe her as she was so very small.

Then, they talked about things of the past, things that had happened long ago. She told him all about events long since forgotten, which he had never heard of. She truly believed herself much older than he, but he would not admit it. "Do you remember the time," asked she, "when this earth was drowned?"¹ And he inquired as to where the people went while the earth was covered with water. She explained that they had climbed up into the cliffs.

He was so very much taller than she was, in fact, that he could not help believing himself the older. "Were you living" said he, "at the time when the rocks became rotten?" She did not know and had never heard anything about it. He asked her, then, whether she had ever seen any of these rocks with holes inside, and dreadful to look at. She had seen rocks like these. He added that they were the rocks that, once, became rotten.

Now she believed him, and thought him the older, for she had never seen a rock becoming rotten all her life time.

The hunter then put the little woman's child into his pocket. She wanted it so badly, however, that he pulled it out of his pocket and offered it to her. As she was just about to get hold of it, he withdrew his hand quickly. Again he held the child high over his head, so that she could not possibly reach it. She took a leap and grabbed his arm, but he shifted the cradle-board into his other hand. She leaped again and pulled his other arm down, but to no avail as he was now holding the child in his other hand.

The same thing had happened three times when, again, the *Tikeŋa* grabbed the hunter's arm. *Wu!* it was now bent awfully at the elbow. She exclaimed, "I have broken your arm!" For, it is well-known that the arm of these little folks have joints only at the shoulder and the wrist, and none at the elbow. She had, moreover, never seen anybody bending his arm at the elbow, just like this. So she was sure that she had broken his arm.

¹ *ceŋte'ri·de·sa' da·qmɛtsu·di·nɛ;* thou-knowest-so that-land-in water-past.

She was thinking, by this time, that he would never give the child back, and she was much afraid. She begged him—"Give me the child!" And he replied, "I want to keep it." She said, "Listen! you must not do that! My husband will kill me if I come back without the child."

The hunter was simply teasing her all this time, and did not really mean to do any harm to the little woman. Again she pleaded, "Give me back the child, and I will give you a charm for good luck in hunting. You know that, left to yourself, you cannot do anything; with the charm that I am going to give you, you will be enabled to kill any game of your choice."

The hunter, this time, yielded to her entreaties; and she pulled out a small woven cloth placed between the child and the cradle, which she gave him as a charm. She said, "This you shall use for good luck in hunting. Always keep it to yourself secretly, in your ammunition bag, and have it with you whenever you are out hunting. Remember, that nobody should ever know that I have given you this charm. I knew how unlucky you were, and when you came to this tree, I wanted to see you and give you 'powers,' so that hereafter you may do almost anything you like."

The storm was now over, and they parted.

This event turned out to be most fortunate for the hunter, who became so lucky that he could, in truth, slay as many bears and deer as ever he wished.¹

XXXIII. THE BEAVER GIVING "POWERS."²

They went into the woods for the hunting [season]. The camp being pitched, the old man proceeded to a very distant

¹ Mrs. I. Walker, of Seneca, Missouri, remembered the following fragment of this myth. "There was a very small fairy. She had a little tiny baby fastened on a cradle-board, which she carried on her back. Once she went out into the woods to do some work. She removed her baby from her back, stuck a moccasin awl into the ground, and stood the cradle-board against it. Then she went to work, and made a basket. A man came along and stole her child. This is all that I remember. My aunts used to tell that story."

² Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Recorded in text, June, 1912, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma.

place to set his traps. And the old woman [his wife] remained sitting in the camp beside her child and the dog, an old mother-dog with four little ones.

Whenever the hunter started on his rounds to inspect his traps, he used to remain over night in the woods. The dogs also would stay out and return in the morning, looking utterly exhausted.

Upon his return, the old man noticed them as they lay around, tired. "You must not stay away over night [any longer]", said the old woman; "for I don't know what is the matter with the dogs. Whenever you are not here at night they remain outside, [in the woods] near by, and we both¹ hear them barking all the night long." The same thing again happened [the next night]. After having barked at a distance they returned as usual in the morning, and lay around tired. Then the old hunter stayed home and stopped going out hunting. At night they were quite scared when the dogs again went out and, this time, barked while remaining close by. The mother-dog returned [in the morning], and said, "To be sure, you had better take to flight and go back home. Something—a monster—is coming! We will do our best to prevent it from catching you."

They at once took to flight; and the monster followed them until the next morning, when they reached the village where their people were living. The mother-dog also reached home safely, a while later, but without her young ones, who had been destroyed by the monster.

Now all the Indians living in the village started together for the place whence the old hunter and his wife had escaped. They camped on the same spot and searched [the woods]. But nobody knew what kind [of being] had chased the Indian family. Their charmers² were unable to give any indications; and, last of all, a certain fellow, quite miserable and mistreated by all the village folks, tried and looked for the monster. While lying down in a remote place, he secured the power to find out³ what

¹ The woman and her child.

² *huidi'cra't*: *their-power or gift-stands*.

³ *nq'ia'tu'kwa'*: *now-* (with) *both-he foretells* (Allen Johnson's interpretation).

kind of being [had interfered]. The Beaver, in fact, came to him while he was lying down, and told him where the monster dwelled. So the [simple] fellow got up and went back to the camp where a number of people [were waiting]. "Now listen," he cried out, "and follow me!" Then he showed the crowd to the spot where the monster had his abode. Although the ground was quite level and bore no trace of him, the seer¹ said, "Now dig here!" There they dug; and before they had reached far into the ground, they found a buried human being, the [mysterious] slayer of whatever people had camped there for the winter hunt and had never returned.² The [monster's] body having been burnt, no more parties camping in that forest after that time experienced any harm.

As to the poor and ill-treated fellow who had discovered the [cause of the trouble], he was no longer abused by his folks, on account of his having truly accomplished a great deed. And ever after he was known to possess the power to foretell; for the Beaver had befriended him³ and given him some magic power⁴ in the form of beaver teeth⁵. That is all!

XXXIV. HOW A POOR MAN BECAME A MEDICINE-MAN.⁶

A rabbit was caught by a cat. The old woman⁷ got hold of the rabbit and cooked it. She really wanted her husband

¹ Or charmer.

² It was considered by these Indians as highly improper and dangerous to bury their dead in the woods, their custom being to remove the deceased person's body into the usual burial places.

³ Allen Johnson added here that the Beaver had given his protégé the power to foretell or predict future events. Mrs. Johnson could not say whether this myth had anything to do with the origin of the Beaver clan of the Wyandots.

⁴ *de-yadu'ta'*: interpreted by Johnson as "the magic power."

⁵ Allen Johnson added: "It had the substance of a (beaver) tooth, although it was magic.

⁶ Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Mary Kelley. Recorded in text, at Seneca, Missouri, in May, 1912.

⁷ *deya-a'miq'*: *the-she-is old*. This does not imply, however, that this woman was actually old; for this term is often used in a different sense in reference to husband and wife; for instance: "my old man" for "my husband."

to eat it. When the old man came back home, she gave him the meat, and as it was ready for eating, she said, "Go out and hide somewhere while you eat; for you must not let the children see you while you eat it." So he went out somewhere to hide.

As he saw a strange thing looking like a human being, he said, "Truly, I wish my children here, for I don't know who is now eating with me." Now he heard a voice that spoke and thanked him for being allowed to eat the rabbit meat with him. Then the [mysterious being]¹ gave him a medicine.² From that moment the man began to act as a medicine-man, and patients would come to him in order to recover. His family, moreover, were no longer suffering hunger and misery, for they soon had plenty of money and food.

XXXV. THE BEAR AND THE HUNTER'S STEP-SON.³

(*First Version.*)

In the old time, the people did not marry as we do now. A man once took a girl to wife, who already had a child, a little boy. This man, from the very first, did not like his step-son, and was always haunted with the idea of getting rid of him.

When the summer was over, they went out far away into the woods for the hunting season, all by themselves. Having selected their hunting quarters, they built a house for the winter.

The hunter soon found a large rocky cave, while he was out in the woods; for he had already begun to go out hunting and killing game. He asked his wife to allow the boy to come along with him to the woods. As she knew his dislike for her son, she really did not want the child to go away with his step-father, but the hunter insisted and, for fear that he might indulge in some rash deed, she complied with his desire.

The lad and his stepfather started off for the woods; and, in fact, it was not long before they reached the rocky cave.

¹ His identity was not revealed, or it has been forgotten since.

² *dcha'te'tse'm'sha'*: *that-he-self-doctor-be.*

³ From Star (Hiram) Young, Wyandotte, Oklahoma, recorded in English, in October, 1911; Young stated that he had heard this myth a score of times from his uncle John Solomon, of the Deer clan.

The man told his stepson to go into the cave and look around. The boy cried and, indeed, did not want to go in at all. He was only scolded, however, and ordered to go in. Finally, he had to yield; and he found himself shut up in the cave by means of large stones which the man had piled up against its opening. Then the man started off.

The boy kept crying all the time, until he heard somebody calling him, a long way behind him, in the cavern. Although he had not seen anybody there, he heard a distant voice saying, "Grandson¹, come this way!" The boy walked towards the voice, into the dark passage. When he came close to the old man who was calling, the voice said, "Stand in front of me, grandson; for you must not come around behind me!" So the boy stood up in front of him, while he was still crying a little. The old man who was, in fact, lying down said, "Grandson, don't cry! we will try to do something for ourselves."

Before long, the boy became hungry. The old man then got up for the first time since the boy had come around. The child saw him and discovered that he was a big Porcupine. That is why he did not want the boy to come behind him, for his quills might have hurt him. The old man said, "I will look for something to eat for you." He reached into a bag and pulled out an object that was rolled up in the shape of a small cake. He offered it to the boy saying, "I really don't know whether you can eat this kind of thing, for it is some of my own food. Try it and see whether you can eat it." The child took it, ate some, and found that it was good. So he ate until he was no longer hungry. Then the old man said, "I know not what your people eat, for this is a kind of thing that I usually eat myself." The boy soon found out that this was slippery-elm bark.

Now then, the Porcupine said, "Grandson, I will go to the entrance of the cave and try to open it; so that you might go out." And he arrived at the place where the cavern was stopped up with large boulders. He tried his best, but could not remove the stones, so heavy were they. Then he said, "I will try another way."

¹ *ha-tre'a*: grandson.

As there were openings between the boulders, the Porcupine stuck his nose through one of them and cried at the top of his voice, "All you animals, come around here!" The animals, therefore, began to gather, after a while, at the cave's entrance. They were of all kinds. Among them were the Wolf, the Raccoon, the Deer, the Turtle, the Turkey, birds of all shapes, even down to small birds. They stood around and, soon, the old man began to speak to them. He said, "A boy has been shut up here. Both he and I are unable to get out of this place. I wish you would try and open it."

The animals, in turn, began their work. It seems that the Raccoon tried first. He reached his hand around a large stone and tried to move it; but he could do nothing at all. The birds and many animals tried without avail. They could not do a thing. The Fox and the Wolf came around, scratched and bit the stones, but this was of no use, and the blood was streaming from their mouths. At the end, they all gave it up.

The Deer, a large buck, also came and tried. Sticking his long horns between the stones, he tried to pull them out. He only succeeded in breaking one of his horns. He tried the other, but it was also broken off in the same way. As he was now without horns, he gave up the task and ran away.

Now the Bear was the only one left that had not tried. He said, "It is my turn; now I am the last of all." And he, the great big Bear, embraced a large boulder that stopped up the cave, took a firm hold of it, and cleared it out of the way.

The cave being thus opened, the big Porcupine and his grandson came forth and stood outside. The old man spoke and said, "There is still another thing that I wish to tell you. This child, my grandson, has been shut up here for some time, and has been staying with me. Now I want to know who is qualified to take charge of him and bring him up. I know that I haven't got the proper kind of food for him. We are not in the habit of eating the same food, that is all. So I want to know who will take care of this boy, my grandson."

The animals at once scattered and went in search of something for the boy to eat. Some birds came back first with some kind of seeds, and handed them over to the child who, of course,

could not eat them. The Turkey also had some kind of seed for him, but the seeds could not be used. The Raccoon next came in with crawfish in his mouth. As they seemed good to eat, the boy was on the point of taking them. But the old Porcupine said, "Wait, keep on waiting! Perhaps you will get something more worth your while." Others soon came back from the hunt. The Fox offered some meat to the boy, who refused it after some hesitation. The old man had again warned him and said, "Hold on! you may find something still better!" The Wolf brought back a bone with some meat left on it. As the lad really liked meat, he wanted to take it; but the Porcupine repeated, "Not yet, grandson; I know that you wish badly to eat this; but you must not take it."

A large number of animals came forward with things that the child could not eat; and they were all dismissed, in turn. An old Bear¹ came last of all and said, "Well! I have tried and want to see whether he can eat the same kind of thing as I." And he handed the boy a flat cake. The boy ate it. Oh! it was so good! The old Porcupine then asked his grandson whether he liked what he had just eaten. The other replied, "Yes, indeed, it is good!" The old man, therefore, declared, "Now you must all know that the she-bear² is the one who will look after him."

The she-bear that took the boy along had three cubs. Her little ones were most delighted to see that the child was now to live with them. So they started to jump around and play with their new companion. The old she-bear, from now on, suckled her cubs, and the little boy as well. She had thus four little ones to take care of. They lived very comfortably, indeed, and, every once in a while, she would give the boy some dried black-berry flat cake, of the very kind which the Bear had at first offered him. Like the other animals they were roaming about contentedly in the woods.

When the Bear-mother found out that her little ones could now eat of anything, she gave up suckling them and provided

¹ This was not the bear that had opened the cave.

² This she-bear had been designated by the bear who offered the black-berry cake.

them with nuts, grapes, and other fruits. The little boy was all this time living exactly as animals do, wintering in a hollow tree with his mates, and rambling about the forest in the summer. How long he lived with them in that way is not quite clear; but it seems to have been for one or two years.

When the blackberries were becoming ripe in the summer-time, a messenger or runner called on them, at their place. The boy at first mistook the stranger for a man, but, on looking more closely, he saw that he was a Bear. The runner, moreover, addressed the she-bear as head of a family and invited her to be present, on a certain day, at a large gathering that was about to take place at the blackberry patch. For he, the messenger, had been appointed to go round and warn all the bears about the event.

On the appointed day, all the bears assembled together by the blackberry patch. They were a large crowd and when the boy first saw them, he thought that they looked exactly like Indian folks. They were bears, however. Their head-chief told them, "Now go to work and pick the berries!" So they did.

When a large quantity of blackberries had been gathered, they spread them in the sunshine and began to make them into dried cakes, the shape of which is flat and as broad as a bear's paw.

The Bear-mother, her little ones, and the child had thus far been keeping together, when one of the cubs called the boy aside and said, "Let us go far away from the crowd!" And, as they were now out in the bush, he added, "Now chase me towards the crowd, just as men chase bears; and run after me! When you do it, the bears will run away frightened, and all the blackberries that are drying will be left for us to gather; and there are lots of them."

The child, in fact began to chase the cub, and to whoop as he rushed ahead. Soon they reached the crowd while the boy was always chasing the young Bear ahead, whooping with all his might. The bears were, indeed, most frightened, and they ran away into the bush, abandoning all the blackberries.

As nobody was left there, the two young friends began to gather up the berries that were drying. The Bear-mother after a while retraced her steps and came back in search of her little ones. Finally she detected them as they were picking up armfuls of dried blackberries. She came up to them and asked "What is the matter with you?" And she thought to herself, "It is likely that this young cub of mine, being always full of mischief, has done it all." So she asked her young protégé, "What did he do?" And the child replied, "He told me, 'Let us go into the bush.' And then he said, 'Whoop while you chase me ahead, and we shall get all the berries!'"

The Bear-mother at once reached a stick, caught her young one and began to whip him. Some of the other bears just about then were cautiously returning to the berry patch. The she-bear told them that her cub was the cause of all the mischief, adding, "As the boy chased him, he was scared and came back running. That is all!"

They all resumed their work, drying berries as before. As the young ones had piled up lots of berries in one heap, their mother urged the people to come around and help themselves. So it was done and, on the same day, they got through with drying the blackberries.

Now then, everyone among the bears applied some of the dried blackberries on the soles of their feet and started to walk around, in order to have the dried fruits stick firmly to their paws.

For it is a fact that the berries adhere to the bears' feet until the winter is over. And when one of them winters inside of a hollow tree or a log, in a hole or a cave, he is invariably in the habit of licking the dried fruit that is to be found on the soles of his paws. That is, in truth, what the bears live on in the winter, without ever having to go out in search of food.

The bears, now being through with their work of coating over their paws with the berries, dried and pressed the rest into flat cakes of the very kind which the child had often been fed with. When the feast was all over, they started off for their homes, scattering in all directions for the winter, just as the Indian folks do.

It was now the cold winter. So the she-bear said to her young ones, "Stay here until I return!" And she explained to them that she was about to hunt for a wintering place somewhere. She went off some distance and came back after a while. She took her family to a large standing hollow tree, with an opening at the top. She climbed it and shouted, "Here is the place where we are to winter." The cubs and the child, therefore, climbed up and disappeared within the hollow tree. As they crawled down to the bottom of the cavity, the child thought that it was warm and looking exactly like an Indian house. They gave a small parcel of dried blackberry cake to the boy, and began to lick their paws according to their winter habit.

The Bear-mother was, several times during the winter, quite concerned because of the inroads of the hunters. She was, indeed, in constant fear lest her hollow tree might some day be discovered, the more so as her little ones had scratched off and peeled the bark of the tree until it looked almost red; for they were in the habit of crawling down the tree during the winter nights and of playing in the snow, in the moonlight. Several times, in fact, some rambling hunters happened to come around. But the Bear-mother took her forked stick and, holding it in her hand, she pointed it towards the men, as they were making for the tree. She fixed it so that, every time, the forks of the stick seemed to be applied against the hunter's neck, from a distance. This was no sooner accomplished than the men would stop, turn around and then go another way. And every time an Indian was seen thereabouts, she did the same thing, pointing the stick at him and, in that way, driving him away.

One day, however, as some one was approaching, the Bear felt that her dwelling was just about to be discovered. She instructed the boy, therefore, as to what he should do in case the hollow tree were cut down. The hunter, in fact, walked up directly to the tree. Again she got hold of her forked stick and held it up towards him; but the fork was at once split, in such a way that it could no longer be of any use. The man came to the tree and made his mark on it. For it was a hunter's custom to mark the bear's tree as soon as he had discovered it,

and before going back in quest of assistance. It was thus no matter if another hunter should find the same tree, as it now belonged to the one who had marked it.

The hunter, after having made his mark on the tree, went back to his home and called his friends to come around and help him to kill the bears. The she-bear knew right along that a party of men were soon to appear and kill her and her little ones as well. So she spoke to the boy and said, "I will be the first to go out. When they have killed me, let the two small male bears go out next. You and the small she-bear will then be the two last ones to appear. Go out first and while you sit outside of the opening, cry out to the hunters that are standing around, 'Don't kill the small female bear that is still left inside'".

Then the hunters came around and, knocked at the tree so as to make a noise and chase out the animals. As she had said, the old Bear went out first, and was killed before she reached the ground. The two young male cubs then proceeded outside. The first one was shot down outright; but the second one was so full of tricks and mischief that he managed to slip down the tree and run away before the hunters could shoot him. He would have escaped easily, had it not been for their dog.

Now then, the boy peeped out of the hold and sat at the opening. As the hunters could see that he was not a bear, but a person, they really did not know what to do, in their surprise. They heard him address them and say, "Don't you remember about a boy that has been lost, some time ago. Now you find me sitting here!" They answered, "We remember well!" And he added, "There is still another one left within the hollow here, a little female bear. Pray, do not kill her, but let her run away!" The people that were standing around the tree said, "But why did you not warn us before? We would not have killed these bears, had you only shown yourself first; they would, indeed, have been spared." He replied, however, "It could not be helped, for it has happened just as the mother Bear has directed."

One of the hunters again knocked at the tree so as to make a noise, and the little female bear came out frightened. The lad, still sitting up there, cried out, "Let her run away!" And while

the Indians were holding their dog fast the little bear crawled over a log lying nearby and dropped out of sight, at the other end of the log.

Last of all the child came down from the tree top while his people kept repeating how truly sorry they were for having slain these bears. They hugged the lad, so glad were they to have recovered him, and they at once proceeded to skin the bears, cut them up, pack the pieces of meat in bark and carry them back home.¹

The boy followed them back home to a place where the whole tribe was encamped. When the hunters came along with him, they said, "We have found the lad who had long ago been lost." Some of the old people had a recollection of his having been lost, quite a long time ago. They all stood around him and were, indeed, glad to know that he was going to stay with them thereafter, as they were his people.

After some time had elapsed, the lad took a girl to wife and lived with her. In the autumn, they moved their camp into the woods for the hunting season, and built a small bark house to live in. He soon began to hunt, and he succeeded in killing plenty of game, such as deer, raccoons, and bears.

Now then his wife noticed that almost all the bears that he killed were old ones and but very seldom young male bears. He would never bring back any young female bears. So she became tired of it and complained to him, saying, "Why don't you ever kill young bears instead. The old ones are really not fit to eat!" But he replied that he could not kill young bears, especially young female bears, because the old mother Bear [who had taken care of him in the woods] had told him [before parting], "You must never kill any young she-bears, mind you! for this surely would bring about your death."

His wife, however, was not satisfied with that reason and, always out of temper, she would annoy him for killing only old bears. He repeated that surely he would die if he were to kill young she-bears. But she did not believe him and kept telling

¹ Star Young stated that in the old time the hunters used to carry the meat wrapped up in the pelt and fastened on the lower part of their backs by means of a rope or strap that ran across their shoulders, in front.

him that it was untrue, for nothing of the kind could possibly happen if he killed young bears.

He also felt tired himself, at the end, of eating the hard flesh of the old bears. He, therefore, made up his mind now to follow his wife's advice, and he went out hunting for a more palatable kind of game. He killed a young she-bear, in fact, and brought it back home. His wife was extremely glad at last to have the tender flesh of a young female bear to eat, so she dressed it and made a fine roast, on the very same day.

The young man, however, did not feel like eating any of it, when it was roasted. And stretching himself in a deer skin¹ that he had made into a bed, he went to sleep all alone by himself, this time. His wife, therefore, also slept all by herself, on the other side of the fire.

The next morning, the woman woke up and was surprised to see that he had not gotten up as early as he used to. She cried out, "Why don't you get up?" There was no reply, however. Again she cried out, but remained without answer. So she walked up to him, and found him all rolled up in the deer skin. He was dead and cold.²

That is all!

¹ Star Young stated that deer skins were habitually used by the Wyandots for that purpose.

² This instance of taboo of killing animals belonging to the species of one's personal totem chimes well with similar taboos that obtain among a large number of primitive peoples, in various parts of the globe. This type of taboo in favour of the species to which belongs the personal totem is one that is usually met, to various extents, among the tribes the social institutions of whom are properly labeled 'totemic,' including either, or both, personal and clan totemism.

The present instance, moreover, seems to indicate that this prohibition was, at least partly, intended for the actual protection and aiming at the material increase in numbers (as the young ones and females were most strictly tabooed) of the common species of animals with which the mythical protector, or totem, of one or several human beings was intimately connected.

The fact that three independent versions of the Bear myth have been recorded (the above one from Star Young, two from Catherine Johnson, and a materially different one from Smith Nichols) shows that it must have enjoyed some importance among the Wyandots.

XXXVI. THE BEAR¹ AND THE STEP-SON.²

(*Second Version.*)

A man got married to a woman who had a little boy. From the very first, he always had it in mind to get rid of the child, some way or other.

One day he found a cave. That is why he said to his wife, "I have killed a deer and left it in the woods. Let the boy come along with me, so that he may carry the venison home." And he took the lad along to the cave, and shut him up there. When his mother heard that her son was lost, she was so grieved that, leaving her husband, she went away to another settlement.

The child was much frightened, as it was quite dark in the cave; and he wept. Soon, he heard a voice, far behind him, saying, "Do not weep!" He, therefore, was no longer frightened; for he was now aware that the hole was inhabited by human beings. As he walked towards the place whence the voice had come, he heard, "Don't come behind me, for my back is to be feared." The child discovered in that way that he was not conversing with a human being, but with the Porcupine. He stayed there, nevertheless, and conversed with him. The Porcupine fed the child on roots, bark, pecans, and all kinds of nuts.

When all their food was gone, the Porcupine-man summoned all kinds of animals, and begged them to remove the rocks obstructing the cave's entrance. All the animals tried, in turn, to roll the rocks away, but failed in their attempts. Then came the Bear, who cleared the boulders out of the way.

The Porcupine came out of the cave with the boy, and asked, "Who can take care of this child?" This is really what the Porcupine said to all the animals there assembled, for he wanted to know who would raise his protégé. He inquired again,

¹This additional version of "The Bear and the step-son" was obtained partly in English and partly in text from Catherine Johnson, with Mary Kelley acting as interpreter. As the first version taken down in text with the same informant earlier in the same season, was not quite satisfactory, another attempt at recording it more fully was made, the result of which was the present version.

²Catherine Johnson learned this myth from her father, *Dataes*.

"Who among you is in the habit of using the same kind of food as the people?"

The female Wolf heard the Porcupine and said, "I will take care of him, because my food is flesh." The Porcupine, however, replied, "Not so! you just want to devour the child." Then the Bear said, "I will take care of him!"

So it happened; the Bear-mother took care of the lad and raised him until he was fully grown up. Then the Bear took him back to his mother who was still alive, and told him, before parting, that he might kill any kind of game and male bears as well, but that he should refrain from killing female bears.

As the young man did not know his own mother, not having seen her for so many years, the Bear pointed her out to him. The mother remembered all about having lost him, and she was so glad when she saw him!

Being old enough, he now got married. His wife was truly no more worthy than his stepfather, for she was always cross and dissatisfied about something. Just because he used to kill only male bears, she wanted him to kill females as well. But he explained to her, "I must not kill mother-bears, because I have been raised by one of them; and, moreover, the Bear told me that were I to kill one of them, it would bring bad luck to me."

His wife became quite peevish and insisted that he should kill she-bears. So, one day, he came back home with the dead body of a female bear. No sooner had he come in than he lay down and died. For the Bear had told him that it would not be lucky for him to kill a bear-mother. This is why he had thus lain down and died.

XXXVII. THE MOTHER-BEAR AND THE STEPSON.¹

(*Third Version.*)

A little boy became the stepson of a man who truly hated him and wanted to kill him. The stepfather took the lad along

¹ This supplementary version of the Bear myth has been obtained in text from Catherine Johnson. As this was the first Wyandot text taken down with Mrs. Johnson, some difficulty was experienced in the process of recording it, which probably accounts for the brevity of the narrative. Mrs. Johnson ascribes this version to her father *Hadatawes* (John Coon), of the Porcupine clan. The interpreters were Eldredge Brown and Mary Kelley.

one day and shut him up in a rocky cavern, which he had discovered somewhere. The boy was so frightened that he began to cry. But a voice came from the dark, "Don't cry!" Being no longer frightened, he stopped crying and began to converse with the stranger, whom he was mistaking for a human being. The other, however, warned him, "Beware! you must not come behind me!" for he was really a large porcupine.¹

They used to eat together; and when their supply of food ran out, the Porcupine summoned the Bear to remove the obstruction from the entrance of the cavern. The Bear had no sooner accomplished his task than the Porcupine asked him, "What is the kind of thing that human beings eat?" And having turned around, he ran away.

The boy was now quite grown up; so the Bear, who had raised him, took him back to the remote place where his mother and people were living. Before parting, his protector told him, "Remember that you must never kill the mother-bear."²

The young man [sometime later] got married and went out hunting. His wife, in fact, wanted him to kill the female bears, but he told her that this was the very thing that he should never do.

He yielded, however, and killed the very Bear-mother that had raised him and given him his freedom. This is why he died, when he was still a long way off in the woods.

XXXVIII. THE BEAR AND THE HUNTER'S SON.³

A widower had just one son.⁴ After getting married again, he brought his wife and son far into the woods; and there they camped for the hunting season.

¹ *tsinε'ka^{ms} hqmayuwa^rneε*: the-porcupine he-to somebody is large, big; that is, a chief porcupine.

² *we'sta^{ms}tu' e'cvi'ju^w da'kwatsi^rε'mq'*: It is-not will-thou her-kill that-she-offspring-bears.

³ Recorded in text, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in 1911; informant Smith Nichols; translated with the help of Mary Kelley, and later revised with Henry Stand and Allen Johnson.

⁴ Although there are some evident resemblances between this myth and "The mother-Bear and the stepson" or "The bear and the stepson," the differences are such as to constitute them two different myths.

The woman really disliked her stepson; but neither her husband nor the child himself seemed to suspect it.

The old man used to go out hunting every day, and his wife was also always going out somewhere. Nobody knew whither she was going; but, in fact, she was then looking for a cave. When she had found one, she took the lad along with her to the cavern and said, "You go in there!" The boy, having stepped into the cave, heard his stepmother adding, "Go in and look around as far as you can!" And she stopped up the cave with rocks, as soon as she thought he had gone far enough.

While he was walking in the depths of the cave, the lad did not know anything of what had just happened; but, as he came back, he saw that he had been shut up in the rocky passage. He tried to get out, but in vain. He was quite helpless, indeed, and had to stay there.

Her work of piling rocks to stop up the cave being completed, the woman made for the camp and reported to her husband that the boy had been lost. She really expected that he would soon die there; that is why she told the old man, "He is lost!"

The next day, they both went out in search of the lad, but did not find him. At the end of three days, the hunter gave up looking for him around there, and said, "Let us go back to the village where our folks dwell, for it seems that the boy might have returned there." So they proceeded to the village; but the child was not to be found anywhere.

The old man, therefore, went back right away to the place where he was encamped before losing the boy; and again he looked for him everywhere. After three days, he gave up searching and returned to the village.

Now then, in the winter-time, the Wolf found out that the lad was imprisoned in a cave, the entrance of which had been stopped up with boulders. The Wolf at once ran to warn the Eagle. Having found him, he said, "I have discovered a boy confined in the cave. What shall we do?" The Eagle said, "Go and call the *Korç'komε*¹, the Buzzard, and the Otter as well!" So the Wolf ran and called all the animals [to a council.]

¹ A large and powerful mythical bird, probably resembling the raven.

They all assembled, after a while, at the place where the lad was imprisoned and they held a council. They also conversed with the child and asked him, "How long have you been in there?" He replied, "Thirty days." The Eagle then inquired, "Without anything to eat?" "Nothing!" was the reply. He had not, in fact, been able to get out.

The Eagle ordered, "You animals hurry up and clear these rocks out of the way!" The Bear came forward, went to work, moved the boulders, and cast them away.

Then the child came out. "Who will take care of this boy?" asked the Eagle. The Bear spoke again and said, "It is I who will look after him!"

And so it happened; the child went along with the Bear, who fed him on dried blackberries made into cakes and prepared by soaking in water. As he ate the blackberries, the child recovered his strength and felt that he himself was becoming a bear¹. After a while, he thought that he was a bear, and he even forgot that he had ever been a human being.

[For a long time] he stayed among the bears and followed them around, living exactly as they do. The Bear considered him as one of their people, and, indeed, loved him.

The Bear-mother who looked after him had two cubs. So the boy thought to himself, "These young bears and I shall be brothers." As the cold season was at its beginning, they found a big standing tree, in the hollow of which they were to winter. They climbed up to the opening of the hole and disappeared into the hollow, wherein they intended to stay all the winter.

The little boy's uncle² moved his camp for the hunting season to the very place where the child had been lost the previous winter. So the Bear said, "Your uncle is about to camp near this place. He will surely find us." The lad said, "I wish

¹ *tu naha'tu' i-re'he' ca'a'wa'at da'a-n̄q'-n̄c'*: there-now-he-felt or saw he-thought same-one-it-stands (as) the-bears.

² *hutenq'-rq'*, that is 'he is uncle.' This term, however, is not used by the Wyandots in the same sense as in English. It implies no blood kinship, but only the fictitious tie of relationship that exists between an old protector or educator, apparently selected in the maternal line, and his protégé.

you would not take me back to him." But the Bear replied, "It is just as well that he should now take care of you."

The next morning the Bear said, "He is coming, and he is sure to find us." The boy, therefore, said, "[When he arrives,] let me go out first!" The Bear, however, replied, "It makes no difference if he kills me." "But I do not want him to kill you!" cried the child. "Let me go out first, so that I may tell him not to kill you!" The Bear repeated once more, "It truly makes no difference if he kills me."

She looked out of her den and saw the hunter coming. The man at once caught sight of her, as she was peeping out. So he walked up directly to the tree and he chopped it. The tree fell, and the Bear-mother had no sooner come out than the hunter knocked her down. The little bears crawled out, one at a time, and the boy appeared last of all. He said to his uncle, "Now you have found me!" "Why did you not tell me?" asked the old man; "for I would not have killed her." The lad could only reply, "It was her will."

Then the old man took his nephew back to the settlement with him. When the father heard of what his wife, the child's stepmother, had done, he killed her outright by hitting her on the head; for he was now sure that she had lied about the loss of his son, which, in fact, she had herself brought about.

The people, indeed, did not molest him for having thus killed his wife.

XXXIX. THE ILL-TREATED HUSBAND.¹

The Buzzard really appeared to a man quite a long time ago.

I have heard that a Wyandot had married a woman who was quite worthless. One day, she brought him along into the bush [there, to get rid of him]. She peeled a number of trees and gathered the bark. Then she told her husband to lie down; and, having tied the [twisted] bark around one of his wrists, she fastened it to a tree trunk; and, in a like manner, she tied the other arm to another tree. She did the same with his legs, and

¹ Informant Smith Nichols, Wyandotte, Oklahoma, Nov., 1911. Recorded in English, Mary Kelley acting as interpreter.

fixed his ankles with [bark ropes] onto two different trees. When it was done, she left him lying there on the ground with his arms and legs stretched out, and went back home.

For thirty days, the man lay there, without anything to eat, and he was starved almost to the point of death. Then, in the day-time, the Buzzard found him out and, at once, went to see the chief of all the animals, the Eagle¹. He told him about the Indian fellow's plight. The Eagle himself informed the Otter and the Wolf of what the Buzzard had seen. So all the high powers among the animals, the Eagle, the Raven² (?), the Wolf, and others gathered in a council and considered the matter. The Eagle advised them to take good care of the man and told them the proper way of reviving him. Then the Wolf cut off all the bark [ropes] fastening the Indian's limbs, while the Buzzard made a kind of soup³ for him. It was the first time in thirty days that the man had anything to eat. The Otter next went to get some fish, which was cooked by the Wolf. This was the man's second meal. After this, he could eat whatever kind of flesh he wanted. The Wolf, who was an excellent hunter, would always provide him with plenty of game.

The animals in this manner took care of the Indian fellow for a fortnight and then, for the first time, showed their willingness to let him go back home, as he had fully recovered his strength. His people were quite amazed upon seeing him again; for they had long searched for him in vain when his wife had reported that he was lost and nowhere to be found.

This is the end of it. The Indian and his wife were common folks, and had not received any 'powers' from the animals; they were not ukis. It is known, in fact, that the man was much younger than his worthless wife.

¹ Cf. Appendix, No. XXVI, 'The Bird ukis and the Warrior.'

² *ko-ra*kom*ç.

³ *we-ya^mwi*: soup.

XL. THE SEVEN BROTHERS TRANSFORMED INTO OXEN.¹

Seven young brothers were so intelligent, handsome, and nimble that they aroused the jealousy of some other less gifted young men, whose father was supposed to be a sorcerer. By means of witchcraft, the envious father succeeded in transforming the seven young men into as many young oxen², and caused them to flee from the village.

The rumour of their strange disappearance spread in all directions, even to the neighbouring towns.

Soon, the seven young oxen emerged from the forest, came near the lodge where they were born, and bellowed. As they seemed, from their queer behaviour, gifted with more intelligence than common oxen, their old mother guessed that they were her sons. An evil spell, she thought, had been cast upon them by the sorcerer. Grieved as she was, she caressed them, and gave them some food.

It was then decided to seek the advice of some seer³ regarding the disappearance of the seven brothers and their transformation. If I remember well, a very old Indian witch was found somewhere. To those who consulted her she would not give a reply without their fulfilling certain conditions. It seems, moreover, that she wanted the young men's relatives to undergo many bereavements, while she herself abstained from a number of things, for several days.⁴ This was, to her mind, indispensable for getting any control over the spirits which she wanted to conjure, and for inducing them to listen to her questions. With the promise to fulfil her requirements, the relatives gave the witch the few wampum beads, which she wanted as a present,⁵ and agreed to refrain from using certain kinds of food for some time.

¹ Recorded in French, at Lorette, Quebec, in April, 1911. Informant, Rev. Prosper Vincent. This myth was formerly recited by late Justine Picard (married to Noël Hôteesse).

² It is not unlikely that the term ox has been substituted here under European influence for buffalo or moose.

³ 'Sorcier.'

⁴ This was apparently a regular fast.

⁵ It was the custom of all the witches and sorcerers to exact payment for their services, according to Rev. Vincent.

When the appointed time had elapsed, the relatives again came to see the old witch. She told them, "I have consulted the spirits. From them I have learnt how the seven brothers have been changed¹ into oxen. Someone in our tribe who was, indeed, jealous of their gifts, has managed thus to transform them, with the help of spirits." The next thing she did was to disclose the name of the guilty sorcerer, and explain to the relatives the proper means, revealed by her spiritual helpers, of bringing the young men back into their former condition. They had, first, to draw their blood out. Bows and arrows and spears had to be used. So their relatives made spear points, which they fixed onto long poles. When it was done, they started after the young oxen, shot their arrows, and were able to hit five of them. As soon as their blood ran out, they resumed their human form, under the very eyes of those who had shot them.² But the two other oxen ran away, and nobody could overtake them. Now their troubles were great. The old witch's advice was again sought for, but she could no longer be of any help. Other seers had to be consulted; for, no doubt, the mischief had been done by sorcerers whose power exceeded hers. An old seer, living in another village, was known for his skill in witchcraft. So they went to see him about this matter. His reply was that the task of discovering their hiding-place was far from an easy one. Cunning had to be resorted to. The old man also said to them, "Go to the woods, and search for them. In your hands you must hold small objects carved out of *this* kind of wood,³ so that they may recognize you by that sign."

The men went to the woods, as they had been told, but could not find anything. Much worried were they, for all their search seemed to be of no avail.⁴ They did not, however, give up looking around and inquiring everywhere. "Have you not seen young oxen of *that* colour?" they would ask. Once they

¹ Rev. Vincent here added that late Justine Picard used to say, in French, 'amorphoser' instead of 'métamorphoser.'

² Drawing blood in order to bring about the end of a metamorphosis is, it seems, a common European folk-lore motive.

³ The nature of the objects and the kind of wood could not be described by the informant.

⁴ Rev. P. Vincent stated that this part of the story was quite lengthy.

came across some enemies of their nation who, instead of giving them information, tried to rob and injure them. Having at last escaped, they fled to a less dangerous place. On their way they came across two young animals and, mistaking them for their transformed friends, they shot their arrows at them. Although their blood ran out, nothing else happened. Then, from the colour of their hair, it became clear that these were common oxen. Much disheartened, the searching party made for their own village. One evening they noticed that the young oxen were hiding in a thick bush, near their camp. There was no doubt, this time; these were the very animals they were looking for. Some of the men carefully took aim. But twice at least they shot their arrows to no avail. Managing to creep forward without frightening the animals, a hunter shot an arrow and drew out some blood. One of the oxen at once became a man, while the other took to flight in the woods. The young man joined his parents, who were glad thus to have recovered him. But they were grieved about the fate of the missing brother. They had to track him for a long time, and it was only after endless difficulties that he was recovered and transformed into a man.

Now then, a council of the nation was assembled. The seven brothers came forward and were asked many questions. "While your bodies were those of oxen, did you feel and think as men do?" asked some one. "Could you realize your sad condition? Did you recognize men?" And they answered, "Yes! We could not speak; but we knew our village, our father's house, and our parents." Their names were then changed into new ones. Significant names, referring to their qualities and gifts, had first been given them when they were young children, upon the earliest signs of their inclinations. Now, their new names were different. They alluded to the sad state into which they had been reduced by the sorcerers.¹

¹ This seems to have been in conformity with a Huron custom; that is, a child was first given a nickname, framed to describe one of the child's marked characteristics; and when he had become a young man, he was given a traditional name, referring to mythological adventures or deeds of the past.

In the course of the same year, the council of the nation decided to give a great feast, as was the custom, in honour of the brothers. Invitations were sent out to the chiefs of the friendly nations, who came on the appointed day. The seven young men then came forth dressed in their finery and related in public their experiences while they were young oxen. The visitors gave them presents; and, before they left, the visitors were, in exchange, offered many gifts, which they accepted as a pledge of friendship,¹ in case of war.

It seems, moreover, that one of the seven young men—the youngest brother—went out and lived for some time with old wizards and witches, or perhaps fairies. For he had a certain mark on his shoulder which, according to the Indians, was a sign of great ability to foresee a number of things.² There he underwent a certain training in the art of divination, and gave due reward to his masters. Thereafter he became a famous seer, sorcerer, and medicine-man. His reputation soon spread beyond his village; and people would come from everywhere to consult him. When a war was waged upon some foreign tribes, the warriors would come with presents and ask him how many enemies there were, and what were the best means to overcome them. Moreover, he was a skilful hunter. And none surpassed him in the art of speaking. Whoever came to see him about something was always satisfied with his services. And he used to receive a great number of presents, skins, wampum bands, and other things.

¹ Vincent stated here that it was always the custom to exchange gifts with visitors.

² There was a widespread popular belief among the French-Canadians to the effect that the seventh of a series of seven male or female children had remarkable gifts of a supernatural order. Such a person was designated as "fleur-de-lis." It seems evident that there is a considerable infusion of French folk-lore in this, as well as in the other part of this myth.

(E) CHARMS DERIVED FROM MONSTERS.

XLI. THE GROUND-SQUIRREL¹ AND THE LION MONSTERS.²

Twelve warriors were returning home from a war expedition. Their leader said, "Let us halt here and go out hunting!" So they pitched camp there.

After they had been camping for several days, many of them started for the hunt. Only a few succeeded in bringing any game, when they came back at night from their rounds in the woods. The last one to come in remained [strangely] silent, and it seemed as if he was greatly troubled in his mind. The leader inquired, "What is it? What did you kill?" The [hunter] replied, "No! I did not kill anything. The only thing I found was a queer sort of claw-mark [on a tree]. And yet, I am quite sure it was not made by a bear's claw." The other said, "Now listen! We must all look into this matter and find out whether this is really a bear's claw-mark." The hunter remarked, "Maybe we had better not disturb [the animal]." But the other rejoined, "Indeed, we must go there!" So they all proceeded to the tree [bearing the claw-marks], and [saw that] the scales of the bark had been deeply scratched off quite a long way up. [Chopping down a neighbouring tree] they leaned it against the [hollow standing log]³ and one [of them] climbed it in order to frighten the animal out. The hunter had no sooner peeped into the hollow tree than [a monster] stretched his body upwards and came out. The man yelled, "My friends, run away! It isn't a bear." They took to flight. At a short distance, a hunter shot at the pursuing animal—[a huge Ground-squirrel]—but the monster caught him, ran back to the tree, and climbed it with [his victim's body] in his mouth. When the Ground-squirrel came down again, he chased the other hunters and, after a little while only, he ran back with

¹ *uju^{ay}*: ground-squirrel or chipmunk (*tamias striatus*).

² Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in July, 1912. Mrs. Johnson stated that she learned this tale from her grandmother, *Ne^{du}ca*, of the Deer clan.

³ This was one of their usual methods in bear-hunting, in the winter.

another body in his mouth. In the same manner he killed eleven of the men [and brought their bodies into his den]. The hunter [who had discovered the animal] was the only one now left. He was also chased by the monster, and, running towards a lake, he thought to himself, "Perhaps he might not catch me in the water. So there I must go." Upon reaching the lake, he saw a man-like being¹—the Lion—standing by the water, who [spoke to him and] said, "I am the one who will try to fight your pursuer. The only thing for you to do, in case you see me overpowered, is to splash some water on me which you must dip from the lake."

Then the monster suddenly appeared and pounced upon the man. But the Lion started to fight [the Ground-squirrel]. So much amazed was the man that he forgot [the Lion's advice], and it was only when he saw him almost overcome on the ground that it came back to his mind. He, therefore, dipped some water from the lake and splashed it on [his protector]. The Lion at once threw the body on the big Ground-squirrel on the ground and killed him.

Now the Lion [spoke to the man] saying, "Go back to the village where your folks dwell, and bring them all to the [claw-marked] hollow log in which two young [Ground-squirrels] are still living. When you come back you shall again find me here. Take this stone² and use it for destroying the young monsters." And he added, "I, the great Lion, will be there to defend you when you kill them. [As soon as it is done] you shall burn their bodies on the spot, and whoever among the people wishes to get charms³ must gather some of the ashes left from the burnt bodies [of the monsters]. Such charms, mind you, must not be used against anybody,⁴ but only for good luck in hunting."

[So it happened.] The man, having returned from home, again met his [protector]. His people also gathered and prepared the charms [as they had been directed].

Yihē!

¹ A benevolent monster, the Lion (*American puma*).

² A charm.

³ *awa-du-ta-ε-ta'*: *it me-the magic-to possess*.

⁴ Literally: "You must not point or direct to that which is harmful to the body."

XLII. THE GROUND-SQUIRREL¹ AND THE FLYING LION.²

On their way home twelve men travelled many days in the woods. They were tired. As they had to rest and gather provisions for the rest of the journey, their leader selected a place where they might pitch the camp. When they returned from the hunt at night, each of them related his experiences as to what he had seen and killed while in the woods. One of the hunters, however, remained silent and would not say anything. The leader requested him to speak out and relate his adventures, as he was the only one left who had not spoken. So he replied that he had really found something, a tree that had been claw-marked, and wherein, no doubt, an animal was dwelling. But, to his mind, the animal was not a bear. When pressed by the chief to explain his thoughts, he added that, in all likelihood, it was an *uki*³, and that they had much better go away without disturbing it.

The leader held a kind of council at which it was decided to investigate the matter. The fellow advising not to tease the animal having thus been overruled by the majority, showed the others to the haunted spot. The tree in which the [mysterious] being had his abode was hollow from top to bottom. A neighbouring tree was felled against it, and used as a ladder to climb upon. As was the custom, the fellow who had made the find was appointed to climb the leaning tree and look down into the hollow one. So he did, and having dropped something into the hole in order to drive the animal out, he gave the alarm, exclaiming, "Run for your lives! It isn't a bear; its eyes are fiery!" All the men began to run homewards. Coming out of his den,

¹ That the monster was the Ground-squirrel was not remembered by Allen Johnson, but is inferred here from the explicit statement in Mrs. Catherine Johnson's version in text of the same myth.

² Related in English by Allen Johnson, in May, 1912, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Johnson stated that he had heard this myth often recited by late James Armstrong—*Hariwa:kyo'de'*—, Smith Nichols, and his mother. A briefer version of the same myth has been recorded in text, Mrs. Cath. Johnson acting as informant (XLI). The above version was recorded before that of Mrs. Johnson.

³ *Uki*: *it-is with "power"*; that is: a being gifted with 'mana' or 'power.'

the monster chased them. The other man did not move from the tree on which he had climbed; and he heard the gun reports of each of his friends when they were just about to be killed by the uki'. He knew that they were all dead when the last gun report came to his ears. So he felt that he had better run away in the opposite direction. After having run for some time, he came to a steep cliff by a pool. There he saw a man standing upon the ledge of the rock, who told him not to be afraid. "I came here to help you," said he, "and I will fight the monster." He also gave him instructions regarding the animal that was on his trail, adding, "When you see that my body is covered with blood and that I am losing ground in the fight, dip some water [from the pool], pour it on me, and I shall thus be enabled to win the battle." For this purpose he gave him a bark cup. As the battle was about to begin, the protector of the man who had run away transformed himself into an animal. The man grew so intensely excited over the fight between his protector and the monster that, although he saw the friendly animal dragged around by the other and almost overcome, he forgot for a while all about the instructions he had received. Suddenly it came back to his mind; and no sooner had he poured some water on his friend, than he saw him refreshed and regaining strength. When the battle was won, the man thanked his protector, who told him what he really was. "I am the White Lion,¹ flying in the air like a blaze."²

And he added, "Now go home and bring the best and swiftest runners of your age along with you. The body of this monster you shall burn [and his young ones that are still in the hollow

¹ a-ha-cro-kye'ta' yε'ric.

² Allen Johnson gave the following explanation as to the nature of the White Lion monster: These beings— for there are several of them—are supposed to have originated in the northern polar regions and to travel in the air from north to south. From time to time, they alight here and there, making a kind of light when they come down. They are said to drop a round magical stone (ya'gō'cra') when they want to break the solid ice and get into the water. Whenever this magical stone hits the earth, a thundering clash may be heard. In former days some men whose ears were keen and experienced could detect the presence of these Lions.

tree you shall destroy]. Take this stone,¹ mash it up, and cast its powder in the bullets with which you will shoot the young ones. When you shoot them with your own gun, a deep roar will be heard. And then, all danger will be over, all the monsters being dead."

So it happened. The men came to the hollow tree and shot their [magical] bullets through it, at the level of the ground. A roar resounded. The tree having been cut down, a fire of dry slippery elm was built to burn the monsters. Then the hunter gave some of the ashes to his friends. "Take these ashes," said he; "put them into hide bags, and keep them [as charms]." It is said that the ashes from these monsters were just like powder and as glittering as ice. Before picking up the magic ashes, each man had to speak and tell in what way he wished the charm to operate; for the White Lion had warned his friend, saying, "This charm must not be used to injure anybody, but only for good luck, particularly in hunting." Each hunter, therefore, expressed his wish; some wanted to be lucky in killing the bear, the buffalo, or some other animal; the others preferred becoming wealthy or living at home without any trouble. The last to utter his wish could not make up his mind. And the leader of the party² asked him, "Well! what is your choice?" And he replied, "Yε^odiε^ogya^ota^o" (to fornicate forever!) It was a grave matter for a man to be so light-headed, the uki' having, in fact, given the warning that nothing injurious should be chosen. No sooner had he uttered his wish than it came into effect, until he died as a result. His friends buried him and went back home.

I suppose they are still living at the same place.³

¹ The monster gave him some fragments of his own magic stone, referred to in a preceding footnote.

² That is, the one who had been protected by the Flying Lion.

³ *s^oske^ono^oma^o' ka^oti^oda^ore^o*: perhaps-it may be-still-there-they-live; a formula often used at the end of such tales.

XLIII. THE MONSTER LIZARD AND THE HUNTER.¹

Once a hunter started for the woods, where he intended to stay during all the hunting season. He travelled for a number of days, as the game was plentiful only in remote forests. Pitching his camp at the same place as in the winter before, he had only to restore [the dwelling] which he had previously occupied. It seems that the other hunters had all chosen another direction. They really dreaded some calamity in case they resorted to the same hunting grounds, as those who ventured there, it was believed, had never returned, for some unknown reason.

The hunter brought with him all that he needed for camping and gathering pelts; and he was followed by his hound, a mother dog, and her six little ones. Going around to set traps and dead-falls,² he would often remain a day or two in the woods without returning to the cabin. He was, indeed, very successful in catching a great many fur-bearing animals in his traps; and when he came to the camp, it was merely to rest or to dress his pelts.

Something strange came to his attention regarding the behaviour of his dogs. As they looked tired while lying around in the day-time, he began to consider the matter. It seemed to him that every time he remained in the woods the dogs also went out somewhere. He did not give up, at first, going around and examining his traps; but he kept on watching. Soon after he

¹ Recorded in English, in May, 1912, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Informant, Allen Johnson. This is a second version—with more circumstantial details—of Mrs. Catherine Johnson's story in text of "The Beaver giving powers" (XXXIII). While Mrs. Johnson did not remember exactly what was the harmful monster, Allen Johnson was of opinion that it was a lizard or some kind of dragon. On the other hand, many important details found in Mrs. Johnson's version are omitted in that of Allen Johnson.

² Various kinds of traps, adapted to the size and habits of various animals, were utilized by the Huron and Wyandot hunters. The dead-fall consisted essentially in setting a log or piece of wood—the weight of which was suited to the purpose, and often increased by an additional burden—in an unstable position, by means of an easily movable support which, being either baited or placed in a trail, was disturbed by the animal, with the result that the log would fall upon it, thereby preventing its escape.

left his cabin for the night, his hound would also start for some unknown place. So he thought of cooking some meat for them, and thus improving their condition. And, returning earlier in the morning than he used to, he found out, one day, that one of the young dogs was missing. It was impossible, indeed, to find out what was the matter, for they were not in need of food. He became so much worried that, staying home at night, he did not sleep and could hear the hounds barking at a distance. In the morning another dog was missing. While he was watching by the fire at night and dressing some pelts, the mother dog came to him and spoke, advising him to barricade the door by fastening it as tightly as possible with buckskin sinew, and then to take to flight towards the village; for an *uki'*— a monster— was craving for his life. He was advised to escape through the smoke-hole and leap on a bear skin of average size, two of which he was to use for concealing his tracks in the snow.

So he did. And, starting in the direction of his home, he kept on all day long, leaping from one bear skin to the other, after spreading them in turn on the snow, in front of him. The hound overtook him from time to time and encouraged him, while her young ones were devoting their lives to prevent the monster from getting ahead. She informed him twice that still another dog had lost its life for his sake, but that the others would not give up the struggle. So then he left the bear skins behind and began to run for his life. Many times again the mother dog overtook him, each time to bring the news that still another dog had perished. In the end only two of the dogs were left, including the mother.¹ So she told him, "Keep on running straight on. Your life is at stake. And, if you do not see me again, it means that we shall all have sacrificed our lives for you."

Upon reaching the village, he was so utterly exhausted that he fell into a trance. As the people could not make out what was the matter with him, the charmers² came around and examined him. They chewed some kind of herb which they had in their

¹ The following incidents are somewhat different from those described in Mrs. Johnson's version (XXXIII).

² *huti-di'-cra't*: their-power-stands.

possession and blew it upon his body. Recovering his senses, he told his adventure, a very strange one, it seemed to them. All the village-folks gathered. The best and bravest warriors were selected and organized into a party which, under the hunter's leadership, started for the haunted forest in search of the monster. They travelled many days, until they reached the deserted winter-camp. There they rested for some time, making preparations. The sorcerers began to put on their medicine-ropes¹ and, lying down in a secluded spot, they would fall into a trance. Each one of them in turn did the same thing, but failed in his attempt to find out anything about the monster. The leader of the sorcerers, therefore, selected the very fellow who had been chased by the monster, as he thought that, although not a "charmer," he should try, by falling into a trance, to find out what the uki' was. He was given some of the medicine² which provokes a trance accompanied with dreams. And, retiring into a secluded place, he lay down, fell into a trance, and dreamt. The revelation obtained in such dreams being known always to be truthful, its directions were carefully followed; and the dreamer was the leader of the party engaged in bringing about its fulfilment. After his dream the hunter came back and related to the charmers what he had seen. He became their leader, and guided them in the direction indicated in the dream. Finding the bodies of the slain dogs, they soon became aware of their being on the right track. Every night, while they were travelling,³ they put up a camp wherein to rest and sleep. When they came to a swampy place, in the midst of which a big hollow tree was standing, they detected traces of the fight between the monster and the dogs. The hollow tree was, to be sure, the uki's den. The warriors, therefore, gathered in a council and considered a plan of attack. One of the foremost among them said, "The best thing to do is to cut down the trees around the swamp and cover the stumps with animals skins; and when the monster comes out, he will surely take them for men." As all were agreed

¹ *ha-te'cija-we'nq'gya'*: *he-self-in a robe wraps.*

² The informant did not know what this medicine was.

³ The informant added that they had travelled three or four days.

upon the plan brought forward, the fastest runners started to fell the trees against the hollow one standing in the swamp. Meanwhile the others withdrew to a certain spot in the woods, where the runners were to join them, after they had accomplished their task. No sooner had the monster come out of the tree than he began running about and pulling off without the slightest effort the stumps that had been covered up with skins. The warriors watched him for a while, and noticing how completely he had been fooled, they started running towards the place where the others were waiting. Joining them in a council, they studied the manner in which the dangerous being might be destroyed. Each one of them fell into a trance about the matter. And, when their deliberations were over, the same appointed leader¹ picked² the best marksmen from among them to go and shoot the uki³ with bullets cast especially for the occasion, under the direction of a leading charmer, and in which certain [magical] medicine had been introduced. Then they were advised⁴ to surround the monster and take their stand so as to shoot him in the black spots on each side of his body, which indicated the place of his heart and the seat of his life. Complying with these instructions, they shot the animal; and, when he died, the ground quivered terribly.

Then they were directed by their leader to burn⁴ the dead monster—a big lizard or dragon—with a certain kind of wood. Charms for good luck were made out of some of the charred remains. And, with great care, each one of them picked up some ashes, making a speech in which the purpose and efficacy of the new charm were explained [according to his wishes]. Sacred Indian tobacco was burnt as an offering⁵ during the preparation

¹ The hunter who had first been chased by the monster.

² It is not quite clear, from other statements, whether the leader himself selected the marksmen.

³ Apparently by the same charmer.

⁴ The end of this myth is similar to those of "The Beaver giving powers," XXXIII; "The Ground-squirrel and the Lion monsters" XLI; and "The boy and his pet Snake" XLIV.

⁵ Allen Johnson described this ritual as a kind of Indian sacrament, the tobacco being offered to the higher supernatural beings in exchange for the favour to be obtained.

of the charms; and while some of the men would speak for themselves, others would give Indian tobacco to one of the leading charmers, requesting him to speak in their place.

And it is said that thereafter hunting in those woods no longer offered any danger.

XLIV. THE BOY AND HIS PET SNAKE.¹

This is the tale of events which, we believe, really happened.

A boy one day started along a brook, the bottom of which was rocky. While walking he found a small snake, and, as she was very pretty, [he caught her] and built a wall around her, to prevent her from escaping. When it was done, he came back home, and did not inform any of the older folks of what he had done.

The next day, he went to see the snake where she was imprisoned. There he dug a hole in the rock and poured some water therein, so that she might drink. The next thing he did was to go out hunting. Having killed a bird, he plucked the feathers off, went to the snake's den, cut the bird's flesh into small bits, and fed his little pet. And the very tiny snake ate the meat.

Again the next day he visited the same place, and the reptile was still there as usual. He gave her some water to drink, went out hunting, and killed a bird. The snake again ate the meat which he had given her. Once more, [the same day,] the boy hunted and killed another bird; and the snake ate up almost all its flesh.

When the child again went out to see his pet animal, the next morning, she was much larger. Having given her something to drink, he went out hunting and killed three birds, which he gave her. As she was increasing in size every day, she would eat more and more. After some time, she had grown to such an extent that he had to build another stone [hut], in which to place her. He hunted again and the reptile still ate much more than usual. And so it went on, every day. It was not long before

¹ Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, July, 1912. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Mrs. Johnson learned this tale from her grandmother, *Nędwa*.

another stone enclosure had to be built up around the snake, as she had now become very large. The next time he went out hunting, he killed quite a good many rabbits, and she ate them all quickly, showing that she still wanted more. So that he hunted again, brought back a number of rabbits, and fed the reptile, who devoured them all. He hunted three times the next morning for his favourite animal. And everything was swallowed up as usual. From that time on, the boy was no longer able to supply his snake with enough rabbits and birds, although he spent all his days hunting and giving her plenty to eat. When again the next day, he went out on his usual visit, he was himself devoured.

Then, at night, the snake started for the peninsula where the people were living. And, when, at dawn, the people got up, the snake's body blockaded the settlement in such a way that it was impossible to find a way out.¹ Soon after the monster killed the people and swallowed all their bodies. Two young orphans—one of whom was a little girl—escaped, however, as they happened, just then, to have stayed some distance away from their home.² The boy found out that the village was besieged by the snake. Being very much frightened at night, he knew not whither to go in order to escape; and until late at night he could not sleep, for it always seemed as if [the monster] was coming. Suddenly he heard a voice³ that said, "Make a bow of black locust wood, and only two arrows out of a switch of dogwood. As to the feathering, you must pull quills from the tail of the eagle which you own, and use them to fix the arrows. On the right side of [the snake's] body, facing this way, there is a spot which looks distinctly like a heart. That is the place where you shall shoot her. The next thing for you to do, is to go around [the snake] while she is bending her body towards you. There you will see a similar spot [on her body], whereat a second

¹ Allen Johnson explained that the people were living on a long point of land projecting into the water. So that the large snake had no difficulty in blockading the passage between the point of land and the mainland.

² The same interpreter was of the opinion that these orphans were really not in the habit of living in the settlement, but some distance away.

³ The identity of this being has not been remembered.

time you shall shoot her." The boy, therefore, went to [the place] where the monster was [resting] and, as it had been revealed to him, he saw the [heart-] like spot and shot [an arrow] at it. As it also happened, [as predicted], that the snake bent her body around towards him after a while he shot her once again on the other side. This time, the big snake was dead; and it was the boy who had slain her.

Now again, at night, the boy had another dream in which all that had happened was revealed to him. It became clear that [the snake] had grown up only because the child had taken care of her, and he understood how the boy had been deceived by the monster, transformed into a small and pretty reptile only to reach its aim and devour the people.

The young man went the next day to the village where, not very far away, the people were living; and [he brought] them along to see the large monster which he had killed. And there it was! They split its body open. [Finding that] it was full of human bodies, they drew them all out and buried them. As to the snake, they burned its body. They had [not yet succeeded in getting rid of] its [bad ?] influence, which they felt once more. But this time they made up their minds to secure charms from what was left of the monster's body, that is, some of its still unburnt bones. The boy agreed to it and said, "You should not use this [magic object] to injure¹ anybody, but only to bring good luck; for we were fortunate, indeed, not to have all been destroyed. You must, therefore, use it for all kinds of good purposes, such as for good luck in hunting." And so it happened. While picking up some of the monster's charred bones, everyone of them spoke [and explained] the beneficial use to which he intended to direct [the charms]. They could not really have been designed for injuring anybody.

That is all!

¹ *da'ja-yu'we'rø'*: that-someone-becomes unlucky, or is injured.

(F) WIZARDS AND WITCHES.

XLV. THE WITCH TRANSFORMED INTO A HEN.¹

A man, his wife, and their children went to the woods for the hunt. When they had been camping there [for some time], it seemed as though something had brought them ill-luck; for no sooner did he go out hunting than his children fell sick. As he stayed home, however, they recovered their health, only to get sick or recover whenever he would go away or come back again.

It occurred to the hunter that nothing else but some bad trick or witchcraft was the cause of it all. So he studied the matter and advised his wife to go to the village and get some medicine to counteract such evil operations. He himself went home [to the village], however, and, when he was just about to reach his house, across his path he noticed a hen stretching down its wings and clucking just as if it were surrounded with chickens. This was truly strange. The man twice kicked the hen out of his path, but the second time it seemed as if the hen was about to crow, thus apparently boasting that she could injure him at her own will. Becoming quite angry he tried to get hold of her by the wings. But instead of wings he felt a human hand. So he seized his bow-knife and thrust [the blade] into its heart. A human voice cried for mercy and exclaimed, "You have killed me!" The hunter stood there for a moment and while he was thinking over it, he saw the [stabbed] hen transformed into the dead body of the witch whose last words were to beg forgiveness. The evil charm ceased to operate upon the children,² who at once recovered their health. Having brought his family back home, the hunter then visited the close neighbours of the deceased witch, and related the recent events. Her relatives, in fact, denied having any knowledge of her being a witch, and buried her body.³ The chief, however, warned them that if they had an [evil] charm, they had much better cast it away.

¹ Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, May, 1912. Informant, Allen Johnson.

² In one out of several statements, Johnson refers only to one child.

³ The bodies of witches were generally burnt, in the old time.

XLVI. THE WOMAN WITH TWINS AND THE WIZARD.¹

A woman brought twins forth, one of whom was a boy and the other a dog. While the boy was still small, the dog grew fast.

When the winter came, the woman had to go out and gather wood. She asked the dog, "What will you do to rock your brother's cradle when he wakes up?" And the dog took hold of a cloth in the cradle, [pulled it] and thereby rocked the cradle.² "What will you do when he cries?" asked she. And she understood that he was to run outside and bark.

It was plain to her that the dog could take care of the child. So she went to the forest and chopped wood. She remained there for a long while, listening from time to time, while she was working. After she had chopped a pile of fire-wood, she heard the barking of the dog. Then she fastened the chopped wood into a bundle with a long strap, placed the burden strap around her forehead, pulled the bundle on to her back, and started for her home. Upon reaching the house, she found that the boy and the dog were gone. As there was just a little snow on the ground, she could see a man's tracks outside. She started off and followed them. How long did she follow these tracks? She did not know. She must have travelled for a full year, it seems.

As for the man, he did not really go very far, for he only described a circle, always to come back to the same point. The woman followed him, day after day. At night she would camp and sleep wherever she happened to be.

Once she had a dream in which someone³ appeared to her and said, "Don't go any further, but simply retrace your steps. When you come to a creek, do not cross it, but make two small troughs with the bark of a tree, in each of which you shall collect

¹ Tale recorded partly in text and partly in English in the autumn of 1911, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Mary Kelley.

² The Wyandots had two kinds of cradles for young children: the cradle-board (i.e., a board protected by a projecting bow, on which the child was fastened), and a hammock-like cradle.

³ Apparently an uki' or guardian spirit.

the milk from your right and left breasts. When you shall have placed the two small troughs by a tree, climb into it and wait. This is the only way for you to find your children." So she did.

After having waited for a while in the tree, she saw a young man who was coming along with bow and arrows in his hand, followed by a dog. The dog looked up and, seeing the woman in the tree, he started to bark. But, as he recognized his mother, he spoke to the young man, instead, saying, "This is our mother"! And he added, "Drink [the milk] from this trough. The other is for me." Then the young man [spoke to his mother], "Come down!" said he, "I will not kill you." She came down; and they started together for home.

[She then heard the story of] the man eating human flesh, the wizard who had kidnapped the child and the dog. These twins, [being witch-like, had grown very fast;] and they were, in fact, employed by the wizard to hunt and kill people for him. The dog was such a good hunter that once he had picked up one's track there was no possible means of escape.

As [the mother and her twins] were on their way home, they met an old woman along the road. She asked, "You have found [the twins]; are you not very glad?" And she informed them that, as they were about to come to a forked road, they should follow the one on the left side. So they did and soon reached their home, where they stayed together.

The boy was now old enough to take care of his mother. It was not very long before the dog found out that the wizard was again coming to them. The dog [spoke to his mother], saying, "He shall not, indeed, be able to bring us along with him this time!" Warning his brother, he said, "Let us watch!" The twins were wise¹ and witch-like.² So they watched by the doorstep. As soon as the man appeared, the dog jumped to his throat, choked him, and left him dead, he who was a wizard and a cannibal.³

¹ *hi^oda^ou^oca^o*: they (both)-are wise.

² *hu^odaki^oy^oca^o*: they (both)-are with power or witchery-?

³ The informant stated that there is no mention as to whether they buried his body or not. In the old time, it is added, the witches and wizards were usually burnt, because they were considered harmful and dangerous to the people.

The twins and their mother thereafter lived together, never again to be driven apart from one another.

This is the end.

XLVII. THE SEERS AND THE MAN BURIED IN THE WOODS¹

Several parties of hunters, at the approach of the winter, started for the hunt in the forest. One of these parties pitched its camp near a monster's (*uki*) place.

While the men left for a two or three days' outing to set their traps, a young woman went to the woods. There a queer human being appeared to her and frightened her so that, as she came back into the camp, she fell into a trance. The hunters soon returned from the hunt; and one of them, a gifted seer,² had her to explain what she had seen when she recovered her senses. [Withdrawing into a secluded spot], the seer then fasted, rolled himself up in his robe, and fell into a trance to find out what was the matter. But it was of no avail. He did not find out anything, and could only say that the sooner they would leave this locality, the better. So they all went back to their village.

In a kind of council the medicine-men³ had her again relate her experiences. When this was done, they decided to proceed to the haunted forest and try to find out the cause of the young woman's adventures. Fasting in turn, they all managed in their own way to fall into trances; for each of them had his own manner of bringing about trances. It only resulted, however, in their complete failure. One of the men sitting in the midst of the crowd was a simple-minded fellow, a vagabond without any character and the laughing-stock of the others. The chief of the charmers then called him out and urged him to get into a trance and try to find out what was the trouble. Nobody was really aware that he enjoyed gifts of any kind. He retired [to a

¹ Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912. Informant, Allen Johnson, who stated that he had heard this story related by *Harriwa'kyondi* (James Armstrong) and his mother, Catherine Johnson.

² *kud'icrat*: *his-gift-stands*, i.e. he has power, he is a seer, sorcerer, or medicine-man. 'Charmer' was the term used by the informant.

³ *ahw'it'd'icrat*: *their-power-stands*.

secret place], however, remained in a trance for several hours, and, upon returning, informed the seers of what he had discovered. The chief, according to the custom, appointed the dreamer¹ leader of the party that would carry out [the instructions received in the dream].² But the vagabond would not accept the leadership unless everyone [in his party] promised to obey him. When it was done, he led them to a tall elm and told them to uproot the tree, adding, "Dig it up, and at the bottom you shall find the being that has frightened the woman." They all laughed at him. But the leading seer said, "We must comply with our agreement and conform to his instructions." So they dug up the tree, and found a dead man who had been buried years ago in a cavity under the tree. His body, still fresh as on the very day of the burial, was lying there with the face turned upwards. His tomahawk, hunting-knife,³ and gun were there beside him, and scalps were still hanging all around. The dead warrior was watching them, as they were digging around him, and although apparently without life and helpless, he kept rolling his eyes frightfully. Only the bravest among the men dared come near and carry his body out to the surface. They then burnt his remains, so that they might no longer cause harm to anybody. [When it was done] the leading seer advised his companions to report the adventure to the head-chief of the village, who had authority to [dispose of such matters].⁴ The chief, therefore, assembled the people together, spoke to them at length, and urged them no longer to bury their dead in the wilds when they were engaged on hunting [or war] expeditions. Whoever happened to die when out hunting, in fact, had to be buried according to the acknowledged custom, [near the village]. This is why [the warrior] who had thus been buried alone in the woods had become a [dangerous] uki'.⁵

¹ That is the one who had fallen into a trance.

² The first part of this story is almost a parallel of another, subsequently related by Mrs. Catherine Johnson, 'The Beaver giving powers,' XXXIII.

³ "Bow-knife," was the term used by the informant.

⁴ The informant's vague terms were "his discretion as to how to dispose of this witchcraft."

⁵ The informant improperly used the term 'sorcerer.'

XLVIII. THE WITCH'S DAUGHTERS AND THE SUITORS.¹

An old witch had several beautiful daughters² [endowed with the power of flying hand in hand in the air, over the villages, while singing a certain song.]³ [The young men living in a village across the river were enchanted by the flying sisters. They found them so fascinating with their shining black hair and dark eyes that they followed them to their home and courted them.]⁴ [But their mother, the old witch, was determined not to give away her daughters.]⁵ She would, therefore, interfere with the suitors, always preventing them from coming near, and never letting her daughters go out of sight.

As the young men were quite determined in their pursuit, the witch finally planned a certain number of tests and feats to which they were to be submitted before being allowed to woo her daughters. What these tests were has now been forgotten. But they were quite difficult and, indeed, insuperable. A great many young men from the surrounding villages perished in trying to surmount them. So many in the end had thus lost their lives that the old men began to murmur and say that their villages would soon be devoid of young men.

¹ Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Oct., 1911, and May, 1912. While the chief informant was B. N. O. Walker, fragmentary versions of the same tale were obtained from Mrs. Isaiah Walker and her daughter, Mrs. M. Murdoch, of Seneca, Missouri. Mr. B. N. O. Walker's version was taken down and revised three times, owing to his memory having been refreshed in the course of conversations with other parties who had also heard the same story years ago. This tale, long enough in its original form to occupy several evenings, was often recited by Miss Kitty Greyeyes, a Canadian-born Wyandot, who died about 18 years ago. Mr. Walker states that it is still partly remembered by Mrs. Eliza Noble, of Edna, Kansas, and Mrs. N. Lane, of Chitopa, Kansas.

² Two or six daughters, according to diverse opinions of the informants. Mrs. Isaiah Walker remembered that there were six daughters; and Mr. B. N. O. Walker, after having first stated that the witch had only two daughters, later agreed that there were six. Mrs. Taubin, his sister, of Seneca, Mo., was of the opinion that only two sisters were spoken of in the tale.

³ Statement in parenthesis contributed by Mrs. I. Walker.

⁴ Informants, Mrs. Isaiah Walker, and B. N. O. Walker.

⁵ Informant, Mrs. M. Murdoch.

A chief's son and his friends who had not so far been submitted to the compelling charms of the witch's daughters made up their minds to try their chance at winning them, expecting thereby to put a stop to the loss of so many young men. Then began their adventures.

Before starting, the young chief was given lengthy instructions by his [uncle],¹ who was gifted with supernatural powers. Among other things, the old man said, "When you reach the river on the other side of which they live, you and your friends shall form a regular marching line with you, the chief, in the lead. You shall then proceed across the river, on the ice, in single file. Noises and cries of all kinds coming from behind shall assail your ears, but, mind you! keep your eyes firmly fixed on the opposite shore, at the spot where the girl's home is. You and your friends should never yield and look back, for this would surely bring about the end of you all."

"When they came to the river bank, the chief's son arranged all his friends into a single line, and imparted to them the advice which he had received. Then they started marching in a file on the clear and slippery ice across the broad river. The ice was really shining like glass. The last man in the file had no sooner stepped on the ice than they all began to hear all kinds of cries behind them. The voices of their relatives could be heard calling for help in the most pitiable manner. And the young men recognized the laments of their mothers, fathers, and sisters, as they were imploring them for relief. It became so unbearable that the last man in the file could not stand it any longer and [had to turn his head around and look. He had no sooner done so than he dropped down and?] "Wing!" his dried bones rattled on the ice and slipped across the river. Hearing the queer noise, the man who was just next to him turned his head around, and "Wing!" his dried bones rattled on the ice in the same way. [And the same thing happened to the man who was next in line, and to all the others in turn until only two were left, the leader

¹ The instructor was his uncle, according to Mrs. I. Walker.

² Informants Mrs. Isaiah Walker, Mr. B. N. O Walker, and Mrs. Murdock.

and his best friend, walking on the clear ice. All the others had looked back, fallen, and perished].¹

Upon reaching the other shore, the two suitors found the witch's house near the river bank. The old woman at once did various things to stop their progress. [A deep chasm had to be crossed on a log, So she caused the log constantly to shake. The young chief, however, managed in some way to counteract her witchcraft, and with his companion he finally reached the other side.]² And then they started after the girls. But their mother ordered them to run away. So they ran up the river bank, followed by their suitors. A tall [slippery tree]³ stood there. The old woman shouted and told the fugitives to climb it, while she would annoy their pursuers. Dodging her, however, the young men also started up the tree. [When the girls reached the eagle's nest in the tree-top, they crawled into it; and they were changed into eaglets,⁴ by their mother, it seems.] As the suitors were just about to catch the girls in the tree, the witch shouted to her daughters, "Mingite! mingite!"⁵ So they did. But this did not prevent them from being captured.⁶

Then it occurred to the witch that she should keep them with her until a certain time had elapsed, [in order to overpower them]. She, therefore, offered them a lodge in which to spend the night. The door of the lodge consisted of a blanket⁷ suspended from the top. The young chief, in fact, had been

¹ Informants B. N. O. Walker and Mrs. Murdoch.

² Incident in parenthesis added in Mr. Walker's third version. It was only imperfectly remembered. In a later statement the informant expressed the opinion that this episode consisted of one of the tests imposed upon the young men after the Bear had been slain.

³ Detail in parenthesis added by Mrs. M. Murdoch.

⁴ Added by Mrs. M. Murdoch, and later supplemented by Mr. Walker.

⁵ Latin translation.

⁶ This incident was related twice by Mr. Walker. In the second version this incident was supposed to take place after the slaughter of the White Bear and just before the young men started homewards. When the third version was recorded, however, Mr. Walker remembered distinctly that this episode was supposed to take place immediately after the arrival of the young men and before their slaying the Bear.

⁷ Or curtain.

informed by his [uncle], before leaving home, that [the curtain in the door would quiver and waver all the time that he and his friend were in the lodge, owing to some magical operations of the witch, who was thus continually informed of their presence.]¹ And it seems, moreover, that the compelling force that kept the blanket quivering also prevented the prisoners from escaping at will. The young man knew that, should they try to get out, the blanket at once would stop shaking and waving back and forth, thereby disturbing the witch in her rest and giving her a warning.² The chief's son, moreover, had been informed [by his uncle] that he could ultimately overcome the witch's resistance only by slaying her husband, the great White Bear living in the river, near her house. All the witch's powers being derived from her transformed husband,³ [she was jealously concealing him; for, had anybody killed him, all her witchcraft would have from that moment vanished.]⁴ From time to time, she used to go out and feed the White Bear, whom she usually called forth from the river, through a hole in the ice, [by means of a mournful cry⁵].

As the young man was aware of the fact that he could not win the young woman without slaying the Bear as he emerged from the water, he contrived a means of getting out of the lodge unnoticed. Speaking to his friend, he said, "Here in my pocket I have a bark string with a hook. I will fix it to the blanket, and as you keep on shaking the blanket by pulling the string, I shall go out and, while the witch still believes me here, I shall slay the Bear." So he fastened the hook to a corner of the curtain, gave the string to his friend, who began to pull it from the inside

¹ From Mr. Walker and Mrs. M. Murdoch.

² In one of his versions, Mr. Walker uttered the following remark, "It seems that the old witch had placed her daughters near by, ordering them to watch the curtain and report at once if it stopped quivering."

³ Mr. Walker added in explanation that the witch's husband had been transformed into a Bear; and that the monster had to be slain before the man could resume his human form.

⁴ Informants, Mr. Walker and Mrs. M. Murdoch.

⁵ Mrs. M. Murdoch remembered that, in the recital of this tale, a woman (the old witch) was described as often uttering a mournful cry, which was imitated by the story-teller.

of the lodge, and, getting hold of [his spear¹] he began to watch.

As the time had now come for the old witch to feed the Bear, she began to utter the wailings by means of which she usually called her husband forth. The young man listened for a while, and noticing that the witch was now going towards the river, he slipped out of the lodge unnoticed and followed her to the river. There the old woman stood calling and wailing for a while. Then an immense White Bear emerged through the water hole, and crawled upon the ice. Coming up to him, the witch began to speak and to give him something to eat. [The witch had no sooner started for home than²] the young man rushed forward with his long spear and attacked the monster. The struggle was long and terrible. And every time the man suffered a telling blow from the Bear, his friend heard the old witch, in the other part of the house, emit a deep whispering sound, "*hum, hum.*" As the blows got harder and harder, the sound "*hum, hum,*" gradually grew more distinct.³

The White Bear was killed by the young man, who at once informed his friend and the old witch of his victory. When the old woman saw the dead monster, she patted him on the head, and pretended to be overwhelmed with joy. Praising the young man for his courage, she expressed her delight at the death of the Bear, saying, "I have always wished for somebody to come and slay him, for he has always annoyed me so!" Now the time had come for the suitor to give a great feast, and she advised him and his friend to invite the people. So they sent runners in every direction to invite all the folks to a feast. The old witch volunteered her services to prepare and cut up the Bear for cooking. But the suitors would not let her have anything to do with it, because the young chief had warned that, were she allowed to get any part of the slain monster, the worst might

¹ Mr. Walker was not quite positive as to whether it was a spear.

² In Mr. Walker's second version the witch is supposed to be present during the fight between the young man and the Bear. In the third version, however, she is explicitly described—as seen above—as having returned home.

³ Mr. Walker remembered that his aunt, Kitty Greyeyes, the storyteller, used to close her lips here, shake her head, and utter the sound "*hum, hum.*"

be expected. She would thus be enabled, in fact, to bring back to life her deceased husband [and regain her lost powers]. All the bones and certain parts of the Bear, therefore, had to be carefully gathered and burnt. The witch was ordered, however, to fill her big kettles,¹ which were usually set up in a row along the river bank.² Then the two friends began to skin and cut up the Bear, while the old woman kept on going around and troubling them. She would ask for this or that bone, and, as she could not get them, she would beg for some other part of the dead animal. Being refused everything, she would try again. Now she prayed for the claws, which, she declared, she would arrange into an ornament to keep, I suppose, as a trophy. But the suitors replied, "No!" She kept her countenance, nevertheless, and repeatedly begged for one or another thing, always to be refused. In the end, the chief's son grew very much tired of her obstinacy. As she happened once to ask for a trifling object, which had not been mentioned in his instructions, he said, "Oh! let her have it!" And his friends cut the thing off and tossed it to her. This was exactly what she wanted. The suitors then brought the meat to the place where the kettles were swinging along the river bank and began to cook it. As they were about ready for the feast, they found out that all had been undone. By means of the trifling object which she had secured the witch had, in fact, managed to bring the Bear back to life again and thereby regain most of her powers.

After many tests the chief's son succeeded in killing the Bear again. [But the same thing happened, and the witch once more restored her husband's life]. When the Bear was slain for the third time, the young men would not even let the witch come near while they were dressing the meat. And whatever could not be cooked in the kettles was carefully gathered and burnt. So there was no possible means for the witch, this time, to impair the suitors' final triumph. While the two friends were helping their guests with the meat, the old witch planned another trick

¹ The informant added that the witch used these kettles to feed certain hunters who would come there occasionally.

² Remembered also by Thomas Walker, of Seneca, Missouri.

upon the young chief, and tried to tumble him down into one of the kettles. But she was the one who fell instead, thus forever being done away with.

[When the feast was over], the young chief selected for wife the most beautiful of the witch's daughters, and one who was proudly combing her fine black hair¹ And, having captured the other young women², they started on their way home across the frozen river. By the river bank there was a tall tree, dead and hollow, leaning over the pile of shining bones of the young men who had perished while crossing the river. The chief walked up to it and struck a heavy blow upon it with his tomahawk. The tree fell with a crash, and was smashed into small bits; it flew with a stunning noise in every direction.³ Giving a whoop and waving his hands, the young chief shouted, "Hurry, my friends! Let us go back to the village!" And the witch's spell being now broken, hundreds of young men woke up. Their bones rattled, joined one another, arranged themselves so as to form human frames⁴, jumped up, and began to move about. [The limbs of the revived men, however, were ridiculously disproportioned, for their bones had come together at random and in a great hurry⁵]; [some had one arm long and the other short; others had one leg short and the other long⁶]. They all started walking in a file across the frozen river, following their friends, the two suitors, and the witch's daughters.⁷

Upon their arrival at the village a feast took place. Assembled together, all the men with distorted limbs underwent a certain ceremony, finally to recover their bones and resume their usual shapes.

¹ From Mrs. M. Murdoch.

² In one of the versions Mr. Walker stated that the other young women had been captured only after the resurrection of the young men who had perished while coming across on the ice.

³ Mrs. I Walker said that the young man pushed down the old dead tree on the pile of bones, in order to make a noise and awaken his friends, at the same time crying out, "My friends! run away!"

⁴ Informants, Mrs. I. Walker and B. N. O. Walker.

⁵ Informant, Mrs. I. Walker and B. N. O. Walker.

⁶ Informant, Mrs. I. Walker.

⁷ In one of his versions Mr. B. N. O. Walker stated that they all went together to capture the other daughters of the old witch.

XLIX. THE SUITORS.¹

There were two² handsome young men and two pretty girls. It seems as if the young men had it in their minds to court the girls and try to take them to wife.

First of all they went to consult an old witch in order to learn what they had to do. The old woman answered, "I know another witch who is much older than I, and who is the wisest of all. That old witch will not see you³ when you come near. Take a small piece of bark, wherewith you must lift her very long eye-lashes. Only then will she see you." When they had been told what to do, [they started for the old witch's cabin.] As they came to her, one of them said, "Oh! grandmother, how sick you truly look!" Then he took a round pebble and slung it on to her bosom, as they had been advised to do. Thereupon the witch seemed to wake up and said, "I am very glad and happy to see you in my cabin, my grandchildren. I shall do my best to answer all your questions and try to help you." [After they had explained their wishes], she asked them to return the next month. [So they did and this time] they asked her to sit in their canoe and direct them to the place where, near the great lake, dwelt the two young women. The old witch was willing to show them the way. Following with her voice the movements of their paddles, their old guide sang:



¹ Recorded in French, at Lorette, Quebec, in May, 1911. Informant, Rev. Prosper Vincent. His sister, Eliza Vincent, also contributed some details. Only fragments of this myth—which seems to have been a fairly long one—were remembered by the informant. This was one of late Christine Vincent's (of Lorette) stories.

² The informant was not quite positive as to whether only one or two young men and young women were mentioned in the story.

³ "Elle ne voit pas clair" were the words used by the informant.

⁴ Phonograph record No. III. H. 18b. Informant, Rev. Prosper Vincent.

⁵ Phonograph record No. III. H. 32b. Informant, Mrs. Eliza Vincent (Sioui).

And she kept on repeating *ironiké*¹ after the paddles had made "*tci'ao*" in the water.² [She was smoking a calumet. But, instead of smoke, she drew wampum³ beads and, pulling her shirt open, she would blow them off therein.⁴]

When they came near the young women's home, the suitors saw them at a distance. They were both braiding a long belt, one end of which was suspended in the sky. All at once a man appeared at the edge of the lake. As he saw the suitors drawing near, he shot an arrow at the belt. With a terrible crash the upper end of the belt came down from the sky, rolling into the lake. The old witch then told the young men that the stranger, their enemy, was trying to prevent them from coming near and courting the girls.⁵

Then the young man⁶ ravished one of the girls, and hiding her in his canoe, he paddled away, saying, "When I see your father coming, I shall sing."⁷

L. HOW A WIZARD'S DAUGHTER GOT MARRIED.⁸

An Indian and their only daughter were living together in the woods where they were hunting. The girl was comely and her fine hair was quite long and thick. She was lonesome. The old man asked her, "You are lonely, my daughter?" She answered, "I am!" And her father said, "Here shall I call the young

¹ This, according to Rev. Prosper Vincent, was a kind of invocation to the spirits.

² Late Christine Vincent is said to have made this part of the story quite picturesque by singing the song and imitating, in turn, the noise of the paddle in the water, "*tci'ao*," while actually pretending to paddle.

³ Wampum or "porcelain beads" was the term used by the informant.

⁴ Added by Eliza Vincent, of Lorette, Quebec. Rev. Prosper Vincent had it otherwise: "At each movement of the paddle a puff or handful of porcelain beads came out of her mouth." Another time he said, "Whenever they stopped paddling, a handful of wampum dropped from her mouth."

⁵ The memory of the informant failed here.

⁶ Only one of the two young men is mentioned here.

⁷ Here there was another song, now forgotten.

⁸ Recorded in French, at Lorette, Quebec, in May, 1911. Informants, Mrs. Etienne GrosLouis (Marie Robigaud) and her daughters. Late Catherine Picard, Mrs. GrosLouis' mother, used to tell this story.

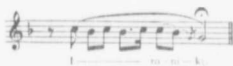
men." In those days there were sorcerers who could do wonderful things. So the sorcerer sat down by the fire in his lodge and sang,



At the end of his song he exclaimed, "Ho! ho!" Soon they heard someone coming on snowshoes outside. A stranger walked up to their door, shook the snow off his snowshoes, [and came in]. The visitor had travelled in such a hurry that he was almost dead, so exhausted was he. He said to the old man, "It is you who have thus compelled me to come here? You almost killed me!" The father answered, "I wanted you to marry my daughter." The young man said, "Yes! I am willing to get married." So it happened. And the bride and groom started for the woods together.

LI. THE CANOE SONG.²

A Huron girl was lonesome and in grief. She was paddling in a bark canoe on a small lake. She was in love, that is why she was grieved; for her young lover was very far away. As she paddled, her long hair was flowing down her back; and she was singing,



¹ Phonograph record No. III. H. 36b. This song strongly reveals European influence.

² Recorded in French, at Lorette, Quebec, in May, 1911. Informant, Henriette Vincent (Vve. P. Stuart).

LII. THE SORCERER ROASTING A HUMAN HEART.¹

A man happened to find a grave somewhere, maybe over a hundred years ago. It was during the winter, and the ground was covered with snow. Now then, there was a small hole in the snow near the grave. Examining it, the man found out that a mouse had come out of the hole and had run away on the snow. He followed the mouse's trail until he came to the end of it. It was all. There were no more footprints there and no hole [in the snow.] There was no means of explaining how the tracks should thus vanish. So the man stood there thinking for a long time.

Then it occurred to him that he should go ahead, describing a long curve as he walked. At the other end of the half-circle and somewhat farther out he struck a turkey's tracks, running in the same direction as those which he had first followed. He walked straight ahead along this trail, as he had done in the case of the mouse's tracks. Just in the same way, however, he came to a place where he could no longer see the turkey's footprints in the snow. So he stood there thinking and studying.

Once again he walked around in a long half-circle and, at the other end, he detected a man's footprints, pointing in the same direction as those of the mouse and the turkey. Following these tracks, he came to a bush from which smoke was rising. As he approached quite near, he saw a man roasting a human heart on a small fire, which he had built in the woods. The fellow roasting the heart said, "You have caught me!"² The intruder replied, "No! I just came here following your tracks, to see whither you were going. That's all!" But the first man rejoined, "No! I know that you have caught me!" "No! I was not after you at all!" was the reply. And the man who had followed the footprints went back home. It is sure that the heart was from the grave; but nobody knows how it had been

¹ Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Sept., 1911. Informant, Star Young.

² The above expression on the part of the Indian who uttered it denotes that he was caught in the course of a forbidden and unlawful operation, which he had endeavoured to perform secretly.

removed from under the ground. It may be that the mouse had it first, then the turkey, and then the man. That fellow was a sorcerer, it seems, as he was surely the very one who had taken the heart from the grave.

This tale I have heard very many times.

PART II.

FOLK-TALES.

(A) THE TRICKSTER AND HEROES.

LIII. THE TRICKSTER AND THE OLD WITCH.¹*(First Version.)*

A man was travelling. He was a trickster.² As he saw the old witch coming at a distance he pulled his hair. *Wu'* it at once grew long and beautiful. The Trickster and the witch now met together. She asked, "How do you manage to get such long and fine hair?"—"It is very simple," he replied; "first, I look for a tree that is bent over; and, the longer I wish my hair to grow the higher up on to the tree trunk I fasten it, and then I leap down."

No sooner had they parted than the old witch went in search of a tree with a bent trunk. She climbed up, fastened her hair securely on to it, and then she leaped down.

The first thing she knew, when she recovered her senses, was that she had been lying down [on the ground] lifeless. A buzzard, soaring above, almost plucked off the scalp that was hanging in the tree. And she had been longing for such fine hair!

Now again she climbed the tree, took hold of her scalp and shouted [spitefully], "*Yu'wat!* he is but a trickster, and he has thus cheated me badly!" Then, she rubbed some spittle all around [her head], and her hair grew again.³ And she went away.

[Another time], the same one [the Trickster] decorated his body with Indian paint. He met the old witch along the road. She said, "How could you ever get so many beautiful stripes on your skin? Pray! make it so that my body be striped like

¹ Recorded in text, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in July, 1912. Informant Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson.

² *sayu'werrq's*, again—he someone-tricks or cheats.

³ According to A. C. Parker, "saliva is a potent charm, in Iroquois mythology."

yours." He replied, "It is very simple indeed! First, dig a hole in the ground, just as deep as you can reach; then pile up dry twigs in the hole and set them on fire, so that you may soon get [a bed of] live coals. Now, you must wrap up your body in freshly peeled bark and roll yourself several times over [in the live coals]. This is the only way of getting stripes like mine."

The old woman at once began to gather dry branches, which she piled up in the trench that she had first dug up. She set them ablaze and, as she peeled the bark, it coiled up all around her body. Then she jumped into the trench and twisted around several times over in the live coals.

But she could hardly creep out of the coals, [so badly] burnt was she. Her skin came off in places, when she scraped the bark from her body. She was [indeed] scalded so sorely, and she had been longing for such nice stripes! She had said to herself, moreover, when about to jump [into the coals], "Of all the matrons that put on the leggings [for the dances], I shall be the only one walking about striped so nicely." And there was the Trickster, within sight, roaring with laughter; for truly, the only stripes that she could get were blisters. She shouted, "*Yur-wat!* the Trickster! he has thus cheated me badly!" And she went away.

Presently, as the Trickster was walking along, he met the old witch again. His eyes were beautiful, this time, for he had just replaced them with wild plum stones. The witch could not help craving for like ones. She asked him, "How did you happen to get such beautiful eyes?"—"It is very simple indeed!" said he; "I have replaced my eyes." Now she begged him, "Pray! make my eyes beautiful in like manner." He plucked her eyes off, as she did not mind it, and replaced them [with plum stones]. Then he said, "Look over there, yonder!" So she did, and, in truth, she could see much better. He added, "Now, can't you see the woods yonder?" And she replied, "Yes! I can see far better, indeed, than I ever did when I was a young woman." And they parted from each other. She whispered [to herself], "Of all the matrons that wear the leggings [for the dances] no other but myself shall have eyes so beautiful."

After a little while, however, she knocked against the trees, as she could not see [any longer]. She could not see [anything]. And there, watching from a distance, the Trickster was laughing to himself. Now, she summoned the mud-sticking [birds], saying, "You go and look for my eyes yonder, whither he has cast them away!" They did so, and then they reset her eyes. And again, along the trail she went away.

Then she adorned herself with all the nicest finery in her possession. The Trickster saw her coming from a distance, along the trail. A [hollow] log was lying here, by the road; and there two rabbits were sitting. The rabbits tried to steal away, but the Trickster said, "Wait! you two drag this log just as if it were a small coach!" So [it happened], they dragged [the hollow log] like a small coach, and the Trickster sat in it. The covetous old witch wanted to have it, as she stood by. She inquired, "How did you ever manage to get such a nice coach?" He replied, "It [was] very simple indeed! I will barter it with you for what hangs about your neck." She said, "Very well!" And she turned the finery that hung around her neck over to him.

Now, this time, she was the one who sat in [the log] and rode just as if it had been drawn by the long-eared-ones [mules]. She drove them along, and whispered to herself, "How really nice it is! my body shall [no longer] be weary when I travel along the trails. Of all the matrons that put on the leggings [for the dances], moreover, I shall be the only one riding about."

Her coach was so easy that, while driving, she soon fell asleep. It seems that, in her slumber, she heard a bird calling and crying out, "The moss hangs!" The old witch retorted, "I will not suffer anybody to say that the moss hangs; my coach is the best of all!" Now, she opened her eyes. Her body was, in truth, lying upon the projecting roots [of a tree]. And, she had taken [all this] for a ride! *Wu!* Her long-eared-ones— [instead of mules]—were only rabbits; and they ran away, when she arose. She cried out, "The Trickster! he has thus merely cheated me! And the same one has now cheated me [ever so] many times!" Then she went away.

The Trickster, presently arrived at [a place] where people were living. He spread the news, this time. He addressed the chiefs, saying, "Listen! many things may happen over there yonder, where the people are living. Maybe they [will] thrash each other with their [wooden] pestles." An old man was, in fact, sitting down where several maidens were grinding corn. [By and by] they thrashed him so badly that he could hardly escape at all; they had almost killed him with their pestles. And the Trickster, just within sight, was now roaring with laughter.¹

¹ This obscure passage appears to be a mere fragment. The complete episode was recorded by Leland among the eastern Algonkians, where it was said to be Seneca in origin:

"He (Lox, the Trickster), entered the village near by, and gave the usual signal for news. The runners came out and met him; the chiefs and all the people assembled, lining the path on both sides for a long way. They asked, "What news do you bring?"

He replied, "I come from a village where there is great distress. A pestilence visited the people. The medicine man could not cure the sick; till I came there was no remedy; the tribe was becoming very small. But I told them the remedy, and now they are getting well. I have come to tell you to prepare for the pestilence: it will soon be here; it is flying like the wind, and there is only one remedy."

"What is it? What is it? What is it?" interrupted the people.

He answered, "Every man must embrace the woman who is next to him at this very instant; kiss her, quick, immediately!"

They all did so on the spot, he with the rest.

As he was leaving them an elderly man came to him and whispered, "Are you going to do this thing again at the next village? If you are I should like to be on hand. I didn't get any girl myself here. The woman I went for dodged me, and said she had rather have the pestilence, and death too, than have me kiss her. Is the operation to be repeated?"

The Mischief Maker said that it certainly would be, about the middle of the morrow forenoon.

"Then I will start now," said the middle-aged man, "for I am lame, and it will take me all night to get there."

So he hurried on, and at daylight entered the village. He found a wigwam, by which several beautiful Indian girls were pounding corn in a great wooden mortar. He sat down by them. He could hardly take his eyes from them, they were so charming, and they wondered at his strange behaviour.

He talked with them, and said, "My eyelids quiver, and by that I know that some great and strange news will soon be brought to this tribe. Hark!"

LIV. THE WITCH AND THE TRICKSTER.¹

(Second Version.)

The old witch used to come to the village, and smiling at the young men, she would try to attract their attention. One of these young fellows—more mischievous than the others—was appointed to play tricks upon her.²

For his first deed he got a horse's tail, and he made it into a wig which he wore on his head. With this new hair, now flowing down beautifully, he went walking towards a high cliff [along the trail.] He knew that the witch was coming that way.

—here he moved up towards the one whom he most admired—"did you not hear a signal?"

"No," they replied.

The middle-aged man became very uneasy. Suddenly the girls gave a cry, and dropped their corn pestles. A voice was heard afar; the runners leaped and flew, the chiefs and people went forth. With them went the girls and the middle-aged man, who took great pains to keep very near his chosen one, so as to lose no time in applying the remedy for the pestilence when the Mischief Maker should give the signal. He was determined that a life should not be lost if he could prevent it.

The stranger went through his story as at the other village. The people became very much excited. They cried out to know the remedy, and the old bachelor drew nearer to the pretty girl.

"The only remedy for the pestilence is for every woman to knock down the man who is nearest her."

The women began to knock down, and the first to fall was the too familiar old bachelor. So the Mischief Maker waited no longer than to see the whole town in one general and bitter fight, tooth and nail, tomahawk and scalper, and then ran at the top of his speed far away and fleet, to find another village. Then the people, finding they had been tricked, said, as people generally do on such occasions, "If we had that fellow here wouldn't we pay him up for this?"

(*The Algonquin Legends of New England*, by C. G. Leland, pages 197-8-9).

¹ Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Nov., 1911. Informant, B. N. O. Walker. Mr. Walker stated that, when a child, he often heard this tale—one which would last several evenings—recited by his aunt Kitty Greeyes, originally from Amherstburg, Ontario.

² This tale was recorded before that which was taken down in text from Mrs. Catherine Johnson, "The Trickster and the Old Witch; cf. LIII. Mrs. Johnson's version is noticeably less logical than that of Mr. Walker, but more Indian-like.

So it happened. When he met the old woman, she stopped at once, looked at him, and exclaimed, "Oh! What beautiful long hair is yours! How I crave for such nice hair for myself! Tell me, pray, how did you manage to get yours to grow so long?"¹ "It is a simple matter," replied he. "Just a short while ago I made it as it is now. When I came up here it was really not half as long." "Why! how did you do it?" asked she. He replied, "I will tell you, for you can do it as well." Then he pointed to the top of the cliff, saying, "You see where the tree overhangs the edge of the cliff yonder?" She replied, "Yes!" He added, "I climbed upon that tree. As my hair was just long enough, I tied it to a branch as fast as I could. I jumped down here, and my hair at once stretched out and became as beautiful as you now find it. It remains to you to do the same thing and get a fine head of hair." She laughed at the thought of how easy it was. She said, "I will try it directly!" So she did. After having reached the summit of the cliff, she climbed to the tree top and tied her hair around a branch, as it was just long enough. She jumped. All her hair came off and remained swinging on the branch. There on the rocks below her body was crushed to pieces. But she did not die, because she was a witch, I suppose.

Many young men were looking at her, while, without a single hair left on her head, she was pulling her bruised limbs together. They laughed at her for her silly attempt at growing splendid hair. But she retorted that they had failed to get rid of her this time, and that she would be careful not to trust them any longer.

It seems, however, that she was not as careful as she intended. Only a few days later the same young man was walking about in the bush. Suddenly he caught sight of some ripe wild plums of a bright red colour, although still hard. He thought, "These shall be for another trick upon the old woman!" So he gathered a handful of plums, put them in his pouch, and went back to the village. The very same evening he dressed up in his finery, placed the finest plums in his pouch, and started for the place where he was sure to meet the old witch. It seems that the young fellow had very deep eye-sockets, and that his eyes

¹ The same episode is found in Mrs. Catherine Johnson's version (cf. LIII).

were sunk deep in his eye-sockets. As the old woman was coming along the trail, he picked two of his plums, put them over his eyes, and held them in his eye-sockets by means of his thick overhanging brows. Then they both met. The old witch, noticing his eyes, exclaimed, "Oh! how beautiful are your eyes! and of what a fine colour they are! How could you ever change yours into these?" And, as usual, he replied, "It is really the easiest of things. As I was out in the bush this afternoon, I found these wild plums. I gathered a handful of them, brought them home with me, and when I dressed this evening, I tore my eyes out with a stick and just replaced them with the wild plums as you see." She said, "Well! can you see with them?" "Oh, yes!" he replied, "much better than with my own eyes. Everything, moreover, seems to have a more beautiful colour than I could ever detect with my own eyes." She exclaimed, "How strongly do I wish to do the same thing with mine!" He rejoined, "Why don't you do it then?" And, handing her a couple of plums, he said, "You may go and fix your eyes like mine, as soon as you get home again."

While the young man went the other way, the woman made for home. There she did exactly what he had advised her to do. She tore her eyes out; but she could no longer see anything. As she was for some time unable to recover her sight, she shut herself up in her house.

The young fellow and several of his friends missed her for several days. Going to her place they found out that, as she had punched her eyes, she had shut herself up. So they laughed at her credulity and advised her to wait until she would recover her sight in a few days. She promised soon to get even with them in some way.

LV. THE WITCH¹ AND THE TRICKSTER.²

(Third Version.)

The young man was incessantly bothered by the old witch *Stomatsewa*. He decided presently to take his revenge, although

¹ Recorded in English, at Seneca, Missouri, in Sept., 1911. Informant, Mrs. Isaiah Walker, then over eighty years of age. She was born near Amherstburg, Ontario.

² *Sa-yu-were-rer*: again-he someone-plays tricks upon.

her power had always proved, so far, to be greater than his.

He began with the plums. Having removed his own eyes, he replaced them with wild plums; and while being blind, he was able to pick up his eyes and recover his sight after some time¹

When the Trickster next met the witch, she was carrying on her back, by means of a woven bark strap,² a basket in which were two stolen babies, with their backs turned to her. Seeing her coming along, the young fellow picked up two large pebbles and changed them into young children. The witch found his babies so fine that she bartered hers for his. After a while, however, she could no longer carry them along, as they were growing so heavy. When she looked at them, she found out that there were only two large pebbles in her basket. As for the real babies, stolen³ by *Stigmatseva*, they were then returned to their parents by the young man.

Then happened the scalp adventure. [The Trickster managed to get beautiful long hair]. When he met the witch, she exclaimed, "Oh! what a beautiful head of hair you have got! I wish they were mine." He replied, "You may have the same kind of hair [if you only do this:] go along the [steep] river bank, climb a tree, tie your hair to a branch, and jump down. This will stretch your hair." So she did, but she lay down there dead on the rocks along the river; and the worms began their work on her flesh and bones.

The young man again passed by. He said, "Well! this is how I have gotten rid of you!" But she at once jumped up, crawled upon his back and said, "You will now carry me to the end of the world."⁴ He had played so many mean tricks upon

¹ This is only a reference to the incident about the wild plums and the eyes, which is given explicitly in another version of the same tale 'The Trickster and the Old Witch,' LIII.

² The Wyandots used to weave bark (basswood bark presumably) into narrow bands or straps. The pack-basket, usually carried on the back, was suspended to the extremities of the strap, which was then passed across the forehead.

³ She seems to have been a cannibal.

⁴ This episode seems to have been partly inspired by a similar one in the 'Arabian Nights' (the old man in Sinbad the sailor).

her that she had resolved at last to take her revenge upon him. Then he walked to a big hickory¹ tree and tried to scratch her off. But she only said, "I am so well now! My back has long been itching me so badly; and I knew not how to scratch it." In the end he got tired of scratching, as it was of no avail.

Then he gathered a heap of dry wood, made a fire, and sat down with his back very close to the fire. The witch was really roasting, but she said, "I am so glad! My back has been cold for such a long time; and I could never warm it up."² When the fire abated, he started for the river. There he crawled on a log and managed to reach the middle of the river, where he dived and lay for some time. But [it was useless]; the old witch could not be removed from his back.³ So he went away.⁴

Soon after the Trickster jumped from a hill-top and lay down dead in a chasm. His decayed remains smelt so bad after some time, that the witch could not stand it any longer. She sat near by, watching him. So she did for a long time. Then she said, "Now, I guess, he is dead!" But she had no sooner uttered the word than he sprang to his feet, and again she jumped upon his back.⁵

I don't know what happened then.⁶

¹ (*Hicoria* sp.), a tree with exceptionally rough bark.

² Pretending to find pleasure in treatment which is decidedly injurious and painful, in order to bring it to an end, is a common device in North American mythology. Other instances are found among the Winnebago and Ojibwa according to Paul Radin; the Micmac and Penobscot, according to Leland; and the Iroquois, cf. "The Big Turtle Myth," XIII.

³ This incident is, no doubt, incompletely related.

⁴ The informant admitted that her memory was at fault here.

⁵ There seem originally to have been a good many episodes to this tale.

⁶ On another occasion, Mrs. Isaiah Walker described "the monster woman," *Stomatse'a*, as follows: "I was very much afraid of her when I was a child. While we were in the sugar-camp, in the spring, my mother used to tell me not to go far, else I would be caught by *Stomatse'a*. This monster was a woman who used to steal children and eat them. She would put them into a large (carrying) basket which she had on her back. Hands of children whom she had devoured were suspended all around the basket. I was told that her dwelling was in a big hole, filled with water, at the roots of a large uprooted tree, which were sticking up high. Although I never saw her, I was afraid of her just the same."

LVI. THE TWO WIZARDS AND THE WITCH.¹

Once two brothers were living together. The elder was a hunter and the other was always staying at home. Although the elder was out hunting every day, he would never bring back anything. *Tat̄er̄īna*, his younger brother, could not, indeed, make out why his elder brother had no better luck. One day he thought to himself, "Now I am going to watch him."

At night his brother came back home without game, as usual. *Tat̄er̄īna* was then lying in front of the log fire as if he had been sound asleep. His elder brother poked up the fire and dropped a live coal upon *Tat̄er̄īna's* body. He said "*Tat̄er̄īna* you are burning!" But it was of no avail. *Tat̄er̄īna* did not move at all; and the coal did not burn him. His brother said, "Sure enough, it is so; he is now sound asleep!" Yonder he went and got a certain kind of nut, which he was about to cook in the kettle. He then scraped some of the nut into the kettle, and said, "O my kettle, be large!" And three times, at intervals, he hit the kettle with a switch. The third time, after a while, it had become large enough for him to cook his food. When he was through with his meal, he hid the nut away in the same place.

All that time *Tat̄er̄īna* was looking on and watching.

The next thing *Tat̄er̄īna* did was to examine his brother's quiver and arrows. *Wu'*! they were blood-stained. That is, indeed, what *Tat̄er̄īna* had seen; and he was now sure that his brother had really killed game.

The next day the hunter went out hunting as usual. *Tat̄er̄īna* in the evening said to himself, "It is now his time to come back from the hunt. I will prepare the meal, so that he may find it ready to eat just as he comes back home." Having scraped into the kettle some of the nut that his brother had hid away, he began to whip the kettle with a switch, saying, "O my kettle, grow still larger!" As he kept on whipping it, it soon became as

¹ Recorded in text, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Henry Stand. The translation was later revised with Allen Johnson. Mrs. Johnson heard this story recited by her father, John Coon, *Da-ta'e's*, of the Porcupine clan.

large as the house itself. It was now impossible to reach into the kettle. So he climbed upon the roof of the house and, sitting up there, he could stir the food in the kettle through the smoke-hole.

His elder brother returned from the woods when it was getting dark. He said, "What have you done? Maybe you have now killed me! For if you have really spoilt the nut, no other can be found but far away." And *Taterina* replied, "I did it for your sake, for I wanted everything ready for your meal as soon as you should come back." His brother then reshaped the kettle and reduced it to a smaller size, so that, after a while, the two brothers had their meal together. The hunter then put the nut away, for, fortunately enough, it was still as good as it had ever been.

The next day *Taterina* watched his brother and noticed in what direction he went to hunt. He at once put some hot ashes into a bark tray. And, stripped of all his clothes, he started after his brother, carrying with him the bark tray, his doll, and his dog made of stone. *Taterina* soon became tired and frozen, for the ground was then covered with snow. From time to time, however, he would creep into the tray in which he was carrying the hot ashes, so that his body would become warm again.

Suddenly, as he heard somebody chopping down a tree, he loaded [his gun]. *Wu!* a bear just came out of the [fallen hollow] tree. He shot and killed the bear.¹

Only a little while later, when *Taterina* was sitting down to skin the warm body of the bear, the [children of the old witch] came up to him, and one [of them] said, "I have found your face!"² *Taterina* then turned around and looked. The other

¹ Another possible interpretation is that the hunter instead of *Taterina* really shot the bear. This interpretation, however, does not seem warranted by the text and the interpreters.

² In conformity with an old-time custom, a hunter had to abandon his game to whoever happened to see him before it was all cut up. To the formal remark, "I have found your face!" the hunter would reply, "Take the game away; it is yours." No self-respecting hunter, down to forty years ago, would ever transgress this rule, for bad luck would have resulted, not to speak of the revenge of the disappointed claimants. Informants: H. Stand and Catherine Johnson.

went on, "You go away, if you don't want to be injured! *Tatçirina* replied, "But why so? My brother is the one who has killed the bear." The other said, "I tell you, you had better be off!" And he threw *Tatçirina* away. As he had scarcely started to skin the bear, [he saw] *Tatçirina* still sitting there nearby. So he said, "And you are still sitting here! I say, go away!" And he seized *Tatçirina's* leg and hit him against the trees. Then, once more, he started to skin the bear; but *Tatçirina* was still sitting there nearby. This time *Tatçirina* [spoke and] said, "O my servants, let us fight [them]!" And the stone dogs and doll grew large and then killed all the [children of the old witch].

Tatçirina called out, "My brother, you must now come down [from that tree]¹ and skin the game." His brother now came down and skinned the bear. When the game was ready, *Tatçirina* loaded it on his back and carried the load home, with his brother sitting on top. Once at home, the hunter cooked the meat and then [spoke to his brother], saying, "When it is done, I shall feed you; but you should not return thanks."

As he was being fed, *Tatçirina* whispered, "My brother, thanks!" Hardly had he swallowed anything, however, than somebody kicked the door. A woman said, "*Tatçirina*, I have found your face and all [the food that] you have swallowed." Then, [as she tickled his throat with a feather]² he vomited his meal. And the [witch] took all the meat away. The hunter [therefore spoke to *Tatçirina*], "This is truly why I had warned you not to thank me for feeding you. Now it has happened!"

The hunter went out hunting, as usual, and this time he brought back the game that he had killed. He again cooked the meat after having reached home, and, once more, spoke to *Tatçirina*, saying, "You should not thank me for feeding you, for the old witch would hear you. She is, indeed, the mother of those whom you have slain, the several [brothers] that were

¹ His brother had sought refuge in a tree.

² This detail is omitted in Catherine Johnson's text. Allen Johnson, however, remembers that James Armstrong used to say that the old witch had a feather with which she tickled *Tatçirina's* throat, thus causing him to vomit.

always following me around when I was out hunting, the very ones that used to take away my game." The hunter once more fed his brother; but *Tatçirina* again whispered, "My brother, thanks!" Hardly had he swallowed anything at all than the old witch was there already kicking the door and saying, "*Tatçirina*, I find your face and all [the food] that you have swallowed!" And, once more, he vomited it all. Again she took [the meat] away.

The hunter soon started off for the hunt, as usual. *Tatçirina* also went out [another way], thinking to himself, "Old witch! It is my face that you shall see this time!" And he hid himself [just near her house]. When the meat was all cooked, she fed her daughters. They said, "Thanks, mother!" Now *Tatçirina* kicked the door and said, "Old woman! I have found your face and all your life." The witch then took hold of her "lion" club¹ and struck hard, without avail, as *Tatçirina* had now changed himself into a worm. He again shouted, from another place yonder, "Old witch! I find your face and all your life!" Again she struck with her "lion" club. *Tatçirina* at once threw his voice into her heart², "I say, right here I find your face and all your life!" Then the old woman and three of her daughters died; for he had thus killed them.

Tatçirina saved but one of the witch's daughters, thinking to himself, "This one I shall keep for my brother." He said to the young woman, "Very well! let us bring back what she has taken away from home." And so it happened.

The hunter had [by that time] returned [from the hunt], and was now dressing his game. *Tatçirina* said, "My brother! at last we shall now live in peace, for I have slain the one who was depending on us [for her living]. I have saved but one, the prettiest [of her daughters], so that she may prepare the meals for you." The hunter replied, "This is, indeed, dreadful! You have no sense, as the witch's brother, the [plum-stone] player³

¹ That is, apparently, a war club on which a lion was carved (Allen Johnson's opinion).

² His voice, it seems, had pierced her heart after he had kept for a long while "throwing his voice into her heart." (Allen Johnson's opinion).

³ "*He-who-tosses-the-bowl.*"

who slays the people is still alive." And he added, "He will surely destroy us, the old witch's brother, for he is a sorcerer! who kills and eats the people; and you are helpless [against him]." *Tatεri'a* said "I will try and fight him. If he overpowers me, I shall be his only victim." The only young woman whom *Tatεri'a* had not killed then became his brother's wife.

The old woman's brother, the plum-stone player, arrived four days after *Tatεri'a* had been warned of his coming. He said, "*Tatεri'a*, here I show you my face. To-morrow, when the sun is halfway up, we shall play the stone-game. The wager is my life."

Tatεri'a then went to the woods to prepare himself [for the game]. There he secured as charms² all the things that his [uki³] told him to get for the game.⁴ He summoned the woodcocks⁵ and picked out their eyes. Giving the eyes instructions as to what they were expected to do in the forthcoming [plum-stone] game, he said, "The white side shall be up [in the first throw] and, in the next, the black side."⁶

Tatεri'a then adorned himself with his finery. As it was now time to toss the bowl, he called the Eagle; and [the Eagle came and] sat upon his head. The [sorcerer] said, "Toss the bowl first!" *Tatεri'a* replied, "Not yet! you first, for it is your usual occupation to play the stone-game; and when a

¹ *huk'i*, he-is with "power."

² *a'hate'ki'crq'gya*, he-self-medicine (?)-made.

³ "The one whom he found" in the woods: *ahu-wa'tu'rε'hq'*, he-someone-body or person-finds.

⁴ This incident clearly implies a short seclusion in the woods and the appearance of the personal manitou, before certain events of importance in the life of the natives.

⁵ Woodcock, according to H. Stand; Allen Johnson, however, does not believe it to be a woodcock. The meaning of its name is "there he mud pecks habitually."

⁶ In the plum-stone game of the Oklahoma Iroquois six wild plum-stones (now commonly replaced by peach stones) are used, one side of each of which is natural colour and the other dark. These stones are tossed in a wooden bowl, generally made of a maple knot, and dropped upon a blanket stretched on the ground. The winning throws are those in which the "white" (or natural colour) or the black sides of all the stones are up.

gambler, whose bowl hangs from his neck,¹ challenges anybody to play with him, it is the custom for him to play first."

[The game began,] and *Tatèri'a* exclaimed, "He has missed it! He has not killed it; indeed, he has not killed it!"² The [sorcerer] then said, "It is now your turn!" *Tatèri'a* replied, "Very well! remove your plum-stones. I am going to use my own instead."³ So he tossed the bowl, and it really happened that all the stones fell with the white side up. [He tossed the bowl] again⁴, [and all the stones fell] with the black side up. Now *Tatèri'a* had won over the other. The gambler said, "Wait a while! Once again I [wish to] enjoy a whiff."⁵ But *Tatèri'a* replied, "By no means! for if you had won instead, there would be no mercy!" And cutting the [gambler's] head off, he threw it away to the woods yonder. The head had become a large knot [on a tree]. *Tatèri'a* [spoke and] said, "The people thereafter shall make bowls [for the stone-game] with this kind of knot."

When he had returned home, *Tatèri'a* said, "It is all over now with those who for ever so long have abused us!"

It is quite likely that [*Tatèri'a* and his brother] are still living over there. *Yihe*!

(B) ANIMALS AND THEIR MYTHICAL ADVENTURES.⁶

LVII. THE FOX AND RACCOON CYCLE.⁷

The old Fox started out rather late, one morning, to see what the news was and what the folks had been doing. It was a cold and windy winter morning.

¹ A professional plum-stone player was supposed, in former times, to carry about suspended from his neck, the wooden bowl which he used in the game. (Informant: Allen Johnson.)

² The sorcerer had failed to make a point. "He missed it! He did not kill it (i.e. he did not make a point)!" are boasts commonly heard in the Iroquois stone-game, whenever the opponent fails to make a point. The opponents continually mock each other during the game.

³ *Tatèri'a*, in the place of plum-stones, used the woodcock's eyes which he had secured through his manitou.

⁴ The player that wins a point is thereby entitled to another throw before the opponent's turn.

⁵ A smoke.

⁶ For folk-tales recorded by earlier writers, cf. Appendix, Nos. XXXIII,

While running along the path that led down to the river, the Fox was singing a new song to himself. Soon he met his cousin the Raccoon as he was just coming up from the river, with a heavy string of crawfish over his shoulder. "Good morning, cousin!" said the Fox; "where did you ever get this fine string of crawfish?" The Raccoon replied, "Good morning to you! Is this a new song that you were just singing along the road? By the way you do well to sing if you have already had your breakfast; if not, it might bring you bad luck.¹ As for these fish, I have caught them in the river, down there. It was, indeed, the easiest of things; and, I say, you can do it even better than I, as your tail is so fine and bushy." The Fox replied, "Never mind my tail! But just tell me how you got the crawfish." "Oh well! it is easy enough. Just go down the river a little; you will find a number of air-holes in the clear, smooth ice over there, at the point where there is a curve around the hill. When you have made up your mind as to what air-hole is the best, just stick your tail deep into the water. If you really want plenty of crawfish, you will have to sit there and wait a long while until they come around and fasten their claws into the long hair of your tail. Don't mind waiting, for they will surely come around; and when you feel that your tail

The Big Dog, by W. E. Connelley; XXXIVb, The Great Serpent and Wolverine, by Sir J. M. LeMoine; XXXV, The Fox and the Raccoon, by B. N. O. Walker; XXXVI, The Lazy Hunter; and XXXVII, The Tattler.

⁷ Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Nov., 1911; B. N. O. Walker, informant. Mr. Walker stated that this tale was often told him by his aunt Kitty Greyeyes, an old Canadian Wyandot. After having related the episode in which the Fox catches geese, roasts them, and has his hand fastened between the limbs of the tree, Mr. Walker remarked that he had heard part of this same episode told by Shawnee boys, when he was young. Mr. Walker added that, according to Miss Mary McKee (late), Dukie McGuire (maiden name, Clarke), of Anderdon, Ontario, used to recite this tale, which she had learnt from old folks there when she was a child, long ago. Mr. Walker has published, under his Wyandot name—Hentoh, an improved version of this tale in *The Indian School Journal*. An episode, which he forgot to relate here, has been incorporated in its remodelled form in the Appendix, No. XXXVI.

¹ Probably borrowed from European folk-lore. According to A. Skinner, "The Menomini believe it a bad medicine to relate a dream before eating in the morning."

is getting quite heavy, spring high up with all your might. There you will see the crawfish scattered all about on the ice. Be quick enough and gather them up before they find their way back into the water, and you are sure of a fine breakfast!" "But cousin Raccoon," said the Fox, "is this your way of getting yours?" "Why, certainly! you just go ahead and try it for yourself; for you are now keeping me here, in the cold wind, almost freezing." The old Fox believed it all readily, as he did not yet know very well his cunning and tricky cousin.

He hustled down the river and soon reached the spot where air-holes were to be seen. It was somewhat disappointing to find out that it was on the northern slope of the hill, where the icy wind had a clear sweep. He walked about, however, and carefully selected the very best air-hole, just at the edge of the river-bank.

Squatting down on his haunches, he stuck his tail as deep in the water as he possibly could, and sat there thinking of his fine string of crawfish. The cold wind was, indeed unbearable, and the old fellow could feel the pull and twinges of his tail, as its fur was really getting fast frozen in the ice. To him, however, this was only the claws of the crawfish, and he chuckled to himself as he was now sure, after what his cousin had said about his tail, of a fine string of crawfish. Speaking to himself, he said, "Just wait a little while! Cousin Raccoon surely did not think much of my patience; but he will see how easily I can beat him at his own game."

After he had been shivering for quite a long time under the cold breeze, his tail had grown so heavy that he now was quite satisfied. The Raccoon had advised him to leap high. So he sprang up mightily. But greatly surprised and pained was he, as he fell back and almost wrenched his poor tail off. "There must be a mistake somewhere," he thought. So again he sprang up, again to fall back.

Then it dawned upon him that this was but a naughty trick of his cousin, the Raccoon. He was, indeed, angry beyond words, for there he was, with his tail fast frozen in the ice. He grumbled, "Wait! and I will get even with the old beggarly scamp!"

After he had sat there for a while, thinking and wondering how he was ever to get out of this dreadful plight, he happened to see a head emerging and a pair of round bright eyes gazing inquisitively at him, from a large air-hole, under the river-bank. He at once recognized the Beaver and shouted, "Oh, uncle Beaver, can't you do anything for me? That rascally cousin of mine has got me into a sorry scrape; and, you see, my poor tail is frozen fast in the ice here. Can't you do anything to help me out?"

The old Beaver kept on gazing at the Fox, as if he were about to laugh. He did not laugh, however, and, after a while, he said, "I will see what I can do." He dived down under the ice to the very spot where the Fox was squatting. He worked really hard and soon managed to loosen the Fox's tail from the frozen air-hole. So he stuck his head out and urged the Fox to pull up his fishing-line, also cautioning him no longer to be in such a hurry to try his cousin's schemes for fishing.

The old Fox, at first, looked somewhat stunned; and then he thanked his uncle the Beaver and, scraping with his hand some of the soft light snow on the ice around, he rubbed it carefully all about the Beaver's nose, thus making its fur of a lighter shade. This was to remain, to this day, a lasting sign of the old Fox's gratitude to the Beaver for his marked service.

Sadly disappointed and hungrier than ever, the Fox vowed that he would get even with the Raccoon; and then he started off along the river-bank.

The very same day, a *moccasin*¹ came from another place, and brought word to the Raccoon that he was invited to attend to a council and a dance about to be held. The Raccoon was, in fact, quite a good singer and by no means a bad story-teller. He would always be present at all the councils and dances, for he felt to himself that the folks could hardly get along without him. This was quite a chance for him, moreover, to get out of the old Fox's way for a while, as the Fox could hardly be expected out there, after his fishing scrape.

¹ Usual Wyandot term for a messenger appointed to invite the guests to a feast.

The Raccoon went to the dance and met many of his friends there. The absence of the Fox and the Turtle was soon remarked with surprise. Someone asked the Raccoon whether he knew anything about them. He replied that the Fox did not feel very well, and related his latest achievement about the crawfish. The others could thus no longer wonder at the Fox's strange absence.

After two or three days, the council and dance broke up, and the Raccoon started out by himself, on his way home. Every now and then, he would start singing and talking to himself along the road. This was his own way of killing time, when he was travelling.

As he came to a small lake, he was delighted to see a flock of nice fat geese, swimming near the edge of the water. "Yoho!" he exclaimed, while standing on the shore, "Yoho! my friends, come around! I have some news for you, for I have just left the place where the people dance, and I have a new song for you. Come around here, on the beach, and I will sing and teach you the new dance." The geese swam ashore and waddled around the Raccoon. He sat down quietly, unfastened his small drum from his girdle, and began to beat it. "I must beat the drum first," he explained; "Now, you all stand around me in a circle. When I begin to sing, you must all close your eyes and dance around slowly." He also showed them the proper kind of step for the dance, and added, "When I stop the song and take up beating the drum, open your eyes. But when I sing again, shut your eyes fast and dance again. This was the way we folks did at the feast."

So the geese stood in a circle around the Raccoon, and listened while he was beating the drum. Soon he began the song, "*Hoyie hoie*" . . . and the geese closed their eyes fast, while dancing around him. He, at once, reached out, wrung the neck of the fattest one, and quickly hid her away to one side. Then he stopped his song and began to beat the drum. The geese stopped the dance and opened their eyes. He began to sing right away, however, before they had a chance to look around, "*hoyie hoie*" . . . ; and again they closed their eyes and danced around. He snapped another fat one's head off; and did exactly the same thing as the first time.

But, as he was just grabbing the third one, a wise old goose opened one eye a little, out of mere curiosity, as she wanted to see how much better than the others she could dance. She gave a loud squeak, as she saw what the Raccoon was doing. The geese at once opened their eyes and flew away.

The Raccoon said, while chuckling to himself, "I seem to be quite a clever hunter; for I shall have a fine supper, indeed, when I get home!" He fastened the small drum to his girdle, slung the three fat geese over his shoulder, and started off with his load.

Just near by he met the Turtle, "Hello, Uncle!" said he, "Why did you not come to the council? We have all missed your usual good and wise talk." The old Turtle replied, "I was just about to start for the dance when the old Fox's wife came over and wanted me to do something, as the Fox was quite cross and, apparently, not feeling very well. I went over to see the old fellow, of course, but could not make out what was the matter with him. I stayed with them and tried to do my best for him. This is why I did not go to the dance." The old Raccoon chuckled and, with a knowing look, said, "Don't worry, he will soon get over it!" And he started on his way home.

The Raccoon reached his house upon a rocky ledge, a long way up the hill side. It had long been decided that he wanted roast goose; so he gathered lots of sticks and made a big fire.

As the old Fox had his lodge way down the hill, at the bend of the river, he could see the fire in the Raccoon's house. He said, "I see that the old fellow has gotten back home again. I wonder why he has made such a big fire. There must be a reason for that; I will go out and see whether there is anything."

In the meantime, the Raccoon's fire had burned down; and just a nice bed of live coals and ashes was left. The geese now were nicely fixed up and just ready for roasting. The Raccoon took a stick and scraped the hot ashes as he thought best; and having laid the three geese on their backs, in a row, he covered them up with the live coals first, and then with the hot ashes. The geese were now buried in such a way that there were just three pairs of webbed feet left, sticking out of the hot ashes, in a row.

Now that everything was done, the Raccoon stretched himself and murmured, "I am tired; for I have had a long walk to-day. I just feel like having a nap while the geese are roasting." And he said to himself, "Nothing would disturb me; the old Fox is at home and not very well; and, moreover, he does not know anything about this. So, I think, it is the right time for a nap."

He found a smooth place where to lie down and sleep, a little way off the fire. Making his couch ready, he happened to turn in a circle. So he said to his anus, "I want you to be on the look-out when I am asleep. If anything happens or anybody comes around, make a noise, mind you! and wake me up." And he curled himself up. He had no sooner closed his eyes than just above his head, he heard the creaking of the intercrossed branches of two trees, rubbing each other. He shouted to them, "O my friends! you are noisy while rubbing each other. I want you to wake me up with your noise, if anything happens." Now he could safely go to sleep, as someone was sure to wake him up in time. So he did, and so soundly, indeed, that nothing could have disturbed him.

Soon, a pebble rolled down the gully that ran down from the hill-top to the Raccoon's rocky ledge. It did not disturb the Raccoon, however. And a long nose and two shining eyes came out of the ledge of the rock, peeping into the Raccoon's house. The one that was thus looking down so keenly and quietly was the old Fox. He said to himself, "The old fellow is so sound asleep that he won't wake up. I will drop down there and see what he has got." And he stepped down the rocks into the hollow where the Raccoon had his house. He looked around slyly, at first, and then made for the bed of hot ashes.

The three pairs of feet were sticking out of the ashes in a row. "Hai!" whispered the Fox cheerfully, "I thought I had scented something. And this is why he had a big fire! Poor fellow! so tired was he that he did not even think of inviting me to share this fine supper with him. I would not disturb his sleep; so I will help myself as well as I can. Nice roast goose is, truly, quite a treat, and these do not seem very bad." He raked

off the ashes with a stick, picked up one of the geese, and sat down quietly. It was just cooked, and in the very best way. A thought came to him when he had eaten up the first goose; "I must not pick the bones too closely; there is, indeed so much of it!" And he proceeded with the others. Soon there was just a heap of half-picked bones left.

The Fox truly could not for anything have swallowed another mouthful. So he turned around, looked up to the branches above, as they were always creaking while rubbing against each other, and said, "O you, the fellows up there! Stop your noise and be quiet; for, I say, you shall not have a bit of this supper!" And he thought to himself, "To be considerate, I must pile up the bones under the ashes, so that my cousin may not be too disappointed, when he wakes up." He, therefore, heaped the bones, covered them up nicely with hot ashes, and stuck in the ashes the three pairs of webbed feet. And everything was now looking just as before.

He said to himself, "How could I let my cousin know that I have paid a visit to him?" After he had been thinking for a little while, he gathered several handfuls of cold ashes, scattered them around and began to dance. "My cousin will, no doubt, see my track in the ashes," said he with great delight. Then he went back home.

The branches that were rubbing and creaking awakened the Raccoon after a long time. He jumped up, shook himself and said, "I think I have overslept myself. But my supper must be just about right now." He walked over and saw the row of webbed feet still standing out of the ashes. Rather undecided, at first, as to which he would eat first, he finally picked out the one nearest to him. Raising himself upright he reached over, got hold of a goose's foot in each hand, and smartly pulled the goose out. But the two leg-bones flew up, and the Raccoon tumbled upon his back. He sprang up and thought, "It must have been roasting too long; let me pull the other one out!" And he pulled out another pair of webbed feet. Just as with the first ones, only the leg-bones came off. He could not truly make out what was the matter, until he had scraped the half-picked bones with a stick from the ashes. He was, indeed, in a great fury.

Searching around for traces left by the thief, he soon found those of the old Fox on the scattered ashes.

In a fit of bad temper, he turned his head around and scolded his anus, "Why did you not wake me up, as I told you to? Here, I'll punish you!" At first, he really did not know what to do; but, finding nearby a hickory tree with very rough bark, he exclaimed, "Here is what I will do for you!" So he straightened up his tail, scratched and scratched his anus against the rough hickory bark, until he could not himself stand it any longer.

Then he went to see whether there was any of the supper left about the fire-place. Some of the bones, in fact, were only half picked, so that there was still something left over. He picked the bones carefully, cracked them all, and sucked out the marrow. And all the time, he was feeling quite cross and peevish.

As the branches above were still squeaking, he turned around and shouted, "Why did you not wake me up? You be quiet now! your noise is of no use whatever!" The branches, of course, did not pay the slightest attention and went on squeaking. The Raccoon started angrily, "Wait till I have done with these bones, and you shall see what I can do. Indeed, you shall stop your silly racket!"

The branches, however, kept up their racket. The Raccoon simply could not bear it any longer. He, therefore, climbed up on the tree, with his mind fully made up to carry out his threats. Having reached the squeaking branches, he got hold of a broken limb that had fallen into the fork of the tree, and he tried to pull it out. Now it happened that the Raccoon slipped, and the first thing he knew was that his hand had been caught between the two limbs, and could not possibly be released.

It appears that the old Raccoon hung up there until the morning. The Bear then happened to pass along. Hearing the painful cries of the Raccoon, he looked up, then shouted, "Hello, nephew! you seem to be swinging up there!" But the Raccoon kept crying, "O uncle! please help me out of this! I have been caught and can't move that big limb away!" So

the old Bear climbed up the tree, and removed the branch.¹

Once his hand was freed, the Raccoon did something in return to the Bear—we forget exactly what—so that his marked service might thereafter be remembered.

The old Skunk had overheard some of the Raccoon's threats against the Fox. He made it a point, therefore, to go out to warn the Fox that his cousin, the Raccoon, intended to give him a good drubbing, at his earliest opportunity. The Fox, of course, was by no means pleased with that bit of news. Several days, however, elapsed without their seeing anything of each other.

One evening, the Raccoon caught a nice lot of crawfish, along the river-bank, and he did not wait for his cousin the Fox to despatch his supper, that time. After a good supper, he started along the river for a long walk, as he had not been out for several days.

He happened to feel quite tired and sleepy, when he was at quite a distance. He, therefore, made up his mind to find a nook somewhere, and enjoy a nap. He noticed a crooked tree that was bent right over the river near by. It was the very kind of tree for a nap that he had in mind. So he climbed it, crawled out and found among the forks of some small limbs a place quite to his liking.

As he looked into the water below, he saw, [in the light of the moon,] his own picture in the clear water, and he said to himself, "It looks as if I were down there in the water looking for crawfish."

He was just about to fall asleep, after a while, when he heard

¹ On another occasion Mr. Walker gave the following version of the same episode: "The old Raccoon's hand was fastened in the tree top. He hung there until he died. All his hair and flesh dropped off, and only his skeleton was left in the tree. One day someone happened to pass just under the tree. As the wind was blowing, the Raccoon's bones could be heard rattling strangely. The [Bear?] looked up and exclaimed, 'Aha! And that is the place where you have been all this time? Well! I think I had better help you down.' The [Bear] climbed the tree, removed the Raccoon's skeleton and dropped it down. The old Raccoon then came back to life again. And the two friends went away together. (This was told to me by Aunt Kitty Greyeyes in the spring, when we were making maple sugar.)"

Miss Mary McKee added that the Bear called the Raccoon "uncle."

somebody coming along the trail. He overheard the old Fox speaking to himself and saying, "Here is my rascally cousin down there in the water. I will jump on him and give him the sound thrashing that he intended for me." The Fox, at once, leaped into the water, at the very place where he had seen the Raccoon. It made a big splash and, soon enough, he came out of the water puffing and blowing.

The Raccoon did not miss his chance to laugh at the Fox, and said, "Cousin, you must be in need of a bath quite badly to dive into the water at this time of the night!" The Fox felt quite spiteful on account of his own foolishness. He crawled out of the river and sat down on the roots of the tree. And the Raccoon kept on taunting him. ["Say, cousin! I have always heard the Turtle say that you had better look before you leap."¹]

The Fox did not utter a word, but gathered dry twigs and built a fire a few paces from the tree. When the fire was burning he sat with his back against the tree in which the Raccoon was perched. The Raccoon shouted, "Cousin, are you going to sit there all night, in your wet coat? You will, I fear, catch a bad cold. If you only say so, I will come down and give you some tobacco, for you must feel wretched after such an early bath!"

The Fox never answered a single word, but remained there sitting at the roots of the tree and looking at the fire. The Raccoon still had something to say, "Well, cousin! if you stay up all night here, I don't see why I should not have my nap." And he went to sleep.

After a long time, the Raccoon woke up. The moon had almost gone down; and there was nothing left of the fire. As the Raccoon could not see whether the Fox was still at the roots of the tree, he crept down the tree trunk, and so slyly that he did not disturb the Fox, who was asleep. He jumped right over him, and looked for something.

Finding a long branch with a leaf left at one end, the Raccoon stretched himself out and, from a distance, tickled the

¹ The substance of this remark in brackets is included only in the "Indian Stories . . ." as retold by Hen-toh.

Fox's nose with the leaf of the branch, to see how sound asleep he was. The Fox did not move at all. So the Raccoon jumped back on to the tree trunk, and standing right over the Fox, he defecated all over his face. Then he jumped off again and started for his home.

The Fox slept there until late in the morning. When he woke up he tried in vain to open his eyes. He truly did not know, at first, what was the matter; but he soon found out, to the great detriment of his good temper. It was impossible to know what to do; for, scratching with his hands, he could only remove some of the hardened matter. As he thought that he could now see a little, he tried to find his way along the path; but he stumbled into the brambles, and was on the point of rolling down into the river. This last, of course, would have been the best thing to do, but he did not think of it.

Soon after, he heard, "*Pump, pump, pump, pump!*" above his head, in the tree top. This, he knew, was from the little speckled Woodpecker. "Oh, my friend!" he cried, "Won't you come down here?"

Quite soon, the little bird came, fluttering down. "Well, my friend!" said he, "What is the matter with you?" The old Fox replied, "Friend, I wish you would remove all this dirt from my face, so that I could at last open my eyes. A mean trick, you see, has been played on me, and I can't see a thing." The little bird said, "Well! you know, my beak is pretty sharp, I might hurt you, I am afraid." The Fox, however, retorted, "Never mind! I shall have to stand it; go on and pick it off. But save my eyes, mind you!"

The old Fox held his head up, and the little Woodpecker perched herself upon his nose. She began to peck with all her might, and her beak ran through the Fox's skin several times, so that the blood was streaming from his face after a while.

The Fox could now open his eyes, and he was so glad that he said to the little bird, "My friend! I shall forever remember what you have done for me. Is there anything that you have always wished for?" The little Woodpecker thought a little while and said, "Oh! my friend! I have always wished for a little

red spot on my crest, just like that of the great *kwε'kwε'kwε'*" (a bird.)¹

The old Fox said, "You may have your wish. Come over to me, once again!" And he took a small twig and chewed an end of it until it was flattened like a tiny brush. Then he dipped it into the blood that was running off his own face, and painted a little red spot just at the back of the Woodpecker's head. He added, "Now, you shall forever be seen with a tiny red spot on your head, in return for what you have done for me."

The little bird, was, indeed, so happy that, flying back to the branch above she tried to sing a little song; but she could not, as she had never been a singer. She said, "I can't ever sing. But I have now a little red spot on my head, and that is enough for me!" So she has always had a tiny red spot on her head ever since.

LVIII. THE RACCOON AND THE FOX.²

There were two cousins³, the old Fox and the Raccoon.⁴

As the Raccoon, one day, was walking along the shore, he saw a flock of geese at a distance. He called them, saying, "*Yaru'tase!* Come around here on the shore; and let us have a dance!" And the geese landed on the beach. "Let us have a dance!" said the Raccoon. "You must all shut your eyes [while you are dancing]. That is the way we do, at the place where I come from." The Raccoon began a dancing song, "*Tsc'ka'kwe' . . .*," [and the geese danced with their eyes shut]. Now he caught a goose, wrung its neck, and then caught another. Then an old goose opened her eyes, and yelled, "*Nasqma'ce'*, he is killing us!" And they all flew away. The same day the Raccoon went back to his house with dead geese on his back. To roast his geese, he scraped hot ashes from the fire and buried the

¹ Apparently the woodcock.

² Fragmentary version secured from Miss Mary McKee, Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario, in July, 1911. The informant stated that she often heard this tale recited by her folks and also by Kitty Greyeyes.

³ Miss McKee added that the Beaver was the Raccoon's uncle.

⁴ *skε'cu'*: the Fox; *tirε'*, the Raccoon.

birds in them, with their feet sticking out. He thought to himself, "Now I am going to lie down and rest. My anus! [be on the watch] and look after the geese, for I am going to rest."

While he was sleeping, the Fox came in and removed the [roasted] geese from the ashes, took them away with him, and only left their feet sticking out of the ashes. The Raccoon woke up with the thought that the geese were now well done. As he found no geese, however, he said, "Cousin has played a trick on me!" And getting quite angry, he ran up a tree and rubbed and beat his anus.¹

Then his paw was caught between two limbs of the tree, and there it remained [fastened] until a big wind came and relieved it.²

The Raccoon had been detained such a long time in the tree that he was almost starved to death. Now he came down and went to the water's edge, where crawfish are usually seen.³ There he lay down and went to sleep. The crawfish began to crawl around him. As he seemed to be sleeping soundly, they climbed all over his body. One of them said, "Pinch him, to see whether he is still alive! If he doesn't move, he is dead." So they kept on crawling upon his body and pinching him, until it was all covered with crawfish.⁴ The Raccoon suddenly started up and caught all the crawfish that had been pinching him. And he had a good mouthful of them.⁵

¹ Incident found more complete in B. N. O. Walker's version (cf. 'The Fox and the Raccoon', LVII).

² Incomplete incident, also found in full in Mr. Walker's version.

³ The crawfish incident is not found here in the same order of succession as in Mr. Walker's version. Although it might be ascribed here to lack of memory on the part of the informant, it may be noted that even within a tribe such disconnected series of tricks are often arranged in different order.

⁴ Here the informant burst out laughing apparently omitting some amusing detail.

⁵ The above incident should be compared with the corresponding one in Mr. Walker's version.

LIX. THE WOLF AND THE RACCOON.¹*(First Version.)*

The Wolf² and the Raccoon were cousins. The Wolf went to see his cousin, and dined with him, as he had a plentiful supply of everything—fish and meat. While they were eating, the Wolf asked the Raccoon, "How did you manage to catch so many fish?" "It was not hard!" replied the Raccoon. "I went down to the river, which is now frozen. There, into a water-hole in the ice, I stuck my bush. I waited, tried, and felt how heavy it was. When it was heavy enough, I pulled it out [quickly]. This is my own way of catching fish. For the fish really comes along in the water, and sticks itself to the bush."

The Wolf now went back home with his mind all made up to catch fish in the same manner also. So he went to the river and stuck his bush into a water-hole in the ice, just as the Raccoon had advised him to do. And there he sat down, his tail in the freezing water. It was very cold, indeed, and the Wolf was shivering all over. He tried to see how heavy his tail was. But it was now frozen in.

The next morning a man came for a bucket of water.³ There, by the water-hole, Wolf was sitting with his bush fastened in the ice. The man started to beat him with a stick. But the Wolf jumped up and, breaking off his tail, he left a part of it in the ice. The Wolf got angry with his cousin, the Raccoon.

He went to the Raccoon's place, moreover, and wanted to

¹ Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Nov., 1911. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Mary Kelley. Mrs. Johnson stated that this was one of late *M^cdadi-ni-ot's* (Jos. Williams) stories. It may be noted that although this cycle of tricks played upon the Wolf by the Raccoon corresponds roughly to the series obtained from Mr. B. N. O. Walker ('The Fox and the Raccoon', LVII), it is from a different source and includes three different incidents.

² In Mr. Walker's and Miss Mary McKee's versions it is a fox instead of a wolf.

³ This shows that the water-hole had been dug through the ice by a man, with the purpose of getting water. It is apparently explained otherwise in Mr. Walker's version.

kill him, because, instead of catching fish, he had only lost his tail. As he came into his cousin's house, he was given something to eat, some butter, milk, and other things.¹ "How do you ever get so many things to eat?" he asked. The Raccoon replied, "I simply prowl about the smoke-house² where the people store their milk and butter. Then, at night, I crawl through a hole into the house, and get all the butter and milk I need." The Wolf started at once for the very place where his cousin had taken his supply of food; and he found his way into the smoke-house. Plenty of milk, butter, and meat he saw all around. So he gorged himself to the utmost. But, when it was done, he could not really manage to get out through the same hole.³

The next morning some people came into the smoke-house for something, milk or butter. Finding the Wolf there, they almost killed him outright. Poor fellow! he could hardly escape alive, as they came so near killing him. He managed to run away, however. Again he wanted to slay his cousin for having told him about his own manner of getting milk and butter. He was so angry!

When he came into the Raccoon's house, his cousin invited him to dinner. He had plenty of beef this time. So the Wolf simply forgot that he had it in mind to kill the Raccoon. He just sat down and ate beef with his cousin. He did not kill him after all, but only asked, "Where did you get this beef?" "It was not hard to get," replied the other. "You know where the cattle are? Well, I go there, look around, and choose the fattest animal in the herd. There I wait until the cattle lie down at night. When it is getting dark, I catch the tail of the fat brute and tie it fast around my body." The Raccoon, of course, had never done such a rash thing. The Wolf, nevertheless, started out for the place where the cattle lie at night, selected

¹ The following two incidents are not included in Mr. Walker's version. Their contents show that they either postdate the acquisition of cattle by the Indians, or were borrowed outright.

² *sa'tra'ta'kwa'a*: smoke-house.

³ This incident seems to have derived its theme from a European fable found in La Fontaine's collection of fables (cf. "La belette entrée dans un grenier"; also Æsop's fables, and Horace, *Epistles*, Book I, F).

the fattest in the herd, and tied its tail around his waist so fast that it could not possibly be untied. He really expected thus to kill the brute. The Raccoon had done it; so he did not see why he could not do the same thing.

The next morning, some one came along to feed the cattle. There the Wolf was tied to the bull's tail! The dogs barked, and the bull was so scared that he ran about with the Wolf hanging to his tail. The Wolf was tied so fast that he had almost been knocked to death when he fell off. Then he was again very angry with his cousin for telling him all these things. He once more made up his mind to kill him.

When the Raccoon, this time, saw the Wolf coming along, he was very much afraid, as he had nothing to give him to eat. So he ran away, for he knew all the falsehoods he had made his cousin believe. As the Raccoon was running along the river, the Wolf picked up his track and followed him. Then the Raccoon started to run in a circle. He made circles and meanders, so as to tire his cousin and get out of his reach. After a time, he climbed a tree leaning over the river. He was very much tired. It was not long before the Wolf came along and sat by the tree, near the river. Sitting there, he shut his eyes and began to howl. As he opened his eyes again, he perceived his cousin in the water.² "Is it not dreadful," he whispered, "the way in which he has treated me! So many false things he has told me!" He was just thinking this to himself when he saw his cousin in the water. He exclaimed, "I see your face. Now I am bound to slay you!" And he leaped into the water. At the bottom he bit the rocks, thinking that they were his cousin. Emerging from the water, he came back to sit at the same place along the river bank. As he looked down again, still there in the water he saw his cousin's face. This made him wonder as to why he could not catch him there the first time. So once more he leaped down, again to bite the rocks. When he came out, his mouth was filled with nothing but rocks. It was not his cousin yet. Returning to the same spot, he sat along the river

¹ The informant was not quite sure as to whether it was a bull.

² It was only the Raccoon's reflection in the water.

bank and looked down into the water. The Raccoon was still there! He jumped into the water for the third time and bit the rocks again. His cousin was not there. So the Wolf howled, because the Raccoon had treated him so meanly. While howling, he held up his head; and then, in the tree top, he saw his cousin. The Wolf was so tired and worn out that he lay down under the tree and went to sleep. He really wanted to keep on watching his cousin, but he simply could not help falling asleep. While he was sleeping, the Raccoon slipped down along the tree trunk defecated in his cousin's face, and ran away.

It was only after a long time that the Wolf woke up. He could no longer open his eyes, as the thing had dried all over his face. So he called the birds, who came to him and cleaned his eyes. Truly angry this time, and promising to kill his cousin at his first opportunity, he started to chase him with all his might.¹

The Raccoon was very much frightened, because he knew that his cousin was in a fit of bad temper. Calling the turkeys to his help, he spoke to the turkey-cock, saying, "I wish to be friends again with the Wolf, my cousin." Then it was arranged that a compromise was to be reached. The Wolf, for making his peace with his cousin, was, in fact, to have his choice of the two fattest turkey-hens in the flock.

When the Wolf overtook the Raccoon, the turkeys were all standing around. The gift of two fat turkeys appeased him and he agreed to forgive his cousin this time. So the Raccoon and the Wolf, having made friends again, started along together, the Wolf carrying the turkey-hens in his mouth. These two fellows have always claimed being kinsmen and cousins.

That is all.²

¹ This episode is included in Mr. Walker's version (LVII).

² The informant added, to conclude, "That is what Jos. Williams used to tell."

LX. THE RACCOON AND THE WOLF.¹*(Second Version).*

The Raccoon and the Wolf were cousins. The first was thrifty and clever, the other lazy and foolish.

The Wolf went to see his cousin; and, upon reaching his house, in a cave, he was very much tired. The Raccoon, a tricky fellow, would not show his long-standing grudge against the Wolf. He set himself to work, and when all the food he had was ready, he invited his cousin to eat. The Wolf, as gluttonous as usual, stuffed himself. While eating, he was wondering as to how his cousin managed always to have so many good things. "What do you do," asked he, "to get all these things? I have, truly, nothing of the kind." The Raccoon replied, "It is easy enough, if one has only enough courage to act as I do." And he added, after a while, "If you really wish to know, I will tell you how I got the milk, for one thing. A man yonder has a herd of cows. So I went to his farm, and I noted where he put the milk. [The smoke-house was the place]. So, at dark, I dug a hole in the ground on one side, crawled into the house, and got the milk." The Wolf found it so simple that he could hardly wait until the end of his cousin's story. He ran to the farmer's house and saw the cattle. At milking time he watched the woman milking the cows and did not move until it was dark, for fear of being detected. Then, under the smoke-house where she had stored the milk, he dug a hole in the ground and crawled into the house. There was the milk. The Wolf helped himself to so much of it that he could not possibly get out.²

As the woman came in the next morning, she was afraid, and, calling him a thief, she ran away. Her husband came along with his hound and almost overtook him. The Wolf was quite angry at his cousin, thinking that he had played a mean trick on him. He, therefore, made up his mind to repay him very

¹ Recorded in English, at Wyandotte, Okla., in June, 1912. Informant, Allen Johnson. Johnson ascribes this version of the Wolf and Raccoon cycle to James Armstrong and to his mother, Catherine Johnson.

² Same incident as in Mrs. C. Johnson's version (LIX).

soon, and, as he could not stand such a thing he would surely kill him. He started for the Raccoon's place. As the Wolf went in, his host, quite nice and gentle as usual, greeted him in his best manner, invited him to sit down, and treated him to the very best things he had. While the Wolf was explaining how he had done about the milk, his cousin retorted that this was not the right way. "I never drink the milk inside," said he, "It is too dangerous, indeed! I always carry it out of the smoke-house first." As the Raccoon was preparing a splendid meal, the Wolf forgot all about his revenge against the trickster. He ate so much beef, in fact, that he was full up to the mouth. And, while eating, he kept on wondering how, small as he was, his cousin could ever capture all this beef. The meal now being over, they sat down together and talked these things over. In the end he could not help asking, "How can you really get this beef? You are so small!" The other retorted, "Oh! it is easy enough! When I wish something I get it!" "But how can you do it?" asked the Wolf. "To get beef you have to kill cattle; and I could not do it myself." The reply was, "Well! it is easy enough when one knows how to do it." "How did you kill it, tell me?" "I went to the farmer's pasture-ground, and I studied which was the fattest cow. When the cows lay down at night, I got hold of my victim's tail and tied it so fast around my body that it could not come off. Greatly frightened as she was, the cow ran all about until she grew so tired that she fell down dead. Then I carved out the best pieces and carried them over here." The other acknowledged, "Well, if this is your way, I fail to see why I could not do the same thing." The Wolf went straight on to his home, later to follow the cattle around, until they lay down for the night. Selecting the largest cow in the herd, near the farmer's house, he did not forget a moment that he was still to excel the Raccoon, his cousin. So he fastened the cow's tail as tightly as he could around his body. The cow got so frightened that it ran away to the woods, with the Wolf hanging from its tail. The Wolf was knocked all about against the trees, until the knot came loose, and he fell off almost dead. [When he recovered,] he was so much out of temper against his cousin that

he promised to get even with him.¹ He murmured to himself, "The Raccoon cannot kill me or get rid of me; he knows it! But next time I meet him, I shall destroy him on the spot without mercy."

Brooding over this while proceeding to his cousin's house, he met him along the trail with a long string of fish on his back. At first glance the Raccoon understood that the Wolf was quite furious with him. He let down his string of fish, smiled, and inquired, "Oh! Where have you been, cousin Wolf, where have you been all this time? You look well, indeed! You had much better come along home, for I have plenty to cook." The other replied angrily, "Yes! you call me cousin; but I don't think you have it in your mind that I am your cousin, for you would treat me better and refrain from playing such pranks on me. Now I will seek your life. I will kill you!" But the Raccoon replied "Oh no! you must not think of doing such a thing. Come along home with me and stay any length of time. You know I have plenty of things for you to eat." So the Wolf followed him, as he was especially fond of the long string of fish. His cousin prepared a fine meal. When he was through eating, he did not feel like staying there long. He inquired, "How did you get the fish?" "Oh! I got them down there," was the reply. "It is easy enough. On the coldest night I go down to the river, and I fish with my tail in a deep pool of still water.² To be frank, I always go to the same spot, that is at the place where the people dip their water. That is my fishing place, as I always stick my tail there in the water. From time to time I feel its weight, and when it is heavy, I know that I have got a good string of fish." Wolf said. "Good-bye! I am going to try it myself."

Having waited for the coldest night, he watched a woman who was going to the river to fetch water. And, finding a water-

¹ The above episode is also included in Mrs. Catherine Johnson's version (LIX).

² In Mr. Walker's version it is described as being a water-hole in the ice, at a place where the water is flowing at high speed. In Mrs. Catherine Johnson's and Allen Johnson's versions, on the other hand, the Wolf sticks his tail into a hole dug in the ice by a man for dipping water. In Mr. Walker's version, moreover, the Raccoon had caught crawfish, instead of fish.

hole cut in the ice, he thought it was a capital place. So he turned his back to the hole, stuck his bush into the water, and sat there in the cold wind. Every now and then he would lift himself up and test the weight of his bush. He felt the cracking of the ice. He did not think, however, that it was heavy enough as yet, as he wanted far to excel his cousin in fishing. So he sat there until his tail was frozen fast in the ice. He could no longer pull his tail out. It was even impossible for him to get up. He pulled and pulled; and his poor tail was sore. He remained there barking and pulling,¹ while brooding over how silly he was to trust his cousin. The next morning the men came and found the Wolf there. He was much afraid, as he heard a man saying "You are the fellow I have long been looking for. I will bring you to my house and you shall get what you deserve." The Wolf was so frightened that he succeeded just in time to pull his tail out, sadly damaged. The man sent his dogs after him and he was almost killed. The old Wolf, then pitying himself and thinking what a great fool he was, howled and cried.

After his grief had abated and his health improved, he went straight to his cousin's house to kill him. The Raccoon, however, had fled, as he did not expect to fool the other any longer. The Wolf came into his house, looked all around, and finally detected his cousin's tracks. Following them, he went down to the river bank. He followed and followed the tracks until, unable to overtake him, he felt quite exhausted. So he stopped, sat on the river bank and, looking down into the river, he saw his cousin smiling at him. This smile increased the Wolf's fury. "You scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "I am now going to get you!" and darting upon him in the water, he dived down to the river bottom. Instead of the Raccoon, he only brought back rocks in his mouth. When the ripples had smoothed down, he could still see his cousin in the water. So he leaped down for the second time. But he once more emerged with nothing. He was so chilled that he began to shiver all over. Then he pitied himself. The other fellow had treated him so meanly! And looking into

¹ Cf. Mr. Walker's version, in which the Fox had broken his tail off and run away, without the interference of Indians.

the water, he could always see his cousin smiling at him. He raised his head and began to howl. There the Raccoon was sitting, up on the tree trunk, above him. The Wolf said, "You think that you are safe there? Well, don't be mistaken! I shall wait here until you come down!" The Raccoon simply kept on watching. The Wolf was so tired and sleepy, that he thought he would lean against the tree, being sure that his cousin could not crawl down without touching him. He fell asleep. While he was sleeping soundly, the Raccoon came down and spilt something into his cousin's eyes. [It was not honey!] And he ran away.¹

When the old Wolf woke up, he could not open his eyes. So he called some kind of bird to take it off. And so it happened; the birds came to him. He had no sooner opened his eyes again than he saw that his cousin was gone. He again chased him, whispering to himself, "This shows what he can do! Had he come down in another manner, I might have forgiven him. But, as it is, I shall slay him!"²

The Raccoon had become careless. The fact was that he did not expect his cousin to reappear so soon. So he was taken by surprise, and the Wolf caught him in his clutches. The prisoner, begging his cousin for mercy, pleaded that he would repay him, if he were released. Just then a flock of geese, driven by a man, happened to come in sight at a distance. Both the cousins could see the geese. The Wolf asked, "What will you give me?" "I am sure to do anything to please you."

¹ This episode is also included in Mr. Walker's 'The Fox and the Raccoon' (LVII) and in Mrs. C. Johnson's 'The Wolf and the Raccoon' (LIX).

² The above episode was somewhat different in James Armstrong's version, according to Allen Johnson. It ran about as follows:

"When the Wolf came to the tree which the Raccoon had climbed, he was gnawing a bone and trying to crack it open to get the marrow. His cousin then offered to crack the bone for him. The Wolf was so thoughtless and lazy that he handed the bone over, asking the Raccoon to drop the marrow into his open mouth. The Raccoon cracked the bone, sucked the marrow, and defecated instead, while commenting upon his cousin's qualities. When it was over, he jumped into the water and swam away. Trying to overcome him, the Wolf did the same thing, but as he was a poor swimmer, he could not follow his smart cousin."

The Wolf then urged his cousin to live together with him, as he was such a clever and active¹ fellow. The Wolf could not find out exactly what he wanted the Raccoon to pay him for his freedom. The other, however, did not take so long, and offered to bring him the whole flock of geese. The Wolf inquired, "How can you do it?" But the Raccoon only asked the Wolf to help him to chase the geese ahead of them. When it was done, they went home, and thereafter lived together.²

I think they are still living together at the same place!

LXI. THE DEER, THE OWL, AND THE OLD WOMAN'S DAUGHTERS.³

An old woman had two daughters. She [spoke to them,] saying, "Be off! and make love to him, the prairie-dweller whose fur is soft like wool.⁴ [To reach] there you will travel across the prairie. Then across the river, near the woods, you must go. That is the place where the Woolly-one resides." The young women started and went away. They travelled across the prairie. Near the forest they found a river, which they crossed. And now, coming to a place where someone lived, they saw a man. One [of them spoke to the other and] said, "Let us go there! for that fellow may know the place where the Woolly-one lives." So she asked [him], "Where does he live, [the Woolly-one]?" The man [—who was really the Owl—looked down,] remained thinking for a while, and playing the innocent,⁵ replied,⁶ "No, I don't know whom you mean. For no one besides

¹ "Such a rustler" was the term used by Allen Johnson.

² This last episode is quite different from that which concludes Mrs. Catherine Johnson's version.

³ Recorded in text, in July, 1912, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Mrs. Johnson stated that she learned the above tale from her mother's uncle, *Tē-yq̄da-kwa'sc̄*, of the Deer clan.

⁴ *de-hq̄-da-wa'*: *that-he-is soft, cotton- or wool-like.*

⁵ Information supplied by the chief informant after the text had been recorded.

⁶ The old witch really wanted her daughters to make love to the Deer, whom she described as the 'Woolly-one.' The Owl, when interrogated by the young women as to the Woolly-one's house, intentionally deceived them by telling them that he was the very one they were looking for.

me [is known] by that name. My name is 'the Woolly-one.'" The girl inquired, "What are you really doing?" As he was walking around the lake, he exclaimed, "Listen! I am again looking for what my young ones have lost, the mussel shell. That is the thing I am looking for." But he, the Owl,¹ was only hunting for frogs in reality. [The young women] thought, "This is what he has said, the Woolly-one."

So it happened; the Owl took the two young women along with him, to his home. When they had gone into his house, without entertaining the slightest suspicion as to their really being in a hollow stump, it seemed to them that they were, in fact, sitting in the [Woolly-one's] house.

Someone then knocked at the door, and said, "Now, it is the one who is so very fond of dances, the great chief."² The Owl, however, did not listen. At night, again, another [messenger came and] raised his voice at him.³ The [woman conveying the invitation] said, "The Owl! now once again come and sing for the [chief] who is so fond of dancing!" No! he did not move; for he was now living with the two young women. For the fifth time a woman-messenger called at his door, saying, "The Owl! Come again to sing there!" He replied, "Now, I suppose, I must go there; for they request me again to go and sing [for them.] Once only I have killed the owl; that is really why I am now called the Owl." So there he went and again sang for them. He fastened the door [before leaving,] so that it might be impossible for the young women to go out. It seemed [to them, [to judge by] the distinct sound of the drum,⁴ that the people were dancing close by. The elder one said, "Let us both go out

¹ *de-yu'ku'*: the owl.

² It was the Owl's function to go to dances. The above is one of the many laconic and formal invitations which he used to receive.

³ *tu'tu'ta-ǫkwε'di'ha'*: there at-both-someone to him-voice-gave, raised; which means 'conveyed to him the invitation'.

⁴ *ya'da'kwa'*: hollowed-out drum. This kind of drum is now known among some Iroquois bands under the name of 'water-drum.' A dried skin—preferably that of the ground-hog or woodchuck (*Marmota monax*)—is stretched and fastened nowadays to the open end of a small powder keg. Some water is placed in the keg so that the stretched skin, which produces the desired sound, may continue to vibrate.

there!" But the door was fastened in such a way that they could hardly manage to get out. Now they made for the place where the folks were dancing. They went in. *Wu*! it was their husband who was lying down there on the ground; and as the people were dancing upon his bosom, it produced the sound of a drum.¹ The Owl saw the young women walking about. He thought [to himself], "No! they should not think that the dancers trample my body; but that whenever one falls while dancing, the others continue to dance over him without minding him." He got angry, and said, "Now that is enough! Let us all go back home!" But the woman-cook said, "It is not yet the time for us to go back. Let us stay here until, at the break of day, the things that have been cooked are passed around." The Owl retorted, "Indeed not! I am the one who is now going back home. Never again am I to sing here!" A woman said, "Wait a while! [we must see] whether he is willing, the chief Woolly-one, who is the Deer himself." Until this [had been said] the two young women had taken [the Owl] for the real Woolly-one, whom they had been looking for. Then the Owl said, "It is I! That is my name." No, indeed! for he merely resembled the Deer²; and he had pretended [to be the Woolly-one] only to induce the young women to become his wives.

Now the real Woolly-one—the Deer—went away with the two young women. And the other, the Owl, was quite ashamed. Going back home, the Owl found a little piece of the young woman's skirt which had been torn off. That was the only thing left to him [from her].

Once again [a messenger], showing his³ face⁴, [invited] him to a dance. But he replied, "No! I am no longer willing to sing

¹ Mrs. Johnson stated that it was the custom of the animals to dance upon the body of the owl. The feet of the dancers upon his skin would make a sound like that of a beaten water-drum.

² Insofar as their furs were equally soft.

³ The indefinite pronoun—someone—is here used; which leaves a doubt as to whether the messenger conveying the invitation was a woman, as on the previous occasions.

⁴ *mq'kq'cw'ta'di'ha'*: some-one-self-face-show or stick: meaning 'someone invited (him).'

[for the dancers]. Let him, the real Woolly-one, sing this time!" The Woolly-one said, "Now then you, the Fox should go [and invite the Owl]. Perhaps you might induce him again to come and sing for us." [The Owl, however,] replied, "Not so! I do not want to. Let him sing, the Woolly-one!" The Deer spoke again and said, "You next, the Wild-cat! it is your turn to go and invite him again to sing for us, [so that] we may dance." But the Owl would not stir. His reply was, "I shall not go there again until he brings the two young women here; for they are my own wives." So the Wild-cat went back and he conveyed the reply to the Woolly-one, saying, "The Owl will not sing again until you bring the two young women back to him." The Deer retorted, "No! it is not possible; because he had only deceived them when he said, 'It is I! Woolly-one is my name.'"

The Owl would, in fact, no longer sing for them. Now then the Beaver sang for them instead of [the Owl] the next time. The people danced again; and they danced [as much] as ever before, although the Owl no longer attended [to their dances]. The Deer was the one who was now married to the two young women.

The Owl, however, was the best of all the singers. It is why, all of a sudden, the Horned-owl¹ said, "I am the one! I am able to induce him—the Owl—again to come and make us dance." The Woolly-one said, "Very well! go there!" And then the Horned-owl went [to see the Owl]. The Horned-owl's body, in fact, resembled very much that of the elder wife of the Deer. When she [found the Owl], she said, "Owl! I came to show you my face and [thus invite you] again to sing for us." The Owl got up at once and went there, saying, "Is it not so? Are you not again to come back and stay with me?" She replied, "Yes!" So the Owl again sang for the people. There he lay down on the ground, and they danced [upon him] as they used to. Again they heard the sound of the drum; and they only gave up dancing at the break of day. When he went back home, only the Horned-owl followed him instead of the wife whom he was expecting to get. Now that morning he was truly angry.

¹ *déhi'hí*; the-horned owl.

Another time they again wanted him for a dance. The Woolly-one said, "Who is the one who will now go and show his face¹ to the Owl?" Someone² replied, "It is I! I may go there and convey your message." So he went, and speaking [to the Owl], he said, "Now, so it is: they wish you again to sing for them. This is what our chief, the Woolly-one, says." The Owl replied, "No! I am not going back there again. For the Horned-owl has fooled me too wretchedly when she said, 'It is I, the elder of the Woolly-one's wives.' " The messenger, therefore, informed the Deer, saying, "No! it is not possible for him to come, because the Horned-owl has fooled him." The Deer said, "I shall never give him back these two young women; for when they met him in the first place, they inquired, 'Where is the home of the Woolly-one?' And there, truly, he replied, 'Here I am! This is also my name.' He had thus deceived the young women. But, in my turn, I found somebody who could fool him."³

Yihé!

LXII. THE RABBIT AND THE WOLF.⁴

[The Wolf:] *Allegretto*

Té - é - ká; hé - úé - á. té - tá - yé - yúé - há. é

"Oh you! the fellow with the feet turned outwards! [come over and] take me across the water." [The Rabbit replied],

¹ i.e., invite.

² Whose identity has now been forgotten.

³ He refers to the Horned-owl's trick.

⁴ Recorded in text and on the phonograph [Phonograph record Nos. III. H. 153a and b] at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in July, 1912. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson; Mrs. Johnson stated that Mary Peacock [Ga'to'q', running after], of the Bear clan, used to relate this tale.

⁵ This tale begins abruptly by the Wolf's song. The Wolf calls the ferry-man, the Rabbit, across the river. The Rabbit's answer is uttered in a monotonous, but song-like, manner; and its last syllables, *ské - ué'*, are pronounced with emphasis:"

(Rit.) (slow) ské - ué'

⁶ Phonograph record Nos. III. H. 153, a, b.

"[At the feasts of long ago] I used to dance in the large crowds; that is why my feet are now turned outwards."



"Oh you! the fellow with long ears sticking up close together [come over and] take me across the water." [The Rabbit said], "If my ears stand up close together in that way, it is because [in the old time] I used to stick eagle feathers on my head."



"Oh you! the fellow with round eye-balls bulging out [come over and] take me across the water." "My eyes used to bulge out, in the midst of crowds [of dancers]; that is why, to this day, they have ever been the same."



"Oh you! the fellow with the split upper-lip! take me across the water." The Rabbit replied, "My upper lip is split; it is because I used to whistle for the large crowds [of dancers]."

The Wolf, [now bursting with anger,] exclaimed, "You are thus vainly boasting that I shall not be able to lay my hand on you!" He at once jumped into the water.

A long while after, the Rabbit had taken to flight, [the Wolf landed and] followed his trail. Now, almost overtaken, the Rabbit ran into a hollow tree. "Truly! you are wasting your time" said he, "for you will never be able to catch me."

The Wolf stood close by the opening [of the hollow tree]. Finding another way out, however, the Rabbit escaped once more and, indeed, came back to his dug-out canoe, ferrying the people across [as he used to].

¹ Phonograph record Nos. III. H. 153, a, b.

As for the Wolf, he was still over there watching, and thinking to himself, "Here I shall kill him, when he comes out!" It was only long after that it dawned upon him that the Rabbit was no longer in the hollow tree. Once again he followed the Rabbit's trail.

Just think of it! there he was, ferrying the people across, as usual!

This time the Rabbit had been caught napping. He soon found it out, as he had hardly jumped away when the Wolf grabbed him. The Wolf said, "You have interfered and given me no end of trouble!"

Whereupon, he simply began to devour the Rabbit. "Pray! be considerate," [cried the Rabbit]. "You must not kill me, for I am awfully pretty and my face is so perfectly round!" He again begged for mercy, but the Wolf was no longer listening.

LXIII. THE BEAR AND THE RABBIT.¹

The Bear and the Rabbit were cousins.

As they met together, the Rabbit asked the Bear, "What is your name?" The Bear was willing to tell his name, "Thin-hide,"² said he.

Now then the Bear asked the Rabbit, "What is your name?" And the Rabbit told his cousin what his name was, that is, "Thick-hide."³⁴

LXIV. THE OLD ROBIN.⁵

The old Robin was very late in making her garden. She went to see her neighbour, "Have you got any seeds to sow—corn or something?" asked she. "We have had such a splendid time and had such fun dancing that there was no time left for

¹ Informant, Mary Kelley; recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Nov., 1911.

² *ya'ta'mq'ka**.

³ *ya'di'hatq'nsi**.

⁴ The informant manifestly enjoyed this bit of humour on the part of the Bear and the Rabbit.

⁵ Recorded in English at Amherstburg, Essex county, Ont., in June, 1911; informant Mary McKee. Miss McKee stated that all the old Wyandot women knew this fable.

gathering seeds, and I have nothing to sow." And she added, "What a fine time we had! There could be no time left for gathering seeds."¹

When some of their neighbours asked for seeds, the old Wyandot women used to say, "That's always the way. There has been so much dancing that there was not much time left for gathering seeds. It was the very same way with old Robin."

LXV. THE FOX AND THE ROOSTER.²

As he was travelling one day, the Fox saw his cousin the Rooster perched high upon a tree. "Come down, cousin!" exclaimed the Fox, "let us have a chat!" The Rooster replied, "Oh no!" And the Fox went on saying, "We all live in peace now, and have arranged not to slay each other any longer." The Rooster then warned the Fox, "I hear something, cousin; I hear the hounds rushing this way." The Fox said, "Oh! I must be going!" But the Rooster objected, "No! You have just told me that we all live in peace now, and that we must not kill each other any longer!" The Fox explained, "I must be going! They have not yet received word as we have."³

So the old Fox has been running ever since.

(C) HUMAN ADVENTURES.

LXVI. THE OLD BEAR AND HIS NEPHEW.⁴

An old man and his nephew were once living together. They had, in the spring time, sown [the seeds of] several plants in their garden.

¹ The informant remembered that this fable was longer than this. Her memory, however, was at fault as to the remainder. This reminds one very much of a part of La Fontaine's fable "La cigale et la fourmi."

² Recorded in English at Amherstburg, Aug., 1912. Informant, Mary McKee.

³ A more complete version of this European fable is to be found in *Canadian Catholic Readers, Second Reader*, Toronto; No. XXXI, "Don't crow till you are out of the woods."

⁴ Recorded in text in Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in July, 1912. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, H. Stand. Translation revised with Allen Johnson.

When the plants were already sprouting, the uncle said to his nephew, "I shall take care [of the garden] myself. As for you, be out hunting!" And, he added, "This way, to the cold north, you should always go out for the hunt." So the young man did.

At night, he came back home; [and as he was making arrows, he noticed that] his uncle was also making arrows for himself. The old man explained, "[I use these arrows] when I chase away the crows that destroy the shoots in our garden."

In the same way, night after night, the old man kept on making arrows for himself. As he went out hunting, one day, the young man thought to himself, "Surely the crows must have eaten up all that we have sown, by this time."

When he came back home from the hunt, one day, he could not find his uncle anywhere. He, therefore, went to look for him in the garden. Nowhere was the keeper of the garden to be found and, moreover, [it was a strange thing] for the old man to have said that "the garden is being destroyed," for none of the plants had been disturbed in the least.

The young man was walking there, along the fence, when [he heard] somebody calling him. [An *uki*] was, at that time, sitting high up in the tree top, [whose name is] "The-one-with-bare-loins and without lower limbs." [The *uki*] threw down a skin-robe¹ and shouted, "You spread out the skin-robe, for I want to come down!" And the young man spread the robe on the ground.

Now [the *uki*] came down and said, "What is it that your uncle has been telling you?" The other replied, "[My uncle] has said, 'Listen! [the crows] are destroying our garden.' " [The *uki*], who was, by this time, on the skin-robe said, "There is not [a word] of truth, of course, in what your uncle has told you." And he added, "Lay your head down here."

Laying down his head accordingly, the young man [felt that] the monster was piercing a hole in his ears, with an awl. He could now hear the murmur of a crowd at the old witch's home yonder; thus, he knew that she was giving a feast. Two of her daughters, in fact, were to get married to the successful

¹ *ya'ðu'cra'*, old word for skin-robe (Allen Johnson).

competitor who could shoot down the wild chicken¹ that stood [near by] in a tree-top. The young man now could see it all. [The *uki*] repeated, "Look! keep on looking!" And yonder, he saw his uncle running about.

The monster spoke again, saying, "To-morrow, you must also go there; for, you shall use arrows trimmed with eagles' feathers and with sinew, which I am going to give you." So he gave him these things. "Your uncle," he added, "will surely ask you, 'Have you got any of these feathers left to trim the arrows with?' And you shall give him these woodcock's² feathers."

Soon after, at night, the young man and his uncle came back to their home. The nephew made two arrows for himself, while his uncle was also making arrows. His uncle said, "Nephew! give me some feathers for my arrows." His nephew, therefore, gave him the woodcock's feathers.

The next day, the young man also went out to the old woman's place. His uncle had already been there [for a while], walking about. The old man shot at the grouse that was perched high up. His nephew tried next and, indeed, killed the bird.

The old woman then pulled off the arrow [that had killed the grouse,] and said, "Whose arrow is this?" "Mine!" replied the old man. But she asked, "Show me your other arrow, for I want to see whether it is like this one."

As she examined his other arrow, she saw that it could not be so, for the arrow that had killed [the grouse] was not trimmed with the woodcock's but with the eagle's feathers; and it was his nephew who had the other arrow. So the old woman asked the young man, "Let me see your arrow!" When she had looked at it, she said, "Here is the one, indeed, who is to be my son-in-law!" And she declared, "You all now go back to your homes!"

The young man stayed a long time at her place. When the time had come for [him and his wives] to go back to his uncle's house, the young women pounded corn and made some bread. When it was ready, they loaded on their backs the bread that they had put in baskets.

¹ Stated, by Allen Johnson, to resemble the prairie-chicken.

² *Kwɛ'kwɛ'kwɛ'*, a red-headed bird with a black body and white rings around his neck, thus called after its cry. (Allen Johnson).

When they arrived [at the old man's house], the elder [of the two young women] laid down her basket near the old man. He paid no attention whatever, and did not utter a word. The younger woman came next and laid down her basket by him. To this one he said, "Thank you, my daughter-in-law!"

Then the young man went to see [his protector], the "One-whose-loins-are-bare and who sits high up." Right away, [his protector] dropped the skin-robe [and came down from the tree-top.] While conversing together, [the *uki*'] said, "The only thing for you to do is to run away. Otherwise [your uncle] will kill you, for he loves the eldest of the two young women and he wants her for himself." He, therefore, gave all the necessary instructions [to his protégé] for his escape, and said, "Let the young women first go back to their [mother's] home, and then, run away." He added; "You must chop down a tree and make three logs. Placing the tallest [of the three logs] in the middle, [lay them all three side by side, in your place, at night,] and cover them with your quilts.¹ While [the old man] is asleep, be quick and run away."

So it happened, in fact. The two young women went to their mother's home, and their husband fled.

The young man said, "This was my dream²: my uncle will sleep for three days." His uncle, in fact, slept for three days, and it looked as if snow had covered the ground and buried his nephew's footprints.

When the old man [woke up], he said, "He shall, indeed never be able to run away from me. And I will kill him!" He chased him, and [after some time,] was on the point of capturing him. The young man said, "I have dreamt that right across the land there was a barrier of fire, so that my uncle was unable to get through it." And then he ran away.

And so it happened that the old man could not pass through [the barrier of fire]. So there he lay down and slept. The next day, he found just a little piece of red paint, and this was the only

¹ The explanation in brackets has been given by Allen Johnson.

² This has no reference to a common dream, but to another kind in virtue of which a sorcerer could produce specific magical results.

reason why he had taken the land to be on fire. He, therefore, became more angry than ever, and said, "He seems to consider himself a sorcerer. This will not, however, save him from being killed."

Now, once again, the young man was on the point of being captured. So he threw [a piece of] flint on the ground, that time, and said, "I have dreamt that there was a barrier of flint right across the land, so that my uncle could not pass through."

[So it happened, in fact:] and the next day, the old man, finding just a little piece of flint lying near, became angrier than ever. He shouted, "He seems to think that he is a sorcerer. But I will surely kill him."

Once again, the young man was almost overtaken. He then threw down the dove's feather and said, "I have dreamt that there were so many doves flying all across the land that it was impossible for my uncle to pass through."

[So it happened, in fact:] and, the next day, the old man found just a dove's feather lying near. He was truly out of temper, this time again, and he shouted, "Nowhere shall you be able to avoid me; and I will surely kill you!"

As the young man was now at a loss as to what to do, he heard someone¹ [a *uki*'] calling him; "Go that way," [said the voice]; "Your uncle Sleepy-head², who stays yonder, will perhaps be able to help you." The young man, therefore, went over and said, "My uncle, I am running away!" But Sleepy-head did not hear him. The [other *uki*'] added, "Here is a stone; hit him on the head until he wakes up." The young man then hit [Sleepy-head] on the head, and said, "My uncle, someone is running after me!" And the uncle then replied, "I will try to detain [your pursuer.] *Tsitsuya'ta*³ [He-who-sucks-the-flowers] might perhaps help you." Going over [to see] *Tsitsuya'ta*, who at once flew around, the [young man] said, "My uncle, some one is running after me!" *Tsitsuya'ta* replied, "I will

¹ Supposedly The-one-with-bare-loins.

² *huta'awi'a*, he sleeps habitually. This was an *uki*. Allen Johnson thought that this might refer to the ground-hog.

³ Another *uki*': probably the wasp or the bee, according to Allen Johnson.

do my best to hinder him. Now try over there yonder, where your uncle Fringed-along-side¹ lives."

The old man [who was running after his nephew] soon arrived at *Tsitsuya'ta's* house. There he was so badly stung (by wasps?) that he could hardly get away. After that, he went to Fringed-along-side's home and told him, "This is all about nothing; I am only trying to see how swiftly my nephew can run." The [*uki'*] replied, "You say that you are only testing his strength. You do not truly mean it, for you are only trying to capture him," He added, "Thereafter, as long as the world² lasts you will always be seen following me around." Then Fringed-along-side began to beat his turtle-shell³ rattle and sing. As he sat down on the ground, the old man began to move up and down [as if he were dancing on his haunches], following Fringed-along-side around, and ever after bumping on the ground.

Then Fringed-along-side spoke [to the young man] and said, "Now, go back home and live with your wives." And so it happened.

The old man was, in truth, a bear, and his nephew an Indian. The *uki'* who sat at the tree-top and gave the young man the magical power⁴ was the Cyclone.

It is quite likely that they still all live at the same place! *Yihe!*

LXVII. THE STEER AND THE ILL-TREATED STEP-SON.⁵

A child was much abused [by his step-mother], who would not give him any food, hoping that he might thus die of starvation.

The cattle were under his care, and he had to drive the milking-cows [back to the settlement] at night. Although food was

¹ *Tehu-n̄e-ha'ju^{wa}ke*: "his-double-fringes- in the water-float," a manitou, apparently a monster living in the water, and with long hair along his legs.

² *om̄e'tsa'te*: it-land-is ever.

³ *ha^{wa}du'eri'sa*: he beats the shell.

⁴ *a^{wa}hu^{wa}n̄o't na^{wa}tra^{wa}skwi^{wa}ju^{wa}ndi*: he (to) him-gave the-luck-good, or the (dream?)-good: the interpreters translated it into "good luck." (H. Stand) and "magic power" (Allen Johnson).

⁵ Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in July, 1912; informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. This tale, according to Mrs. Johnson, was one that late *M̄e^{wa}dadi^{wa}n̄o't* often used to relate.

for a long time refused to him by his step-mother, he would come back home every night; and it was truly strange [to see] how he could thus live without being fed. The woman appointed some one to follow the child and watch him wherever he went.

At mid-day, when the boy had gone quite a long way off, he stopped and sat down. Then two men it seems, came out of the head of the Steer and gave some food to the child. The spy reported to the woman what he had seen, and she replied, "So it is! If the boy is now alive, it is because he is fed by the Steer which he owns."

The old woman soon managed to get sick, and [her husband] hired many medicine-men to doctor her. Her health, however, could not possibly be restored. Now then she pretended that while asleep she had received instructions in a dream. She said, "I must give a feast; this is the only means for me to recover; and the Steer owned by the boy must be slaughtered [for the occasion]." The father, therefore, gave advice to his son, saying, "Would you not spare [the Steer], and [allow] him to be killed? I shall give you a similar one, if you are willing to give him up." By no means! The boy would not spare his own domestic animal; for [there was no doubt that] his step-mother's hatred for him was the only reason why she wanted to do away with the helpful animal.

The child wept; and the Steer came along. "Don't cry," said he, "for you must consent and say, 'I shall be willing only if she herself kills the Steer which I own.' " And [the woman] replied, "Yes! I am able to kill [the animal], provided you tie him."

Then the boy proceeded towards a big stump and stood on it. The Steer, in fact, had advised him to do so, adding, "We must take to flight, and when I pass by [the stump], I shall put you on my back."

No sooner had the people bound the Steer than [the woman] came up with a sharp knife, with which to kill him. But the Steer ran his horns through [her body], thus destroying her instead; and, breaking his bonds to shreds, he escaped and went to the place where the boy was standing on the stump. As the Steer passed by, the child mounted upon his back.

They took flight to a remote place; and when they came to a large river, the Steer simply swam across it. They had no longer

anything to fear; for nobody would now slay the domestic animal, who, in his usual manner, fed the child every day.

After some time, they again travelled together, and found another river, which the Steer crossed with the boy sitting on his back. The ox said, the next day, "So it is! we are now to encounter bad luck. Starvation is walking this way and we shall have to fight her [this] afternoon. After that I may [be able to] feed you but once more, at noon. For fear, however, that I may be overpowered, I will now tell you what is to be done after our fight with Starvation. While my body is still warm, you must skin me [and remove] a narrow strip of my hide all along the spine, from the nose to the tail, which you must leave attached. That is what you have to do!"

Noon was no sooner past than the Steer entered in a great fury and began to walk back and forth. The boy climbed a tree near by, and watched the struggle that was going on, although he could not see at all [the being] against whom his domestic animal was fighting.

The Steer was defeated in the end and destroyed by Starvation. The child then remembered what he had been advised to do. So he skinned the animal, and, when it was done, he went away. He did not really know whither he was going. That is why the [being] whose hide [he had kept as a charm] conversed with him several times, indicating the way.

The boy did not stop until he had reached a place where people were living; and, at the first house he came across, an old woman who lived there inquired, "Where do you come from?" He replied, "I wish to stay here and work." "What are you able to do?" asked she; and he said, "I look after the cattle; this is what I can do!" And she said, "You are the very sort of servant I have long been looking for."¹

¹ The many episodes in this narrative have been derived from the French-Canadian stock of tales, parts of many of which have been blended here. In Rand's *Legends of the Micmacs* several of these episodes are found (cf. LXXI, 'A wonderful bull's hide belt,' pp. 369 sqq.; and LXXIV, Wegooaskunoogwejit and his wonderful hen, pp. 383 sqq.), as well as in W. H. Mechling's *Maliseet Tales*, I, Noël, *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXVI, 1913, No. C1, pp. 219 sqq.

The boy, therefore, stayed [with her], and the old woman became "his mother." As he had now to pasture her domestic animals, she gave him a warning, "You must not take my cattle yonder," said she, "for [my land] extends only that far; and you should not go beyond, for my wicked neighbour who lives there is armed with a spear."

The cattle had soon grazed all the grass on the old woman's land, so the boy led them [into the fields] beyond. Again the next day he trespassed on the land of the dreaded neighbour, who then noticed it.

"Away with you!" said he, "This is my land, and I do not want you to bring your cattle here!" The boy replied, "It could not be so, for all the grass over there has been grazed." He added, "I have now chosen to fight with you." The neighbour retorted, "Very well! to-morrow at noon we shall fight together."

The boy wore his strip of hide as a belt when they both met at noon on the next day. Unfastening it from around his body, he at once slashed the other fellow's legs off with it. Now the neighbour lamented and said, "Oh do not kill me! Have mercy! and I shall give you all my lands."

The boy, in fact, spared him and accepted his offer. When her [adopted] son came back home with her cattle, the old woman asked him, "Is it really so? Have you not pastured the cattle on our wicked neighbour's land, although I had urged you not to do so?" The young fellow answered, "It is so, indeed, and we have fought [over it]. But I have compelled him to abandon all his land." And from that time on he allowed the cattle to roam about free.

When the autumn came, the old woman said, "Be off! and sell [one of] our domestic animals. You should not bargain with [the trader] who lives in the village nearby, for he is always quite unfair [to the country folks]. Try the other one who lives far from the village, instead, as he may give you a bigger price. With this sum we shall purchase warm clothes for the winter."

¹ Added by Allen Johnson, the interpreter.

Now then the boy started for the village with the domestic animals; and when he had barely covered half of the distance, he met someone who asked, "Where are you taking it to?" He replied, "I am going to sell it, so that we may get warm clothes for the winter." "Let us barter together!" said the other. The boy inquired, "What will you give me?" And the [stranger spoke to his dog], saying, "O my domestic! here you must defecate." Then he pulled out a box containing [two] "tumbling-bugs"¹ and laid the round insects [on the ground]. They at once began to roll the [dog's] faeces. The man next put down [several] mice,² and drew out a musical bow [or violin]³. No sooner had he rubbed the strings than the mice danced.

Now the boy was willing to barter his ox [with the stranger]. And when it was done, he came back to his adopted mother's home. She inquired, "Have you really sold it?" He said "Yes!" "What did you get in exchange?" asked she. And he replied, "Here it is: the dog, for one thing;" and [speaking to the dog,] he said, "O my domestic! defecate here!" Upon being laid down, the beetle began to tumble the faeces about. The boy next put the mice on the ground and began to rub the stringed bow. The mice, in truth, danced. And the old woman exclaimed, "*Wu!* This is real fun, and I am much amused." The next morning she said, "You shall once again go there; and this time you must not fail to trade this ox, so that we may get warm clothes for the winter." So the boy again started off with an ox, which he was going to sell. There, at a distance, he saw the same fellow coming along. When they met, the other asked, "Where are you going with the ox?" "This one," replied the

¹ The "tumbling-bugs," as they are popularly known, are "dung-beetles" (family, *scarabidae*). Allen Johnson, the interpreter, stated that these insects—generally seen in pairs—lay their eggs in the faeces of animals, which they are often seen rolling about to a suitable place for their purpose; hence the name "tumbling-bugs."

² *de'tsu^{oo}gya'te'q'*: "*the-her-finger (ring)-has on,*" which is the descriptive name applied to the mouse.

³ *ya'ɾɛ'su'ya^{oo}ta'*: name of a musical instrument consisting of a bow and string (or strings?); *ya'ɾɛ'sa'*: 'string of a bow'; *u'ya^{oo}ti'*: 'it rubs' or 'it is rubbed' (in Wyandot). The same name is now given to the violin (informant, Allen Johnson).

boy, "I am going to trade in order to get warm clothes for next winter." "Here I am! let us barter together!" was the answer. "What will you give me?" asked the boy. "This is the very thing [for you]" said the man, thereupon pulling out a veil, a very small thing indeed. The young fellow inquired, "But what is it good for?" The other explained, "Look here! you see that large tree standing there?" And he pitched the veil at the tree. It was done at once: [the tree] had been reduced to chopped wood, arranged into several piles.

The boy gave his consent and exchanged the ox [for the veil.] And the stranger added, "Over there lives a wealthy man who may be useful to you, for he always employs a wood-cutter; go there, and he will surely hire you, and you shall thus get a great deal with which to purchase your winter clothes."

The young man went back home, and the old woman asked him, "Have you sold it?" He replied, "Yes!" "What did he give you?" was her next question. And, as he said "Here it is a veil!" she laughed and exclaimed, "This thing must, indeed, be warm [for the winter]: a veil!" But he explained, "With this thing I shall indeed realize great benefits." Thereupon he went to the place where a number of large trees stood, pitched the veil, and many cords of chopped wood replaced them. So he said, "Certainly! [by means of] this, our bodies will keep warm."

The next morning he started for the rich man's place and stood at the door [for a while]. The people [in the house] saw him and reported, "A hireling is standing there." The chief came around and asked, "What is it for?" The [young man] replied "I am looking for work." The important personage inquired, "What can you do?" "This I can do: cut wood!" And [the man] said, "You are the very one I was looking for. [You see] this island yonder? It is a big island, and you must chop all the wood [on it]." He added, "At noon you may come back here to eat." And [speaking to another servant], he ordered, "You go there and show him the place where he is to chop wood."

Now they took him along to the large island and said, "This is [the place]." As they were still there, walking about, the boy made a request, "Pray!" said he, "turn around and be off; for

it is truly impossible for me to do any work when someone is looking at me." So they went away.

Now then, he began and pitched the veil at the trees that stood there in great numbers. Long before noon, in truth, the work was done, and all [the wood was arranged] in very many cords. After a while, growing tired of walking about, he thought "I had better go back to the house now." When he was again seen by the wealthy man's servants they repeated, "Here he is!" And their chief came, "Why is it so?" asked he; "you are already walking here, although I had advised you to come in only at noon." The boy retorted, "But it is all done; that is a fact!" His master said, "Mind you! a lie is a grave matter." And he gave a command [to his servants], "Go there!" said he, "and investigate what truth there is in what he has said, 'Now I have done it.'" They made their investigation only to find that it was really so, and that there was nothing but chopped wood there. Their report was, "It is so! he has done it." Upon which, the wealthy man said, "Come in! Quite soon, I think, they will be through with the cooking and, after our meal, I will pay you." He asked the boy, moreover, "How did you really do it, for you are not quite grown up as yet?" "I have chopped [the wood], though"; replied the other; "it is quite true!" Which he had, of course, done with the help of the veil. When the meal was over, the boy received such a large amount of goods in payment that he was barely able to carry it to his home. As he reached his mother's house, he exclaimed, "Now behold! it is your turn to go to the village for the purchase of clothing."

The next morning, in fact, she hired someone to take her to the village, where she bought a large quantity of warm clothes for herself and her son.

Another day the [young man] started for the place where a man of importance resided; and when he arrived there he was again hired [for chopping down the trees covering] a very large patch of ground. After a while, the work was all over; and as the wood now stood in numerous piles, the price which he received this time still surpassed [what he had received for his first work].

This good fortune, moreover, was all due to the Steer which he used to own.

Again he went back to the place where his mother lived with the large quantity of valuables which he had received in payment. "It is really wonderful," said he, "what benefit we derive from the veil!" And the old woman exclaimed, "Never before have I known such prosperity. Blessed am I for having adopted you!"

It happened once that he made friends with another young man, who informed him, "I have been invited to a feast given by the chief's¹ daughter. And the point is that the fellow who is clever enough to make her laugh [will get married to her], whoever he may be." So they both started for the feast, the young man taking with him the mice, the "tumbling-bugs," the dog, and wearing his everyday clothes. A large crowd of people were assembled there, when the feast began; and [the young men] in turn tried in every possible way to make the chief's daughter laugh, but without avail. When it was over, they said, [pointing to the old woman's son], "Now be it so! let this one have his turn. He may be able to make her laugh. To be sure, he shall not have to exert himself, as he looks most comical with his ragged clothes." The chief said, "By all means; it is now your turn!" So the young man answered, "Just a moment! I will bring along the dog, my domestic." [Speaking to his dog], he said, "O my domestic! here you must defecate!" And upon being laid down, the "tumbling-bugs" began to roll the faeces about. Then he put the mice on the ground and rubbed the stringed instrument, and the mice danced. The girl, indeed, could not help laughing. All those who were standing around, moreover, burst out laughing. The rich man, [her father,] said, "This one is my son-in-law. Now you must all go back to your homes; for it is so! he has now become my son-in-law." He [spoke to his servants], saying, "Now dress him up with the very best clothes that can be found." And so they did.

[After a while the young man] felt lonesome and went out. He met an Indian who was walking about. "If you are willing

¹ *deku-ra*ku-wa'*: "the important or wealthy person" is the term used here and in the preceding cases.

to receive a great deal in payment from me," said [the stranger,] "let me first sleep with your wife." The other replied, "It is agreed!" But [the Indian] now hired [a warrior] armed with a spear and commanded him, "Cast this fellow into the lion's den." And the warrior dropped the [chief's son-in-law] among the fierce brutes, who at once made for him. But the young man simply took his veil and pitched it at the lions, who were all subdued without being killed. He did not remove the veil; and they tried in vain to tear it to pieces. For a number of days, in fact, it was impossible for them to eat when their guardian came to feed them.

Then one of the Lions begged him, "Pray! have pity on us; remove the veil!" "Not yet;" replied the man, "for you were just about to devour me; and if I were to remove it, you would again do the same thing." The Lion said, "No! we shall only help you and let the people discover that you are [a captive] here." Now the Lion roared, and someone came to see what was the matter. When the people found the man there, they reported the matter to his father-in-law, "He is sitting there among the Lions, your son-in-law." The chief said, "Why is it so? Bring him along!" So they did; and he was then able to go to the place where his wife was staying.

The next day he looked for the "spear-man," and when he found him, he said, "Were you not going to kill me? Look here! it is my turn now!" So he drew the veil out and threw it at the [warrior's] house, just to crush it at once into a heap of small bits. His enemy now being slain, the young man went back to his wife's house. He said, "Now I must be off; for my mother must be worrying." But the young woman replied, "Not yet! you should not leave until we go there together and bring back your mother with us." So they started together and arrived at the old woman's house. She was, indeed, far more pleased than ever, for her son had brought back a young woman with him. He said, "We have both come to fetch you." "Very well!" replied she, "but I must first sell all I own." He said, "No! we must look for someone who is as poor as we used to be, and give it all away." They found out, in fact, that their

neighbour also had long been a widow, living all by herself. So she gave her all she had.

Then they took their mother along with them and went to live at the wealthy man's place. Soon the young man himself replaced his father-in-law and became chief in his stead.

It is quite likely that they are still living there now.

Yihé!

LXVIII. TAWIDI'A AND HIS UNCLE.¹

Once an old man was living with his nephew *Tawidi'a*. As the boy was now quite grown up, his uncle spoke to him and said, "Nephew! when I was at your age, I used to go out and hunt for the bear's claw." The young man, therefore, started for the woods. Having found a bear's claw stuck on a tree, he came back to his uncle and said, "Uncle, I have found the claw. His uncle replied, "Let us go over to the place where you have found the claw!"² So they did.

But as the old man found out that there was only one claw stuck on the tree, he remarked, "This is not what I meant, my nephew! I meant to say this: On the [hollow] tree wherein

¹ The tale of *Tawidi'a* (in full: *tuñč'ta'wi'di'a*) and his uncle was recorded in 1911-12, with informant Catherine Johnson, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. In November, 1911, the first part (that is, up to the point where the uncle sends *Tawidi'a* to invite guests to the feast) was taken down in English through the interpreters Mary Kelley and Eldredge Brown (chiefly the latter). The work of the interpreters proved so unsatisfactory, on account of the inherent intricacies, that it was found more satisfactory to take down the balance of the tale in Wyandot text. This part of the text was interpreted by E. Brown and M. Kelley. In April, 1912, the text for the first part was completed by Cath. Johnson, and interpreted by Mary Kelley. Later, the whole text was revised and reinterpreted with the help of Allen Johnson. Mr. A. C. Parker has recorded (1905-6) a similar version among the Senecas of New York state. His informants were Mrs. Aurelia Miller, Ed. Cornplanter, and another Iroquois.

² In a Seneca version, recorded by Mr. A. C. Parker, the equivalent sentence is: "I used to leave my finger nails on the bear tree [which] I found." . . . [so his nephew] "pulled out one of his finger nails and stuck it into the bark. Returning, he said, moaning, 'It hurts very much. I could only leave one of my nails.'"

dwells the bear [in the winter], I used to find the claw-marks of the bear that had climbed up and not yet come down.¹ This is, indeed, what I meant by 'claw'."

The young man at once started off and looked for a bear. He soon found the claw-marks on a [hollow] tree, showing that the bear had climbed up and not yet come down.² So he came back and said, "Uncle, I have found the claw!" His uncle replied, "Well, let us go and see!" And they both went to the tree wherein the bear was sheltered.

The old man felled the nearest tree against the one that sheltered the bear, and climbed the leaning fallen tree. He said, "I am now climbing up to frighten the bear out." And then, in fact, he chased the bear out of the hollow tree.³ As the bear came out, it stretched itself, and the old man said, "Shoot there!" pointing to his own right side [but meaning that of the bear].⁴ So the nephew shot at the uncle's right side. His uncle said, "That is not what I meant; shoot there!" and with his finger he pointed to the bear. At once, *Tawidira* shot [an arrow] through the finger. The old man spat on his finger and rubbed the wound in his side with it, thus at once healing both at the same time. He then repeated, "[That is not what I meant;] shoot there, I say!" and he pointed at the bear, this time

¹ The uncle, according to Mr. Parker, said, "I would make a mark so I could place my hands on it again. Go and leave your eyes on that tree." [So his nephew] gouged out one of his eyes and left it there and returned. "Fool!" said the uncle, "I meant only to inspect the tree and its place so as to remember it again when you see it."

² It is implied here that, in the winter, the bear dwells in a hollow tree, the top of which has been broken off, thus leaving an aperture from above.

³ This is stated to be in conformity with the Wyandot's method of hunting the bear in the winter. When a hunter had found a hollow tree with the scratches of the bear's claws, he used to call for the assistance of several friends and come back with them to the bear's tree. A tree that stood near that of the bear was then felled against the other, so that a hunter might climb it and frighten the bear out of its den, generally by throwing something down into the hollow. The bear was shot down by the hunters as soon as it came out of the tree.

⁴ The same thing is found in Seneca and Onondaga, according to A. C. Parker.

with his protruded lips. So *Tawidi'a* shot an arrow through his uncle's lips.

The bear now ran off. The old man again said, "I did not mean for you to shoot me, but the bear. Run after the bear, mind you, and stick arrows all around its body."¹ So *Tawidi'a* chased the bear until he overtook it. As the bear had lain down to rest, "You sit still!" shouted *Tawidi'a*, thus preventing it from running away. Then he struck his arrows in the ground all around the bear, and came back to his uncle, saying, "Now uncle, it is done." The uncle replied, "Very well, let us go there!"

When they had reached the spot, they found that the arrows had been scattered around, and that no bear was anywhere in sight. The old man said, "It is not what I meant. Indeed, I said that [when I was young I used to] shoot my arrows first at the bear's [right] side and then at its [left] side, so that, at the end, my arrows were sticking out all around the dead bear's body."

The boy, therefore, again chased the bear, overtook it, and ran several arrows through its body, just as he had been told. When the bear was dead, he came to his uncle and said, "Uncle, it has been done." And the other replied, "Let us go and see!" So they did.

The old man soon went to work, skinning the bear and cutting it up. When it was done, he said to *Tawidi'a*, "Now go home! melt the tallow and roast the loins together with some corn."² The young man went home and there, in the kettle, he began to cook his uncle's breech-cloth and flint axe, together with some small wooden balls that he had just made out of twigs. He had, in fact, altogether misunderstood the old man [who had given him these directions in the old language].³

¹ *te'ye'sda'tq'kwa'di's*: (on) both (sides) -I- the arrows- stuck around or across.

² In Seneca, according to Parker, the uncle said, "Boil the door, roast the axe, cook the tomahawk" (the axe, door, etc., were names of organs).

³ When the uncle used *-yi'ka'ra'*, an old word meaning 'loins' (*e'ski'ka'ru'-hu'*: will-you [s.]-loin-cook), his nephew had understood *-'karya-(de'hu'ka'ja'm'e'*: that-he-breech-cloth-has), meaning breech-cloth; instead of

As the old man saw what his nephew had done, he grumbled, "Be in fear lest something befall you!"¹ Misunderstanding, as usual, what his uncle had just told him, *Tawidi'a* made a hole in the wall of the house and stuck his arm through it.² Seeing what his nephew had done, the old man said, "Indeed you are quite simple-minded! I did not mean for you to cook my new breech-cloth and the only flint axe I had; but I wanted you to prepare the meat."³

At night, *Tawidi'a* had some meat ready for his uncle, and he ate with him. His uncle, the next morning, began to cook the whole bear with some roasted corn ('hominy'); for he was just about to give a feast and a meal in honour of the young bear-hunter and the first bear he had killed. When all the bear meat was cooked, he put it in large baskets and then he prepared his washed 'hominy'.⁴

When this was done, he spoke to *Tawidi'a* and said, "Go and show your face to the High-ones, the Tall-trees and the

-ya^mera-, *tallow* (eska^merq^mta's: will-you[s.]-tallow [Mary Kelley translated, *the melt*] -roast), he had heard -a^mera-, *axe* (na^mhu^merq^mta's: that-his-axe-roast); and moreover, he had mistaken the old term [nq'^lkwε'ta', *balls of roasted corn* (ece^mya'kwε'tuhu, will-you [s.] -corn balls-cook) for the present day word ya'kwε'ta', meaning 'little balls of wood.' Another source of confusion to *Tawidi'a* was that, according to an explanation given, [d]u^mtu^myε' 'the tallow' is similar to a^mtu^myε' (another radical for 'axe') or [hu]tu^myε'[q], 'his axe.'

The Wyandots formerly used to pound Indian corn—it is still done by some of the old people—into a coarse flour, roast it with some other ingredients, and then roll it into small balls, for storage purposes. These balls, now termed u^mtε^m, were formerly known under the name of nq'^lkwε'ta' (This term as well as several others were given by Eldredge Brown, in consultation with Catherine Johnson, the chief informant).

¹ eska^merq^mta: must-thou-be in fear of.

² He had, in fact, understood ka^msa^mte^mja^mcwε'tε', "there-you [s.]-self-arm-stick through." The old verb radical -ja^mcwε'ta, 'to be in fear of,' is similar to ja^mcwε'tε, 'to stick the arm through.'

³ In Parker's Seneca version, 'the nephew jumped over and over the stone axe roasting on a spit, exclaiming *Ha'gai-i-i*, as if snapped with the heat.'

⁴ Termed 'lyed hominy' by the informants. The Indian corn is first cracked with the pestle in the 'hominy block' (large wooden mortar), bathed in lye in order to remove the hulls, and then placed in a deep sieve and washed in running water.

Long-horned-ones. Then pass by your uncle Bowl-maker." *Tawidi'a* started off at once.

[His uncle had meant to tell him to invite¹ the chiefs², the middle-aged people³, and the people of the Deer clan⁴; and then to pass by Bowl-maker's place and invite him⁵ as well]. *Tawidi'a* misunderstood him as usual and, running [to the mountains], he showed them his face and said, "O you steep ones,⁶ here is my face!" He next ran towards the woods yonder, and repeated, "O you tall trees⁷, here is my face!" Then he approached a herd of deer and said, "O you long-horned ones⁸, here is my face!" These were so frightened, indeed, that they ran away. The last thing *Tawidi'a* did was to go by Bowl-maker's house. As he saw his uncle sitting out of doors, he ran against him and knocked him down.

Now *Tawidi'a* came back home and told his uncle, "Now, uncle, your wishes have been fulfilled."

His uncle, however, got tired waiting, and, after a long time, said, "I wonder why they take so long to come?" *Tawidi'a* replied, "But how could they ever come? For those to whom I have shouted, from a distance, 'Here is my face!' were only the tall pine trees in the woods and the steep hills. When I 'raised my voice' to the long-horned moose, moreover, they all ran away as if scared." "Nephew," said the old man, "you are truly foolish! That is not what I meant. I [wanted you to invite] those who stand above the others in rank, that is the chiefs⁹,

¹ *asa'hq'cu'ta's*: thou-self-face-stick to or present; i.e., 'go and invite.'

² *neha'ti'du'rq'ñq'*: that-they-are high-several. The radical 'da- seems to be archaic one meaning 'chiefs' or 'office holders.'

³ *neha'tir'ç'he'tsi's*: that-they-trees-are-long or tall. Here 'tall trees' has a conventional meaning: 'the middle-aged people' (Mary Kelley, interpreter).

⁴ *tehutada're'tsi's*: both (horns)-their-horns-are long. The Long-horned-ones or the Deer people were here meant.

⁵ *te'ca'tq'ite'wa*: there-him-thou-self-run- against. The archaic meaning of this term is 'go by him and invite him.'

⁶ *de'skwadu'rç'*: that-you (pl.)-are difficult, steep.

⁷ *dç'skwa'ç'he'tsi's*: that-you (pl.) -trees-are-long, tall.

⁸ *dç'skwa'da're'tsi's*: that-your-horns-are long.

⁹ *deha'ti'ja'ta'du'rç'* *dçhu'datri'hq'ñq'*: that-their-bodies-are-valuable, that-they-self-office-hold-several; i.e., those of high rank that hold the office of chief.

and the old people of the Deer clan, whose [emblem is] the long horns. When I told you to 'run against' your uncle, the bowl-maker, I meant you to bring him over with you." And he added, "Go back and invite them all to come to the feast."

When they had all gathered in, the old man said to his nephew, "Hand the meat around, so that they may eat." And *Tawidi'a* passed the corn soup and the meat around. His uncle spoke to him when the guests had eaten up everything, and said, "Now it is over; I have given them all [that we had]." He added, "Now turn them out!"¹ So *Tawidi'a* caught them, in turn, by the arm and threw them out through the door.

As he had thus spilt a woman's corn soup, she came back and complained, "He has spilt my hominy!" This is how the old man found out what had happened [for he was now sitting some way off and, with his eyes shut, he had been humming a tune²]. He, therefore, spoke to *Tawidi'a*, saying, "[That is not what I meant!] You ought to have told them that it was all over. That is, indeed what I wanted you to do."

Then the young man was told by his uncle, "When I was at your age, I used to call on the young women and 'hang around' their house. [One day], in fact, I brought one back with me." *Tawidi'a* then started out for a place where the young women lived. He managed to put himself into a bag³ that was hanging from the roof, in their house.⁴

Having stayed up there all night, he came down in the morning, and took the door off to his uncle's house.⁵ As the old

¹ It was later pointed out by another informant, Allen Johnson, that a certain incident had been omitted here, probably intentionally, by the first informant, Catherine Johnson. So far as could be gathered, it consists of a blunder of *Tawidi'a* who, misunderstanding as usual his uncle's instructions, went over to the river, made several balls of clay and used them to hit, in an improper manner, the women assembled at the feast.

² The detail added in brackets is due to Allen Johnson.

³ The old man had said, *teka'kyarq^mdi'ñq't*: there-I-self-(like) a wall bag-hang (about): *ya'kyar'a* was stated by A. Johnson to be an old term for wall-bag.

⁴ *tuka-ha'ti'tra' de'yarq^mdi'ñq't*: there-into-he-self put, introduced, the-it-bag-hangs (up): *-yara-* refers to bag.

⁵ His uncle had said, *e'kyetu'mε'ha'mε'ta'*, there-I (?)-(to) self-woman-brought along (stated to be an archaic term). But instead of this, *Tawidi'a*:—*hatsu-wadi-ñq^mta'wa^a*: he the-door-it hangs-away (?); *-a'tu'wa^a* 'door,' and

man told his nephew, "Bid her come in!" he replied, "But how could it come in, as it is only a door that I have leaned against the wall?" So his uncle retorted, "That was not what I meant! I meant to say that I brought back a young woman with me."

Having made friends with a young man, *Tawidi'a* soon started with him to visit the young women. He begged the other, "You go in and speak to the old woman. Then, I pray, tell the eldest of her daughters, 'My friend *Tawidi'a* wishes to marry you!'"

[So his friend did] and, as the young woman was willing, she said, "Let him come in!" To his friend who had brought back the reply *Tawidi'a* said "Pray! go back and ask her to shell and parch a bark trayful of corn for us."

His friend brought word to her, and she prepared a trayful of corn. When his friend had brought it over, *Tawidi'a* ate it all up alone. Then, once more, he said, "Again go back and ask her to parch another trayful of corn!" So his friend went back and begged, "Some more!"

She refused, however, and replied, "Indeed not; his stomach is too deep. Soon he would have eaten up all my corn!"

Then the old woman's next daughter prepared two trayfuls of corn for them. Again *Tawidi'a* said, "Go back to her for some more!" But this time, she refused and remarked, "Soon he would have eaten up all my corn."¹

So *Tawidi'a* said, "Well! now try the youngest of the old woman's daughters and have her prepare corn for us!" The young woman, in fact, parched three trayfuls of corn. And, as at first, *Tawidi'a* ate it all up alone. This time, he said to his friend, "This one is to be your sister-in-law."²

^{-atumε-} (*atuwa+iha->atumεha-*) 'to self-woman,' are similar incorporated radicals with different meanings that *Tawidi'a* mistook for one another.

¹ One could still sometimes hear a present-day Wyandot say, "Are you having Miss so and so parch corn for you?" or "Are you eating up her corn?" with the meaning "Are you courting her?" (Similar remarks were, in fact, heard from Mary Kelley, an interpreter).

² Becoming friend with someone, according to the old Wyandot custom meant his (or her?) practical adoption as 'brother' or 'sister.' The friend, thus becoming a full-fledged relative, had, therefore, to call his friend's wife 'sister-in-law.' (Informant, E. Brown).

So it happened, for *Tawidira* went into the house and got married to the old woman's youngest daughter.

Very soon, *Tawidira* fell sick; so that his wife had to do all the work. When out for the hunt, he could not do anything as he was sick all the time. His brothers-in-law felt a violent dislike for him.

One day, as they came to a river, they laid a foot-log across, to pass over. The eldest of the young woman's brothers said [to himself], "I will help him across and drop him in the water." So he did, and right in the middle of the river, he dropped him down. When all the others had reached the other side, they went away. But the young woman, his wife, was running along the shore, trying to help him out. Her youngest brother was the only one who assisted her at all; so that, after all, they succeeded in pulling *Tawidira* out of the river.

So chilled, indeed was he, that they had to build a fire to warm him up. The youngest brother, at this juncture, said, "In three days I will come back to see you." And he departed to join his folks.

Tawidira then spoke up, "I must now go back to my uncle's home." "You could not possibly do it," was her remark; but he replied, "This very night, I will start for home." So she cut a cane for him and he used it as he walked away. Hardly was he out of sight than he threw off the cane and began to run.

When he had reached his uncle's house he found the door fastened. The old man was, in fact, mourning [the death of his nephew]. *Tawidira* cried out, "My uncle, it is I; here I am!" The old man at once gathered a shovelful of ashes and threw it into his nephew's face, through a small opening. *Tawidira* cried, "Alas! my uncle won't believe me." "It is only the red fox, I know, that is again fooling me," murmured the old man; "for something [truly sad] has long ago happened to my nephew."

Tawidira repeated, "Uncle, it is I; I have now come back!" The old man could not help believing it, and he opened the door. He was happy, indeed, to see that his nephew had at last returned. He dressed him up in his finery and said, "Let us see!

Stand off a little way, so that I may judge better." There the young man stood up. "No, this is not becoming to you," said the old man, "take it off!" And he replaced the garments by some finer ones. This time, *Tawidi'a*'s looks were greatly improved; and his uncle boasted, "This fits you to perfection!"

Tawidi'a then started for the place where the young woman, his wife, was encamped. Upon reaching her place he shouted, "Now I have come back to you!" She did not believe him, however, and said, "No! this is not he; for he is sick, my husband." So very good-looking was now *Tawidi'a* that even his wife could not, at first, recognize him. But it did not take long for her to find out who he was.

The next morning, he said, "Now is the time for me to hunt. But you must first give me your word that you will do as I want." She promised, "Yes, I shall keep my word!" So he said, "Put a garment over your head, for you must not peep out and see what is to happen."

Then *Tawidi'a* [did exactly as if he were] out hunting. He sang [a hunting song], "ka¹-ye ha¹-he, ka¹-yeha¹-he. . . " "Come around



here, you wild animals!¹" The animals soon began to gather around, and *Tawidi'a* killed as many as he wanted. When it was over, he spoke to his wife saying, "Remove the garment from over your face!" And so she did, as the hunt was now over. He had, in fact, slaughtered very many animals of all kinds. They began right away to skin the game, and to cut it up.

So much meat had they dried that, although they fed upon it during all the summer, a great deal was still left, at the end of the season.

It so happened that the youngest of *Tawidi'a*'s brothers-in-law, who had rescued him from drowning, came to visit them. When he had come in [and found out how much food they had],

¹ "dati¹-ju¹ ya¹-ru¹-ta¹-skwe¹."

he was truly ashamed to offer them the small piece of meat that he had brought them as a gift. His sister cooked the meat that he had given to her, and they ate it.

The next morning *Tawidi'a* spoke to his wife and said, "Now, you must go back with your brother to see your folks. Take as much of the game that I have killed as you can carry with you, for the old woman [your mother]."

Having done so, they gave it all to the old woman. All her family moved the camp over to the place where *Tawidi'a* was living with so much comfort, for he had sent them word, "Let them all come here; for there is no use for them to live so far away." There they lived on the game that their brother-in-law had killed.

[One day], however, *Tawidi'a* and his wife went back together to the old man's place, as he had said, "Bring her along with you!" The old uncle was, indeed, quite happy when he saw that they had come to stay with him thereafter.

And at the same place, may be, they are still living.
*Yihe!*¹

LXIX. HE IS GOING TO THE LAND OF BLISS.¹

*Yihe!*²

As she was about to start off, the old woman called *Tawidi'a* and said, "*Tawidi'a*, you must now look after the child while he is asleep. Drive the mosquitoes away lest they bite him, mind you!" And she went away.

¹ It is quite evident that the above tale of *Tawidi'a* (in full *tuh'e'ta-wi'dira*) and his uncle was a favourite among the Wyandots. Its many peculiar traits, allusions to old customs, occasional usage of archaic words, and the absence of modern features, place it among the stock of old tales of the tribe. It is not surprising, therefore, that, at a later date, some gifted narrators should have invented another series of episodes with the popular *Tawidi'a* as hero. This seems to be the case with the tale of "He is going to the land of bliss." Most of the episodes in this story have been derived from European folk-tales through the French-Canadians.

² The story-teller first used to announce the title of the tale which he was just about to recite. The audience would acknowledge by the exclamation "*Yihe*," that is, "Welcome!"

After having been fooling around and playing at some distance, *Tawidira* suddenly remembered that his mother had said, "Mind you! don't let the mosquitoes bite the child!" [So he went over and looked].

There, right on the child's face, a mosquito was standing and biting him. *Tawidira* at once got hold of a stone maul and hit the mosquito with it. He wanted simply to kill the mosquito, but it so happened that, as he had hit the child's head with the maul, he had only destroyed the child.¹

Indeed he was so scared that he concealed himself where the swans hatch. As he sat there, he killed the swans as well. When it was done, he gathered the feathers and, having covered his body with gum, he coated it with the feathers that stuck fast all over him. He had in his mind, "She must not recognize me!"

When the old woman came back she soon found out that the child had been murdered. She called out, "*Tawidira* . . . !" But he only quacked as the swans do. His voice was really like that of the swans. Again she cried out, "*Tawidira*!" Once more he quacked, and his voice was still exactly like that of the swans.

His mother, however, came over to the place where the swans used to hatch. There she found *Tawidira*. She said, "Why did you ever kill the child?." He replied, "But you have told me, 'Don't let the mosquitoes bite the child!' And there I saw a mosquito sitting in the child's face and biting him; so I hit the mosquito [with the maul]; for I wanted to kill it and not the child!" The old woman cried out, "Away with you! Be off to some other place, for I don't want to see you any longer!"

Tawidira ran off a long distance into the woods. His mind was now deeply troubled. He came back at night to the place where his mother was living, and killed an ox² that belonged to him. As he skinned it, he left the horns and the tail attached to the skin. When this was done, he wrapped himself up in the

¹ This incident reminds one of La Fontaine's fable "L'ours et l'amateur des jardins."

² *kyut^oskwe^ro^r*: term that applies to both ox and cow. It means 'cattle' as well.

ox's raw hide and went off some distance. Then he climbed a tree and sat way up. As the green around the tree was very nice and smooth, it so happened that, at night, several men came riding on horseback to that very place. They did not see *Tawidi'a* standing almost in the tree-top, and one of them came to sit on a large log lying just near by. Then he pulled out a great deal of yellow metal, the gold money that the others took a long time to count. Some more money was soon brought forth [and counted]¹. One of them said, "What would you do if the Underground-dweller² [the devil] should come here in person? The other replied, "I would surely kill him! and added, "And you, what would you do?" The first one said, "It is doubtful! I really don't know what I would do if I were to see the Underground-dweller here."

At that very moment, the branch on which *Tawidi'a* was sitting broke off, and down to the ground he fell with his horned [and tailed] garment. The other fellows jumped upon their feet and ran away, leaving behind heaps of yellow metal.

Now *Tawidi'a*, having removed the ox's hide that covered his body, gathered a great deal of money and started for his mother's home. He said, "Be in a hurry and help me! I have discovered no end of metal and we must gather it up."

This made her forget altogether that she had banished him; and she was as before willing to keep him with her. They had, in fact, found a great deal of gold, which they stored away.

Now then, their closest neighbour was a man of wealth and standing. So the old woman said, "Go over there and borrow the small-barrel-like vessel³, in which he is said to measure his goods; for I want to know how much we have got now." Before he started to borrow the bushel, she added, "You must not say that we want it for measuring the yellow metal, mind you!"

¹ This detail reminds one of Ali Baba and the forty thieves, in the Arabian Nights.

² The Wyandots' notions about the Devil or, as they call him, the Underground-dweller, have been borrowed from the Europeans. It is not unlikely, however, that originally some of their *uki* were called 'under-ground-dwellers'.

³ The measure that the Wyandots used to call "half-a-barrel" is now termed "half a bushel."

When they had counted many bushels of gold, *Tawidi'a* returned the small barrel to its owner. He intentionally managed however, to fill a crack in the bushel with gold coins, so that the man of importance might know that gold had been measured. The owner of the bushel said, "You seem to have been measuring gold" "It is so!" boasted *Tawidi'a*. The other inquired, "But how could it ever be so, for you are quite poor?" *Tawidi'a* replied, "But I am a thief, you know!" The wealthy man exclaimed, "Quite untrue! for I do not believe that you could ever steal anything that belongs to me." And he added, "I would believe you only if you could unyoke the [pair of] oxen with which my servant is now ploughing my field yonder."

The field was, by this time, almost all ploughed up. So *Tawidi'a* hastened and watched very closely. Quite soon he began to chase some young quails ahead of him, and he spoke to them, saying, "Listen! you come down here and run over there past the fence. When the ploughman chases you, let him believe that he is just on the point of catching you!" So it all happened, and the ploughman was [for a long while] running after [the quails].

Meanwhile *Tawidi'a* unyoked an ox, cut off its tail and one of its horns, and he stuck the horn into the other ox's back and forced the tail into its mouth. Then he drove the unyoked ox to the butcher's shop and sold it for the meat.

When the ploughman came back to his field, he could not anywhere find the other ox, and seeing one of its horns sticking out of the other's back, he came and told his master, "It is impossible for me to plough any longer. One of the oxen, indeed, has swallowed the other!" As the man of rank wanted to see for himself, he also realized that one of the oxen had swallowed the other. He said, however, "Wait a while! I must go to the butcher's shop and see."

[He came in as] *Tawidi'a* was still there. [Boasting of] his deed, *Tawidi'a* insisted, "Oh, let us see! Did you not fail to believe me when I said that I was able to steal? Did you not say, 'You could not truly steal anything from me'?" The other man retorted, "You would have to achieve far more before I could believe you? This time, I say, you are not able to steal my gold-finger-ring, which I have just handed to my wife!"

Tawidira went over, at night, to the wealthy man's house and, close by his door, he set up a large manikin looking exactly like himself, and began to watch. By the by he yelled, *Kwe!*¹ And the man of distinction got up, shouldered his gun, went out and, seeing *Tawidira* standing by, he shot at him. The manikin fell to the ground [for only the manikin had been shot]. The man of importance called his servants at once, saying, "Cover his body up with dirt!"

Meanwhile the real *Tawidira* rushed into the house and said to the woman [with the ring], "Hurry up and give me my ring, for it has now been done: I have killed *Tawidira*." [And she gave *Tawidira* the ring].

The man of rank came in sometime later and, speaking to his wife, he said, "Now give me my ring; for I have indeed done it; I have killed *Tawidira*." She replied, "But I have already done so when you came in and ordered, 'Give me my ring at once!' "

The truth then dawned upon him, and he murmured, "How truly daring and clever that fellow is!"

Tawidira had still the ring on when, the next day, he met the other man who said, "Now there can be no doubt that I will do away with him once for all!" And his servants caught *Tawidira* and fastened him in a bag. His next command was, "Carry him to the lake yonder, and, fastened inside the bag as he is, drop him right into the lake!"

The load was at once placed upon a wagon and taken away toward the lake. Then *Tawidira* began to say. "I am now going to the land of bliss!"

As his servants were passing with the wagon by a berry patch, they started to pick fruit, and farther and farther they went. Just about then, someone came along the road driving a large herd of cattle. So *Tawidira*, from within the bag that was still on the wagon, kept on repeating, "I am now going to the land of bliss!" The man who was driving the cattle along the road overheard these words, "I am now going to the land of

¹ Meaning 'hello!' 'how do you do?' This is still the most common form of greeting among the Wyandots, besides 'bajou!', the distorted French word 'bonjour!'

bliss!" So he inquired, "Could you not take me along with you?" "By all means!" replied *Tawidi'a*; "But untie the fastening of the bag!" He then put the other fellow in the bag, in his stead. And he himself, *Tawidi'a*, went away, driving the cattle along the road.

When his servants returned from the berry-patch, they made for the lake with the bag that was still at the same place, on the wagon. They put the bag into a canoe, when they had reached the lake, and soon they dropped it right in the middle of the water. When it was done, they came back to their master's house and reported, "It has been done a long while ago; he has been dropped into the lake."

Very soon, however, *Tawidi'a* was seen riding about. He, in fact, came to see the important man and he conversed with him. The other said, "It is really you that I see here?" *Tawidi'a* replied, "Yes it is I!" "But how did you ever manage to get out of the lake?" inquired the first one. *Tawidi'a* explained, "There is hardly any water there. When the servants dropped the bag into the water, it hit the bottom very gently and lay there. Some people that were standing around there untied the bag in which I was sitting [and let me out]. Then they took me along into a wonderful country, [the land of bliss,] with vast prairies and immense herds of cattle. After a time, I got tired of all that and said, 'Now I must be going back home!' So these people said, 'Very well! But you had better take back to your home as many of these domestic animals as you possibly can drive along; and you should ride this fine horse.' So it truly happened; and, on my way back, I drove along as large a herd of cattle as ever I wanted."

The man of distinction said, "[This is so wonderful] that I want myself to be taken to the lake in a bag and be dropped in the water." And, as it was being done, he added, "Take me along farther out on the lake and drop the bag; for it may be that the land of bliss is still more wonderful there."

All along the road, moreover, the rich man was repeating the same words as *Tawidi'a*, "I am now on the way to the land of bliss!" When his servants had reached the middle of the lake, he said, "Here it is!" And the bag was dropped into the deep water, never to emerge again, to be sure.

In vain did they expect the man of distinction to return as *Tawidira* had done, for he had sought his own destruction; and because he had said to *Tawidira*, "I do not believe you could ever steal anything!" he had learnt once for all that, indeed, *Tawidira* was not only able to steal, but was most clever and shrewd.

There the wealthy man's wife is still waiting for him, remembering that he had said [before leaving] "I will return very soon after they have dropped me into the lake." But, may be, she will have to wait forever.

Yihé!

LXX. THE FUGITIVE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER DOG CHARM¹.

A young woman and her brother were living together in a lodge, far away from their tribe. The man used to hunt, while his sister was keeping house for him. When she noticed that he would not eat anything, she began to watch him. And so she did for a long time, until she felt rather uneasy about it. She also decided to watch him at night, and see whether he would eat.

One night, as she was awake, her brother got up, took his hunting knife, and removed his legging. She noticed that there was barely any flesh left on his leg bone. [Once again] he cut off a small slice of the flesh from his leg, put it on the fire, and when it was cooked, he ate it, and went to sleep again.

His sister became very much frightened, and brooding over what she had better do, she could not sleep at all for the rest of the night. She dreaded that, if she were to stay with her brother any longer, he would begin to eat her flesh when all of his own was gone. In the morning she got up, prepared something to eat, and made a small bundle. She had made up her mind to run away after he had started for the hunt, without letting him know, for

¹ Recorded in English at Seneca, Missouri, in June, 1912. Informant, Thomas Walker, a middle-aged farmer, whose mother is Mrs. Isaiah Walker, an aged half-blood Detroit Wyandot. The above tale is likely to be one of those which were well-known among the Detroit Wyandots. Mrs. Matthew C. Murdoch, of Seneca, Missouri, stated that she knew this tale.

fear that he might detain her. Becoming aware, however, that she was to leave him, he spoke to her and gave her some advice. As she was just about to start off, he told her to go to the place where their folks lived, a long distance beyond the hills. He said, "When you come to the place where an old witch is living, you should not look around. She will surely do her best to attract your attention. But you must go straight on without minding her in the least." He also added that he was to give her something, a charm which would protect her in case of trouble. Then he removed from his neck a string to which was fastened a tiny little dog in a piece of buckskin, [and he gave it to her.] He said, "Whenever you get into trouble of any kind, remove this from your neck, open the [small bundle], put the little dog on the palm of your hand, and rub it down with your finger [first, and then with] your hand until it has grown into a large dog. The more you rub it down, the larger it will grow. And when you wish the dog to resume its former size, rub it the other way." Warning her again not to forget and not to look at the old witch, he bade her good-bye and they parted.

She travelled all day. When it was getting dark she heard a voice calling her. [This is what] she heard, "Oh! What a fine girl you are! And how beautiful are your hair and your eyes! I wish you would come here to me; I have something to tell you. You should not travel alone, for you are so beautiful. Come to me!" The girl did not look around, however, for she knew that it was the witch who was speaking. She did not mind, her; but the old woman kept on speaking to her, flattering her all the time.

After the young woman had gone quite a distance past the witch's house, she thought that no harm should result if she would look around, just to see what the old woman was like. So she did, and she had to walk straight back to the witch's house. It could not be helped. The woman took her along into a shed behind her house and said that she did not wish to eat her so soon. Having then laid her into a box¹ made of a hewn out log and split into two halves, she put the other half on top,

¹ The informant said 'trough.'

and fastened them together by means of a strong basswood¹ bark rope.

As there was no means of getting out, the girl lay there for a long time, studying what to do. While thinking of her brother, she remembered his advice and the little dog which he had given her. So she took the [small buckskin bag in her hand] and opened it. She began to rub down the tiny dog. It grew larger and larger. She kept on rubbing, rubbing, and it grew still larger. In the end it had become so large that the bark ropes snapped and the [lid of the box] came off. Then she rubbed the dog the other way,² rubbed it, rubbed it, and it grew smaller and smaller, until she could put it back into the small buckskin bag and suspend it from her neck.

[Having thus escaped] she started off along the trail and travelled until late the next day. As she almost ran into an [Indian] camp that was inimical to her folks, she tried to get around without being seen. But the people noticed her and tried to catch her. She ran to the hill-side and took off the little dog from her neck. She rubbed it down from head to tail; and while rubbing it, rubbing it, it kept on growing larger and larger. When it was big enough, she said, "Catch the people and swallow them!" And she rubbed the dog down until it had swallowed all the people.

Then she rubbed it the other way, and it began to throw up the people, who rolled down the hillside. When all the [dead] people were lying there in a big pile, she went on rubbing the dog, rubbing the dog. It became as tiny as ever, [and she placed it back in the buckskin bag].

And she resumed her journey.

LXXI. THE DEER AND THE ILL-TREATED SISTER-IN-LAW.³

A man and his sister were living together. Young women

¹ *ya-ra^{na}*: *tilia americana*, Linn, popularly termed basswood at Amherstburg, Ontario, and lynn-wood in Oklahoma. Twisted basswood bark was used by the old Wyandots as cord.

² That is, 'against the grain.'

³ Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Oct., 1911. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Mary Kelley. The above tale is a very modern one, and it has been borrowed from the French.

desiring to woo the young man used to come and visit him in his house. But he persistently refused to get married on account of his sister, whom he was fond of. He did not wish anybody to ill-treat her.

Three young women thus came to see him. When she begged him to marry her, the third one said, "I shall always be good to your sister and be as fond of her as you are." That is why he was now willing to accept her.

After the marriage his wife soon began to hate the young woman, her husband's sister, and wanted him to forsake her. Every day, when he was away, she would kill the domestic animals in his possession and speak to him, as he returned from his work, saying, "Your sister has killed your best horse," or whatever other animal he wanted to keep. And the same thing happened very many times. His inevitable reply, however, was "I do not mind what my sister has done, because I love her." In the end his wife had destroyed all his stock; but he did not even get angry with his sister. His answer always was, "I don't care; I love my sister!" So the woman cut their own child's throat with a butcher's knife and put the bleeding knife under his sister's pillow. That day, when her husband came back from work, she said, "Your sister has killed our child." He went to his sister's bed upstairs, looked under her pillow, and found the bloody butcher's knife. There was no doubt in his mind as to his sister having really slain the child. As he came down, he spoke to his sister, saying, "Put on your best clothes!" She knew at once what was the matter. So she did as she was told. She went to her room and put on the best clothes she had. When she came down, her brother said, "Come along!" And he took her to a wooden block. He bade her to cross her hands¹ on the block, like this; and with his axe he cut her hands off. Now he said, "Go away, never to return!" And she went away to the woods. Day after day she kept on walking in the desert, without ever coming across any settlement. Her clothes were all torn to shreds, as she had no hands to mend them. In the end, being quite naked, she went into a cave, thinking, "Here I am to die."

¹ In the form of an x.

About sunset she heard the leaves rustling. Something was walking in. When it came near, she saw that it was a deer. As she was sitting down there, the deer came up to her and said, "Suck my milk!" And they stayed there together for a while. Every time the deer went away, she would nurse the woman before leaving; and she would do the same thing upon coming back to the cave, at sunset. At night the deer lay down there, close by the woman, so as to keep her body warm.¹

One morning the deer, being chased by a dog, ran back to the cave, and came to stand behind her protégée. And as the dog followed the fugitive, the woman chased it away. Standing outside, the young hunter whose dog it was heard the woman's voice chasing the dog. He asked, "Are you a human being?" She replied, "Yes!" He rejoined, "Come out!" "I cannot go out," she answered. "Why?" was the next question. "Because I am without clothes." So he said, "I will leave a garment here inside, for you to put on." She replied, "I cannot. I have no hands!" And she pleaded, "Let me stay here; but don't kill the deer. She is taking care of me." And he said, "Don't fear, for I am going in to put this garment on you. I shall not kill the deer." And so he did. As they came out of the cave together, he found out that she was the prettiest woman he had ever seen.² He said, "Now I will take you home and we shall get married." She answered, "I cannot get married, because I have no hands. I could not help you in anything." But he retorted, "I don't mind! I will take you home and take good care of you." So she followed him to his mother's home, where he was living. His mother exclaimed, "Oh! why have you brought this woman along with you. She has no hands!" He replied, "I don't care, because she is the prettiest of all!" When they were married, he took care of her, fed her, and only after she had finished eating, would he eat. Hiring people to make clothes for her, he had to put the garments on her, as she had no hands.

After they had been living together in this way for quite a long time, the young man went away and enlisted in the army

¹ In the French-Canadian version the deer is replaced by a small dog.

² The informant here laughed.

for three years, and he left his mother to take care of his wife, saying that he would well repay her for that service.¹ A boy was later born to her; and the mother-in-law was quite glad. She wrote to her son telling him all about the child. Hiring a messenger to mail the letter at the post-office, she urged him not to stop at the house that stood about halfway [in the village]. As he came there, women called him in. So he walked in and got drunk. The women opened the letter, read about the child, destroyed the letter, and wrote another one instead, "The child that was born to your wife is not your own, but that of your dog." Placed in the man's pocket, the letter was later mailed by the messenger. The soldier's reply [to his mother] was, "I do not care for the child. But save my wife!"²

LXXII. THE SNAKES IN THE CRANBERRY PATCH.³

(*First Version.*)

As they were proceeding to their hunting-grounds, four men and four⁴ women passed by a swamp where the cranberries grew. The cranberries, they could see, were plentiful, and the place was really quite nice. Having set their camp only a short distance from the swamp, the hunters warned their women not to go out and pick cranberries, for snakes had their dens there.

The next day the men being out hunting, the women started for the marsh to pick cranberries. They rode their swiftest horses, so that, in case of danger, they might easily escape. Suspecting the presence of something in the marsh, two of the women hitched their horses quite near at hand. The others, disbelieving what they had been told, did not take any pre-

¹ The incidents occurring in the remainder of the story, although most decidedly European in character, were explicitly stated by the informant to be genuine facts relating to Indians.

² This tale was left unfinished.

³ Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Mary Kelley. Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Oct., 1911. This is stated to be a story of events which have really happened.

⁴ There was probably a mistake on the part of the interpreter in stating that the whole party consisted only of four people, as may be seen by comparing the above version with that of Allen Johnson.

caution. Then they all began to pick cranberries. Before they had gathered as much as a gallon they heard a noise. The snakes were hissing and doing like young turkeys. The two vigilant women ran up to their horses and rode off. The two others, taken unawares, could not get off as quickly, and were unable to unfasten their horses in time. The snakes were already flying in every direction, hitting the women with the sharp bony tips¹ of their tails, as is their wont.² One of the two women, though, was able to climb on her horse and get away swiftly, while the other was destroyed by the snakes. The three women who had thus escaped stood together at a distance and looked back towards the swamp. The snakes were springing out of their dens in such numbers that they formed a big pile over the woman's body. Three times she screamed out. But her fainting voice could hardly be heard the third time.

The other women went back to the camp. When the hunters returned from the hunt, they found only three women, and were told how the other had been destroyed by the snakes near the cranberry patch.

The next day the party went back to the village. A man was then sent to inform the people all over the country that there were snakes in the swamp. A large crowd of people gathered and proceeded to the place where the women had disappeared. The [men] made bows of locust wood³, which they strung with [dried] sinew from a deer's spine.⁴

Heaps of wood having been chopped, a large fire was built all around the swamp, with a space left open on one side. Several men remained working there only to keep the fire really hot [by adding more fuel]. The best runner of all was then selected to go and stir the snakes out of their dens. Now he ran down, through the gap in the fire, into the cranberry patch and shouted

¹ This is altogether a fictitious kind of snake.

² The informant explained that they believe in the existence of a kind of snake, the tail of which is bony and as sharp as a knife.

³ Locust (*Robinia Pseudacacia*, Linn.)

⁴ Dried, shredded, and twisted sinew made of the muscles along both sides of the deer's spinal cord, is quite a commonly used article among the Iroquois and other tribes.

to the snakes, "We are now going to fight!"¹ And turning around, he dashed out. He really ran so swiftly that the snakes had no time to hit him. But they all started after him towards the big fire, behind which all the men, with lifted locust bows in each hand, were standing in a row. The snakes at once began to spring over the fire towards the Indians who were holding their bows upwards in each hand. And every snake that hit the bows was cut into two parts and fell down dead.

The fight began early in the morning, and it was not yet over when, at noon, the fire was giving out. The big Snake, the chief of the snakes,² then came out. As he was not as sprightly as the others, he just fell into the fire, and was killed there by the men. The big Snake's body was then hung from trees, and so long was it that several trees, standing quite far apart, had to be used for that purpose.³ The woman's desiccated skeleton was found at the very place where the snakes had devoured her flesh.

This is how they entirely exterminated the snakes dwelling in the swamp.⁴

It has truly happened. That is all!

LXXIII. THE HORNED SNAKES IN THE SWAMP.⁵

(Second Version.)

In the autumn, at the time when the cranberries are ripe,

¹ *kwa'tri'ju'*: *we-self-fight*; abbreviation for *e'kwa'tri'ju'*: *shall-we-self-fight*.

² *hōma-yu-wa-nε' kyu'wε'ε'tse'*: *he-to someone-is big, leader, or chief the-snake*. The Wyandots, as well as most other Indians, believe that every species of common animals has a chief who is physically larger than all the others and endowed with greater powers.

³ Mrs. Johnson stated that her mother knew the place where the above incident happened.

⁴ The informant, in reply to a question, stated that although the Snake was never measured, she thought it was over 40 feet long.

⁵ Second version of 'The snakes in the cranberry patch' (cf. LXXII). Informant, Allen Johnson, who heard this story from late Catherine Young (*Ska'da'e'*), Smith Nichols, and his mother (Catherine Johnson). Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912.

several parties were encamped in the woods¹ for the deer hunt.² On their way to the forest, these parties passed by a marsh, where the women noticed large, glossy, tempting cranberries. While encamped, the women kept on talking about the splendid cranberries they had seen. A fellow, remembering that some people had already lost their lives there, warned the women that this was a forbidden place. They should not go there, indeed, for the marsh was the home of horned snakes.³

While the men were out hunting, one of the women strongly insisted that she wanted to go out and pick cranberries. In the end three other women consented to follow her, as she had said, "Let us just gather a little to preserve!" The women, riding two on one horse, started for the swamp in the afternoon, towards the evening. When they came to the cranberry patch, they tied their horses to a log, where they could easily get back. They began to pick cranberries without talking or making any noise. But the two women who were cautious could hear something hissing. One of them looked around and saw, under the bushes, thousands of snakes' heads. So she warned her friend, who passed the word to the others. Becoming greatly excited, she ran away to the log, advising her friend to stand on a stump so as to climb more quickly on the horse, as she rode by.⁴ The woman [who had led the others there was the only one who could not escape]. The snakes, coiled in a hoop, at once began to fly at her, trying to hit her with their bony tail. She was so bewildered that she could not get away. Placing her bucket over her head, she tried to protect herself; but the reptiles thrust their [sharp bony] tails through it. And, while uttering terrible cries, the woman was destroyed by the snakes, while the other women escaped to their camp.

¹ The informant stated here that the Indians used to remain in their villages during the summer and to migrate to the woods in the autumn, for their winter hunt.

² *uti-wa'tsi'c'a-kq*: *they-meat-hang*; i.e., they went out for the winter hunt. This stereotyped expression was often used, according to the informant, at the beginning of such tales.

³ *ti-n'cu'ra-wq'*: *bath-bones or horns?-to wear-several*; i.e. bone or horned snakes. This is a mythical kind of snake.

⁴ This passage, as recorded with the informant, is incomplete and obscure.

The hunters, upon returning, understood with very little explanation what had taken place. As the husband of the victim discovered the truth, he was much grieved. They all decided to return to the village. In a council, convoked by the head chief, it was decided to destroy the snake's den. So they proceeded to the swamp and found the woman's dried up skeleton lying near by. The most gifted charmers found out the manner in which the snakes should be destroyed and advised the men to make bows and arrows out of black locust.¹ Each man besmeared himself with Indian paint,² made several bows for himself, and used the best deer sinew to string them. The chief, assigning various duties to his men, appointed another party to gather and split dry wood, to make a big fire around the marsh. Some fellows were instructed to stir up the fire, while others had to throw their bows up to the flying snakes so as to cut them to pieces. [The fire being lit], the best runners were sent to stir the reptiles out of their den by shouting, "We must fight!" And no sooner had these runners retreated behind the fire, than a fierce battle was fought. They say that the snakes were really flying in the air and that the men cut them to pieces with their bowstrings. Some reptiles which could not spring over the fire perished in it. So many snakes were there that the fight lasted long. At times the men were almost overcome by their enemies, and the fire was on the point of going out. The last snake to appear was of great length and size. Unable to jump over the fire he was choked to death in it.

This is how the Indians destroyed the horned snakes in the swamp. They burned up all their dead bodies and, as the cranberry patch was poisoned, they also set fire to it and burned it to the ground. Now then they all went back home and lived in peace.

¹ ε'η'η'η'η'η', locust (*Robinia Pseudacacia*, Linn.).

² η'η'η'η'η'η'.

LXXIV. THE CHILD AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.¹

An old woman was living with her grandchild *Kwatonahe*. Their small cabin was near a lake. Every day they would go out and look for eggs of all kinds along the beach. Such really was their only food.

Kwatonahe once asked the old woman to let him go out hunting with a gun over his shoulder. Said he to his grandmother, "I have heard that there are moose living in the woods yonder." But the old woman was not willing to let him go, for she would have been so much worried. One morning, however, he started for the woods with his gun. In the evening he did not return. His grandmother then went to the woods. And while looking for him, she was singing to attract his attention:

Adagio

I sa ri o u we ——— Kwat-o-na-he ——— kwa-to-na-he

Adagio *ritent.*

Kwa-to-na-he ——— Kwat-o-na-he ——— I sa ri o u we ———

ritent.

Kwa-to-na-he ——— Kwat-o-na-he ——— I sa ri o u we ——— *D.C.*

Now she met him. From his shoulder was hanging a piece of moose flesh; for he had, indeed, killed a moose. He said to his grandmother, "Don't weep; it is I!" After they had returned to their cabin, the old woman roasted a piece of moose meat on

¹ Recorded in French at Lorette, Quebec, in May, 1911. Informants: Louisa Vincent (Mme. Maurice Sioui) and Rev. Prosper Vincent. This was considered at Lorette as a story for children. Late Marie-Anne Vincent (Louisa Vincent's grandmother) used to recite it to her grandchildren.

² Phonograph record No. III. H. 16 b. Rev. Prosper Vincent's version.

³ Phonograph record No. III. H. 31 b. Mrs. Eliza Vincent's (married Sioui) version.

the spit for their supper. And he said, "Grandmother, tomorrow we must go and fetch the rest of it."¹

LXXV. THE WARRIOR AND THE ANIMALS.²

An old man was going to war. As they were gathering around him, his warriors would call him "uncle"³ or "cousin."⁴ They all addressed him by one of these two names.

It seems that the old warrior was in a canoe, near the water's edge, while he was assembling animals of various kinds to go to war with him. But he would have none of them, except those who could not run fast. The porcupine came along and was accepted. The bear, the otter, the skunk, the snake⁵ were also enlisted. The old man, of course, had no use for a fast runner like the deer. "I do not want you," said he, "because you can't run fast enough."⁶ Last of all came the turtle, and she was welcome.

¹ Rev. Prosper Vincent's fragmentary version was somewhat different: "A giant, called *Oceg'do*, was in the habit of stealing children and carrying them away in a large bag. As he came to the place where *Kwatpnahé* [was living with his grandmother], he stood on the roof of their cabin and looked down into the smoke-hole. Drops of blood fell from his hanging hair as he was looking down. The name of the giant was *Otsistari*."

I remember that when we were not obedient our grandmother would say, 'Otsistari is coming with his big knife to take your scalps!'

Mme. Claire Picard-O'Sullivan (Lorette, Quebec), remembered that Ahasistari was a great Indian warrior whom everybody dreaded. He was called 'The reaper of scalps.' Whenever someone, in former days, was found dead and scalpless in the woods, the people would say, "Ahasistari has been here."—"My mother told me that no chief ever had so many scalps hanging in his wigwam as he had. And the women here would sometimes frighten the children by saying, 'Look out! Ahasistari is coming!'"

² Fragment of a tale. Informant, Miss Mary McKee, Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario. Recorded in June, 1911.

³ *ha'watenq'rq*: uncle.

⁴ *jara'mse*: cousin.

⁵ The informant also included the Wolf, presumably by mistake.

⁶ The informant uttered this bit of mockery with such a grave composure that it was not easy for a moment to find out whether this was an oversight or a joke.

LXXVI. THE WILDCAT WITH A BLOODY SCALP.¹

This really happened to my father as he was out hunting. While on his way [to some place] he came across the wildcat² which removes its own scalp.³ [It is said that] when the warriors were on the war-path, in the old time, they would sometimes see [along the trail] a wildcat, which, removing its own scalp, [seemed to suffer and cry like a human being⁴]. This was taken as an evil omen by the man who had seen it, and bad luck was expected to befall his family.

[My father, for his part,] killed the wildcat [which he had thus encountered]. But it was not so! The [animal] had not really removed its own scalp. It only looked as if there had been a bloody spot on the wildcat's head.

LXXVII. THE DOGS AND THE WILD COTTON.⁵

[A hunter, his wife, and their child⁶ went to the woods⁷] for the hunting season. There they built a house⁸ [with a fire and a smoke-hole in the centre. There was a scaffold⁹ in the lodge upon which they used to dry meat.]¹⁰

¹ Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912.

² *skε^hkwa^aq*: the wild cat; a descriptive term connected with *skε^rre^yε^ta'* which means 'daring young warrior.' The term *skε^hkwa^aq* refers to the same characteristic of the wild cat, which is said to be brave and daring, although small.

³ *k^yeⁿq^hq^hkwε^q*: this is a descriptive name applied to a kind of cat, supposed by the Wyandots to remove its own scalp, to cry like a human person, and to appear to the hunters with a bleeding scalp in order to convey bad luck to them.

⁴ Information in brackets given by Allen Johnson.

⁵ A Wyandot text recorded in May, 1912, at Seneca, Missouri. Mrs. Catherine Johnson, informant; Mary Kelley and Allen Johnson, interpreters.

⁶ The text has it: one- it to her-child, i.e., her child.

⁷ Details in brackets supplied by Allen Johnson.

⁸ The interpreter used the term 'wigwam'; this was evidently a log or elm bark long-house.

⁹ The scaffold consisted of four uprights (erected at each corner of the house) upon which two long poles rested. Across these poles on each side of the house were placed shorter poles from which the meat was suspended for drying.

¹⁰ Details in brackets supplied by Allen Johnson.

As they had some *u'da^{aa}wa'* (wild cotton) in a bag, the woman said, "I must hang the *u'da^{aa}wa'* (wild cotton) up there [on the scaffold], so that it may dry." And she hung it. The long-eared [hound, having overheard her remark, spoke to the other dogs,] saying, "Who could unhook the *u'da^{aa}wa'* (the liver) [from the poles]?" [Another] replied, "It is I, no doubt!" The long-eared-one leaped¹, unhooked the bag, and tore it to pieces.² It was only the *u'da^{aa}wa'*³ (the wild cotton).⁴

LXXVIII. THE PUMPKIN AND THE RABBIT.⁵

It is just as if a man walked.⁶

Yihε'!

A man arrived at the place where [the people] lived. As he was carrying pumpkins, a fellow asked him, "What is this?"

¹ She leaped.'

² Allen Johnson added that the woman reported to her husband what the dogs had done. And he advised his wife thereafter to give them some meat, whenever he returned from the hunt, so that they might no longer be hungry.

³ It is assumed here that the dogs understood the words uttered by the woman in a sense which was not the intended one. In fact, the words *u'da^{aa}wa'* (or, according to Allen Johnson, *u'da^{aa}wa'*) and *u'da^{aa}wa'* (also *u'da^{aa}wa'*, according to A. Johnson) mean respectively 'liver' and 'wild cotton.'

⁴ Allen Johnson stated that in former times a kind of weed—a wild cotton or hemp—usually found in the woods, was used for various purposes by the Wyandots. Mrs. Johnson also explained to the interpreter, Mary Kelley, that when she was young, a cushion made of this kind of hemp was still usually placed on the cradle-board under the child. She added that the wild hemp is no longer to be found in their country, owing to its having been trampled off by the cattle.

⁵ Taken down in text in 1913; informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson, Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Mrs. Johnson heard this story recited by her uncle, late Jim Peacock (*di'kyu'ku'yu'iti*), of the Wyandot Deer clan.

⁶ *εrε'ε'ha'ε' i'ε'*: *he-the man-like or thus, both* (on both legs) *-he-walks*; more broadly, "a man-like is walking." Whenever a story-teller begins a fireside tale which is acknowledged to be mere fiction, he first repeats the usual formula, "It is just as if a man walked!" and the listeners exclaim, "Yihε'!" "Welcome!"

He replied, "A mare's¹ egg." "What happens when it hatches?" asked the other. And the reply was, "If you only carry the pumpkin every day, it will get heavier, because the colt is now growing [inside it]."

So the other fellow [purchased the pumpkin²and] carried it along. After a certain time his "mare's egg" grew so heavy that he became entirely exhausted and sat down. The pumpkin then rolled down the hill and split open against a projecting stump. But only a rabbit was sitting there by the stump and the smashed pumpkin. The man who had purchased [the mare's egg] thought to himself, "Now it is really so! it is hatched." And at once he began to call, "Kupikupikupi!" He was thus coaxing the colt. But it was useless; the [thing] would not listen. So he kept running after it.

After a while he began to inquire from place to place, where the people were living. He would ask, "Did you see my horse that has run away?" Someone begged him, "Pray! tell me, what is it like?" He replied, "[I] can not tell you, for there was no time to judge of its looks. Indeed, no sooner was it hatched than it ran away. I really don't know what it is like." And the other replied, "It could not be so; because horses don't hatch, but bring forth [their young ones]." So the [simple] man said, "Truly! I have thus been cheated!" And the man added, "Go to the place where it was hatched and look carefully. Let me go with you!" When they had both reached the spot, the man told the owner [of the mare's egg], "Nay! 'egg'³ is not its name, but rather 'pumpkin.'⁴ That is it!"⁵

Yihé'!

¹ *yw'ca'té'*: horse (male or female).

² Detail supplied in the course of the text.

³ *u'to'ca'*: egg.

⁴ *u'ño'ca'*: pumpkin. In the Wyandot winter-tales several puns of this kind are to be found.

⁵ The above Wyandot story may be compared to some versions of its European prototype:

(a) (From *The Book of Noodles*, by W. A. Clouston, London, Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, 1903, pp. 37sqq.)

" . . . A somewhat similar story is found in Rivière's French collection of tales of the Kabail, Algeria, to this effect: The mother of a youth of the

LXXIX. TO A CHILD.¹

You know your old aunt? Well! she is just crawling from under a big log, on the hill near Eldredge Brown's

Beni-Jennad clan gave him a hundred reals to buy a mule; so he went to the market and on his way met a man carrying a water-melon for sale. "How much for the melon?" he asks. "What will you give?" says the man. "I have only got a hundred reals," answered the booby; "had I more, you should have it." "Well," rejoined the man, "I'll take them." Then the youth took the melon and handed over the money. "But tell me," says he, "will its young one be as green as it is?" "Doubtless," answered the man, "it will be green." As the booby was going home, he allowed the melon to roll down a slope before him. It burst on its way, when up started a frightened hare. "Go to my house, young one," he shouted. "Surely a green animal has come out of it." And when he got home he inquired of his mother if the young one had arrived.

"In the Gooroo Paramartan" (an "amusing work, written in the Tamil language by Berchi, an Italian Jesuit, who was missionary in India from 1700 till his death, in 1742" (p. 29)) "there is a parallel incident to this last. The noodles are desirous of providing their Gooroo with a horse, and a man sells them a pumpkin, telling them it is a mare's egg, which only requires to be sat upon for a certain time to produce a fine young horse. The Gooroo himself undertakes to hatch the mare's egg, since his disciples have all other matters to attend to; but as they are carrying it through a jungle, it falls down and splits into pieces; just then a frightened hare runs before them; and they inform the Gooroo that a fine young colt came out of the mare's egg, with very long ears, and ran off with the speed of the wind. It would have proved a fine horse for their revered Gooroo, they add; but he consoles himself for the loss by reflecting that such an animal would probably have run away with him."

(b) (Mr. F. W. Waugh, of the Geological Survey of Canada, states that, over twenty-five years ago, he has often heard his father, Geo. N. Waugh, of Brant county, Ontario, recite the following story, which was well-known in the same locality):

An Irishman had not been long in this country when he was sold a pumpkin by a country fellow, who told him that it was a 'mare's egg.' The Irishman continued his journey, carrying the pumpkin. But he soon got tired and sat down to rest on the crest of a hill. The pumpkin rolled down the slope and was smashed to pieces. As it hit a brush heap at the bottom, a rabbit ran away, and the Irishman jumped up, shouting, "Catch him! Catch him! he is a race horse!"

¹ Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Oct., 1911. Informant, B. N. O. Walker. This riddle was told to Mr. Walker when he was a child by an old Wyandot woman (Driver?), nicknamed Tsipy. It was also repeated to him by his aunt, Kitty Greeyes.

place.¹ She looks all around her, starts down the hill, and comes this way. Now she is walking along the road, and she begins a song: *Tse'tε' Tse'tq Tse'tare°*.²



Here is what she is doing now; she is trotting along the lane, towards the town. She is coming along. She sings: *tse'tε tse'tq tse'tare°*. She is passing Mr. Gorman's house; she has just passed by. She is singing *tse'tε tse'tq tse'tare°*. She is quite near the town now. Here she is at the street crossing³ She walks across it. This is what she is singing: *Tse'tε tse'tq tse'tare°*. Listen. Now she is stepping into the other lane, on this side of the track, and leading here. She sings: *tse'tε' tse'tq tse'tare°*. I think she is at this end of the lane coming down to the creek. I can hear her singing: *tse'tε' tse'tq tse'tare°*. As she is getting into the creek, she looks around, and gets across it. Surely I hear her singing: *Tse'tε' tse'tq tse'tare°*. Now she climbs the hill, and she is coming here singing: *Tse'tε' tse'tq tse'tare°*. She has gone near the gate down there; but she is now coming here, up the road. Don't you hear her singing: *Tse'tε' tse'tq tse'tare°*?⁴

She is now up the hill, and is coming here, still singing: *Tse'tε tse'tq tse'tare°*. Oh, she is crawling over the steps here, inside. She has found the door open, no doubt. I hear her in the hall. She sings: *Tse'tε tse'tq tse'tare°*. There she is opening

¹ The reference to Brown's place was merely used as an illustration. Brown's residence is about a mile from the Government Agency, where the riddle was being recorded.

² These Wyandot syllables are meant as a mere burden. The last word *Tse'tare'* happens to mean "seven."

³ The story-teller would refer to places familiar to the child and change the details according to circumstances.

⁴ Pretending to be afraid.

the door. Here she is [bursting into a loud clamour to frighten the child]¹

¹ Mr. Walker remembered that he had heard old Wyandots warn their young children to be quiet, for the *yu^uku^u*, the big horned owl would catch them. "In February or March," said Mr. Walker, "the owls are often heard screeching in the woods, and they seem to answer each other. It used to frighten me when I was a child. Aunt Kitty Greyeyes would then say that they were fussing and scolding each other. Aunt Kitty or mother, said that there was a cradle song in which the children were told to hush up, else the old owl would catch them."

PART III.

TRADITIONS.

(A) ANECDOTES.

LXXX. THE BIG SNAKE.¹

The name of the Big Snake was *Oyale'ro-węk*.² The folks living here long ago often heard the whistling of a monster, under the falls right near the village.³ They supposed that a Big Snake was dwelling in a long cave extending from the hill top down to the river bed.

The Jesuit missionaries⁴ received a warning from the hunters. The monster, they thought, was a dangerous one, and might at any moment capture animals and even children on the Indian reserve. The missionaries for this reason decided to have recourse to exorcism.⁵ Quite a number of other monstrous serpents also infested the neighbourhood. So it seemed as if exorcism were a good means of getting rid of them all.

¹ Recorded in French at Lorette, Quebec, in May, 1911. This popular belief in the Big Snake and its expulsion is quite deeply rooted at Lorette even to the present day. While the chief informants were Rev. Prosper Vincent and Maurice Bastien, several others had something to say on this topic, namely: (late) Francis Gros Louis, Gaspard Picard père et fils, Stanislas Sioui, Narcisse Duchesneau, and F. Théberge. Maurice Bastien stated that he often heard this story related by his grandmother, Henriette Picard, and his father, Maurice Bastien.

² The legend of the Big Snake has previously attracted the attention of visitors and writers; that is, P. A. DeGaspé ('Le village indien de la Jeune Lorette,' in *Le Foyer Canadien*, vol. 4, pp. 533-551), and Sir J. M. LeMoine (see Appendix, No. XXXV).

³ It is said that the monster had been dwelling there for a number of years.

⁴ The last Jesuit missionary residing at Lorette, E. T. de Villeneuve-Girault, S. J., died in Quebec, in 1794. The above story evidently refers to mythological events antedating the nineteenth century.

⁵ The informants here used the French word 'conjuré.'

The Jesuit preacher, one Sunday, informed his parishioners from the pulpit that one of the next mornings, after mass, he would exorcise the Big Snake. The men were requested to attend the ceremony with their guns loaded and other weapons. The women and the children, for their part, were ordered to shut themselves up in their houses.

On the appointed day, after mass, the missionary and the Huron hunters went to the river's edge. There the missionary recited long prayers, exorcised the monster, and summoned him and all the other serpents to quit the river at once. After some hesitation the Big Snake, whistling in a frightful manner, showed his head outside the cave. Everyone was terrified. But the priest continued his prayers and forced him to come out. The monster slowly crawled upon the high river bank towards the village.¹ Lined up along the main Lorette street, all the men were waiting for the monster with loaded guns, while the women, children, and the domestic animals were shut up in the houses. Then, whistling in a terrific manner, it crawled past them towards Lake Tantaré (St. Joseph).² Following the Big Snake with his ornaments, and a cross in his hand, the missionary would sprinkle holy water on it. Soon it disappeared in the woods. And it is said still to be in Lake St. Joseph³, for many people have seen it there at various times. [Some old men have seen its big body⁴

¹ In the opinion of some informants (Maurice Bastien, F. Théberge, and Narcisse Duchesneau), the Snake had crawled at night through the main Lorette street (that which leads to the railway station). The missionary was said by these informants to have ordered the people to remain in their houses with all their doors and windows shut during the exorcism. The next morning the carcass of many dogs which had not been shut up were found along the Snake's trail.

² The Huron name given to Lake St. Joseph, a few miles from Lorette, is *Tantare*, according to Rev. P. Vincent. It seems to mean 'lake' (for *Kq̄-laré*: *there-it-lake-is*).

³ An informant (Maurice Bastien) thought it was in Lake Richardson (near Lorette), and another (F. GrosLouis) in Lake St. Charles. François Théberge, of Lorette, added, "The folks here still think that sometimes they can hear the Big Snake whistling in Lake Lawrence, at the top of Lake St. Charles."

⁴ Apparently 10 to 12 inches in diameter, according to the informant.

all out of the water, so it is said. And they were very much frightened.¹]

The people from that time lived in peace here and were no longer in dread of the Big Snake. A number of smaller snakes also dwelling near the falls were, on the same occasion, changed into stone. These stone snakes were for a long time kept by the people here, and I myself² have seen some in the garrets when I was young. Now they have all been lost, it seems. The shape of snakes may still be seen encrusted in rocks along the river bank.³

Even to the present day, some traces of the Big Snake⁴ are still to be seen along the Lorette main street. A deep trail, in fact, being left after its passage, the chiefs forbade the people to fill it, so that it might remain as a means of remembering the Big Snake and its expulsion from the reserve.⁵

LXXXI. THE CHILD AND THE DEER.⁶

There was an Indian, his wife, and their child, a little girl of five years of age. The little girl went out one day, and it looked as if she had been making a path [in the snow]. Upon coming near she would say to her father and mother, *ne'tu'ti*. The parents did not, at first, pay any attention to it. But the father, in the end, thought that there was something. Following his little girl, therefore, he went to the creek behind their house, where he found a deer, sunk deep in the water. The little girl

¹ Maurice Bastien, informant.

² Rev. P. Vincent.

³ A picture has been taken of one of these rocks, indicating in miniature—according to the informants—the course followed by the Big Snake when it departed from Lorette (Plate X, A).

⁴ All the informants consulted agreed on this point. A picture of that street, showing a slight declivity to one side, is included here (Plate X, B).

⁵ As to the size of the Snake, the informants agreed generally that it was quite large. Its body is said to have been as big as a log (that is, from 1 to 2 feet in diameter) and about 30 feet long.

⁶ Recorded in French at Lorette, Quebec, in May, 1911. Informant, old Mme. Etienne GrosLouis (nicknamed Marie Robigaud). The informant's daughter, Miss Caroline GrosLouis, remembered that her father used to relate the above story, when he was sitting by the fire-place.

who had found the deer, went near, caressed it, and sucked its ear.

That is all there is to this story.¹

LXXXII. THE DROWNED DEER AND THE CHILD.²

A man and his wife were living all by themselves in the woods during the hunting season. The hunter would go out hunting every day, without being able to catch any game whatever, because there was so much snow that winter.

Their young child, one day, went out for some water to a hole near the uprooted trunk of a big tree, blown down by the wind. Then the child began to walk back and forth between his parent's house and the hole filled with stagnant water. Every time he³ came to the house, he would say to his mother *hə'tu't* ("ear sticks up out of water"). As the child could not say anything else, he kept repeating the same thing until his mother followed him to the water hole. There, sticking out of the water, was an animal's ear. This was what the child had seen. A dead⁴ deer was, in fact, lying in the deep water with only its ears sticking above the surface. The deer, I suppose, had been chased by wolves and had sheltered himself in that pool, as the wolves are afraid of water. Managing to pull the animal out of the hole, the woman then skinned it and brought the venison home. When her husband came back, without

¹ It is quite likely that some details were forgotten by the informant. The following story ("The drowned deer and the child") seems to be another version of the same episode. If such is the case, it is rather curious that such a trifling incident should have been remembered to this day in the two isolated bands of the Hurons and the Wyandots.

² Informant, Miss Mary McKee, Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario. Two versions of this story were recorded with Miss McKee, the first in June, 1911, the second in Aug., 1912. It came back to the informant's memory when she was asked what the term *nə'tu't* meant, previously recorded at Lorette, Que., in a similar story ('The child and the deer,' LXXX).

³ In Mme. Etienne GrosLouis' corresponding story the child was a little girl.

⁴ In her first version Miss McKee stated that the deer was dead, while in her second version she simply said that the deer had been wounded.

anything, at night, she said, "We have meat now! The child kept on repeating *hø'tu't* [until I found] a deer that had fallen into the water."

This is as much of it as I can remember.

LXXXIII. THE SKINNED DEER ESCAPING.¹

A man went out hunting. As he was travelling along the hills, he saw a deer at a distance. He shot it with his gun, and the deer fell down at once at the very place where it had stood. Not quite dead as yet, it lay there moving and kicking. The hunter, getting hold of the deer, thrust his knife into its heart, so as to bleed it and, when it was done, he skinned it, beginning at its hind legs. When he had pulled off the skin up to the neck, the animal again started kicking and trying to get up. The deer really did get up, and, before the hunter had firmly gotten hold of the pelt, it slipped off his hands. The loose skin, twisted around a small sappling as it was, came off entirely, and the animal escaped.

The man sent his dog after the skinless deer. As they were running to quite a distance, the dog bit off some of the animals' flesh from its hind legs and stopped to eat it. The dog again started after the fugitive, once more to bite some of its flesh off. [And so they went on forever] while the hunter remained waiting there for them. [He is still there waiting,] I guess, for the deer and the dog may still be running, for all I know.

LXXXIV. THE GROUND-HOG SKIN BAG.²

While they were living in Ohio, the Wyandots used to go out hunting on horse-back. They used to go back home, after the hunting season, loaded with skinbags full of grease. In fact, each hunter had, suspended on both sides of the saddle, two deer skins containing grease and a ground-hog³ skin filled with lard. They were quite loaded with provisions.

¹ Recorded at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in May, 1912. Informant, Henry Stand. Stand learned this tale from late Frank Whitewing.

² Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Oct., 1911. Informant, Star Young.

³ Or woodchuck (*Marmota monax*).

Once a horse got frightened and a ground-hog skin fell off. The horse stepped on it, and so full was it that the lard ran out through the sewed up opening, near the tail, and was thus frozen in a curl.

My uncle, John Solomon, used often to tell this story and laugh and laugh!

LXXXV. HOW A FAMINE WAS AVERTED.¹

It was a severe winter. The Potawatomies were starving. Nothing to eat. [The old man] sang. His wife got up and danced around in a circle. And so they did all night long.² At daybreak, the next morning, they gave up [singing and dancing]. The weather now grew milder with the coming of daylight, and the snow began to thaw. Here is what the old woman had: pounded slippery elm bark. This she had. Now she gave around a ladleful of pounded bark.³

The winter was very hard, so much so that the people could walk upon the hard crust of the snow. Nothing was there to eat.⁴ Now the old man fixed himself up and began beating his drum and singing. The old woman got up and danced in a circle all night long, while her husband kept on beating his drum. In the morning again she passed a ladleful of pounded slippery elm bark. [Then the weather grew milder]. The young man went out hunting and killed plenty of game. The people now had all the meat they wanted.

¹ Recorded in text at Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario, in August, 1912. Informant, Miss Mary McKee. This story is from Miss McKee's stepfather, James Clarke. Miss McKee stated that the event above related took place about the time when the Potawatomies moved out west (that is, early in the nineteenth century).

² When they wanted success in hunting, Miss McKee said, they were in the habit of holding such dances.

³ This pounded bark was used as food.

⁴ This repetition may have been unintentional on the part of the informant. The relation has been left here as dictated, owing to the fact that such repetitions are often characteristic of several neighbouring Algonkin mythologies.

LXXXVI. THE MEDICINE-MEN AND THE WHITE MAN'S DOCTOR.¹

A young woman went to church. When she was given the [holy] bread to eat, she really did not swallow it, but simply concealed it in her glove. And, as she was going back home, she passed by a pond near the broad road. She cast the bread therein and proceeded on her way to the home of her parents, who were wealthy people.

It was not very long before she was taken ill. Her parents then hired, in turn, several white man's doctors to attend to her. They could not, however, find out what was the matter with her. After a time she became so ill that she seemed to be on the point of dying. The doctors failed as ever to bring relief to her. The old man [her father,] therefore, made up his mind to call an Indian [doctor]. His only wish was to get someone to cure her. Going to the place where the Indians were living, he inquired about their customs as to hiring Indian medicine-men. They explained it all to him. So he went to see the medicine-men and informed them of his purpose, saying, "Are you not able to cure [my daughter]? If you bring her back to health, all my money is yours." An Indian doctor then agreed to the bargain. "I will try and see," said he; "and after I have spent all the day to-morrow [in the woods,] I shall tell you whether I can cure her."

The medicine-man withdrew into the woods, lay down, and fasted. Now then, an *uki*² who was able to discover things came³ to him and advised him as to what he should do to cure the young woman. When it was over, the Indian doctor went to see his patient. "Did you not once keep the bread when you went to worship?" This is what the medicine-man asked the sick young woman. She answered, "Yes! quite some time ago I kept the bread and cast it into the pond. This I remember." So he said, "Your people must find the bread; for you shall

¹ Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912. Informant, Mrs. Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Mrs. Johnson said that she heard the late Miss Kitty Greyeyes tell this story.

² A benevolent monster or guardian spirit.

³ The pronouns here used are of the non-masculine gender.

recover only when you eat it. The chief of the frogs is the one that now has the bread." Some people then drained the water from the pond. As soon as it was dried up, they looked for the leader of the frogs and discovered him. He, the big frog, really had the bread in his clasped hands. They took it away from him and gave it to the sick girl. She ate it and was cured. For two whole years she had been ill.

The Indian doctor was the one who had, indeed, found out the cause of the young woman's trouble. So the white people praised him highly for his ability to discover and tell the cause of illness. The girl now was as well as ever.

LXXXVII. THE SMALL DEER¹ CHARM.²

When I was a child, the only one to take care of me was an uncle; and it seems to me that I was quite unlucky.³ At the age of about forty-five, I had the following experience in Oklahoma.

My only pursuit was hunting game. Once I killed a deer. Having bled it in the throat with my knife, a long stream of blood flowed out. When the deer was dead, I cut its body open, and removed the skin. When it was done, I hung up the venison [on a tree]. As I was puzzled about the great quantity of blood which lay coagulated on the ground, I ran my hand through the heap to see what was the cause for so much blood. And I discovered the body of a small deer.⁴ I had often heard the people say that the one who finds such a thing is always lucky thereafter. So it happened. I washed the little deer, and I went back home. There I dried it. I wrapped it when it was dry; and I put it into a bag which I used to carry in my hunting pouch when in the woods. I became a very lucky hunter: so it really happened; for it seems to me that I made a wish

¹ The deer charm is usually termed *huūq̄t*.

² Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912. This is a narrative by John Kayrahoo of his own personal experiences as a hunter. The text was translated and explained with the help of Allen Johnson.

³ Kayrahoo, a half-breed who did not speak English, died an old man, in 1913.

⁴ A *huūq̄t* or deer charm (see No. XXIX).

to this effect. That is the reason why this experience occurred to me, and made it easy for me to kill as much game as I wanted. Such was the cause of my good fortune. And from that time on my assistance was often requested by people who were in need of venison.¹ And if they so requested me to hunt, it was, indeed, because they knew how easily I could always do what they wished. Whenever I was hired to do so, I would always start at once; and hunting proved a great pleasure for me, as I never missed killing some kind of animal the very same day. Then I usually sent a message, and someone came for the meat.

The people used to ask me [to hunt for them], because they knew that I was always pleased to supply them with whatever they wanted. I was [known], therefore, as a good-hearted man, always willing to comply with the requests addressed to me.

This is how it used to be in the old time.

That is all!²

LXXXVIII. AN OLD INDIAN'S PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.³

A long time ago, when I was a young fellow, my regular occupation was hunting game. At first I used to kill wild turkeys, and it was real fun to hunt them after a snow-fall and to follow their tracks in the snow.

¹ Allen Johnson added as an explanation: "Whenever the people wanted to make a feast, they requested my assistance to gather venison."

² When questioned about the *huñq̄t*, Kayrahoó stated that the charm had been stolen from him. And his explanation was that upon coming back from the hunt, he used to remove it from the bag and conceal it in a secret place; and that, having once forgotten to do so, he did not find it there, when he looked for it again. Mrs. Catherine Johnson, to whom Allen Johnson related this narrative about Kayrahoó's *huñq̄t*, remarked that the old fellow was no longer sincere when stating that it had been stolen from him. For it was not so. As he used, in fact, to show the *huñq̄t* to many people (which he should not have done), and place it under his pillow at night, his nose began to bleed frequently. Fearing (the interpreter said 'superstitious') that this was due to the presence of the *huñq̄t*, he simply threw it away.

³ Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in July, 1912. Informant, John Kayrahoó. This narrative consists of Kayrahoó's personal reminiscences, presented in a rambling manner.

As I grew up, I became a good hunter. There were no deer to be found in the country where I was then living (Kansas)¹. But after we came to this place (Oklahoma), it took me about a year to become quite familiar with the habits of the deer. Then I began to slay quite a number of them. At the first snows I would often shoot down as many as five deer in a single day. That is really because I knew the country quite well.

I was not so successful at the very first. Twice I went out hunting without catching anything, as I was still young and inexperienced. But the third time the folks looked at me when I returned home, for I was bringing back loads of meat. In the distant woods, far away, the game usually repaired. So there I used to hunt.

In those days the meat was never paid for. It was distributed free to the people. That was always the way with us Indians. We were generous to one another; and our livelihood depended upon the game.² Times, however, have now changed. Now everyone has to pay. That is why we, Indians, prefer the old customs. I, for one, understand the old ways much better. Here is what I think: [There are two kinds of things, the old customs and the modern ways. Everybody in this land has to follow one or the other.³] I have picked up just a little of these new things, that is, only insofar as it seemed useful to me. So it has happened; and, in that manner, we have become mixed in the country where we are now living. While some still retain the old customs of long ago, [others have adopted modern habits]. It was not possible, in fact, to keep up all the old Indian ways; for we had to improve our condition with what is of some benefit. In the old time our costumes were made of tanned hide. But to-day there is no game here. So, as I have already said, our

¹ The Wyandots were transferred from the present site of Kansas City, Kansas, to Oklahoma, in 1867.

² Allen Johnson here explained the following old-time custom: whenever a hunter, who was hunting together with a party, happened to kill a deer, he used to let the other hunters skin the animal and divide it into parts. Each hunter in the party was given his share.

³ This was the explanation given by Allen Johnson of Kayrahoo's rather incoherent and incomplete text at this point.

old fashions had to disappear. Long ago we used to fare well on all kinds of game. It is all a thing of the past now. That is what happened to me, an Indian. Now I have to work to get something to eat. No game is left on which to subsist. Could one still live according to the customs of long ago? No, that is not possible! That time is gone. But one kind of customs is now bound to exist for all in this country. The same thing happens to all the Indians. We were all advised to take up work. The old customs of the time past are merely what we talk about. That is all. Moreover, we have now forgotten most of these things. The many kinds of animals of long ago are only the familiar subjects of our talks. Now, if I really wished to speak of all the modern things that are not good, it would take a great deal of time. There would be a number of stories to tell here. Quite a number of changes, I suppose, should really be welcome; and much might be said on this matter. But I do not wish to add anything more. It would not be worth while, for I am a man of the past; my ways are the old ones, and the only things I know well are those of long ago.

(B) HISTORIC TRADITIONS.¹

LXXXIX. THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN² FORETOLD.³

Before the white man was first seen in this island,⁴ the Indian head-chief knew of his coming. He spoke to his people, saying, "Look out! Something is coming across the waters." And he repeated, "Look out! Keep on watching! For it is on the waters, approaching. Its body is white and its eyes are blue." On the appointed day he warned his people in these

¹ Cf. Appendix, Nos. XXV, 'The Frog, the Bear, and the captive woman'; XXI, 'The Thunderers, their protégé, and the Porcupine'; XXVI, 'The Bird *ukis* and the warrior'; and from XXXVIII to L.

² Cf. Appendix, No. XLI, 'The first white men seen in America' (P.D. Clarke).

³ Informant, Star Young, Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Recorded in English, in Sept., 1911.

⁴ That is, North America. As may be seen in the cosmogonic myths the Wyandots understood their continent to be an island.

words, "You must come out and camp by the water's edge, for you shall see it approaching to-day."

So the people proceeded to the coast; and their chief again said, "Look out and watch!" On that very day they detected something at a great distance on the water and coming nearer and nearer. It was a boat, and, when it stopped by the shore, people stepped out of it. These folks had white bodies and blue eyes.

This took place a very long time ago, when the first 'American' came to this land.

XC. THE ADVENT OF THE WHITE MAN.²

This is about the time when the white people first came over here and became friends with us.³

The Wyandots were then at the head of a league of Indian nations, among which the Delawares occupied the second rank. Before leaving on their western expeditions, the Wyandots had given instructions to the Delawares, urging them to remain on the lookout, along the Big Waters (the Atlantic), and keep on watching. It was also their duty not to allow anyone to land there.

As he was watching along the coast, the Delaware,⁴ one day, noticed a cloud-like thing coming on the waters. A vessel, he discovered, was approaching with many people on board. So astonished was the Delaware that he did not even think of preventing the strangers from anchoring near. While there, by the shore, the ship was now lying at anchor, some Delawares being now called to parley, finally agreed to be friendly with the

¹ 'American' was here used for 'European.'

² Collected in English in June, 1912, at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Informant, (late) John Kayrahoo; interpreter, Allen Johnson.

³ The above tradition is really a parable. It is difficult to see exactly to what historical facts it refers. In fact, it seems to characterize in a symbolic manner the whole problem of the spoilation of the Indian's rights by the white invader.

⁴ In most cases the interpreter used the singular as a collective term: 'the white man' and 'the Delaware.'

newcomer. When invited on board, the Delaware chiefs were shown the vessel and all its curious things, and were befriended. The strangers, moreover, asked the chiefs to be allowed to explore their country, and said, "Everything here is as much yours as it is ours." That is why they made friends together. And the [white man] added, "You are welcome to enjoy yourself with whatever you like here, so that you may not be lonesome." Then, after the Delawares had been given some food to taste, they were offered presents of all kinds: tinware, hoes, axes, and other shining articles. Instead of using these very unusual objects as tools, they ran cords through the holes in the hoes and the axes and suspended them from their necks as ornaments. When the white man saw the Indians thus mistaking the purpose of these things, he made handles for the axes, and began to chop trees down; with the hoes he cleared the weeds off a patch of ground. Having thus learnt how to use the axes, the Delaware thought they were only toys, and he also began to chop down trees for the mere sake of amusement. From that moment the friendship between the Delaware and the stranger was most sincere.

Then it happened that the white man wanted to purchase some land, that is, just the size of a cow's hide. The Delaware chiefs considered the matter, and agreed to grant the request, as a cow's hide was a small thing. The white man, moreover, could occupy but a small strip of land, since there were so many of them crowded on their ship, as if it had been a village.

No sooner had the Indians signified their acceptance than the white men looked for the largest bull in their possession and killed it. Stretching the skin as much as they could, they cut it up into a tiny string. They went to see their Indian friends and informed them that they were ready. And then, with the string, they measured a large body of land by going around it. The Delaware at once objected that this was not the proposition which he had accepted, for he would not give more than the size of a cow's hide.¹

As it was done, however, the Delawares sent messengers to the Wyandots who were travelling in the western lands. As they

¹ Cf. Introduction, p. 26.

came back, the Wyandots were astonished to find so many white people among the Delawares, and asked their friends what authority they had to let anybody thus intrude [on the Indian's] land, in their allies' absence. The Delaware replied to the Wyandot that it could not be helped. The white man had offered him everything he had and had been so good to him that he could not refuse him just the size of a cow's hide of land. The Wyandot, having learnt how the stranger had cut the hide into a string, spoke in these terms, "So it is, and so shall it always be! The white fellow shall always undermine the Indian until he has taken away from him his last thing." This was a kind of prediction.

The Wyandot then made a strong protest and tried to induce the stranger to go away. But, as it was of no avail, trouble and wars began. The white man was an invader, and the Indian was determined to defend his rights. The Wyandots found several tribes of Indians ready to unite and declare war upon the invader.

So a terrible war followed. The white man, as a last resort, used a disease germ against [his enemy]. When he saw the wind blowing towards the Indian, he uncorked the bottle in which the smallpox germs¹ were kept and he let them run out. Overpowered by this calamity, the Indian had to come to terms, and he shook hands with him to show that they were to live together in peace. After a compact had been reached, the white chief spoke to the Wyandot chief, saying, "Hereafter all the lands that I have purchased from the Delaware shall be mine and I will proceed to occupy them. We shall forever be friends and we must not refer to the past war between us. We shall, moreover, be your guardians and look after your business." The meaning of this was that the Indians had now fallen under the conqueror's government.

The old-time saying has long been handed down among us, that we must adopt the white man's way, because we are now in his clutches.

¹ *hugyu'kwa'*: smallpox.

XCI. THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN.¹

When the white man was first seen here, in the old time, he began to barter with our ancestors. Nowhere could he step without coming across some red man, [all the land being occupied].

The stranger came forth with a cow's hide, saying that he wanted a piece of land. The Indian, thinking that it was all about a piece of land the size of a cow's hide, agreed to the barter. The other fellow, however, cut the cow's hide into a string [wherewith to measure a large domain]. The Indian remarked, "This is the way the white man does. He cheats the Indian." And he had to give away the land which the string had measured.

XCII. THE WYANDOTS AT WAR² WITH THE SENECAS.³

The Seneca⁴ was fighting the Wyandot. "It is I who must be the leader!" was the only wish of the Seneca. For ever so long he coveted and tried to conquer the country that belonged to the Wyandot.⁵ War between them began for that reason; and for a great many years they kept on fighting.

¹ Second version; recorded in English, in June, 1911; informant, Miss Mary McKee, Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario.

² Other traditions on the Wyandot-Seneca war are included in Appendix, Nos. XXXVIII, 'Origin of the Wyandot-Seneca war' (P. D. Clarke); XXXIX, 'The Wyandot-Seneca war' (Jos. Warrow); XL, 'The Senecas at war with the Wyandots' (H. R. Schoolcraft); XLII, 'A Wyandot-Seneca encounter' (P. D. Clarke); and XLVII.

³ Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912. Informant, Catherine Johnson. The text was translated in part with the assistance of Harry Stand, in part with that of Allen Johnson. Mrs. Johnson owes this tradition to George Wright (*ta'ci'ira'*), a mixed-breed adopted in the Wyandot Wolf clan.

⁴ *tin̄q̄ceñq̄'di'*: is the Senecas' name in Wyandot. In full it is *hu'ti'nḡ-ceñq̄'di'*: they (m. pl.) -houses-possess. Allen Johnson thought that it meant "They are greedy for houses," in the sense that they were always trying to conquer other nations.

⁵ Thus, according to the Wyandot tradition, the Wyandots were only defending their rights against the Senecas. This may be historically accurate as the league of the Iroquois, by that time, had become an aggressive political body.

Now then the Senecas started tracking the Wyandots, who ran off. No! they did not catch a single Wyandot. But, instead, the Wyandots themselves captured their pursuers. The prisoners promised now to give up fighting. So the Wyandots let them free.

No sooner had the Senecas reached their village than they gathered a large crowd of warriors again to fight. Once more they pursued the Wyandots. Our people, finding out that their enemies were again after them, started in the direction of a creek. Now at their head was *Sayętsu'wat*,¹ the shrewdest of all in always outwitting the enemy and escaping death, and the very one who used previously to lead war parties against the Cherokees. The Wyandots jumped down the steep creek bank with the dried poles which they had prepared. Sharpening the sticks, they made them in the shape of fish hooks. The Cherokee, [following their tracks,] arrived at the spot where the great many hooked sticks had been fixed into the mud just under the surface of the water and near the place where the Wyandots lay in ambush. There the Senecas looked around. [Their leader] said, "Maybe we had just as well ford it; for here it is! *Sayętsu'wat* has passed here." So they jumped down the bank and waded in the mud. And there all of them got entangled in the many sharp stakes to which their feet stuck fast. They could not extricate themselves. It was really impossible, the stakes being just like fish-hooks. Now then *Sayętsu'wat* and his warriors leaped down one at a time and slaughtered all those who had thus been caught. Only a few were able to steal away.

The fugitives having returned to their people, came back to the attack with other warriors. Once more the Senecas tracked *Sayętsu'wat*'s people. As usual, the Wyandots made for the woods. As this was a real flight, this time, they set their camp in a very remote place. Utterly exhausted were they, for the war had now been lasting for ever so long. Their provisions ran out and they had nothing more to eat. The next town [of their own folks], moreover, was quite at a distance. When it

¹ *Sayętsu'wat* or *sayętsu'wat* (i.e., Big forehead), the name of a famous Wyandot war-chief.

was about dusk, their chief exclaimed, "Stop, thou, O Sun!"¹ He raised his hand towards the sun while speaking. "Allow us before dark² to get to the village where our folks dwell in great number, for we are starving!" And the Sun stopped his course in the sky³ until *Sayçtsu'wat* and his warriors had reached their people's village at night. They were given food at once, and they ate for the first time in four days.

Now then *Sayçtsu'wat* again started with a party of warriors to meet his pursuers. It was not long before they discovered a large band of Senecas approaching. They waited for them in ambush. There the Senecas came and once again they were massacred. Just a few were able to escape.

The Wyandots went on their way to some other place where they found other Senecas, whom they killed. The fugitives were, indeed, very few. Thence the Wyandots returned to their village. The war kept raging in that way for several years. In the end *Sayçtsu'wat* said, "Let us now remove our winter-quarters⁴ to some other place, for they know, by now, where our camps are."⁵ Going away, they set up their dwellings at a different place. The Senecas really no longer knew where the Wyandots had their abode.

Now then *Sayçtsu'wat* started with his warriors on another war expedition. They proceeded to the very villages of the Sene-

¹ *de-ya-di-cra*, *the-it-light-above*; the Sun was one of the foremost deities of the ancient Iroquoian tribes.

² They could travel only in the day-time.

³ In the old Iroquoian mythology the Sun is usually represented as a tall man travelling through the sky in the day time and in the lower world at night. He is also represented as the god of war who enjoys the sight of a battle and often stops in the sky to witness a battle. Cf. A. C. Parker, "Iroquois Sun Myths," *Journ. Am. Folk-lore*, Vol. XXIII, pp. 474-478; and C. M. Barbeau, "Supernatural Beings of the Hurons and Wyandots," *American Anthropologist N.S.*, Vol. 16, pp. 288-314. It is not unlikely that the notion that their famous chief *Sayçtsu'wat* had prayed the Sun to stop in the sky was inspired by the almost similar instance of Joshua in the Bible.

⁴ *use'kwa'tu'cro'ñq'*: *again-shall-we-to winter-several*, i.e., our next winter quarters or camps.

⁵ The Wyandots had permanent villages and, besides, often had winter camps in the woods, for the hunting season.

cas, which they found near a river.¹ When the Wyandots got there, their enemies were eating. *Sayetsu'wat* quacked like a duck. This he did. A Seneca said, "It must be *Sayetsu'wat* himself who thus quacks like a duck!" And he slung the bone which he was gnawing. The bone hit *Sayetsu'wat*'s mouth, and a tooth came off. Then the Wyandots ran up the bluff and massacred the Senecas. Now it became apparent that some of them were inclined to beg for mercy. All those that had not been slain were made prisoners. And the Wyandots returned with them to their own villages. Very soon, along the way, some of the captives escaped. They were not tracked, for our folks declared, "Now we don't care for these Senecas!"

After they had run back home, these fugitives formed a war-party [and started after their enemies]. Both parties met. But the Senecas did not accomplish much. They killed just a few Wyandots.²

From that time the fight became incessant on both sides. The Wyandots grew very much tired and exasperated. [For after every victory, the Senecas always promised henceforth to be at peace, never to stick to their promise]³. *Sayetsu'wat*'s rage, therefore, surpassed everything, and he exclaimed, "Now all to the very last I shall exterminate!"

His party of warriors reached the Senecas' home while they were holding a dance. It was a Dog dance.⁴ The Wyandots had no sooner appeared there than they made all the Senecas prisoners. Their head-chief, for one, ran off to the creek where a big kettle stood. Turning the kettle upside down, he concealed himself under it. Meanwhile the Wyandot warriors were looking

¹ Seneca lake, N.Y. (?).

² It seems evident that the Wyandot tradition always minimizes a defeat and exaggerates the extent of a victory, since this war ended in the extermination of the Hurons and their final dispersion.

³ Added to the text by Allen Johnson.

⁴ *ayunq'ma'ru'ja's*, name of the [White] Dog dance, in Wyandot. This was an elaborate Iroquois religious ceremony in the course of which a white dog was burnt. The soul of the dog was supposed to travel on the smoke up to the sky and convey the prayers of the people to the divinities dwelling above.

for him everywhere. A boy of seventeen years old found the head-chief there under the kettle, and captured him. The Senecas now all surrendered and begged for mercy. That is how it came that a pact was agreed upon. The Seneca now said, "We are brothers!¹ Never again shall we fight, for here do I surrender now!"²

XCIIL. A WYANDOT WAR ADVENTURE.³

The story I am now about to tell you is one that I have often heard from the old folks, when I was a child. It goes back to the very old times, and nobody now could say, for certain, where all these things have happened.

The Wyandots used to hunt in the winter and attend to their gardens in the summer. During the hunting season, three or four large bands of our people would camp at different places, where game was plentiful, in the woods far away. When the hunting season was over, they would break up their winter camp and return to their cultivated lands, there to scatter in small bands and sow corn, beans, and squashes in their gardens.

¹ *kyatate'syε'q*: we (both)-self-brothers are.

² Of the almost total extinction of the Wyandots at the hands of the Iroquois (1648-1650) practically nothing seems to have been remembered. This seems to be due to their habit of boasting about victories and remaining silent about defeats. Catherine Johnson, being questioned on this subject, denied having ever heard that her people had ever (seriously) been defeated by the Senecas. Her recollections in this respect are the following: "I have only heard that *Sa'stare'tsi'* (a Huron head-chief) wanted to have control over all the Wyandot bands. The other chiefs, refusing to give their consent dispersed; the ones went eastwards, the others westwards, while others remained there." (This seems to refer to events which happened while the Wyandots were living near Detroit, early in the eighteenth century).

In addition to this, Mrs. Johnson said, "I have heard that, in Ohio, a band of Senecas" (Allen Johnson corrects it into Cayugas) "came and asked the Wyandots to reside on their lands. Our people generously allowed them to do so, provided they would remain under the Wyandots' leadership. That is why the Wyandots, thereafter, were the ones who enjoyed the right to decide about wars and the sale of any land there."

³ Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Sept., 1911. Star Young claims that this war tale is a well-known one among the Wyandots. He used often to hear it recited when young. Smith Nichols also knows it.

Once, a large crowd of our people moved out to their winter quarters for the hunting season. All the able-bodied men went out hunting, leaving behind the old folks, women, and children, as was the custom. When they came back to their camp, after a very long hunt, they found that their people had been killed or had taken to flight. The scalps of all those that were strewing the ground had been torn and taken away. It became clear, after the dead had been counted, that some were likely to have escaped. Several hunters¹, therefore, started out and went in various directions, yelling in a peculiar manner, so that their voice might be heard a long way off. This was a friendly warning to all those that had run away and were still hiding in the bushes. Several times over the hunters went around, repeating the same familiar call, until, having heard the yells, all those that were hidden soon joined their folks. As a child was still missing, however, it was thought that the enemies had possibly taken it along with them.

The head-chief at once summoned the warriors for a big war-dance. And all the young fellows and nimble-footed men painted their bodies, picked up their spears, bows, and tomahawks, and fixed themselves up for the dance. The head-man made a very small fire, a mere handful of red embers, in the centre of the dancing-ground. Just as the Senecas still do at the present day. Then he pulled out a small pouch of sacred Indian tobacco,² the leaves of which are tiny and round. During the dance, at intervals, he threw a few pinches of tobacco into the small fire; and, while glancing at the smoke that curled upwards, he was speaking right along to himself, but in such a way that those who stood by could hear what he said. He was speaking out his wishes for a terrible revenge upon the slayers of his people. This was, truly, a kind of worship.

When all the tobacco had passed into smoke, the warriors began the war-dance. They were now on the war-path. The chief came forward holding a complete dried wolf-skin, with a short opening from the neck to the breast, a part of which had been sewn up. He shook the skin and then threw it to the ground

¹ Perhaps only one.

² The pouch is described as being 6 inches in diameter.

and there a real live wolf was now standing, at the very place where the dried skin had hit the ground. The wolf at once began to howl and wiggle his tail. "Now, Cousin wolf," said the chief, "you have to follow their trail!" The wolf jumped around for a little while, until the chief ordered him to rush ahead. The wolf started off, followed at a distance by the hustling warriors. This was the only possible way for our warriors ever to find out where the enemies were now camping. The oft-repeated howls of the wolf guided the scouting party ahead, all through the night. At the dawn of the next day, they stopped and had a short war-dance, different from that of the first night. After having had something to eat, again they ran ahead. The wolf was, as ever, guiding them in the day-time, although without howling, as they could now see him.

At night, they stopped. The Chief caught the wolf, shook it, and once again it became a mere dried skin. Then he made another small fire, and while throwing pinches of sacred tobacco on the red embers, he repeated his wishes for a great revenge. He now pulled out the dried skin of a kind of large crow, called *Koꝛꝛꝛꝛkoꝛꝛꝛꝛ*,¹ shook it, and threw it to the ground. The crow became alive and flew around several times. The chief said, "Uncle *Koꝛꝛꝛꝛkoꝛꝛꝛꝛ*, it is now your turn to follow the trail!" And the crow flew ahead all the night long, croaking from time to time, so that the warriors might follow the right trail. The next morning they stopped and ate a little. All through the day, they followed the crow as they could see it flying slightly above the ground. They soon became aware that they were getting near the enemy, as the crow was now often seen flying back and forth.

At night, they stopped, and the head-chief seized the crow and shook it. It had now become a mere dried skin, to be put away. In the small fire that he had just made, he threw some tobacco, and again spoke out, saying that his wish was soon to overtake the enemies. When all the tobacco had been burnt into smoke, the chief pulled out a dried quail skin with an opening from the neck to the breast. He shook the bird skin, and

¹ A mythical bird, resembling the raven, but the nature of which is not clearly ascertained in the minds of the informants.

threw it to the ground, and there it was now a live quail. The chief then spoke to the quail as if it had been a relative, called it brother or nephew (I now forget which), and said, "Now, it is your turn; follow up the trail!" The quail ran around for a little while. "Go ahead!" ordered the chief; and off it went. The warriors did not see the quail any longer, as it was lost sight of in the grass, but could from time to time hear it cackle. It was now clear that they were getting quite close to the enemy, for the quail was often going back and forth, and almost incessantly repeating its warnings. The warriors were no longer running, but marching slowly. The quail then came back, flew up, and fell down to the ground. This was a sure sign that the end of the chase had now almost come. The pursuers kept crawling ahead for a while, and then stopped. Two men were sent ahead. While crawling forward, they detected their foes as they were just erecting their camp. The spies came back to their own people, and gave them warning. The Wyandot warriors then quickly scattered and crawled all around the camp, while the others, not suspecting the presence of their foes, were building up a fire for a big war-dance. With the first whoops of the war-dance, the warriors came forth with the Wyandot scalps tied on to sticks. Every one of the dancers had a stick, some with many scalps, others with but a few. And, high above their heads, they were brandishing their sticks, while dancing the war-dance. This was, truly, a big war-dance; and they had a big time, for they were unconscious of the keen eagle-eye of the watchful Wyandots. The child that had, in fact, been stolen from our people was soon brought out and handed over to the head-chief of the dancing warriors. Some other warriors also offered him a long¹ stick, sharpened at both ends. While the dance was still going on around him, the chief first brandished the stick, and then pushed it right through the child's body, from the thighs up to the neck. He now came up to the big log-fire and began roasting the child while it was still alive. And the others had a good time as the child was roasting. "Here is the Wyandot child roasting! Pretty good roast it is; for the Wyandot is my meat!" From the fat body of the child, the grease was

¹ About 3 feet long.

dripping slowly into the fire. And all this while, the Wyandots were all around, seeing and hearing everything. They were indeed, getting quite impatient and furious, while standing near by under the brush, and they wanted badly to spring forward and at once kill all the dancers to the very last one. But their chief said, "Wait! keep on waiting! At daybreak our turn!"

Once the child's body was roasted, it was put away; and the dance was broken up. It was now time to sleep. The Wyandots were more watchful than ever. They had noticed the place where the child's body had been hid; and they named two of their own men to keep track of the spot where the enemy's head-chief was going to sleep, so that they might capture him alive.

About daybreak, while everyone of the doomed warriors was sound asleep, the impatient Wyandots were still waiting for the war yell; for, according to the custom, the one gifted with the best voice among the warriors had to yell in a certain manner, thus calling the others at once to rush upon their victims. The war-whoop then resounded, clear and loud, and all the Wyandots sprang forward for revenge upon those who had slain their people. They killed them outright, all but the head-chief, whom they captured alive; and they took away their scalps. All but one, in fact, were dead.

The Wyandots then started off homewards taking their captive, the head-chief, along with the roasted body of the Wyandot child. They travelled all day, and camped at night. A fire was built for a big war dance. And all the warriors fixed themselves up for the dance. The prisoner was fastened to a post just near by, so that he could see the Wyandots dancing their war-dance and brandishing their enemies' scalps, fastened, as usual, on to sticks. Some of the dancers, passing by the chief, their prisoner, would, in turn, cut his left and right ears, his nose, his lips, and his fingers; and they would torture him while dancing around. They still were in a great fury against him for all the atrocities that they had endured at his hands. They cut his body at different places, tore his phallus off, and burnt him all over. The Wyandot chief then started to roast the child's body, and again the grease began to drip off into the fire. When it was quite hot, he placed it against one side of the prison-

er's face, saying, "Here is your Wyandot meat!" Then he applied it to the other side of his face and repeated: "Here is your Wyandot meat!"

Now they knew that their captive would not live much longer. They untied him. The Wyandot head-chief pushed him off, saying, "hēⁿdiⁿ ca' tēⁿdu'tō' sa'mē' ta'mē' ta'he'sa're' ne'waⁿda't," that is, "Go ahead! and tell your people how the Wyandots have treated you!" And he added, "If it hurts their feelings, let them come back and get even with us, if they dare to!" Then he pushed him off again, seeing that he was just about to die.

When it was all over, the Wyandots started on their way home, carrying the dead child along with them; for they were to bury it in their camp, according to their custom.

This is the end.

XCV. A WYANDOT¹ EXPEDITION² AGAINST THE CHEROKEES.³

Wishing to fight, they started on the war [path], nine of them;⁴ that was all. Their only aim was to capture scalps.

They went far away, to the home of the Cave-dwellers [the Cherokees].⁵ Upon reaching their enemies' distant abode,⁶ far away, the Wyandots squatted down in a bush and remained there all night, watching. At daybreak they ran to an isolated house and, rushing into it, they knocked down and slew all its occupants.⁷ Then they captured a little girl and started off. A Cherokee man was washing his hands outside. They did not kill him, for they wanted someone to spread the news.

¹ Cf. Appendix, No. XLIII, 'Wyandot-Cherokee battle' (P. D. Clarke).

² The informant was of the opinion that this 'scouting' expedition took place from one to two centuries ago.

³ Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in Nov., 1911. Informant, Smith Nichols; interpreters, Eldredge Brown and Mary Kelley. Translation later revised with the help of Allen Johnson.

⁴ Wyandots.

⁵ *de'wata-yu'rw'no'*: *that-hole in the ground or cave-is a dweller*; descriptive name of the Cherokees, in Wyandot.

⁶ In southwest Virginia, or in North Carolina.

⁷ The informant added that the Wyandots broke into but one house that time.

Now then the Cherokees brought out the sacred beings¹ [which guided them along the war path], that is, the wolf² and next the quail.³ And very soon they were just about to overtake the enemies.⁴

The pursued Wyandots, on their side, had their own kind of magical being, the raven,⁵ [whom they used at their rear-guard⁶]. When the raven got quite close to them,⁷ they began to feel something and thought, "Now, maybe, they are drawing near." So while they hid themselves in the bush, they sent a man ahead and said to him, "Build many fires and lay rotten logs around them. Then hide yourself just beyond that spot." [So it was done].

Now the Cherokees, arriving there, looked at the blazing fires and began to shoot just as if the Wyandots had been sleeping around them. But they were only mistaking the rotten logs for men. The Wyandots, from behind, shot at the Cherokees. And the warrior, who had been sleeping on the opposite side, also began firing at them. And it so happened that the Cherokees kept on shooting at the rotten wood lying around the fires while their enemies were firing at them from their steep hiding-

¹ *hutsitsi-nq-ke'tuqε'*, corrected into *hu'tsiŋq-ke'tuqε'* by Allen Johnson. The meaning of this word is obscure and was not familiar to the interpreters. The chief informant and Allen Johnson were of the opinion that it is an old word. The informant explained that it refers to "the kind of medicine they had" or "old-time witchcraft." It seems evident that it was a 'war-bundle' containing dried skins of animals and other articles.

² *a'ŋa'ri'skwa'*: the wolf.

³ *sa'cu'kwu:t*: the quail.

⁴ The wolf and the quail, according to this tradition, were the supernatural guides of the Cherokees, which were used only when pursuing enemies. Smith Nichols contradicted Star Young's statement that the wolf, the raven, and the quail were the supernatural guides of the Wyandots when on the war path (Cf. "War adventure," XCII).

⁵ *de'kq'vq-kq'mε'*: a large kind of crow whose English name the informants were not certain of. Allen Johnson thought it was a bird of gigantic dimensions. Its descriptive name means literally "that-both-he-the sunlight-has," that is, 'he holds the sunlight.'

⁶ Added as a comment by the informant.

⁷ When the raven came close to them, it was a sign that the enemies were drawing near.

places. In the end the overcame Cherokees ran away, and the Wyandots resumed their journey homewards with the Cherokee girl, whom her folks had failed to recover.

No less than forty Cherokees had thus fought against only nine Wyandots, [and had been defeated].

XCV. THE WAR BETWEEN THE WYANDOTS AND THE CHEROKEES.¹

They were at war. The great Wyandot chief, *Sayetsu'wat* by name, organized a scouting party, and started on the war path. And for a great number of years the Wyandots incessantly kept on fighting the Ground-dwellers [the Cherokees].² But they found out that whenever they escaped, the Cherokees would always conceal themselves in holes under the ground. That is why the Wyandots stopped to consider the matter and studied how they should proceed utterly to crush the large band of Under-ground-dwellers. Now then their leader, *Sayetsu'wat*, exerted all his powers and thought to himself, "I must find out a way to exterminate them all, these Cherokees." And when it was about night-time, he said, "Yonder I shall lie down, in the woods. There I must sleep [by myself]." And so he did.

Now in the course of the night, it seemed to him that someone was walking about there. He remained silent. That was his way. The being³ that was thus walking stood by, saying, "The thing you have in mind is as to how you should do to bring them⁴ out [of their underground dwellings]?" *Sayetsu'wat* replied, "Yes." The [apparition] said, "Here I am, the one who is able to shatter the rocky caves⁵ in which they hide them-

¹ Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912. Informant, Mrs. Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson. This narrative was learned by Mrs. Johnson from her mother.

² Allen Johnson, acting as interpreter to his mother, said that these Ground-dwellers used to have large underground earth houses, with a smoke-hole in the centre. Sometimes one could hardly detect the presence of such a house but for the smoke coming out through its top.

³ A supernatural being, *Hi'nq*, the Thunder, in fact.

⁴ The Cherokees.

⁵ *dekyu-re-da-ha-rē't*: *the-there-it-rocky-is hollow*, i.e., it is a rocky cavern.

selves." And he added, "Now listen, when day breaks you must be waiting there by the rocky cavern."¹

Sayetsu'wat at once went back and spoke to his party of warriors, saying, "All is well now! let us go there and wait!" So they remained in expectation until sunset. The clouds rose in the sky, and loud rumblings resounded. Then they, the Thunderers,² many times hit the projecting hill where the Ground-dwellers were hidden. The Thunder with many blows destroyed their fortress and drove its inhabitants out. Now the Wyandots slew all the Cherokees.

Sayetsu'wat had thus won the battle,³ and listen! the one who had given him such power was he whom we call 'Our grandfather.'⁴

XCVI. WAR WITH THE PAWNEES.⁵

Long ago the Wyandot was at war. The Pawnee was his enemy in those days.

The Pawnee, verily, was almost always starting the fight. Once he invaded our country; and he often captured some of our folks who happened to venture at some distance. He usually slew them. The Wyandot then became angry at him, went into his country, and fought him.

The same thing happened many times; for the Pawnee would always come back. The Wyandot's anger every time grew

¹ Edward D. Grondin, of Amherstburg, Ontario, a white settler who has long been associated with the Anderdon Wyandots, stated, "Whenever the Wyandots were at war with the Iroquois, voices were usually heard by their warriors in the woods or in the air. These voices were taken as a sign or warning of war."

² *Hi'nq'*: the Thunder. The accompanying verbs are in the masculine plural, showing that the Thunderers were many. Cf. above, "Heno', the Thunder," IV; and also "The origin of the sun-shower," V.

³ *Hi'nq'* is considered by the Wyandots as a benevolent being and a kind of Providence. Here he is found helping them in their wars.

⁴ *de'sqm'cu'ta'va'*: that-he to us- is grandfather or grandmother; that is, the Thunderer, *Hi'nq'*.

⁵ Recorded in English at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912. Informant, John Kayraho; interpreter, Allen Johnson. Late John Sarenhes is the story-teller from whom John Kayraho learned this tradition.

bitter until, at last, he invaded his aggressor's country and waged war upon him. The Pawnee retreated. But he was pursued into his very country and defeated.

This time the Pawnees took to flight, and escaped to a high cliff, to which led only a narrow path. Logs had been gathered in piles at the top of the hill. And when the Wyandots, by climbing along the narrow path, tried to reach their shelter, they rolled the logs down hill and thus killed many of our warriors. That is why the Wyandots first retreated. They gathered near by, however, and firmly made up their minds not to give up at any cost. Some of their best men, there selected, started up, and were able, without any loss of life, to jump over the rolling logs and reach the top of the cliff. Then their folks followed them and a great battle was fought. The Pawnees were soon defeated and massacred. The Wyandots' rage was so intense that it knew no bounds. The Pawnees' women and children, who had sought refuge there, were also slain. The young children, fastened on cradle-boards, were flung into the precipice. Some of these cradles caught in the tree-tops. The children fastened thereon could be heard weeping, until they were shot.

At the end of the battle of the Pawnees, only three men and two women survived and were made prisoners. The Wyandots released them, saying, "Look after your own business and replenish' your ranks,¹ if you can." So the Pawnees obeyed the command of the Wyandots, grew in numbers, and are now living on the west side of the Arkansas river.

XCVII. HOW THE WHITES² FOUGHT THE WYANDOTS.³

The Wyandots were fighting the white men.

Now they took to flight and were pursued by their enemies. The whites, at the very beginning, captured two Indian young women and went away with them. While the soldiers were riding on horseback, these young women walked alongside.

¹ That is, increase in numbers.

² Cf. Appendix, No. XLVIII, 'The Americans and the Wyandots,' P. D. Clarke; and XLIX, 'The Wyandots slay white soldiers,' J. B. Finley.

³ Recorded in text at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, in June, 1912. Informant, Catherine Johnson; interpreter, Allen Johnson.

But all along the girls' brothers followed their tracks. The soldiers now set up a camp and had the young women cook for them. These captives [they considered as] slaves.

It happened, perchance, that the Indian brothers and sisters conversed together [in secret]. One of the girls said, "Here do we fix poles across props,¹ so that the soldiers may stretch their legs upon them and rest." Their brothers suggested, "Next time when you camp again, fasten the poles [to the props] far more securely and tie the soldiers' legs thereon, when they are asleep. We shall then be near. And, when it is done, just whistle."

[It so happened]. They set up their camp, [tied the soldiers' legs on to the poles,] and one of the girls whistled. At once their brothers, who had followed their tracks, came forward. The warriors' stretched legs were firmly fastened. So the Indians [gave a war whoop, and rushed to the attack].² And a large number of white soldiers were thus massacred. That was all; only [two] young women and their [two] brothers could slay them all. These Indians and their sisters then started off and returned to their village.

Another time they again encountered the whites. Three [Wyandots] belonging to the same family were then made prisoners, that is, the father, the mother, and their daughter. They were brought along [by the soldiers] into the white people's fort³, where they remained for a long time.

Now then they escaped; and they were pursued. The fugitives soon became aware that they were just about to be overtaken; so they hid inside a hollow log lying [on the ground].

The many long-eared dogs which the whites used for tracking then passed by, followed by the soldiers, and failed to detect

¹ It seems that two short forked sticks were fixed in the ground and a long pole placed across on the forks; the poles were fastened to the forked props by means of bark ropes. The soldiers would lay their legs across the poles at night to rest. (Allen Johnson).

² Allen Johnson added this detail in brackets and said that it was usually included in his mother's narrative, which he has often heard recited.

³ *de-tu^m-dat-ti^tç^rç^rç^m-di*: *that-both* (vague duality) *-they* (m. pl.) *-self-palisade-to make*; i. e., their palisade or fort.

their captives' hiding-place. While the white men travelled to quite a distance, the Indians remained in the hollow log for a whole day. When they came out, the stars were their only guides homewards. As the soldiers were now on their way back, they came across their fugitives. But the Indians again hid. This time they walked into the water until it reached up to their mouths. The soldiers made a halt there, and many times fired into the water. Their dogs, moreover, kept on barking. No! they did not find out where the fugitives were hiding in the water. In the end they gave up the chase and went back home. And the Wyandots again escaped and started on their way home. Just before reaching their village, the young woman felt tired. She stumbled and fell down. She died. Then all by themselves the two old folks went back to their village.

Never did such a thing happen with very many captives of the Wyandots. Indeed, they would never escape. That is why, in our tribe, to this day, there are still living all [the descendants of] those whom our great-grandfathers captured.¹

That is all!

*The informant later added here the following paragraph, in text: De'ke'ta'ra'*², a palisaded fortress built by the Wyandots, was thus named on account of its location.³ For a long time engaged in battles⁴ with various nations,⁵ the Wyandots used always to retreat to it.

¹ In fact a great many of the present-day family names among the Detroit and Oklahoma Wyandots are those white children who, in the course of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, were captured in the eastern states, such as Brown, Zane, Walker, Dawson, and so on.

² *The-there-it-field or prairie-to be upon or on:* i.e., on the prairie. This was the name of the Wyandot fort.

³ The interpreter, Allen Johnson, stated that this fort was on the Canadian side, and that it was standing in an open field without any trees around, so that the presence of enemies might easily be detected. This fort may actually have existed somewhere in the neighbourhood of Detroit. In Anderdon township, Essex county, Ontario, there is still to be found the remnant of a fort, in the midst of what was formerly the Wyandot reserve.

⁴ The informant stated here that the Wyandots had altogether five wars.

⁵ The Iroquois, the Cherokees, the Pawnees (?), the Americans, and several eastern woodland Algonkins.

XCVIII. THE WHITE MAN AND THE INDIAN.¹

In the beginning the white man came to speak to the Indian, who was sitting on the end of a log. "Sit over!" said the white man. So the Indian allowed the stranger to sit on the log. But the other fellow kept on pushing him and repeating, "Sit over! sit over!" until the Indian found himself at the other end of the log. And then the white man said, "Now all this log is mine!"

¹ Recorded in English at Amherstburg, Essex county, Ontario, in June, 1911. Informant Miss Mary McKee. This parable characterizes the attitude and policy of the white man towards the Indian since the discovery. The informant was of the opinion that this is quite an old saying among the Indians.

Appendix.

I. MYTHS.

(A) COSMOGONIC AND ETIOLOGICAL MYTHS.

I. HURON TRADITIONS.¹*(By Father Paul Ragueneau, S. J.)*

The elders of the country were assembled this winter for the election of a very celebrated Captain. They are accustomed, on such occasions, to relate the stories which they have learned regarding their ancestors, even those most remote—so that the young people, who are present and hear them, may preserve the memory thereof, and relate them in their turn, when they shall have become old. They do this in order thus to transmit to posterity the history and the annals of the country—striving, by this means, to supply the lack of writing and of books, which they have not. They offer to the person from whom they desire to hear something, a little bundle of straws a foot long, which serves them as counters for calculating the numbers, and for aiding the memory of those present—distributing in various lots these same straws, according to the diversity of the things which they relate.

The turn having come to a Christian old man, to tell what he knew, he begins to narrate the creation of the world, of the Angels, of the Demons, of Heaven and earth, with a most sagacious reservation, which kept all those present in a state of expectancy; for he was far along in the matter, and still had not yet given the name of the one who had made this great masterpiece. When he came to name him, and to say that God, whom the Christians adore, was the Creator of the world, the eldest Captain of those present seizes the straws from his hands, imposes silence upon him, and tells him that he does wrong to relate the stories of the French, and not those of the Hurons. But he says, he is going to relate the pure truth, and how it has happened that the earth, which was submerged in the waters, has been pushed out of them by a certain tortoise of prodigious size, which sustains it and which serves it for support—without which the weight of this earth would again engulf it in the waters, and would cause in this world below a general desolation of all the human race.

¹ *The Jesuit Relations*, 1645-46, Thwaites ed., Vol. XXX; pp. 61-63; Paul Ragueneau, S.J.; translated for the editor from the original French text.

II. COSMOGONIC MYTHS.¹

(By Gabriel Sagard.)

Dans leurs ténèbres chacun se forge des observations, des cérémonies, et une divinité, ou Créateur à sa poste, auquel néanmoins ils n'attribuent point une puissance absolue sur toutes choses, comme nous faisons au vrai Dieu, car leur en parlant ils le confessaient plus grand seigneur que leur Yoscha, qu'ils croient vivre presque dans la même infirmité des autres hommes, bien qu'éternel.

La croyance en général de nos Hurons (bien que très-mal entendue par eux-mêmes et en parlent fort diversement,) est que le Créateur qui a fait tout ce monde, s'appelle Youskeha, et en Canadien² Atahocan, ou Attaoücan, lequel a encore sa mère grand, nommée Eataentsic. . . . Ils disent qu'ils demeurent fort loin, n'en ayant néanmoins autre certitude ou connaissance que la tradive qu'ils tiennent de père en fils, et le récit qu'ils allèguent leur en avoir été fait par un Attuindoan, qui leur a donné à entendre l'avoir vu et les vestiges de ses pieds imprimés sur un rocher au bord d'une rivière qui avoisine sa demeure, et que sa maison ou cabane est faite au modèle des leurs, y ayant abondance de blé et de toute autre chose nécessaire à l'entretien de la vie humaine. Que Eataentsic et lui sèment du blé, travaillent, boivent, mangent, dorment, et sont lascifs comme les autres; bref ils les figurent tous tels qu'ils sont eux-mêmes.

Que tous les animaux de la terre sont à eux et comme leurs domestiques. Que Youskeha est très bon et donne accroissement à tous, et que tout ce qu'il fait est bien fait, et nous donne le beau temps et autre chose bonne et prospère. Mais à l'opposite que sa mère grand est méchante, et gâte souvent tout ce que son petit-fils a fait de bien.

D'autres disent que cette Eataentsic est tombée du Ciel, où il y a des habitants comme ici, et que quand elle tomba elle était enceinte. Qu'elle a fait la terre et les hommes et qu'avec son petit fils Youskeha, elle gouverne le monde. Que Youskeha a soin des vivants et des choses qui concernent la vie, et par conséquent ils disent qu'il est bon. Eataentsic à soin des âmes, et parce qu'ils croient qu'elle est méchante et non pas pour le mauvais temps, comme disent d'autres, ou pour bouleverser tout ce que son petit-fils fait de bien. Voilà comme ils ne s'accordent pas en leur pensée.³

Un jeune homme de la bande, plus hardi que les autres, après un long silence entreprit la dispute et dit que ce Dieu Youskeha avait été avant cet Univers, lequel il avait créé et tout ce qui était en celui, et que bien qu'il vieillisse comme tout ce qui est de ce monde y est sujet, qu'il ne perdait point son être et sa puissance, et que quand il était bien vieux il avait le pouvoir de

¹ *Histoire du Canada et Voyages que les Frères Mineurs Récollets y ont faits depuis l'an 1615*, par F. Gabriel Sagard Théodat. Nouvelle édition, publiée par E. Tross, Paris, 1866; p. 448. The spelling has been modernized here.

² i. e. in Algonkin.

³ Sagard, loc. cit., pp. 451, 452.

se rajeunir tout à un instant et de se transformer en un jeune homme de vingt-cinq à trente ans, et par ainsi qu'il ne mourrait jamais et demeurerait immortel bien qu'il fut un peu sujet aux nécessités corporelles comme le reste des hommes.

Ensuite je leur demandai, quel service ils lui rendaient, et quelle forme de prière ils lui offraient étant leur Créateur et bienfaiteur. A cela point de réponse, sinon qu'il n'avait que faire de rien, et qu'il était trop éloigné pour lui pouvoir parler ou le prier de quelque chose.¹

. . . Pour revenir à notre dispute du vieil Youskeha rajeuni, ils ne surent à la fin plus que répondre . . . encore bien qu'ils tiennent tous en général Youskeha pour le premier principe et Créateur de tout l'Univers avec Eataentsic, si est-ce qu'ils ne lui offrent aucunes prières, offrandes ni sacrifices comme à Dieu, et quelqu'uns d'entr'eux le tiennent fort impuissant, au regard de notre Dieu, duquel ils admiraient les œuvres. . . .²

Ils croient l'immortalité de l'âme, avec tous les autres peuples sauvages, sans faire distinction du bon ou du mauvais, de gloire ou de châtement, et que partant de ce corps mortel, elle s'en va droite du côté du Soleil couchant, se réjouir et danser en la présence d'Youskeha et de sa mère grand Eataentsic, par la route des étoiles qu'ils appellent Atiskeinandahatey et les Montagnais Tchipai Meskenau, le chemin des âmes, et nous la voie Lactée. . . . Ils disent que les âmes des chiens et des autres animaux y vont aussi par le côté du Soleil levant, (à ce que disent les Montagnais), qui croient aller après leur mort en un certain lieu où elles n'ont aucune nécessité.

Je demandai à nos Hurons, quelle était la route des âmes des chiens, et si elle était autre que celle des hommes, ils me dirent qu'oui, et me montrant certaines étoiles proches voisins de la voie Lactée, ils me dirent que c'était là le chemin qu'elles tenaient, lequel ils appellent Gaguenon andahatey, le chemin des chiens, c'est-à-dire que les âmes des chiens vont encore servir les âmes de leurs maîtres en l'autre vie, ou du moins qu'elles demeurent avec les âmes des autres animaux, dans ce beau pays d'Youskeha où elles se rangent toutes, lequel pays n'est habité que des âmes des animaux raisonnables et irraisonnables, et celles des haches, couteaux, chaudières et autres choses, qui ont été offertes aux défunts, ou qui sont usées, consommées ou pourries sans qu'il s'y mêle aucune chose qui n'ait premièrement goûté de la mort ou de l'anéantissement, c'était leur ordinaire réponse, lorsque nous leur disions que les souris mangeaient l'huile et la galette, et la rouille et pourriture le reste des instruments, qu'ils enfermaient avec les morts dans le tombeau. Ils croient de plus que les âmes en l'autre vie, bien qu'immortelles, ont encore les mêmes nécessités du boire et du manger, de se vêtir, chasser et pêcher, qu'elles avaient lorsqu'elles étaient encore revêtues de ce corps mortel, et que les âmes des hommes vont à la chasse des âmes des animaux, avec les âmes de leurs armes et outils, sans qu'ils puissent donner raison de tant de sottises, ni si les âmes des castors et élans qu'ils tuent à la chasse pour leur nourriture, ont encore une autre âme, ou si elles engendrent pour conserver leur espèce.³

¹ Sagard, loc. cit., pp. 453, 454.

² Sagard, *ibid.*, p. 455.

³ Sagard, *ibid.*, pp. 458, 459.

J'avais autrefois appris beaucoup de petits contes fabuleux, touchant la création du monde et le déluge universel, que tiennent nos Hurons, lesquels me sont échappés de la mémoire.¹

III. COSMOGONIC MYTH.²

(By Father Brébeuf, S.J.)

They tell us how the woman, named Eataentsic, fell from Heaven into the waters with which the earth was covered; and that little by little, the earth became bare. I ask them who created the Heaven in which this woman could not stay, and they remain mute; as also when I press them to tell me who formed the earth, seeing that it was beneath the waters before the fall of this woman. . . .

. . . They say that a certain woman named Eataentsic is the one who made earth and men. They give her an assistant, one named Jouskeha, whom they declare to be her little son, with whom she governs the world. This Jouskeha has care of the living, and of the things that concern life, and consequently they say that he is good. Eataentsic has care of souls; and, because they believe that she makes men die, they say that she is wicked. And there are among them mysteries so hidden that only the old men, who can speak with credit and authority about them, are believed. Whence it comes that a certain young man, who was talking to me about this, said boastingly, "Am I not very learned?" Some told me that the house of these two Divinities, is at the end of the world to the East. Now with them the world does not pass beyond their country, that is, America. Others place their abode in the middle.

This God and Goddess live like themselves, but without famine; make feasts as they do, are lustful as they; in short, they imagine them exactly like themselves. And still, though they make them human and corporeal, they seem nevertheless to attribute to them a certain immensity in all places. They say that this Eataentsic fell from the Sky, where there are inhabitants a- on earth; and, when she fell, she was with child. If you ask them who made the Sky and its inhabitants, they have no other reply than that they know nothing about it.³

¹ Sagard, *ibid.*, p. 463.

² *The Jesuit Relations*, Thwaites ed., LeJeune's Relation, 1635, Vol. VIII, p. 147; translated for the editor from its French original.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 117, 119.

IV. COSMOGONIC MYTHS.¹(By *Father Brébeuf, S.J.*)*What the Hurons Think of Their Origin.*

Now, to begin with the foundation of their belief, the greater part boast of deriving their origin from Heaven, which they found on the following fable, which passes among them for a truth.

They recognize as head of their Nation a certain woman whom they call Aataentsic, who fell among them, they say, from Heaven. For they think the Heavens existed a long time before this world; but they cannot tell you when or how its great bodies were drawn from the abysses of nothing. They suppose, even, that above the arches of the Sky there was and still is a land like ours, with woods, lakes, rivers, and fields, and Peoples who inhabit them. They do not agree as to the manner in which this so fortunate descent occurred. Some say that one day, as she was working in her field, she perceived a Bear; her dog began to pursue it and she herself afterwards. The Bear, seeing himself closely pressed, and seeking only to escape the teeth of the dog, fell by accident into a hole; the dog followed him. Aataentsic, having approached this precipice, finding that neither the Bear nor the dog were any longer to be seen, moved by despair, threw herself into it also. Nevertheless, her fall happened to be more favourable than she had supposed; for she fell down into the waters without being hurt, although she was with child, after which, the waters having dried up little by little the earth appeared and became habitable.

Others attribute this fall to another cause, which seems to have some relation to the case of Adam, but falsehood makes up the greater part of it. They say that the husband of Aataentsic, being very sick, dreamed that it was necessary to cut down a certain tree from which those who abode in Heaven obtained their food; and that, as soon as he ate of the fruit, he would be immediately healed. Aataentsic, knowing the desire of her husband, takes his axe and goes away with the resolution not to make two trips of it; but she had no sooner dealt the first blow than the tree at once split, almost under her feet, and fell to this earth; whereupon she was so astonished that, after having carried the news to her husband, she returned and threw herself after it. Now, as she fell, the Turtle, happening to raise her head above water, perceived her; and, not knowing what to decide upon, astonished as she was at this wonder, she called together the other aquatic animals to get their opinion. They immediately assembled; she points out to them what she saw, and asks them what they think it fitting to do. The greater part refer the matter to the Beaver, who, through courtesy, hands over the whole to the judgment of the Turtle, whose final opinion was that they should all promptly set to work,

¹ *The Jesuit Relations*, Thwaites ed., Vol. X, 1636, pp. 125 to 139. Translated for the editor from the French original.

dive to the bottom of the water, bring up soil to her, and put it on her back. No sooner said than done, and the woman fell very gently on this Island. Some time after, as she was with child when she fell, she was delivered of a daughter, who almost immediately became pregnant. If you ask them how you puzzle them very much. At all events, they tell you, she was pregnant. Some throw the blame upon some strangers, who landed on this Island. I pray you make this agree with what they say, that, before Aataensic fell from the Sky, there were no men on earth. However that may be, she brought forth two boys, Tawiscaron and Iouskeha, who, when they grew up, had some quarrel with each other; judge if this does not relate in some way to the murder of Abel. They came to blows, but with very different weapons. Iouskeha had the horns of a Stag; Tawiscaron, who contented himself with some fruits of the wild rosebush, was persuaded that, as soon as he had struck his brother, he would fall dead at his feet. But it happened quite differently from what he had expected; and Iouskeha, on the contrary, struck him so rude a blow in the side, that the blood came forth abundantly. This poor wretch immediately fled; and from his blood, with which the land was sprinkled, certain stones sprang up, like those we employ in France to fire a gun—which the Savages call even to-day Tawiscara, from the name of this unfortunate. His brother pursued him, and finished him. This is what the greater part believe concerning the origin of these Nations.

There are some who do not soar so high, and are not so ambitious as to believe that they derive their origin from Heaven. They say that, in the beginning of the world, the land was quite covered with water, with the exception of a little Island on which was the sole hope of the human race—to wit, a single man, whose sole companions were a Fox and a little animal like a Marten, which they call Tsouhendaia. The man, not knowing what to do, seeing himself cut off in so narrow a range of country, asked the Fox to plunge into the water, to see if there were any bottom to it; but he had no sooner wet his paws than he drew back, fearing that this experience would cost him his life. Whereupon the man became indignant; "Tessandion, thou hast no sense," he said to him, and kicked him into the water, where he drank a little more than his fill. However he did not desist from his design, and so encouraged the little animal that was now his sole companion, that it finally resolved to plunge in; and as it did not imagine that the water was so shallow, it did this so violently as to dash itself against the bottom, and came back with its snout all covered with slime. The man, very glad at this happy discovery, exhorts it to continue, and to bring up soil to increase the size of the Islet; which it did with so much assiduity, that the Islet lost its identity, and was changed into these vast fields that we see. If you again press them here, and ask them what they think of this man—who gave him life, who put him upon this little Islet, how he could become the father of all these Nations, since he was alone and had no companions; you will gain nothing by asking all these questions, except that you will get this solution, which would not be bad, if their Religion were good, We do not know; we were told so; our Fathers never taught us any more about it.

But to return to Aataentsic and Iouskeha; they hold that Iouskeha is the Sun and Aataentsic the Moon, and yet that their Home is situated at the ends of the earth, namely, toward our Ocean sea; for beyond that it is a lost country to them, and before they had any commerce with the French they had never dreamed that there was under Heaven a different land from their own—and, now that they are disabused of this idea, many still believe that their country and ours are two pieces quite separate, and made by the hands of different workmen. They say, therefore, that four young men once undertook a journey to find out the truth about it; that they found Iouskeha quite alone in his Cabin, and that he received them very kindly. After some compliments on both sides, in the fashion of the Country, he advised them to conceal themselves in some corner, otherwise he would not answer for their lives; that Aataentsic was sure to play them a bad trick, if they did not keep on their guard. This Fury arrives toward evening, and, as she assumes any form she sees fit, perceiving that there were new guests in the house she took the form of a beautiful young girl, handsomely adorned, with a beautiful necklace and bracelets of Porcelain, and asked her son where his guests were. He replied that he did not know what she meant. Thereupon she went out of the Cabin, and Iouskeha took the opportunity to warn his guests, and thus saved their lives. Now, although their Cabin is so very distant, they are nevertheless both present at the feasts and dances which take place in the villages. Aataentsic is often badly abused there. Iouskeha throws the blame on a certain horned oki named Tehonressandeen; but it is found at the end of the tale that it is he himself who, under that disguise, thus insults his mother.

Moreover, they esteem themselves greatly obliged to this personage; for, in the first place, according to the opinion of some—who hold a belief quite contrary to that of those whom we have mentioned thus far—without him we would not have so many fine rivers and so many beautiful lakes. In the beginning of the world, they say, the earth was dry and arid; all the waters were collected under the armpit of a large frog, so that Iouskeha could not have a drop except through its agency. One day, he resolved to deliver himself and all his Posterity from this servitude; and, in order to attain this, he made an incision under the armpit, whence the waters came forth in such abundance that they spread throughout the whole earth, and hence the origin of rivers, lakes, and seas. Behold here a subtle solution of the question of our Schools upon this point. They hold also that without Iouskeha their kettles would not boil, as he learned from the Turtle the process of making fire. Were it not for him, they would not have such good hunting, and would not have so much ease in capturing animals in the chase, as they now have. For they believe that animals were not at liberty from the beginning of the world, but that they were shut up in a great cavern, where Iouskeha guarded them. Perhaps there may be in that some allusion to the fact that God brought all the animals to Adam. However, one day he determined to give them liberty in order that they might multiply and fill the forests, in such a way, nevertheless, that he might easily dispose of them when it should seem good to him. This is what he did to accomplish his end. In the order in which they came

from the cave, he wounded them all in the foot with an arrow. However, the Wolf escaped the shot; hence, they say, they have great difficulty in catching him in the chase.

They pass yet beyond this, and regard him as profane Antiquity once did Ceres. According to their story, it is Iouskeha who gives them the wheat they eat, it is he who makes it grow and brings it to maturity. If they see their fields verdant in the Spring, if they reap good and abundant harvests, and if their Cabins are crammed with ears of corn, they owe it to Iouskeha. I do not know what God has in store for us this year, but to judge from the reports going round, we are threatened in earnest with a great scarcity. Iouskeha, it is reported, has been seen quite dejected, and thin as a skeleton, with a poor ear of corn in his hand. Some add that he was carrying a man's leg, and was tearing it with sharp teeth. All this, they say, is an indubitable sign of a very bad year. But the fun of it is, no one can be found in the Country who will say, "I have seen him, or I have spoken to a man that has seen him"; and yet every one deems this an indubitable fact, and no man takes the trouble to make a more searching inquiry into the truth of it.

V. COSMOGONIC MYTHS.

(By Father De Charlevoix, S.J.)¹

. . . Vous avez pu voir dans la Fable d'Atahentsic chassée du Ciel quelques vestiges de l'histoire de la première Femme, exilée du Paradis Terrestre, en punition de sa désobéissance, et la tradition du Déluge, aussi bien que de l'Arche, dans laquelle Noé se sauva avec sa Famille. Cette circonstance m'empêche d'adhérer au sentiment du P. de Acosta, qui prétend que cette tradition ne regarde pas le Déluge Universel, mais un déluge particulier à l'Amérique. En effet, les Algonquins et presque tous les peuples, qui parlent leur langue, supposant la création du premier Homme, disent que sa posterité ayant péri presque toute entière par une inondation générale, un nommé Messou, d'autres l'appellent Saketchak, qui vit toute la Terre abîmée sous les eaux par le débordement d'un Lac, envoya un Corbeau au fond de cet abîme, pour lui en rapporter de la terre: que ce Corbeau ayant mal fait sa commission, il y envoya un Rat musqué, qui réussit mieux; que de ce peu de terre, que l'Animal lui avait apporté, il rétablit le Monde dans son premier état: qu'il tira des flèches contre les troncs des arbres qui paraissaient encore, et que ces flèches se changèrent en branches: qu'il fit plusieurs autres merveilles, et que par reconnaissance du service que lui avait rendu le Rat-musqué, il épousa une femelle de son espèce, dont il eut des enfants, qui repeuplèrent le monde: qu'il avait communiqué son immortalité à un certain Suavage, et la lui avait donné dans un petit paquet, en lui défendant de ne le point ouvrir, sous peine de perdre un don si précieux. . . .

¹ *Histoire et Description Générale de la Nouvelle-France avec le Journal Historique d'un Voyage fait par ordre du Roi dans l'Amérique Septentrionale*, par le P. De Charlevoix, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris, Didot, 1744, Vol. VI, pp. 146-155, 151.

. . . Les Hurons et les Iroquois disent que Taronhiaouagon, le Roi du Ciel, donna un coup de pied à sa Femme, si rude, qu'il la fit sauter du Ciel en Terre; que cette Femme tomba sur le dos d'une Tortue qui, en éloignant les eaux du Déluge avec ses pattes, découvrit enfin la Terre, et porta la Femme au pied d'un Arbre, où elle accoucha de deux Jumeaux, et que son Aîné, qu'ils nomment Tahouiskaron, tua son Cadet¹ . . .

VI. THE RED AND WHITE MEN'S GODS.

(By Rev. J. B. Finley.)²

. . . We are Indians, and belong to the red man's God. That Book³ was made by the white man's God, and suits them. They can read it; we cannot; and what he has said will do for white men, but with us it has nothing to do. Once, in the days of our grandfathers, many years ago, this white man's God came himself to this country and claimed us. But our God met him somewhere near the great mountains, and they disputed about the right to this country. At last they agreed to settle this question by trying their power to remove a mountain. The white man's God got down on his knees, opened a big Book, and began to pray and talk, but the mountain stood fast. Then the red man's God took his magic wand, and began to pow-wow, and beat the turtle-shell, and the mountain trembled, shook, and stood by him. The white man's God got frightened, and ran off, and we have not heard of him since, unless he has sent these men to see what they can do.

. . . The head chief organized his band afresh, and appointed Scoun-tah, his high priest. They met every sabbath for meeting, and their priest related great things of their Indian god; how he had commanded them not to forsake their feasts and dances, and not to have their names put down on paper, for this was a disgrace to an Indian; and he would not own those again that did it, but cast them off forever. . . .⁴

VII. COSMOGONIC BELIEFS.

(By H. R. Schoolcraft.)⁵

Superintendency Indian Affairs, Detroit, January 30, 1837.

A delegation of three Wyandot chiefs visited me this day from their location near Amherstburg, in Canada, with their interpreter, George C. Martin.

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 144.

² *Life among the Indians, or Personal Reminiscences and historical incidents illustrative of Indian life and character*, by Rev. James B. Finley, circa 1798, p. 328.

³ The Bible.

⁴ *Loc. cit.*, p. 291.

⁵ *Onéota or characteristics of the Red Race of America*, by H. R. Schoolcraft, 1875; pp. 207-210.

Their names were O-ri-wa-hen-to, or Charlo, On-ha-to-tun-youh, or Round-Head, son of Round-Head, the brother of Splitlog, and Ty-er-on-youh, or Thomas Clark. They informed me, in reply to a question, that the present population of their band, at that location, was eighty-six souls. After transacting their business, I proposed several questions to them respecting their origin and history.

(1.) What is the origin of the Indians? We believe that all men sprang from one man and woman, who were made by God, in parts beyond the sea. But in speaking of the Indians we say, how did they cross the sea without ships? and when did they come? and from what country? What is your opinion on that subject?

Oriwahento answered: "The old chief, Splitlog, who could answer you, is not able to come to see you from his age and feebleness; but he has sent us three to speak with you. We will do the best we can. We are not able to read and write, like white men, and what you ask is not therefore to be found in black and white." (This remark was probably made as they observed I took notes of the interview.)

"There was, in ancient times, something the matter with the earth. It has changed. We think so. We believe God created it, and made men out of it. We think he made the Indians in this country, and that they did not come over the sea. They were created at a place called *Mountains*. It was eastward. When he had made the earth and those mountains, he covered something over the earth, as it were, with his hand. Below this, he put man. All the different tribes were there. One of the young men found his way out to the surface. He saw a great light, and was delighted with the beauty of the surface. While gazing around, he saw a deer running past, with an arrow in his side. He followed it to the place where it fell and died. He thought it was a harmless looking animal. He looked back to see its tracks, and he soon saw other tracks. They were the footprints of the person who had shot the deer. He soon came up. It was the Creator himself. He had taken this method to show the Indians what they must do, when they came out from the earth. The Creator showed him how to skin and dress the animal, bidding him do so and so, as he directed him. When the flesh was ready, he told him to make a fire. But he was perfectly ignorant. God made the fire. He then directed him to put a portion of the meat on a stick, and roast it before the fire. But he was so ignorant that he let it stand till it burned on one side, while the other was raw.

Having taught this man the hunter's art, so that he could teach it to others, God called the Indians forth out of the earth. They came in order, by tribes, and to each tribe he appointed a chief. He appointed one Head Chief to lead them all, who had something about his neck, and he instructed him, and put it into his head what to say to the tribes. That he might have an opportunity to do so, a certain animal was killed, and a feast made, in which they were told to eat it all. The leader God had so chosen told the tribes what they must do to please their maker, and what they must not do."

Oriwahento further said: God also made Good and Evil. They were brothers. The one went forth to do good, and caused pleasant things to grow. The other busied himself in thwarting his brother's work. He made stony and flinty places, and caused bad fruits, and made continual mischief among men. Good repaired the mischief as fast as it was done, but he found his labour never done. He determined to fly upon his brother and destroy him, but not by violence. He proposed to run a race with him. Evil consented, and they fixed upon the place. But first tell me, said Good, what is it you most dread. Bucks' horns! replied he, and tell me what is most hurtful to you. Indian grass braid! said Good. Evil immediately went to his grandmother, who made braid, and got large quantities of it, which he put in the path and hung on the limbs that grew by the path where Good was to run. Good also filled the path of his brother with the dreaded horns. A question arose who should run first. I, said Good, will begin, since the proposition to try our skill first came from me. He accordingly set out, his brother following him. But as he began to feel exhausted at noon, he took up the grass braid and ate it. This sustained him, and he tired down his brother before night, who entreated him to stop. He did not, however, cease, till he had successfully reached the goal.

The next day Evil started on his path. He was encountered everywhere by the horns, which before noon had greatly weakened him. He entreated to be relieved from going on. Good insisted on his running the course. He sustained himself till sunset, when he fell in the path, and was finally dispatched by one of the horns wielded by his brother.

Good now returned in triumph to his grandmother's lodge. But she was in an ill humor, as she always was, and hated him and loved his brother whom he had killed. He wanted to rest, but at night was awakened by a conversation between her and the ghost of Evil. The latter pleaded to come in, but although he felt for him, he did not allow his fraternal feelings to get the better, and resolutely denied admission. Then said Evil, "I go to the north-west and you will never see me more, and all who follow me will be in the same state. They will never come back. Death will for ever keep them."

Having thus rid himself of his adversary, he thought he would walk out and see how things were going on, since there was no one to oppose his doing good. After travelling some time, he saw a living object ahead. As he drew nearer, he saw more plainly. It was a naked man. They began to talk to each other. "I am walking to see the creation, which I have made," said Good, "but who are you?" "Clothed man," said he, "I am as powerful as you, and have made all that land you see." "Naked man," he replied, "I have made all things, but do not recollect making you." "You shall see my power," said the naked man, "we will try strength. Call to yonder mountain to come here, and afterwards I will do the same, and we will see who has the greatest power." The clothed man fell down on his knees, and began to pray, but the effort did not succeed, or but partially. Then the naked man drew a rattle from his belt, and began to shake it and mutter, having first blindfolded the other. After a time, now said he, "Look!" He did so, and the mountain

stood close before him, and rose up to the clouds. He then blindfolded him again, and resumed his rattle and muttering. The mountain had resumed its former distant position.

The clothed man held in his left hand a sword, and in his right hand the law of God. The naked man had a rattle in one hand, and a war club in the other. They exchanged the knowledge of the respective uses of these things.

To show the power of the sword, the clothed man cut off a rod, and placed it before him. The naked man immediately put the parts together and they were healed. He then took his club, which was flat, and cut off the rod, and again healed the mutilated parts. He relied on the rattle to answer the same purpose as the other's book. The clothed man tried the use of the club, but could not use it with skill, while the naked man took the sword and used it as well as the other.

Oriwahento continued: It is said that Evil killed his mother at his birth. He did not enter the world the right way, but burst from the womb. They took the body of the mother and laid it upon a scaffold. From the droppings of her decay, where they fell on the ground, sprang up corn, tobacco, and such other vegetable productions as the Indians have. Hence we call corn, our mother. And our tobacco propagates itself by spontaneous growth, without planting; but the clothed man is required to labour in raising it.

Good found his grandmother in no better humor when he came back from the interview with the naked man. He, therefore, took and cast her up, and she flew against the moon, upon whose face the traces of her are still to be seen.

This comprised the first interview; after a recess during which they were permitted to refresh themselves and smoke their pipes, I returned to the office and resumed the inquiries.

(2.) Where did your tribe first see white men on this continent? The French say you lived on the St. Lawrence, and afterwards went to the north, from whence you afterwards came down to the vicinity of Detroit. That you possess the privilege of lighting up the general council fire for the Lake tribes; and that you were converted to the catholic faith. Oriwahento again answered.

When the tribes were all settled, the Wyandots were placed at the head. They lived in the interior, at the mountains east, about the St. Lawrence. They were the first tribe of old, and had the first chieftainship. The chief said to their nephew, the Lenapees, Go down to the sea coast and look, and if you see any thing bring me word. They had a village near the seaside, and often looked, but saw nothing except birds. At length they espied an object which seemed to grow and come nearer, and nearer. When it came near the land it stopped, but all the people were afraid, and fled to the woods. The next day, two of their number ventured out, to look. It was lying quietly on the water. A smaller object of the same sort came out of it and walked with long legs (oars) over the water. When it came to land two men came out of it. They were different from us and made signs for the others to come out of the woods. A conference ensued. Presents were exchanged. They gave presents to the Lenapees, and the latter gave them their skin clothes as curio-

sities. Three distinct visits, at separate times, and long intervals were made. The mode in which the white men got a footing, and power in the country was this. First, room was asked, and leave given to place a chair on the shore. But they soon began to pull the lacing out of its bottom, and go inland with it; and they have not yet come to the end of the string. He exemplified this original demand for a cession of territory and its renewal at other epochs, by other figures of speech, namely, of a bull's hide, and of a man walking. The first request for a seat on the shore, was made, he said, of the Lenapees; alluding to the cognate branches of this stock, who were anciently settled at the harbour of New York, and that vicinity.

To the question of their flight from the St. Lawrence, their settlement in the north, and their subsequent migration to, and settlement on, the straits of Detroit, Oriwahento said:

The Wyandots were proud. God had said that such should be beaten and brought low. This is the cause why we were followed from the east, and went up north away to Michilimackinac, but as we had the right before, so when we came back, the tribes looked up to us, as holding the council fire.

VIII. THE MAKING OF THE WORLD.

(By H. Hale.)¹

In the beginning there was nothing but water, a wide sea, which was peopled by various animals of the kind that live in and upon the water. It happened then that a woman fell down from the upper world. It is supposed that she was, by some mischance, pushed down by her husband through a rift in the sky. Though styled a woman, she was a divine personage. Two loons, which were flying over the water, happened to look up and see her falling. To save her from drowning they hastened to place themselves beneath her, joining their bodies together so as to form a cushion for her to rest on. In this way they held her up, while they cried with a loud voice to summon the other animals to their aid. The cry of the loon can be heard to a great distance, and the other creatures of the sea heard it, and assembled to learn the cause of the summons. Then came the tortoise (or "snapping turtle," as Clarke called it), a mighty animal, which consented to relieve the loons of their burden. They placed the woman on the back of the tortoise, charging him to take care of her. The tortoise then called the other animals to a grand council, to determine what should be done to preserve the life of the woman. They decided that she must have earth to live on. The tortoise directed them all to dive to the bottom of the sea and endeavour to bring up some earth. Many attempted it—the beaver, the muskrat, the diver, and others—but without success. Some remained so long below that when they rose they were dead. The tortoise searched their mouths but could find no trace of earth. At last the toad

¹ *Journ. Amer. Folk-Lore*, Vol. I (1888), pp. 181-183. "Huron Folk-Lore," by H. Hale. Collected on Anderson reservation, Essex county, Ontario.

went down, and after remaining a long time rose, exhausted and nearly dead. On searching his mouth the tortoise found in it some earth, which he gave to the woman. She took it and placed it carefully around the edge of the tortoise's shell. When thus placed, it became the beginning of dry land. The land grew and extended on every side, forming at last a great country, fit for vegetation. All was sustained by the tortoise, which still supports the earth.

When the woman fell she was pregnant with twins. When these came forth they evinced opposite dispositions, the one good, the other evil. Even before they were born the same characters were manifested. They struggled together, and their mother heard them disputing. The one declared his willingness to be born in the usual manner, while the other malignantly refused, and, breaking through his mother's side, killed her. She was buried, and from her body sprang the various vegetable productions which the new earth required to fit it for the habitation of man. From her head grew the pumpkin-vine; from her breasts the maize; from her limbs the bean and the other useful esculents. Meanwhile the twins grew up, showing in all they did their opposing inclinations. The name of the good one was Tijuskeha, which means, Clarke said, something like saviour, or good man.¹ The evil brother was named Tawiskarong, meaning flinty, or flint-like, in allusion probably to his hard and cruel nature. They were not men, but supernatural beings, who were to prepare the world to be the abode of men. Finding that they could not live together, they separated, each taking his own portion of the earth. Their first act was to create animals of various kinds. The bad brother made fierce and monstrous creatures, proper to terrify and destroy mankind—serpents, panthers, wolves, bears, all of enormous size, and huge mosquitoes, "as large as turkeys." Among other things he made an immense toad, which drank up all the fresh water that was on the earth. In the meantime the good brother, in his province, was creating the innocent and useful animals. Among the rest he made the partridge. To his surprise, the bird rose in the air and flew toward the territory of Tawiskarong. Tijuskeha asked him whither he was going. The bird replied that he was going to look for water, as there was none left in that land, and he heard there was some in the dominion of Tawiskarong. Tijuskeha then began to suspect mischief. He followed the course which the partridge had taken, and presently reached the land of his evil brother. Here he encountered the snakes, ferocious brutes, and enormous insects which his brother had made, and overcame them. Finally he came to the monstrous toad, which he cut open, letting the water flow forth.² He did not destroy the evil animals—perhaps had not the power to do so—but he reduced them in size, so that men would be able to master them.

¹ This name, Tijuskeha (the Joskeha of the French missionaries), may be a derivative from the root *io* (*io*, *tyo*) or *iju*, which signifies both "great" and "good." This root forms the concluding portion of the name *Hamendiju* (Huron), *Rawennio* (Iroquois) applied to the chief divinity, and signifying "the great good master."

² See an interesting discussion of the origin of this widely diffused myth (of the waters engulfed by a toad, frog, or serpent) in Lang's *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, Vol. I, p. 39, and Vol. II, p. 146—H. Hale.

The spirit of his mother warned him in a dream to beware of his evil brother, who would endeavour to destroy him by treachery. Finally they encountered, and as it was evident that they could not live together on the earth, they determined to decide by a formal combat (a duel, as Clarke styled it) which of them should remain master of the world. It was further agreed that each should make known to the other the only weapon by which he could be overcome. This extraordinary article of their agreement was probably made necessary by the fact that without such a disclosure the contest would have lasted forever. The good brother declared that he could be destroyed only by being beaten to death with a bag full of corn, beans, or some other product of the bread kind. The evil brother rejoined that he could be killed only by the horn of a deer or of some other wild animal. (In these weapons it seems evident that there is some reference to the different characters or attributes of the brothers.) They set off a fighting-ground, or "list," within which the combat was to take place. Tawiskarong had the first turn, or, as duellists would say, the first fire. He set upon his brother with a bag of corn or beans, chased him about the ground, and pounded him until he was nearly lifeless and lay as if dead. He revived, however (perhaps through the aid of his mother's spirit), and, recovering his strength, pursued in turn his evil brother, beating him with a deer's horn until he killed him. But the slain combatant was not utterly destroyed. He reappeared after death to his brother, and told him that he had gone to the far west, and that thenceforth all the races of men after death would go to the west, like him. "And," said Clarke, "It is the belief of all the pagan Indians that after death their spirits will go to the far west, and dwell there."

The old chief, Joseph White, on another occasion, supplied a curious addition to the foregoing narrative, in exemplification of the opposite character of the two brothers. This story was in substance as follows:

"When the brothers were preparing the land for the Indians to live in, the manner of their work was that as often as the good brother made or designed anything for the benefit of mankind, the bad brother objected, and devised something to counteract the good intention, so far as he could. Thus, when the good brother made rivers for the Indians to journey on, it was his design that each river should have a twofold current (or rather, perhaps, a double channel), in which the streams should flow in opposite directions. Thus the Indians would be able always to float easily down-stream. This convenient arrangement did not please the bad brother. He maintained that it would be too good for the people. 'Let them at least,' he said, 'have to work one way up-stream.' He was not content merely to defeat his brother's design of the return current, but he created at the same time rapids and cataracts for the further delay and danger of voyagers."

IX. CREATION MYTH.

(By W. E. Connelley.)¹*The Woman Who Fell From Heaven.*

The people lived in heaven. They were Wyandots. The Head Man's name was the Big Chief, or the Mighty Ruler. He had a very beautiful daughter. She became sick. The medicine man came. She could not be cured by his "medicine." He said, "Dig up the wild apple tree; what will cure her she can pluck from among its roots." This apple tree stood near the door of the Lodge of the Mighty Ruler.

The medicine man advised that while they were digging up the wild apple tree they should bring the young woman and lay her down upon the ground under its branches, so that she might see down where the men were at work,² and the more quickly pluck away the "medicine" when it should be reached.

When they had dug there for awhile, the tree and the ground all about it suddenly sank down, fell through, and disappeared. The lap, or tree-top, caught and carried down the young woman. Tree and woman disappeared, and the rent or broken world, and the rent earth was closed over both of them.

This point where the tree sank down through heaven is called in the Wyandot mythology, the point of breaking through. In some versions of this account it is called the "Jumping-off Place"; for the woman is represented as jumping or springing from the sky. The same Wyandot term is used, though, in all versions.

Underneath, in the lower world, was only water—the Great Water. Two Swans were swimming about there. These Swans saw the young woman falling from heaven. Some accounts say that a mighty peal of thunder, the first ever heard in these lower regions, broke over the waters, and startled all the Swimmers. On looking up, the Swans³ beheld the woman standing in the rent heavens, clad in flames of bright lightning. She was taller than the highest tree. Thus was she accompanied in her fall from heaven by Héh'-nöh, the Thunder God of the Wyandots.

One of the Swans said:

"What shall we do with this Woman?"

The other Swan replied:

"We must receive her on our backs."

Then they threw their bodies together, side by side, and she fell upon them.

¹Wyandot Folk-Lore, *Twentieth Century Classics and School Readings*, Topeka, Kansas, 1899, pp. 67 ff. Collected from various Wyandot informants at Kansas City, Kansas, and Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma, in the course of the last half century.

²Some versions say women were doing the digging; others use the word "people."—W. E. Connelley.

³The Wyandot word for swan is used in this place, but the description of the birds would seem to indicate gulls, or geese. They are described as "flat-backed birds," half-a-tree tall; i. e., very large—W. E. Connelley.

The Swan that had first spoken said:
 "What shall we do with this woman? We cannot forever bear her up."

To this question the other Swan replied:

"We must call a Council of all the Swimmers and all the Water Tribes."

This they did. Each Animal came upon special invitation. The Big Turtle came by special invitation to preside over the Great Council.

Much discussion was had by the Great Council. But it seemed for a long time that the deliberations would be fruitless. No plan for the disposition of the Woman could be agreed upon. When the Great Council was about to adjourn without coming to a conclusion, the Big Turtle said:

"If you can get a little of the Earth, which, with the Woman and the tree, fell down from heaven, I will hold it."

So the Animals took it by turns to try to get the Earth. They dived down into the deep where the tree had fallen. But they could get none of the Earth, which, so the Wyandots claim, shone with a brilliant light to guide them. In this search many of the Animals were drowned, and came to the surface dead. When it seemed that none of the Earth could be obtained, the Toad volunteered to go down and try and see what success she might have.

The Toad was gone a long time. The Great Council despaired of her coming back again. Finally she came up, with her mouth full of the Earth; but she was dead when she reached the surface.

There was very little of the Earth—too little, it was supposed—and the Great Council was discouraged. But the Little Turtle urged that it be used. She rubbed it carefully about the edges of the Big Turtle's shell, and from this small amount soon there was the Great Island upon the Big Turtle's back.

The Woman was removed from the backs of the Swans to the Great Island, which was, from that time, her home.

The Toad was the only Swimmer that could get the Earth. This is why the Toad has always been called *Mäh'-shööh-täh'-äh*—Our Grandmother—by the Wyandots. The Toad is held in reverence by the Wyandots, and none of them will harm her, to this day.

The Great Island.

The Island grew to be a Great Land—all of North America, which to the Wyandots was all the land of the earth. The Wyandot name for the Great Island means, literally, "The land which stands up from the Great Water"; but it is correctly rendered "The Great Island." It rests yet on the back of the Big Turtle. He stands deep down in the Great Water, in which the Swans were swimming when they saw the Woman fall from heaven. Sometimes he becomes weary of remaining so long in one position. Then he shifts his weight and moves (changes) his feet. And then the Great Island trembles, and the Wyandots cry out, "He moves the earth! He moves the earth!"

Thus does the Wyandot account for the earthquake.

The Little Turtle in the Sky, or the Creation of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

When the Great Island was made on the Big Turtle's back there was no sun, and no moon, and no stars. The Woman could not see well by the "Snow Light." A Great Council was called to see what should be done for a light for the Woman.

After a long time spent in deliberation to no purpose, the Council was about to disperse and let the world continue in darkness. And now the Little Turtle said:

"Let me go up to the sky; I will put a light there for the Woman."

It was agreed that the Little Turtle might go into the sky. A great Cloud was called by the Council. The Cloud was full of Thunder and Lightning. It rolled over the Great Water. When it came where the Council was in session, it was seen to be full of bushes, trees, streams, lakes, and ponds. The Little Turtle got into these streams and was soon carried into the sky, which the Wyandots believed to be solid, and much like the earth at the present time. Here the Little Turtle took some of the Lightning and kindled a great flame, which stood still in the sky. But it did not light all the Great Island, while in that part of it where the Woman lived the heat was intolerable.

The Sun as made by the Little Turtle was not satisfactory. Another Council was called. The Little Turtle came in the Cloud. At this Council it was determined to give the Sun life and a spirit, so that it could "run about the sky." The Mud Turtle was directed to dig a hole clear through the earth (the Great Island) so that the Sun could go through the sky by day, and then, through the hole in the earth, back to the east by night. This the Mud Turtle successfully did. But it seems that the Sun often loitered in this subterranean passage-way, and remained there for long periods. The world was left in total darkness at these times. It was resolved to call a third Great Council to deliberate upon the matter, and to chide the Sun.

To this third Council came the Sun, the Little Turtle, and the other Animals. The Council decreed that the Little Turtle should make the Sun a wife, and that she should shine while he was going back to the east through the subterranean passage-way made by the Mud Turtle. The Little Turtle made the Moon for a wife for the Sun. Many children were born to them, and these are the Stars that "run about the sky," as the Wyandots call the stars that move like the sun and moon.

After a time the Sun was displeased with his wife, the Moon. He drew her into the subterranean passage-way, and would have destroyed her there if the Little Turtle had not come and rescued her. He robbed her of all her heat and much of her light, and so maimed her that she could not keep pace with him in the sky. The New Moon represents all that was left of the Sun's wife when the Little Turtle rescued her from her husband's wrath. The Little Turtle cured her to that degree that she regained gradually her original form; when, however, she had attained this, she immediately sickened from grief because of her husband's inattention and neglect, and pined away, diminishing

daily until she altogether disappeared. When next seen she was again of the same size and form as when rescued by the Little Turtle; then she increased gradually, animated with the hope that when she had reached her former fullness she could recover her husband's favour. Failing in this, she again wasted away; and this has been repeated over and over to this day; and it always will be until the end of time. To assist her in lighting the earth at night the Little Turtle made many lights and fastened them to the sky; these are the fixed stars that have no course, and which do not "run about the sky." Sometimes they fall off the sky; thus does the Wyandot account for the meteors or "shooting stars."

From her labours in the heavens and the important functions which the Little Turtle exercised, she was called Wäh-tröhn'-yösh-nösh'-nëh, "The Keeper of the Heavens," or "She who takes care of the Sky." This is still a name for women in the Little Turtle Clan of the Wyandots, and perhaps the oldest name belonging to this Clan. Mrs. Nancy Stannard, on the Wyandot Reservation, Indian Territory, is of the Little Turtle Clan, and is so named.

The Wyandots believe the comet is the cloud in which the Little Turtle went up to the sky, burnished and brightened by the Little Turtle with rays taken from the midday sun. In this she rides through the heavens to perform her duties. About 1882 there was a large comet, visible in Kansas City, Kansas. It could be seen only in the early morning. On my way to my office very early one morning, late in the fall, I met Matthias Splitlog. From where we stood we had a splendid view of the comet. "See!" said Mr. Splitlog, "there is the chariot of our Grandmother, the Little Turtle." Then he told me why it was so called.

The Twins Born.

The Great Island was the Woman's home. It was not then so large as it afterwards was made. The Woman went all about the Great Island. She was very sad. But in her wanderings she found a Lodge, and living in it an old woman. She called the old woman Shööh'-tääh'-äh—"her Grandmother." In the Wyandot mythology the point where the Lodge of the old woman stood is called by a Wyandot word which means "The place where the Woman that fell from heaven met (or found) her Grandmother."

The Woman lived with her Grandmother. She is well now, her sickness having disappeared. To her were born the Two Children—The Brothers—The Twins. Of these Children, one was Good, the other Bad. Their Grandfather, the Mighty Ruler, directed how the Twins should be named. The Good One was named Tsëh'-stäh—*i. e.*, Made of Fire, or the Man who was made of Fire. The Bad One was named Tah'-wëh-skäh'-rëh—*i. e.*, Made of Flint, or the Man who was made of Flint.

The Great Island Enlarged.

The Twins grew to manhood after awhile. Tah'-wëh-skäh'-rëh did evil continually. Tsëh'-stäh was unwilling to resist his brother continuously,

although when he chose to do so he could overcome him. That all cause for the actions of Tah'-wēh-skāh'-rēh might be removed, the brothers agreed to enlarge the Great Island. They successfully did this. The land in the East was the land of Tsēh'stāh; that in the West belonged to Tah'-wēh-skāh'-rēh. But the land was desolate—a solitude. Beside the Woman and the Two children, only the Animals lived upon it.

The Modification of the Great Island.

When the Twins had finished enlarging the Great Island they made a further agreement to prepare it for the habitation of man, and other animals than those first found here. Each brother was to go through his own land.¹ He was to make his realm to conform in surface, animals, birds, streams, lakes, plants, etc., to his own conceptions of utility and beauty. The works of each were to be subject to the modification of the other, but neither was to absolutely change the character of any work of the other, nor was he to totally destroy it.

Each brother now went his way, and did that which was proper in his own eyes. They were engaged in this work for untold ages. When their works were finished, they met again as they had agreed.

When Tah'-wēh-skāh'-rēh inspected the works of Tsē'-stāh he believed they were much too good. Accordingly, he diminished their good qualities to the utmost of his power.

The animals, birds, and fishes good for food are the gifts of Tsēh'-stāh. They, and all other animals, were made gentle, harmless. Tooth nor claw was ever made to be turned upon the Wyandot; no animal thirsted for his blood. In lieu of their gentle natures, Tah'-wēh-skāh'-rēh made them to have wild and fierce dispositions. He frightened them until they fled from the light of day and only left their lairs at night. The gentle undulations of the park-like woods were changed to rough hills and endless mountain ranges; and rocks, thorns, bushes, briars, and brambles were scattered broadcast to plague the Indian. He sprinkled his own blood over the land and each drop of it made a ragged flint-stone which lay in wait to rend and cut the Indian's foot. Water would not drown, but Tah'-wēh-skāh'-rēh gave it an evil spirit to make it take the life of the Indian. Evil spirits were placed at many waterfalls to drag down and destroy Wyandots. The maple tree furnished a pure syrup, but Tah'-wēh-skāh'-rēh poured water over the tree and reduced its sweetness to what we find it at this day. Tsēh'-stāh made the corn plant. It grew without cultivation, and a hundred ears were found upon a single stalk. Tah'-wēh-skāh'-rēh made it difficult to raise, and but a few ears were permitted to grow on one stalk. The bean-pod grew upon a tree, and was as long as the Indian's arm; it was filled with beans as large as the turkey's egg, and which

¹ Whether the modern opinion that the land was divided into Eastern and Western divisions is correct or not, we cannot now tell. The descriptions of the divisions would seem to indicate that they were in fact North and South divisions. I have followed what the Wyandots told me—W. E. Connelley.

were richer than bear's fat. The tree was dwarfed to a helpless vine, and the pod was so reduced that it was no longer than the Indian's finger. But the wrath of Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh rose into fury when he beheld the rivers as made by Tsëh'-stäh. They were made with two currents, flowing in opposite directions, one by each bank, so that the Indian could go either up or down the streams without the labour of paddling his canoe. Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh thrust his big hand into the river and gave the waters a great swish or splash and mixed them, forcing both currents into only one, and this he made to run always in but one direction.

Tsëh'-stäh found the works of Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh much too large and very bad. Bare mountains of rock pierced the sky. Endless swamps and quagnires were spread abroad. Huge beasts, reptiles, birds, and insects were at every point to terrify and destroy the Indian. The North Wind stood guardian of the land, and with snows and bitter blasts swept this western world. Icicles miles and miles in length hung from the ragged cliffs. Myriads and millions of mosquitoes, each as large as the pheasant, swarmed up from the fetid marshes of the South. Nothing was Good—everything was Bad. All the works of Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh were modified and their evil qualities reduced to the utmost degree to which he could go by Tsëh'-stäh. But whatever of evil there is in this world comes from Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh and his wicked works.

The North Wind is still a wicked deity of the Wyandots.

The Deer and the Rainbow, or How the Animals Got Into the Sky.

The Animals were greatly distressed and much offended by the works of Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh. They saw how fortunate was the Little Turtle, who spent most of her time "Keeping the Heavens." She always came, to attend the Great Council, in the Black Cloud in which were the springs, ponds, streams, and lakes.

One day the Deer said to the Rainbow:

"Carry me up to the sky. I must see the Little Turtle."

The Rainbow did not wish to comply with the request of the Deer at that time, but wished to consult the Thunder God about the matter, and so replied:

"Come to me in the winter when I rest on the mountain by the lake. Then I will take you up to the house of the Little Turtle."

The Deer looked and waited all winter for the Rainbow; but the Rainbow did not come. When the Rainbow came, in the summer, the Deer said:

"I waited for you all winter, on the mountain by the lake; you did not come. Why did you deceive me?"

Then the Rainbow said:

"When you see me in the Fog, over the lake, come to me; then you can go up. I will carry you up to the house of the Little Turtle in the sky."

One day the Fog rolled in thick banks and heavy masses, over the lake. The Deer stood on the hill by the lake, waiting and looking for the Rainbow.

When the Rainbow threw the beautiful arch from the lake to the hill, a very white and shining light flashed and shone about the Deer. A straight path, with all the colours of the Rainbow, lay before the Deer; it led through a strange forest. The Rainbow said:

"Follow the beautiful path through the strange woods."

This the Deer did. The beautiful way led the Deer to the house of the Little Turtle, in the sky. And the Deer went about the sky everywhere.

When the Great Council met, the Bear said:

"The Deer is not yet come to the Council; where is the Deer?"

Then the Hawk flew all about to look for the Deer; but the Hawk could not find the Deer in the air. Then the Wolf looked in all the woods; but the Deer could not be found in the woods anywhere.

When the Little Turtle came, in the Black Cloud, in which were the streams, the lakes and the ponds, the Bear said:

"The Deer is not yet come to the Council; where is the Deer? There can be no council without the Deer."

The Little Turtle replied:

"The Deer is in the sky. The Rainbow made a beautiful pathway of all her colors for the Deer to come up by."

The Council looked up to the sky and saw the Deer running about there. Then the Little Turtle showed to the Council the beautiful pathway made for the Deer by the Rainbow. All the Animals except the Mud Turtle went along the beautiful way, which led them up into the sky. They remain there to this day. They may often be seen, flying or running about the sky.

From this myth, the Deer is sometimes spoken of as *Dëh'-hëhn-yäh'n'-tëh*—"The Rainbow," or more properly, "The path of many colors made for the Deer by the Rainbow." This is one of the oldest names for men in the list of names belonging to the Deer Clan. It is one of the names of the writer.

People Brought to the Great Island.

When the Animals went into the sky, the world was in despair. The Mountains shrieked and the Earth groaned continually. The rivers and the Great Water rocked to and fro in their beds, and all the beasts cried aloud for their Mothers, the Animals. The Trees wept tears of blood and the Four Winds rent one another in madness and wrath.

Tsëh'-stäh and *Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh* met to devise a plan to people the Great Island. The place where this meeting was held (it is called a Council, in the Wyandot) is called the Point of Separation; for the Wyandots say it was held on the line separating the land of the Good Brother from the land of the Bad One. The Wyandots came afterwards to believe that the Mississippi river was this line. The descriptions given by the Wyandots would seem to point to Northern and Southern divisions instead of Eastern and Western. I have followed the Wyandots in this matter, although it seems that they were in error as to what the ancient belief actually was upon this subject.

The agreement as finally made between the Twins provided that they should bring people to the Great Island from the land of the Mighty Ruler in heaven. Each was to people his own land, and rule over it without interference from the other.

Tséh'-stäh brought to his land Wyandots only.

Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh brought with him many kinds of people, some good and some bad. Some accounts say that the Brothers created these people outright.

The people of each Brother multiplied. In time they became many peoples.

The First War and the First Works of the Great Island Destroyed.

The ancient compact between the brothers was continually violated by Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh and his people. The result was a war between the brothers and their respective peoples.

This war lasted many ages. So fierce and devastating was it that all the works made by the brothers, in the beginning, was destroyed. The Good Brother was so closely pressed by the Bad Brother that he made the Little People to assist him in his warfare against Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh and his people. By their aid Tséh'-stäh overcame his wicked brother and his followers. Tséh'-stäh pursued Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh when he fled into his own dominions. The former was armed with the horns of a deer; the latter with the flowering branch which he had torn from the wild apple tree, which fell down from heaven with his Mother. When Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh entered his own land in his flight from his victorious brother, he was bleeding from many wounds inflicted by the horns of the deer in his brother's hands. Where this blood fell upon the ground it was congealed into flint-stones as sharp as knives, to hinder the pursuit of Tséh'-stäh. But all his resources availed Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh nothing. He was beaten down to the earth and slain with the horns by Tséh'-stäh, his brother.

The Re-Creation by Tséh'-stäh of the Works of the Great Island.

The war had desolated the Great Island. This destruction was caused by the use of fire by Tséh'-stäh and of the use of the North Wind by Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh. No means of subsistence were left. To preserve his people until he could re-create the destroyed works of the Great Island, Tséh'-stäh built the Yööh'-wäh-täh'-yööh, or great underground City or subterranean Dwelling, far to the north of Montreal's present site. Into this he led his people, and then went forth to his work of reconstruction. Here the people were in a torpid state, like turtles and toads and snakes in winter. They were lying about the City in all positions, and they retained only a partial consciousness. The Woman who fell down from heaven ruled over them with her fiery torch given by Hëh-nööh, the Thunder God.

In making these things anew, Tséh'-stáh could only reproduce them as they were before their destruction in the war, and as they had been left by the modifications of himself and Tah'-wéh-skáh'-rêh. This work required an immense length of time. After ages had elapsed, Tséh'-stáh came back to the Yööh'-wäh-täh'-yööh. He said the work was done, and that it was yet too new for use. They could not go out until the Earth was ripened by the Sun.

From the point in the Yööh'-wäh-täh'-yööh where the Wyandots were, a glimmering of light could be seen, and Tséh'-stáh often went to this small opening to observe the progress of the process of ripening which the world was undergoing. His uniform report when he returned from these inspections was that the world was yet too new for use.

After the Wyandots had waited many ages here, the world was ready for their use again. One day in spring Tséh'-stáh went forth from the Yööh'-wäh-täh'-yööh by the small opening. He looked about the whole of the Great Island. He saw it was indeed ready to receive the people for whom it had been created, and for whom all the work of Nature cried out both day and night. He returned to the Yööh'-wäh-täh'-yööh where sat the Woman who fell down from heaven with her torch of fire given by Héh'-nöh, the Thunder God. He announced to his Mother that the world cried aloud for her children. She said to him: "My son, lead them forth in the Order of Precedence and Encampment. They shall come to me on their journey to the land of the Little People."

Then Tséh'-stáh caused the Earth to quake and to rock to its foundation. Héh'-nöh shook the heavens and rolled over the Great Waters with his Thunder. All the sky flamed with his fiery darts. The great Yööh'-wäh-täh'-yööh were rent asunder. A nation stood marshalled to go forth. They marched to the waiting world. The hills, the waters, the beasts, the trees, the birds, and the fishes cried out with welcome to the nation born of the earth in a day. They found the earth decked with flowers, and songs of joy poured out from the forests filled with happy birds.

They found some of the people of Tah'-wéh-skáh'-rêh still living on the Great Island. Their preservation is not accounted for.

Here ends the Song of the Creation, as sung by Captain Bull-Head and William Big-Town.

The Flying Heads.

It has been said that stories of the Flying Heads seem to be exclusively of Tuscarora origin. The supposition that the myths of these monsters are, or ever were, confined exclusively to the Tuscarora people, is certainly erroneous. The Wyandots had many myths concerning the Flying Heads. Their origin is also accounted for in the Wyandot myths.

The origin of the Flying Heads is ascribed to two very different sources by the Wyandot mythology, as recited at this time. Which is the true and ancient

myth I cannot say. The first account says that they were made by Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh to plague Tsëh'-stäh and his people, the Wyandots. The second account is as follows:

Ages and ages ago the Wyandots were migrating from a distant country. They were moving all their villages. In the course of their migration they came to a large river with exceedingly steep and rocky shores. This river belonged to some Giants, and these opposed the crossing of the Wyandots.

These Giants were all medicine men. They were of immense size, being as tall as the highest tree. They lived in the stone caverns under the bed of the river. They were cruel and wicked cannibals.

The Wyandots made canoes and attempted to cross over. When a canoe loaded with Wyandots pushed out into the stream, the Giants thrust up from the hidden depths of the water their huge hands, and dragged down both canoe and passengers. The Wyandots were carried to the stone caverns of the Giants, where they were tortured at the fiery stake, and afterwards devoured.

The Wyandots were terrified. They could neither advance nor retreat. A solemn Council was called to deliberate upon their fearful dilemma. At the Council a powerful "medicine" was made, by the aid of which it was learned that the Giants could be captured and destroyed if a ring of fire could be built about them when they came out of their caves under the river.

Upon the same night of the Council, the Wyandots saw, on a high cliff on the opposite side of the river, the Giants dancing about the fires in which they were torturing some Wyandots captured a few days before.

The Little Turtle said:

"I can make a great fire from the Lightning. It will go all about the Giants. How can our warriors cross over the river?"

The Big Turtle said:

"Let the Little Turtle and his warriors get upon my back. I will carry them on the bottom of the river, under the water, and the Giants will not see us."

It was so done. The warriors of the Little Turtle crept about the camp of the Giants. Then the Little Turtle brought the Thunder and the Lightning. The Lightning leaped into a great wall, all about the Giants, while the Thunder bore them to the earth. The warriors of the Little Turtle rushed upon the Giants and seized them.

The Little Turtle carried the Giants to a high rock that overhung the river. Here the head of each Giant was cut off and thrown down into the raging water. But the surprise of the Wyandots, and their dismay also, was great when at the dawning of the day they saw all these Giant Heads rise from the waters, with streaming hair covered with blood which shone like lightning. They rose from the troubled waters uttering horrible screams, screeches, and yells, flew along the river, and disappeared.

The Wyandots destroyed the caves of the Giants. They then crossed over the river and continued their journey. They came to the point where Montreal now stands.

The Flying Heads plagued the Wyandots. They were more dangerous and troublesome during rainy, foggy, or misty weather. They could enter a cloud of fog, or mist, or rime, and in it approach a Wyandot village unseen. They were cruel and wicked hōōh'-kēhs and cannibals. They caused sickness; they were vampires, and lay in wait for people, whom they caught and devoured. They carried away children; they blighted the tobacco and other crops; they stole and devoured the game after the hunter had killed it.

Fire was the most potent agency with which to resist them. The Lightning sometimes killed one. The Little People often helped the Wyandots drive them away from their villages. I could never learn that it was supposed that the Flying Heads were ever entirely expelled or that they voluntarily departed from the Wyandot country.

The Great Serpents.

The Wyandot myths are not agreed as to the origin of the Monster Serpents. By some versions they are supposed to be some of the monsters made by Tah'-wēh-skāh'-rēh. Other accounts make their origin the same as that of the Flying Heads. They say that the bodies of the hōōh'-kēh Giants left on the high rock over the river after their heads had been cut off and thrown down did not die, but remained alive. After the Wyandots had gone on upon their migration these bodies of the hōōh'-kēh Giants wriggled themselves to the edge of the precipice and cast their bodies down into the water. Here they were soon transformed into the Big Serpents—huge snakes of enormous length. They slowly followed the Wyandots in their migration, and plagued and tormented them for ages. Some of them were never killed. They live in the bottom of the Great Lakes to this day. Sometimes they throw the waters into great commotion, which can only be allayed by throwing some offering into the lake.

The rivers joining the Great Lakes are only the worn ways made by these monsters in crawling from one lake to another.

The Witch Buffaloes.¹

In the land of Silence, Tsēh'-stāh made the largest and most beautiful Spring in all his dominions. This is now the Big Bone Licks in Boone county, Kentucky. It is "the big Spring which flowed in ancient times," and which may be properly rendered "The Great Ancient Spring." The modern Wyandot name for it is Oh'-tsēh-yōōh'-māh, "The Spring of bitter water."

Tsēh'-stāh made this spring at this point because here stood the lodge of Shōōh-tāh'-āh, with whom dwelt the Woman that fell down from heaven. The Two Children were born here. From this Spring, which was then small, drank "The Man of Fire" and "The Man of Flint," in the days of their childhood.

¹ P. 89 ff.

As enlarged by Tsëh'-stäh the Ancient Spring was so broad that the eye could not see from one bank to the other. Its waters were so clear that the smallest pebble could be seen at the bottom of its inconceivable depths. Then it was the "Great Ancient Spring." As modified by Tah'-wëh-skäh'-rëh it was reduced to its present size and became Oh'-tsëh-yööh'-mäh, "The Spring of bitter water."

The Wyandots described these Springs as "the great and ancient Spring where the bones are and where the animals come to drink and to see each other."

Täh 'wëh-skäh'-rëh made a great drum or gong, of stone or flint, and put it at these Springs. He put in charge of the Springs the Witch Buffaloes, who made unjust rules and oppressive regulations for the government of the Indians and animals coming to use the waters. Elks were admitted to the Springs; when they had been there a stated time they were forced out, and buffaloes admitted, and so of all the animals. The Witch Buffaloes indicated their wishes, and gave forth their orders and commands by beating on the great drum of flint, which could be heard as far as the Great Lakes.

The Witch Buffaloes are represented as having been as tall as a tree, with horns as long as a man is high. Their horns stood straight out from their foreheads. They are always spoken of in the feminine gender.

So oppressive became the Witch Buffaloes that no animal was free to approach the Springs, and thus were the Wyandots prohibited from lying in wait to slay them for food as they came to drink. Neither were the Wyandots allowed to go there to make salt. Finally the Little People took pity on the Wyandots and resolved to destroy the Witch Buffaloes.

Two of the Little People were directed to go to the Springs to perform this difficult task. It required long preliminary work to make ready for the slaughter. When all was ready they attacked the Witch Buffaloes and slew all but a single one, which they wounded, and which only escaped by so enormous a leap that it passed beyond the Great Lakes at the single bound. After the Witch Buffaloes were killed and expelled, the Little People assembled all the animals and said to them and to the Wyandots, "Drink as you will. We are forever the keepers of the Oh'-tsëh-yööh'-mäh." The great number of huge bones found by white men at the Big Bone Licks were the bones of the Witch Buffaloes.

The footprints of the two Little People can be yet seen in the stones all over that part of Kentucky about these Springs. They made them while driving all the Witch Buffaloes to the Springs for slaughter. At some points may be seen also the impressions of their bodies and of their bows and quivers on the stone where they sat or lay down. So say the legends of the Wyandots.

The Stone Giants.

Like the Flying Heads, the Stone Giants, or Hööh'-sträh-dööh', are attributed to two sources. By one account they were descended from the Hööh'-këh Giants and the Wyandot women they carried away with them when

they fled through the Wyandot camp. I believe it improbable that the Wyandots would ascribe the descent of so obnoxious a people to women of their own blood, and consequently, I believe this conception of their origin must have originated with an alien and unfriendly people. But of this I cannot be sure, for I heard this account from Wyandots only, and more frequently than the other account.

The second account says the Hööh'-sträh-dööh' were made by Tah'-wëh-skäh'-rëh to assist him in the war he so wantonly and unjustly waged against his brother, Tsëh'-stäh, and wherein he lost his life.

The Hööh'-sträh-dööh' were medicine men as well as Giants. They were clad in coats of pliable stone. These garments are represented as covering the body completely. Their stone coats were made by smearing the crude turpentine from the pine tree over their bodies, and then rolling in the dry sand of the shores of the Great Water. This process was repeated until the coats were of the required thickness.

The Hööh'-sträh-dööh' were cannibals. They slew the Wyandots for the express purpose of devouring their bodies. They are represented as having been half-a-tree tall, and large in proportion. A Hööh'-sträh-dööh' could eat three Wyandots at a single meal.

There is no account of any particular war between the Wyandots and the Hööh'-sträh-dööh'. The Wyandots seem to have been annoyed and plagued by them from time immemorial; and always to have been in terror of them. Sometimes they combined in great numbers and attacked one of the Hööh'-sträh-dööh'. If by any great good-fortune a chance arrow reached one of the vulnerable points (eyes, mouth, etc.) the Wyandots were victorious; if no such good-fortune attended them in the unequal combat, a bundle of blood-stained, dripping Wyandot slain was carried from the fatal field on the back of the victorious and bloodthirsty Stone Giant for his supper.

The Wyandots sought the aid of the Little People in an effort to expel or conquer the Stone Giants. After a long contest they were divested of their stone coats, and so far reduced that they did not dare to openly attack the Wyandots again. But they lived in solitary places, and attacked hunters and travelers that slept at night in the woods. A favorite stratagem of theirs was to enter the dead body of some Wyandot that had died, in a solitary hut, alone. When his friends discovered him, or a belated traveler stopped at the hut, and slept, the Stone Giant animated the corpse, which stealthily slew and devoured the unfortunate sleepers. A "medicine" made of the bark of the deh'-täh-tseh-äh, or red-bud tree, was supposed to afford the Wyandots complete protection from such attacks of the conquered Stone Giants.

The deh'-tah-tseh-äh, or red-bud, was, in a sense, a sacred tree with the Wyandot people. Its name means "the fire tree" and when its scarlet bloom flames along the bleak hillsides in the early spring the Wyandots say that Tsëh'-stäh is returning again, and bringing with him the spring.

Why the Deer Drops His Horns Every Year.¹

In the war between the Twins of the Woman who fell down from heaven Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh invaded the land of his brother Tsëh'-stäh, who defeated him in a great battle. Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh said to one of his warriors:

"Bring me the swiftest animal in the forests of Tsëh'-stäh."

It was winter. The warrior brought him the Deer. The Deer was proud of his antlers. He held his head aloft. Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh said to him: "This day must I flee from the land of my brother; bear me away on your back."

All the Animals despised Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh, but they loved Tsëh'-stäh. The Deer said:

"See my great horns; they will hang in the branches of the trees as I run. The Hawk can carry you more swiftly than I."

Then did the rage of Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh rise. In his anger he answered the Deer:

"The Hawk would say, 'You are too heavy for my wings'; I will not call the Hawk."

Saying this, he snatched off the Deer's horns, and then said to him:

"Now flee with me to my own land, for my brother is near; he seeks my life. In my own land I will return to you your horns."

He compelled the Deer to do his will. But on the borders of his own land his brother was in such close pursuit that Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh failed to return the Deer his horns; he fled with them in his hands, but dropped them when he escaped. Tsëh'-stäh picked up the horns to return them to the Deer; but the Deer was humiliated. He did not come forth from the woods until late the next summer, after he had grown another pair of horns.

To this day, when that season arrives in which Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh broke away the horns of the Deer, the horns of every deer in the forests fall off. They are replaced by a pair of new ones as soon as they can grow, which is before the end of summer.

Tsëh'-stäh retained the horns of the Deer for his weapon in war. In the last battle he slew his wicked brother, Täh'-wëh-skäh'-rëh, with these same horns by him so cruelly torn from the head of the Deer.

alt. p. 410.

XI. THE ORIGIN OF THE PLEIADES.

(W. E. Connelly.)²

The pleiades have ever been favourite stars with mankind. And they were so with the Wyandots. They believed the constellation consists of six stars only. The Wyandots account for the origin of this beautiful star-group in the following myth:

¹ Pp. 107-108.

² Loc. cit., pp. 109-111.

The Sun and his wife, the Moon, had many children. Among these were six little girls, the daughters of a single birth. They were beautiful, kind, gentle, and loving children. They were great favourites in all the heavens, for they loved to go about and do good. In addition to their other accomplishments, they were the sweetest singers and the most tireless and graceful dancers in all the sky-land. They were called the Singing Maidens.

These sweet singers often looked down to this world. They had compassion on the Wyandots when game was scarce, when the corn was blasted, when famine threatened. One day they said to their father, the Sun:

"Let us go down to visit the Wyandots on the Great Island. We wish to sing and dance in that land."

The Sun said in reply, to his daughters, the Singing Maidens:

"I forbid your going down to the Great Island to sing for man. Remain in your own house. Be content with the heavens."

But when the Sun was gone to give light and heat to the Great Island, these Children of Light, the Singing Maidens, went abroad. They looked down on the Great Island.

They saw the Wyandot villages almost concealed by the beautiful woods on the banks of the lake. The glittering waves rolled in upon the pebble-strewn beach. The blue waters reflected the autumn-coloured woods. The gulls, geese, and swans floated at rest on the bosom of the lake, or soared lazily aloft. The great crane waded and fished among the water-lilies. Little children ran from the village down to the beaten shores. They were merry on the yellow sands. They swam and splashed in the brilliant waters. Mermaids were not more lovely than these simple children of the forest playing upon the shores of the lovely lake on the Great Island. This enchanting scene moved the Singing Maidens to ecstasy. They cried out:

"Here is a more beautiful land than can be found in the sky. Why should we be restrained from visiting it? Let us now go down and dance with those happy children, and sing among the beautiful trees on the shore of the bright lake."

Then the Singing Maidens came down to the shining sands on the lake-shore. They sang for the happy children, and danced upon the rippling waters. The children were charmed with the Maidens; they clapped their hands; they sang for joy; they ran and danced along the wooded banks.

The music of the Maidens and the sounds of the merry-making children floated through the great trees to the Wyandot villages. The people stood entranced. They said to each other: "What music is this? We have not heard before so lovely a song. Let us see who visits our children." And they went towards the lake-shore.

When they saw the Singing Maidens, the Black Cloud of the Little Turtle overshadowed the land. The voice of Heh-noh, the Grandfather of the Wyandots, rolled over the lake in thunder-tones. It was the Keeper of the Heavens come to carry up the truant Singing Maidens.

The Sun was very angry with his daughters for their disobedience. He said to them:

"I will give you a place so far away that you can never again visit the Great Island."

Then he placed them in a distant circuit so far away in the land of the sky that their bright and shining faces can scarcely be seen. They look with love down to the land of man where once they sang on the billowy lake and danced with happy children on the shining shore.

And the Indian mother says yet to her child in the calm and silent twilight "Be quiet and sit here at my feet; soon we shall hear the Singing Maidens as they dance among the leaves of the trees."

XII. THE STARS DEHNDEK AND MAHOHRAH.

(By W. E. Connelley.)¹

And so it seems that Dehn-dek of the Snake Clan married Oh-tseh-eh-stah of the Clan of the Big Turtle. The village in which they lived was on the lake-side. The blue hills were behind it, and clear streams dashed down their sides under the green pines and tumbled into the flashing lake. Here the otter swam and the beaver built his house. Into their lodge in this village came a daughter who became very wise before her eighth year—wiser than all the Oo-keh's of that time. The beasts loved her. The snakes came when she called them. The fish rolled in the shining waves at the sound of her voice. The trees bowed their heads and talked to her with their leaves. The streams smiled when she looked into their dark depths, and the small streams sang to her as she played about their banks. Her name was Mah-oh-rah—she who sees another (when she looks into the water).

A deep sickness fell upon Mah-oh-rah. The medicine of the Hooh'-keh cured her not, and that of the Oo'-keh from afar had no healing for Mah-oh-rah. They sang in the lodge, and said to Dehn-dek and Oh-tseh-eh-stah:

'She arises from the ground!
In a far land Mah-oh-rah walks before us!
She comes to the great city and stands before its gates!
Our grandmother looks upon her! She who fell down from Heaven,
with Heh-non lies upon her couch and beholds Mah-oh-rah!
She goes to the Land of the Little People; she goes through the old
city in which our fathers were saved.
Get thee down in haste and bring her again to her own people.'

¹ Ontario Archaeological Report, 1905, Toronto (Part of Appendix to the Report of the Minister of Education, Ontario), pp. 68-70; by W. E. Connelley.

"Told me by George Wright. Also told me by others of the tribe of Wyandots. The form here used is the first draft made by me after hearing the stories. It is, however, nearly that used by Wright. He was a fine thinker, and a poet by instinct, though entirely uncultured. He could read English, and could write, but his reading was very limited. He secured his stories from the old Wyandots in Canada and Ohio. He believed them implicitly, and, while he had in some degree accepted Christianity he firmly expected to go through the great cave in the North to the Land of the Little People."—W. E. Connelley.

² It seems that a considerable part of the story, which is not at all Indian-like, has been invented.

Dehn-dek was a mighty warrior. Enemies fled from the battle when he followed the war path. Skilled was he with the bow and strong with the war-club. And he could run more swiftly than the deer of the forest. The way was long from his village to the city—to the great yooch-wah-tah-yoh in which dwells our grandmother. But Dehn-dek thought only of his daughter and the words of the Hooch'-keh's in his village. He came to the hills which stand above the city, and a man stood in the way to guide him beneath the huge stones which move to and fro and crash together with a mighty shock to crush the pilgrim entering the forbidden city. When the roof above him was descending to fasten him down forever, he saw the woman who fell down from heaven lying upon her couch by the gate through which he had passed. Bear-skins covered it, and smoke arose about it from the fire on the floor. And there blazed the torches given by Hehnoh, or grandfather; their flames leaped and curled along the rocky vault. Thick clouds rolled down the depths of the city, and dark waters roared and surged beneath the rocky floor. Red glowed the lights on the dark clouds and black vapours. Standing by her side were the three deer who bore Tseh-seh-howh-hoohngk over the whole earth when he went forth to make the world live again. They arched their necks, they tossed their proud heads, they shook their strong horns. They smote the stony floor with impatient feet. Behind them was the sledge which carried our father, lashed to their necks with many a thong.

When he drew near, Dehn-dek said to our grandmother:

'Give again into my arms the daughter gone now to the Land of the Little People!

She stood here in this hour, but is gone on the lonely way to that land.

Your children mourn for her; they cut themselves for grief!
Let her return with me to our own land.'

Then the woman who fell down from Heaven said to Dehn-dek:

'Mah-oh-rah stood indeed before me!

She was pale and faint from the journey!

The Hooch-keh's drew her back by their power!

She went out from my presence to return to her own people.

Two torches she bore aloft to make clear the way!'

Then was the roof rent with a great sound, and Dehn-dek saw Mah-oh-rah passing into the sky along the way of beautiful colours. She was as bright as the torches in her hands. Now did the grief of Dehn-dek overbear him. He thought only of his daughter and her loss to the village in the woods by the lake-side where his people mourned for her. He sat in the sledge, in sledge of our father, did he sit down. He seized the thong which guides the deer. They fled with him swifter than lightning, to come up with Mah-oh-rah. As they rolled over the beautiful way, harsh thunder groaned above the great island. And Dehn-dek cried aloud to his daughter to return to him to

go again to her people—in his grief did he cry out. But she turned not from her course.

Then did our grandmother say:

‘They go into the sky!
From that land are we cast down forever!
And another land is made for us.
Let them be made stars.
Now shall they be stars to shine forever there.
And their journey shall never cease!’

And from that hour the three stags are the belt of Orion, driven yet in the cold nights of the northern winter by Dehn-dek in the sledge burning behind them, in pursuit of the daughter, we may yet see with her torches, forming the sword of Orion. Sometimes they go far away in the heavens; but they are again seen driving up the eastern sky in the old race. And this they will ever do till the Wyandots go to the land of the little people. Then shall he bring her to that land.

And when the warrior gazes there from the frozen woods or the woman from the icy streams by the village, they hear the thunder of the three stags in the fierce wind which shakes down the dark forests. And they say that Dehn-dek is riding the fiery stags down the sky to bring again to her own people his daughter Mah-oh-rah.¹

(Below I give the form of the stags and sledge, as pointed out to me.)

First form:

Sledge bearing* Dehn-dek.

* stags

Second form:

Sledge bearing* Dehn-dek.

* stags

* stag.

¹ The last two paragraphs are not in the language of the Indians, for they know no such name as Orion. I have only preserved the Indian idea in these paragraphs. I have not made a draft of this part of the legend because I was hoping to find the Indian names of the stags; in this, however, I have not been successful. Wright called the stars Dehn-dek and Mah-oh-rah. The Wyandots always pointed out the stars when telling me the story. Some versions say there were four stags to the sledge.—W. E. Connelley.

XIII. WHY THE AUTUMNAL FORESTS ARE MANY-COLOURED.¹(By *W. E. Connelley*).²

The Animals were angry with the Deer for deserting them and forsaking the Great Council to go into the sky. They believed that all should have gone up together.

The Bear was the second animal to go into the sky by way of the beautiful pathway of burning colours laid down by the Rainbow. When the Bear had come up, he said to the Deer:

"Why did you leave us to come into the sky, the land of the Little Turtle? Why did you desert the Great Council? Why did you not wait until all could come with you?"

The Deer said:

"None but the Wolf may question why I came. I will slay you for your impertinence."

Then the Deer arched his neck; he poised his antlered head; the hair stood erect along his back; his eyes blazed with the fires of a fury which burned within him.

The Bear was not afraid. He stood up. His claws were very strong. His hoarse growls sounded along the sky.

The battle of the Deer and the Bear shook the heavens. The Animals looked up from the Great Island. They directed the Wolf to go up to the sky and stop the conflict.

The Wolf made the Deer desist. But the blood of the Bear dripped from the antlers of the Deer as he ran away. It fell down upon the leaves of the trees on the Great Island. Every year when autumn paints the foliage of the land such beautiful colours the Wyandots say it is but the blood of the Bear again thrown down from heaven.³

¹ About the origin of the many-coloured leaves in the autumn, the following statements were obtained by the author (C. M. B.) from Jenny Zane (married Waters), a half-breed Wyandot formerly of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma: "I have heard that the leaves turn red in the autumn for this reason: Long ago wounded animals were running through the woods, and blood dripped from their wounds on the leaves, which made them red. I also heard that it was due to the paint having come off the spirits of some warriors who sat down on the leaves to rest. The paint came off as the spirit was too heavy." About the origin of Indian summer, Mrs. Waters remembered the following explanation: "It is caused by the homesick Indian spirits returning from the happy hunting grounds to their former homes in the autumn, when the moon (is full?). The smoke often seen in the air, at that time, is caused by their camp fires. Although we cannot actually see their fires, we can perceive the haze and the smoke."

² W. E. Connelley, loc. cit., pp. 102, 103.

³ The beauties of the autumn foliage are also accounted for in another and different story, in which it is said that the Trees wept tears of blood at the loss of the Animals when they went into the sky to live permanently. This was in the autumn. At that season of the year, the Trees take on these beautiful colours in memory of that season of deep grief when they wept in an agony of bloody tears—W. E. Connelley.

XIV. THUNDER.

(By Father Brébeuf, S.J.)¹

The drought was very great everywhere, but particularly so in our village and its neighbourhood. I was indeed astonished, sometimes, to see the air heavily laden with clouds elsewhere, and to hear the thunders roaring; while in our neighbourhood, on the contrary, the Sky was clear, very bright and very hot. It seemed even that the clouds separated as they approached our region. That same tool of the devil that I have mentioned before, Te-horenhaegnon, having been entreated to make rain, replied that he could not make it; and that the thunder, which they pretend is a bird, was afraid of the Cross that was in front of the Frenchmen's house, and that the red colour with which it was painted was like a fire burning and flaming, which divided the clouds in two when they passed above it.²

The Captains of the village, having heard these stories, sent for me and said . . . "Thou dost not wish to be the cause of our death? besides, it is of as much importance to thee as to us. We are of the opinion that thou shouldst take down that Cross, and hide it a while in thy cabin, or even in the lake, so that the thunder and the clouds may not see it, and no longer fear it; and then after the harvest thou mayest set it up again."

XV. THE WAMPUM BIRD.

(By W. E. Connelley)³

The villages of the Wyandots stood about a beautiful lake. One day a maiden went from the village to a marsh to get some cranberries. When she came to the marsh where the cranberries were growing she saw a great bird,

¹ *The Jesuit Relations*, 1636, vol. X, pp. 43, 45; (editorial translation).

² [Note in *The Jesuit Relations*, added under the editorship of Thwaites, p. 319:] The myth of the Thunder-bird was, in some form or other, common to all North American tribes, from Mexico to Hudson bay, and from the St. Lawrence to Bering strait; and it is still current among most of the northern, and western tribes. They explain the vivid and (to them) mysterious and terrible phenomena of the thunderstorm as proceeding from an immense bird, so large that its shadow darkens the heavens; the thunder is the sound made by flapping its wings, the lightning is the flashing or the winking of its eyes, and the deadly and invisible thunderbolts are arrows sent forth by the bird against its enemies. The Indians greatly dread this imaginary bird, often addressing prayers to it during a thunder-storm; and they have many traditions and superstitions regarding it. The tribes about Puget sound and in Alaska perform the "black tamahnous," or "thunder-bird ceremony"—a rite often savage and bloody. Many tribes regarded the thunder-bird as the Creator of the world, to which it brought fire from heaven; and Dakota legends relate the unceasing strife between Unktehe, the god of waters, and Waukeon, the thunder-bird. For details of this myth, see Bell's "The Thunder-Bird," and Chamberlain's "Thunder-Bird among the Algonkians," in *Amer. Anthropologist*, Vol. II, pp. 329-336; Vol. III, pp. 51-54. Cf. the legend of the Weendigoes, in Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, Vol. II, pp. 114-116; and that of the "sacred pole" of the Omahas, *Amer. Antiquarian*, Vol. XVII, pp. 265-268; also Mrs. Eastman's *Dahcotah*; or, *Legends of the Sioux* (N.Y., 1849), pp. 212-242.

³ In the *Ontario Archaeological Report*, Toronto, 1899-1900, pp. 122-123, "The Wyandots."

half a tree tall, fierce and of frightful mien. This bird was feeding upon the cranberries of the marsh, and seemed incapable of rising to fly away.

The maiden was greatly frightened at what she believed to be a hook-keh bird. She ran to the village and told the chief about the strange bird she had seen in the cranberry marsh. The Wolf sounded the great shell and the council was immediately assembled. Fear was in all the village.

The council caused medicine to be made. It was found that this fierce bird in the marsh where the cranberries grew was the wampum bird, the first of its kind ever seen in this lower world. It was determined that the bird must be killed and the wampum obtained.

All the warriors went with the chief to slay the wampum bird. It was devouring the cranberries. So desperate and fierce was it that the warriors could not approach it with their clubs. The chief said to the warriors: "He that kills the wampum bird with an arrow shall have my daughter to wife."

The maiden, the chief's daughter, was much desired by the warriors. They shot their arrows at the wampum bird. When an arrow struck the wampum bird it stood up its full height and shook off all the wampum with which it was covered. This precious substance fell in showers like rain all about the warriors. In an instant the bird was again covered with wampum which was its only plumage. The purple wampum covered its wings; on the remainder of its body was the white wampum.

Not a bow shot by the warriors could kill the wampum bird. While they were shooting, a youth came through the woods to where they stood. He was of a strange people. The warriors wished to kill and scalp him. The chief permitted him to shoot at the wampum bird. He cut a slender willow from the marsh. From this he fashioned an arrow which he shot. None of the warriors saw the arrow leave the bow of the young man, nor did they see it strike, but the wampum bird was dead in an instant. The arrow was found piercing its head through the eyes. The Wyandots secured more wampum than could be placed in the largest lodge in their village.

The warriors carried the youth to their village. They still wished to kill and scalp him, for they had not been able to kill the wampum bird. The chief said to the young man: "My son tell me from whence you came." He replied that he was a Delaware. He said his people lived in a village which was not far away.

The council sent the young man to bring his people to a great council which it appointed. At this great council the Wyandots recognized the Delawares as their nephews. A treaty was made which has not been broken to this day. The young man was given to the Wyandots and by them adopted. He was given the wife he earned by killing the wampum bird.

This treaty was confirmed between the parties to it by giving back and forth strings of the wampum secured from the wampum bird slain by the young man. Since that day no treaty has been concluded by the Wyandots without the passing of the wampum belt.

The Wyandots and their nephews the Delawares, lived side by side a long time. Then they came from the north land to live on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

XVI. THE ORIGIN OF THE DELAWARES.

(By W. E. Connelley.)¹

(According to a Wyandot tradition.)

The Wyandot calls the Delaware his nephew and the Delaware calls the Wyandot his uncle. The Wyandot had as a tribe no other nephew than the Delaware, and the Delaware had no other uncle than the Wyandot. How this relationship came to be recognized can perhaps never be ascertained. The Wyandot name for the Delaware does not explain it, and has no reference to it in its interpretation. This name is dooh-seh-ah-neh, while the Wyandot word for nephew is heh-wah-tah.

The terms were evidently the result or incident of some treaty between the tribes, and probably of considerable antiquity, although the absence of any reference to this relationship in the Wyandot name of the Delawares would seem to indicate that it was of modern origin. The Wyandots have the following myths (possibly legends) upon this subject. As they relate also to the origin of wampum it may finally be determined that the relationship is of long standing. In relating the story the Wyandots always commenced—"Long before the Wyandots came to the country where Quebec and Montreal now stand." The myths are as follows:

"It came about in this way. The young woman who was to become the mother of the future head chief of the Wyandots belonged to the Big Turtle clan. She was comely and well favoured. She was headstrong and rebellious. Her father selected from a proper clan a young man to become her husband. In this selection reference was had to the wishes of the young woman, for it was the custom to select an older man for a girl of her age. More from the perversity of her disposition than from her real feeling she scorned and refused the man she had caused to be selected. She went away with another Wyandot and lived in his lodge.

This action of the young woman enraged her family and her clan as well as the tribe. Her clan sought to slay her. She and her husband were compelled to flee far away from their tribe to escape death. The office of head chief was taken from the Big Turtle clan and made hereditary in the Deer clan.

The young woman and her husband lived in a strange land. They had many sons and daughters. These married the people of the land in which they were born. In the course of time the descendants of this Wyandot girl and her husband formed a great people. In their migrations they encamped near the land of the Wyandots. The Wyandots had no recognition for them but did not make war upon them.

¹ In the *Ontario Archaeological Report*, Toronto, 1899-1900, pp. 121-122, "The Wyandots."

XVII. HOW THE WYANDOTS OBTAINED THE TOBACCO PLANT.

(By *W. E. Connelley*.)¹

The village stood by the lake. Clear streams flowed into the lake from the hills. On the hills were large trees. The Hawk Clan lived in this village. In the village lived an old man of the Bear Clan. He had a young wife of the Hawk Clan. Two daughters were born to them. When she was twelve years old the first daughter died. Much grief did her death bring to the Old Man and his young wife. When the second daughter reached the age of twelve, she, too, was seized with a fatal sickness, and soon died, also. And the mother soon died of grief. The Old Man was left alone in the lodge, in deep sorrow. But he went about to do good. He was held in much esteem by all the village of the Hawk people.

One day when the old Man, and others of the village, were standing by the lake, a large flock of immense Hawks, half-a-tree tall, came flying over the blue hills, to the lake. They wheeled and circled about the lake and its shores. One of their number fell to the ground. It lay on the lake-shore, with its wings thrown above its back like a dove shot with an arrow. The other Hawks flew about for a short time. They screamed and called to each other. Then they flew back over the blue hills from whence they came.

The visit of the Great Hawks to the lake terrified the people in the village. And those standing on the bank of the lake by the Old Man ran about and called aloud, from fright. The Old Man was not frightened by the Great Hawks. He said, "I will go and see the stricken Hawk that fell down." The people said, "Do not go to the Hawk." But the Old Man replied, "I am old. My life is almost done. The heavens are black. I am full of sorrow. I am alone. It can matter little if I die. And I am not afraid of death. I will see the stricken Hawk."

He went on. The way grew dark. But the Hawk lying on the ground remained before him. As he advanced a great flame swept down and consumed the Hawk. When he came to where it had lain, ashes were all about. Lying in these was a living coal of fire in which he saw his first-born daughter. He stooped to look. He saw it was indeed his daughter. He took her up. She spoke to him. Then the other people of the village came also. The child spoke to them. She said, "I have returned with a precious gift for the Wyandots. I am sent with it to my own clan, the Hawk people."

Then she opened her hands. They were full of very small seeds. These she planted in the ashes of the fire from which she had risen. Soon a large field of Tobacco grew from the little seeds.

The girl lived with her people. She taught them how to cultivate and cure the Tobacco. She taught them to make offerings of it, and to smoke it in pipes.

And the Wyandots were thus more fortunate than any other people. They alone had Tobacco.²

¹ *Wyandot Folk-Lore*, pp. 96-98.² There are other forms of this myth—W. E. Connelley.

XVIII. ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE FORMULÆ.

(By W. E. Connelley.)¹

A Wyandot and his wife were once going from one village of the tribe to another. When they had ascended the high mountain below which was the lake, they were passing through a deep forest of dark pines. Here they were suddenly surrounded by a great company of Bears, who came tumbling down into the path or trail from the hillside above. There was no opportunity of escape, and as the Bears did not offer to molest them, the man and his wife came to some reassurance. Not only did the company of Bears show no inclination to injure the Wyandots, but to their extreme astonishment the largest Bear, who seemed to be the leader of the company, stood erect on his hinder legs, and said to them:

"You must go with us to our home in the Red Mountains. There you must both remain until it is our pleasure to dismiss you."

The man and his wife supposed that they had fallen into the hands of some very cunning and dangerous *hōōh'kēhs* who had assumed the form of the bear. They were much frightened. But as resistance would have caused them to be instantly torn in pieces, they went quietly enough in company with the Bears. These proved no bad companions of the road, either. I suppose no more jolly company of Bears ever lived anywhere, either in the Red Range or out of it. They frolicked by the way, and were continually playing pranks upon each other. They danced in the openings. They tumbled in the dry leaves. They cuffed each other. They turned summersaults on the stretches of soft moss. They rolled down the steep hillsides which came in their way. They made the forests ring with their shouts, their hoarse growls, and their laughter. Indeed, so much like a company of young Wyandots about the village did these Bears demean themselves that the man lost his fear, threw aside his restraint, and joined them in their sports. He received many a rough tumble in the wrestling, many a sound cuff in the boxing, many a mishap in the tumbling. But he took these with such grace and good-humor that it was soon clear that he had gained a high place in the estimation of his captors.

As night was coming on, the Red range came in sight. Then the Bears set up a great cry of satisfaction. When they came into the midst of the Red hills they said to the man and his wife:

"You are now in the Red Mountains. These are sacred to the Bears. They are dyed with the blood of our grandfather. A fine cave with plenty of dry leaves in it will be given you for a home. The finest nuts in the world grow here on every side; take them for food. Be content here, for it is impossible for you to go away."

A fine cleft in the rocks was then shown them; they were compelled to live in it. They gathered nuts for food. But they desired to return to their own home in the village of the Wyandots. One day the man said they must try

¹ *Wyandot Folk-Lore*, pp. 103-107.

to escape. They fled along the Red hills. They were pursued and quickly overtaken by a troop of the Bears. "See," said they, "he runs away from those who give him a house and food. He deserves death." And seizing him, they threw him down from a great height. He was sorely bruised, and all his bones were broken. They took him up and carried him back to the cave given him for a home.

Upon their arrival at the cave the Bears said to the wife that she must gather certain leaves, roots, and barks, which they named to her. This she did, and the Bears told her in what manner to compound them. The sick man was given some of this "medicine," and immediately he was restored to his former good health.

The next day he again attempted to escape from the Red range. The pursuing Bears came up with him in his flight. They said: "See, he again tries to run away from those who give him a home and meat. He deserves no less than death by our claws." And with that they fell upon him and nearly rent him in pieces with their claws. They bore him to the cave given him for a home. Here the wife was once more directed to gather leaves, roots, and the barks of trees. She was shown how to make "medicine" of them. This she applied to her husband's wounds as directed by the Bears. And he was at once made whole again.

In this manner he was afflicted with many kinds of diseases and injury, and in like manner restored to health. One day the Bears said to him:

"We are friends to our brethren the Wyandots. We desire to show them the way to cure themselves when sick. We have afflicted you and taught your wife how to cure you. She knows how to make all the 'medicine.' Carry this knowledge back to your people. Tell them to honour the bones of the bears slain for food, and without fail to keep in use all the names in the list belonging to the Bear Clan. Do not suffer any of them to be 'thrown away' or to die from disuse."

After this speech the company of Bears came about them, and they were conducted out of the beautiful Red range in the same manner in which they were conducted into it. They came to the village of the Wyandots, and made known to them what had befallen them in the Red Mountain range, and delivered the message sent by the good Bears that dwelt therein. And the formule brought back by the woman never failed to cure the Wyandots of their ills.

XIX. JOURNEY TO THE WORLD OF SOULS.

(*Father Brébeuf, S.J.*)¹

A Savage having lost one of his sisters, whom he loved above all the rest, and having wept for some time after her death, resolved to seek her, in whatever part of the world she might be; and he travelled twelve days toward the setting Sun, where he had learned the Village of souls was, without eating or

¹ *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. X, 1636, pp. 149, 151, 153; (editorial translation).

drinking. At the end of this time, his sister appeared to him in the night, with a dish of meal cooked in water, after the fashion of the country, which she gave to him, and disappeared at the moment he wished to put his hand on her and stop her. He went on, and journeyed three whole months, hoping always to succeed in claiming her. During all this time she never failed to show herself every day and to render him the same service that she had at first—increasing in this way his desire, without giving it any other consolation than the little nourishment which she brought him. The three months expired; he came to a river, which presented great difficulty to him at first, for it was very rapid and did not appear fordable. There were, indeed, some fallen trees thrown across it; but this bridge was so shaky that he did not dare to trust himself to it. What should he do? There was on the other side a piece of cleared land, which made him think there must be some inhabitants near. In fact, after looking in all directions he perceived, on the outskirts of the wood, a little Cabin. He calls several times. A man appears and shuts himself up immediately in his Cabin; this gives him great joy, and he resolves to cross. Having successfully accomplished this, he goes straightway to this cabin, but finds the door closed; he calls, he beats on the door. He is told to wait, and first to pass in his arm, if he wishes to enter; the other one is much astonished to see a living body. He opens to him, and asks him where he was going and what his purpose was, as this country was only for souls. "I know that well," says this Adventurer, "and that is why I came here to seek the soul of my sister." "Oh indeed," replies the other one, "well and good; come, take courage, you will be presently in the Village of souls, where you will find what you desire. All the souls are now gathered in a Cabin, where they are dancing to heal Aataentsic, who is sick. Don't be afraid to enter; stay, there is a pumpkin, you can put into it the soul of your sister." He takes it, and at the same time bids good-bye to his host, very glad of so fortunate a meeting. On his departure, he asks the host his name. "Be satisfied," says the other, "that I am he who keeps the brains of the dead." So he goes away and reaches the Village of souls. He enters the Cabin of Aataentsic, where he finds that they are indeed dancing for the sake of her health; but he cannot yet see the soul of his sister, for the souls were so startled at the sight of the man that they vanished in a moment, so that he remained all day the master of the Cabin. In the evening, as he was seated by the fire, they returned; but they showed themselves at first only at a distance. Approaching slowly, they began again to dance; he recognized his sister amid the troop, he endeavoured even to seize her, but she fled from him. He withdrew some distance, and at last chose his time so well that she could not escape him. Nevertheless, he made certain of his prey only by securing her well; for he had to struggle against her all night, and in the contest she grew so little that he put her without difficulty into the pumpkin. Having corked her in well, he immediately returns by way of the house of his host, who gives him his sister's brains in another pumpkin, and instructs him in all he must do to resuscitate her. "When thou reachest home," he says to him, "go to the cemetery, take the body of thy sister, bear it to thy cabin, and make a feast. When all thy guests are assembled

carry it on thy shoulders, and take a walk through the cabin holding the two pumpkins in thy hands; thou wilt no sooner have resumed thy place than thy sister will come to life again, provided thou givest orders that all keep their eyes lowered, and that no one shall look at what thou art doing, else everything will go wrong." Soon the man returns to his village; he takes the body of his sister, makes a feast, carries out, in due order, all the directions given him, and indeed, he already felt motion in the half-decayed corpse; but, when he was two or three steps from his place, one curious person raised his eyes; at that moment the soul escaped, and there remained to him only the corpse in his arms, which he was constrained to bear to the tomb whence he had taken it.¹

XX. THE VILLAGE OF SOULS.

(*Father Brébeuf, S.J.*)²

Here is another of their fables. A young man of the highest standing among them, being ill, after much entreaty finally answered that his dream showed a bow rolled in bark; that if any one wanted to go with him as an escort, there was but one man on earth who had one of the sort. A company of resolute men put themselves on the road with him; but at the end of ten days there remained to him only six companions, the rest turning back on account of the hunger which pressed them. The six go with him many a day's journey, and in following the tracks of a little black beast, come upon the Cabin of their man, who warns them not to partake of what a woman who was to be present should offer them for the first time. Having obeyed him, and having upset the dishes upon the ground, they perceived it was only venomous reptiles she had presented to them. Having refreshed themselves with the second course, it was a question of bending the rolled bow, which not one of them succeeded in doing, except the young man in whose behalf the journey had been undertaken. He received it as a gift from his host, who invited him to take a sweat with him, and, upon emerging from the sweat-box, metamorphosed one of his companions into a Pine tree. From there they advanced to the Village of souls, whence only three returned alive, and all frightened, to the house of their host; he encouraged them to return home with the help of a little meal, such as the souls eat, and which sustains the body wonderfully. He told them, moreover, that they were going to pass through woods where Deer, Bears, and Moose were as com-

¹ [Note in *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. X, p. 324]: This legend, in one form or another, was current among all the Algonkin nations. Moore's ballad, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," preserves in outline the version of the Powhatans or some kindred tribe in Virginia. The version found among the Ottawas in Ontario is known by the name of "The White Stone Canoe"; and the Manitoba Algonkins held it in remembrance in the beautiful legend of "Qu'-Appelle?" ("Who calls?").—See Maclean's "Indians; their Manners and Customs" (Toronto, 1889), p. 179. The occurrence of this legend among the Hurons, in the form given by Brébeuf in the text, suggests their long residence near the Algonkins.—A. F. Hunter.

² *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. X, 1636, pp. 153, 155; (editorial translation).

mon as the leaves on the trees; but that, being provided with so marvelous a bow, they had nothing to fear, that they would be very successful in the chase. Behold them returned to their Village, with every one around them rejoicing, and learning their different adventures.

(B) ORIGIN MYTHS OF SUPERNATURAL POWER AND PROTECTION.

XXI. THE THUNDERERS, THEIR PROTÉGÉ, AND THE PORCUPINE.

(By H. Hale.)¹

From the earliest period the Wyandots and the Cherokees have been at war. The war was carried on sometimes by large expeditions, sometimes by parties of two or three adventurers, who would penetrate into the enemy's country, and return proud of having slain a man. On one occasion, in the ancient time, three Wyandot warriors set out on such an expedition. When they were far distant from their own land, one of them had the misfortune to break his leg. By the Indian law it became the duty of the others to convey their injured comrade back to his home. They formed a rude litter, and, laying him upon it, bore him for some distance. At length they came to a ridge of mountains. The way was hard, and the exertion severe. To rest themselves they placed their burden on the ground, and, withdrawing to a little distance, took evil counsel together. There was a deep hole or pit, opening in the side of the mountain, not far from the place where they were sitting. Returning to the litter, they took up their helpless comrade, carried him near the brink of the pit, and suddenly hurled him in. Then they set off rapidly for their own country. When they arrived they reported that he had died of wounds received in fight. Great was the grief of his mother, a widow, whose only son and support he had been. To soothe her feelings they told her that her son had not fallen into the enemy's hands. They had rescued him, they said, from that fate, had carefully tended him in his last hours and had given his remains a becoming burial.

They little imagined that he was still alive. When he was thrown down by his treacherous comrades, he lay for a time insensible at the bottom of the pit. When he recovered his senses, he observed an old grey-headed man seated near him, crouching in a cavity on one side of the pit. "Ah, my son," said the old man, "what have your friends done to you?" "They have thrown me here to die, I suppose," he replied, with true Indian stoicism. "You shall not die," said the old man, "if you will promise to do what I require of you in return for

¹ *Journ. Amer. Folk-Lore*, Vol. IV, No. XV, "Huron Folk-Lore," pp. 289-293.

The story of "The Thunderers," as told by my esteemed Wyandot friend and instructor Chief Joseph White (Mandarong), and carefully translated and explained by Mrs. White The narrative in its present shape, must be regarded as a comparatively modern composition, or at least recension, due to some native mythologist of much imaginative genius, who lived within the last two centuries.—H. Hale.

saving you." "What is that?" said the youth. "Only that when you recover you will remain here and hunt for me and bring me the game you kill." The young warrior readily promised, and the old man applied herbs to his wound, and attended him skilfully until he recovered. This happened in the autumn. All through the winter the youth hunted for the old man, who told him that when any game was killed which was too large for one man to carry, he would come and help to convey it to the pit in which they continued to reside.

When the spring arrived, bringing melting snows and frequent showers, the youth continued his pursuit of the game, though with more difficulty. One day he encountered an enormous bear, which he was lucky enough to kill. As he stooped to feel its fatness and judge of its weight, he heard a murmur of voices behind him. He had not imagined that any human beings would find their way to that lonely region at that time of the year. Astonished, he turned and saw three men, or figures resembling men, clad in strange, cloud-like garments, standing near him. "Who are you?" he asked. In reply they informed him that they were the Thunder (*Hinō*, in English orthography, "Henoh"). They told him that their mission was to keep the earth and everything upon it in good order for the benefit of the human race. If there was a drought, it was their duty to bring rain. If there were serpents or other noxious creatures, they were commissioned to destroy them; and in short, they were to do away with everything that was injurious to mankind. They told him that their present object was to destroy the old man to whom he had bound himself, and who, as they would show him, was a very different sort of being from what he pretended to be. For this they required his aid. If he would assist them he would do a good act, and they would convey him back to his home, where he would see his mother and be able to take care of her.

This warning and these assurances overcame any reluctance the young man might have felt to sacrifice his seeming friend. He went to him and told him that he had killed a bear, and needed his help to bring it home. The old man was anxious and uneasy. He bade the youth examine the sky carefully, and see if there were the smallest speck of cloud in any quarter. The young man replied that the sky was perfectly clear. The old man then came out of the hollow, and followed the young hunter, urging him constantly to make haste, and looking upward with great anxiety. When they reached the bear, they cut it up hurriedly with their knives, and the old man directed the youth to place it all on his shoulders. The youth complied, though much astonished at his companion's strength. The old man set off hastily for the pit, but just then a cloud appeared, and the thunder rumbled in the distance. The old man threw down his load, and started to run. The thunder sounded nearer, and the old man assumed his proper form of an enormous porcupine, which fled through the bushes, discharging its quills, like arrows, backward as it ran (as the Indians believe to be the habit of this animal). But the Thunders followed him with burst upon burst, and finally a bolt struck the huge animal, which fell lifeless into its den.

Then the Thunderers said to the young man, "Now we have done our work here, and will take you to your home and your mother, who is grieving for you all the time." They gave him a dress like that which they wore, a cloudlike robe, having wings on the shoulders, and told him how these were to be moved. Then he rose in the air, and soon found himself in his mother's cornfield. It was night. He went to her cabin, and drew aside the mat which covered the opening. The widow started up and gazed at him in the moonlight with terror, thinking that she saw her son's apparition. He guessed her thoughts, "Do not be alarmed, mother," he said, "it is no ghost. It is your son, come back to take care of you." As may be supposed the poor woman was overjoyed, and welcomed her long-lost son with delight. He remained with her, fulfilling his duties as a son. What was done to his treacherous comrades is not recorded. They were too insignificant to be further noticed in the story, which now assumes a more decided mythological character.

When the Thunderers bade farewell to the young man they said to him, "We will leave the cloud-dress with you. Every spring, when we return, you can put it on, and fly with us, to be witness to what we do for the good of men." They told him that the great deity, Hamendiju, had given them this authority and commission to watch over the people and see that no harm came to them. Accordingly the youth hid the dress in the woods, that no one might see it, and waited until spring. Then the Thunderers returned, and he resumed the robe, and floated with them in the clouds over the earth. As they passed above the mountain he became thirsty, and, seeing below him a pool, he descended to drink of it. When he rejoined his companions, they looked at him and saw the water with which his lips were moist had caused them to shine, as though smeared with oil. "Where have you been drinking?" they asked eagerly: "In yonder pool," he answered, pointing to where it lay still in sight. They said, "There is something in that pool which we must destroy. We have sought it for years, and now you have happily found it for us." Then they cast a mighty thunderbolt into the pool, which presently became dry. At the bottom of it, blasted by the thunder, was an immense grub, of the kind which destroys the corn and beans and other products of the field and garden; but this was a vast creature ("as big as a house," said the chief), the spiritual head, patron, and exemplar of all grubs.

After accompanying his spirit friends to some distance, and seeing more of their good deeds of the like sort, the youth returned home and told his people that the Thunder was their divine protector, and narrated the proofs which he had witnessed of this benignant character. Thence originated the honour in which the Thunder is held among the Indians. The Wyandots were accustomed to call *Himo'* their grandfather (tsutaa). I asked how it was that the god had appeared as three men. The chief said that only three thunder-spirits were required on this occasion, but there were many of them. When thunder is heard to roll from many parts of the heavens, it is because there are many of the Thunderers at work. They are all called *Himö'*, who may (for the Wyandots rarely use the plural of nouns) be regarded as one god or many—the Thunderer or the Thunderers.

The chief added that the young man learned from his divine friends the secret of rain-making, which he communicated to two persons in each tribe. They were bound to strict secrecy, and possessed, the chief affirmed, the undoubted art of making rain. He had often known them to accomplish this feat. He himself had become partly possessed of this secret, and had been able in former days to bring rain. Of late years, in obedience to the injunctions of the church, he had forbore to exert this power. I asked him if he had any objection to disclose the secret. His wife urged him to tell; but on consideration he said that he would rather not. He had received it in confidence; the church had forbidden the practice of the art; and he thought it best that the knowledge of it should perish. It was evident that he entertained the most entire faith in the power of this charm, whatever it might be.

XXII. THE UKIS AND THE ORIGIN OF MEDICINE FEASTS.

(*Father Brébeuf, S.J.*)¹

They ascribe their [the feasts] origin to a certain meeting of Wolves and of the Owl, in which that nocturnal creature predicted for them the coming of Ontarraoura, a beast allied to the Lion, by its tail. This Ontarraoura resuscitated, they say, I know not what good Hunter, a firm friend of the Wolves, in the midst of a great feast.² From this they conclude that feasts must be capable of healing the sick, since they even restore life to the dead.

XXIII. THE UKIS, THE MASKS, AND MEDICINES.

(*By Father F. J. LeMercier.*)³

[The story or tale has it that a blind man (a sorcerer, almost blind, named Sondacouané), having dreamed that it was necessary for him to fast six days,

¹ *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. X, 1636, p. 177; (editorial translation).

² [Editorial note, p. 325:] This passage is obscure in meaning—as regards both the French phrase, *qui retire au Lyon par la queue*, and the myth related of the origin of the Hurons. J. N. B. Hewitt explains it as follows: "It is probable that Brébeuf here refers to a legend (imperfectly comprehended by him) that is found to this day, in several versions, among the tribes of the Six Nations—which may be briefly stated thus: It was the invariable custom of a certain noted hunter to sacrifice to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the forest the first game animal he might kill, in every hunting expedition. This was very acceptable to the fowls and the beasts. One day it came to pass that the enemies of the hunter's people made an incursion, and killed, among many others, this famous hunter. His death becoming known to the birds and beasts of prey, they greatly mourned his loss; and at a grand council held by them their chiefs resolved to restore their friend to life. The legend relates that their purpose was accomplished at a great feast. The several versions of the legend differ as to the chief actors in this alleged resuscitation of a human being; but they all agree that it was the chiefs of the beasts and birds of prey who took part in the affair. In the story here told by Brébeuf, the panther, the wolf, and the owl are the conspicuous figures. The sovereign remedy used on this occasion was, chiefly through the instrumentality of the wolves, bestowed by the assembly on man, as a gift, and is still in great repute and use among the Iroquois; it is called *Kanü'ta'*. It cures wounds and internal injuries. It is difficult to identify the animal called Ontarraoura. The Hurons probably had, like the Iroquois, several versions of this legend, in which different animals were given pre-eminence."

³ *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. XIII, 1637, pp. 227, 229, 231; (editorial translation).

resolved to fast seven; and, with this in view, he had an apartment partitioned off in one end of the cabin, whither he retired alone, . . . and fasted.

"At the end of a few days the demons began to appear to him, merely passing around the fireplace without doing anything else, until the sixth day, when they spoke to him and said: 'Tsondacouané, we come here to associate thee with us; we are demons, it is we who have ruined the country through the contagion.' And thereupon one of them named all the others by name; 'That one,' said he, 'is called Atechiategnon,' that is to say, 'he who changes and disguises himself,' and is the demon of Tandehouaronnon' (a mountain near the village of Onnentsati). After having told him the names of the five or six who were there, he said to him—'But thou must know that the most evil of all is he of Ondichaouan' (a large island.) 'This demon is like fire. It is he who feeds upon the corpses of those who are drowned in the great lake, and excites storms and tempests. . . . But now we wish to take pity upon the country, and to associate thee with us, in order to stop the epidemic which prevails.'"

[They taught to Tsondacouané] "some remedies which he should use for the cure of the sick. Among other things they recommended to him strongly the feasts of Aoutaeroihi, adding that they feared nothing so much as those. It is said that they pretended to try to carry him away, but that he resisted them so well that they left him to make a feast of a dog." . . .

"These demons having disappeared, Tsondacouané related the whole affair to the Captain Enditsacone; the latter having reported the matter in open council, a dog was immediately found, with which he made a feast on the same day. All the people having assembled, this sorcerer began to cry out that the devils were coming to carry him away, but that he did not fear them, only that all should sing a certain song. While they were singing, 'There! two of them are approaching,' said he, 'and what I say is not imagination, but the truth.' . . .

"At the end of the feast, when he was about to go out he encountered those demons, who said to him, 'Tsondacouané, thou art now safe.' . . . 'Thou art associated with us, thou must live hereafter as we do; and we must reveal to thee our food, which is nothing more than clear soup with strawberries.'"

[Our Savages] "vie with one another in eating them (dried strawberries), in order not to be sick. Also they ordered that those who would be delivered entirely from this disease should hang at their doorways large masks, and above their cabins figures of men." . . .

"This was soon executed, and in less than 48 hours all the cabins of Onnentsati and the places around were almost covered with images—a certain man having 4 or 6 of these straw archers hung to the poles of his fireside; these were their idols and their tutelary gods. It was in these grotesque figures that they put all their trust."

XXIV. THE SKY OLD MAN AND HIS PROTÉGÉ.

(By Father H. Lalemant, S.J.)¹

A certain man, who urges us to baptize him, had, when but fifteen or sixteen years of age, retired into the woods to prepare himself by fasting for the apparition of some Demon. (After having fasted sixteen days without eating anything, and drinking water only) he suddenly heard this utterance, that came from the Sky: "Take care of this man, and let him end his fast." At the same time, he saw an aged man of rare beauty who came down from the Sky, approached him, and, looking kindly at him, said: "Have courage, I will take care of thy life. It is a fortunate thing for thee, to have taken me for thy Master. None of the demons who haunt these countries, shall have any power to harm thee. One day thou wilt see thy hair as white as mine. Thou wilt have four children; the first two and the last will be males, and the third will be a girl; after that, thy wife will hold the relation of a sister to thee." As he concluded these words, he held out to him a piece of human flesh, quite raw. The youth in horror turned away his head. "Eat this," said the old man, presenting him with a piece of bear's fat. When he had eaten it the Demon withdrew, ascending toward the Sky, whence he had come. After that, he often appeared to him and promised to assist him. Nearly all that he predicted to him has happened. This man has had four children, the third of whom was a girl; after which a certain infirmity compelled him to the continence that the Devil asked of him. Apart from that, he is in excellent health; and although he is approaching old age, he has been exposed to many contagious diseases without having been attacked by them. He was always very fortunate in the chase: thus, while in the woods, whenever he heard a certain number of cries from the Sky, they were signs that he would take so many bears. At other times, when he alone saw a number of stags and does entering the cabin, he would inform the others of it; and they would really find in their snares on the following day the same number of animals that he had told them. He attributes this excellent fortune that he has always had in the chase, to the piece of bear's fat that the Demon made him eat; and he judges from this that he would have had equal success in war, had he eaten the piece of human flesh that he refused.

XXV. THE FROG, THE BEAR, AND A CAPTIVE WOMAN.

(By P. D. Clarke.)²

At one time, while the Wyandotts were at Lower Sandusky, one of two Wyandott women was taken prisoner near their village, whilst they were gathering strawberries, by a party of white scouts who were passing that way home-

¹ *The Jesuit Relations*, Vol. XXIII, 1642, pp. 157, 159; (editorial translation).² *Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandotts*, Toronto, 1870, pp. 55, 57, P. D. Clarke was an educated half-breed Wyandot, of Anderdon reserve, Essex county, Ontario.

ward. And where they encamped the second night a strange looking Indian appeared to the maiden prisoner in a vision, and spoke to her, thus, "I come to tell you that tomorrow, about noon, these white men will meet a party of Indians, on the war-path, and have a fight with them. Then will be your chance to make your escape and return home. I am not one of your race," he continued, "I am a frog, although I appear to you in human shape; your race have often rescued some of our kind from the jaws of the snake, therefore it is with grateful feeling towards you that I come to tell you of your chance of escape from the hands of these snoring white men lying around here."

. . . The white scouts forgot all about their maiden prisoner, who was walking in the rear of them, when the Indians came in sight; "bang, bang! whoop!" A sharp and desperate conflict took place between the two parties, about noon, as was told to the maiden by the phantom. The shouts and rapid firing of the combatants rendered the woods frightful around her, until she heard them no more in her flight. . . . Wearied and faint at nightfall, the maiden crept into a large, hollow sycamore tree, through an aperture near its root; here an Indian woman appeared to her in a dream, and said to her, "The day after tomorrow you will meet a war party of Wyandotts from your village," indicating with her hand the course she must take. "On the day you meet them you will find their warpath; follow it northward. I am not," she continued, "one of your race, I am a bear. Now, I wish to tell you what I want you to say to your people when you get home; and don't you forget it. There are three names (mentioning them) belonging to your clan, the Bear clan, which you have not now among you; and I want you to keep up these three names in your clan hereafter." . . .

. . . [The woman] met the Wyandott warriors some time in the after part of that day, . . . Her friends at the village were not a little surprised to see her. . . .

XXVI. THE BIRD UKIS AND THE WARRIOR.

(By P. D. Clarke.)¹

At one time, before [the disastrous encounter between the Wyandotts and the Cherokees]², a party of Wyandotts were overtaken, north of the Ohio river, and attacked in their camp by about double their number of Cherokees, and nearly all slain. . . .

. . . One lay untouched by the carrion birds, and apparently in the calm sleep of death, tomahawked and scalped. . . .

. . . His Wyandott friends [having found him] now began to perceive unmistakable signs of returning life, his eyelids began to quiver, and his fingers and toes moving. He suddenly opened his eyes and looked up, then turned and stared at them in mute astonishment. They stood watching their

¹ Loc. cit., pp. 24-26, 28.

² Stated by Clarke to have taken place between 1720 and 1731.

friend in silence, until he was asked by one of them if he was aware of his being yet on earth. . . .

. . . In his vision he saw carrion birds around him instead of his friends. A bald Eagle seemed to be guarding his body, and allowed none of the birds to touch him. He concluded that the rapacious birds would soon commence devouring his carcass in spite of the eagle; but the bald Eagle now began to speak, and reasoned with them in this wise, "I think that instead of devouring this noble son of the forest it would be doing him a kind and grateful act if we were to bring him back to life. We all know that he was a great hunter; many a deer we have known him to kill—stripped it of its skin and left the carcass for us to eat." "Never, since I first came here, could I divest myself of the thought that there is life yet in his body, though apparently dead; let us then all go to work and try to resuscitate him." "Here Blackhawk, you go and get the medicine root, and you," said the Eagle to a large northern Hawk, "take a southern course and go to the Cherokee's camp, and you will find his scalp, among others, strung up on a tall pole over their camp, and bring it here." Both birds started on their errand as they were ordered, and both were successful. "Here, Raven, help the Hawk put the scalp on this Indian." "But the scalp has contracted," said the Hawk, "and does not fit well." "Soak the scalp in water," replied the Eagle, "and stretch it to its full size, and you, Blackhawk, steep the medicine in that little kettle over the fire." "Hey, all of you on the ground there, stop pecking at them bones and come rub this Indian's body, his feet, hands, legs and arms. Steady, there, all of you and don't you relax one moment." "I think," said the Blackhawk, "this medicine is steeped enough." "Well, bring it here," said the Eagle. "But we have no spoon," said the other. "Take that duck's bill, on the ground there, and use it for a spoon," was the sharp reply. "Here, some of you help me about his head, rub his eyelids, nose and lips with the medicine, put some on his tomahawk wound." "Steady, friends, we can bring him back to life yet, and he will kill many a deer, and leave the carcass for us as he has done between here and his home in the north." The Indian in a trance thought he heard his winged friends around him singing the Indian medicine feast song while they were rubbing his body. "Now Buzzard," continued the Eagle, "try and open his mouth a little, so that I can pour some of this medicine down him; easy, easy, don't open his jaws as you would that of a dead deer's head." Little by little the Eagle poured the medicine into the Indian's mouth. . . .

. . . He was told [by his friends] that they had stuck a piece of raw otter skin on his head in the place of his original and missing scalp, and that they went to work as soon as they concluded he was in a trance, instead of burying him, and brought him back to life with medicines.

XXVII. THE ORIGIN OF THE HAWK CLAN.

(By *W. E. Connelley*).¹

The myth of the origin of the Hawk clan is, in brief, as follows:

A young woman was wandering about in a prairie one day when the sky was suddenly overcast. On looking up she saw the king of birds coming down upon her. She fled into a wood and crept into a log, but the big bird seized the log and carried it up to the top of a crag far above the clouds where he had his home. When he was gone the young woman came out of the log and found a nest, and in it two young birds, each larger than an elk. She learned that the big bird had slain his wife in a fury and thrown her down from the crag-top. The big bird assumed the form of a young man and the girl was his wife, but she wished very much to escape. She finally thought she might escape by the aid of one of the young birds. She fed the larger one well and he grew rapidly; soon he could fly away a little distance and back again. One day when the big bird was gone she led the young bird to the edge of the precipice; here she suddenly sprang on his back, and the force of her action carried him over the precipice. They tumbled along for a while, but finally the young bird spread his wings, caught himself in the air, and flew. The girl had prepared a small stick and when he did not go down in his flight she tapped him on the head; then he went down. Soon the girl heard the big bird coming in pursuit, and his trumpeting was of thunder. She tapped the young bird constantly and he soon came to the ground. The girl jumped from his back and pulled the long feathers from his wings, then fled into a wood and hid in the rocks. The big bird came to the ground and flapped his wings; the result was a hurricane which levelled the forest. He searched for the girl but could not find her. He took his disabled son in his talons and went back to his crag. The girl came from her hiding place and gathered up the long feathers she had plucked from the young bird's wings and went home. When her time was full she was delivered of a number of hawks. They were each given a feather of those from the wings of the young bird. They became the progenitors of the Hawk clan of the Wyandots.

XXVIII. ORIGIN OF THE HAWK CLAN.

(By *W. E. Connelley*).²

The Big Bird was the Ruler or Mighty Chief of all the Eagles, Hawks, Owls, and other birds of prey, as his name indicates. He lived on the top of a rock so high that the clouds shut out all view of the lower world.

A Wyandot Girl was too proud to live with her clan, the name of which is not now remembered. She was an orphan, and lived with her grandmother.

¹ *Ontario Archaeological Report*, 1899-1900, pp. 118-119.² *Wyandot Folk-Lore*, pp. 93-96.

They lived in the woods, close to a large open space, or prairie. They were almost starved, for there was no hunter, and no meat in the lodge. The Girl was disconsolate and melancholy. She wandered about the prairie and in the woods.

One day she was walking in the prairie close to the borders of the forest. Suddenly, as she went along, a great cloud overshadowed her. When she looked up, behold! the cloud was descending upon her, and with huge claws to catch her! Then she saw that it was the Great Bird Chief.

The Girl ran as fast as she could to the woods near by. There she found a great log which was hollow; she crept into it. The Bird Chief followed her and alighted upon the log. He gave a mighty flap with his immense wings, and the blast caused thereby was a storm that levelled the forest. At the same time he exclaimed "koooh-kooohks!" (I will claw!) and his voice was like a thunder-crash. Then he seized the log in his terrible talons, and carried both log and Girl to the top of the precipice where he had his home. He lay the log down upon the edge of the height and shook it to make the Girl come out. But she would not do so.

The Girl waited until the Bird Chief went away; then she came out of the log. She looked about and could see only the clouds beating upon the crag. She could not climb down. She found a large nest upon the crag-top, and in it two young birds, each larger than an elk. All about lay dead deer, buffaloes, and other animals, which the Bird Chief had brought up for his young to eat. She found that the wife of the Bird Chief had been slain and thrown down from the pinnacle-top by him while he was in a fury; and he was compelled himself to catch all the animals used for food by his young.

The Bird Chief was a medicine man, and could assume any form he chose. He came back to his lodge on the top of the rock, in the form of a young man. She was his wife (partner—more properly, friend) there in the clouds, on the pinnacle-top. But she despised him, and longed to escape; of this, however, she had little hope. It finally occurred to her, though, that she might escape by the aid of the young birds. She chose the larger one to aid her. She fed him well, and he grew rapidly. It was not long until he could fly off a way and then return to the rock. She thought her time of escape was approaching.

She watched the Bird Chief narrowly, and had learned by this time when he went away, how long he remained absent, and when he returned. She prepared a short stick. One day when the young bird approached the edge of the rock, she, at the opportune moment, sprang upon his back, and clasped him tightly about the neck. The sudden action of the Girl carried the young bird over the precipice, and away they went, Girl and bird, tumbling down the crag. In a little while the young bird spread his wings, caught himself, and flew. When he did not go down fast enough she tapped him on the top of the head with the stick to make him descend the more rapidly. After awhile she could see the land.

When they were about to get to the ground she heard the Bird Chief coming down in pursuit. The whistling and trumpeting he made in his rage were

terrible to listen to. She tapped the young bird's head again and again, and finally got to land. She jumped from the young bird's back, plucked the long feathers from his wings so he could not fly after her, then ran into the thick brush and hid in a hole in the rock.

When the Bird Chief came down to the ground he searched everywhere for the Girl, but could not find her. The young bird was very uncomfortable in these lower regions, and was continually crying out that he wanted to be carried back to the pinnacle. After a long and fruitless search for the Girl, the Bird Chief heeded the cries of his helpless son, and, taking him in his talons, circled about, and finally disappeared in the clouds. Then the Girl gathered up the feathers which she had plucked from the wings of the young bird, and carried them to the hut where her grandmother lived.

The children of the Girl were called Hawks. Each one was given a feather of those plucked by the mother from the young bird's wings. These Hawks became the ancestors of the Hawk Clan of the Wyandots.

XXIX. THE ORIGIN OF THE SNAKE CLAN.

(By *W. E. Connelley*.)¹

The following is very nearly the exact wording of Matthias Splitlog in his relation of this legend. George Wright told this almost the same way.—*W. E. Connelley*.

We will commence this way. The old Woman and her granddaughter lived in a lodge in the pine woods. From the best hunters and greatest warriors of the tribe the Young Woman had offers of marriage. She was haughty, and would speak to none of her people. These women were of the Deer Clan.

So, it seems she (the Young Woman) was wandering about her lodge in the Wilderness of the Pine Woods. She saw in the distance a fine-looking young man. He approached her with insinuating addresses. She desired him much. He carried her away to his own lodge. They lived there for some time. His mother lived in their lodge.

One day she went into the woods. She left him lying down. She came back to the lodge and looked among the skins where he was lying. There was a great heap of snakes. When she looked again there was one snake—a big snake. She cried aloud and was terrified. His mother said to him: "Why did you do this?"—*i. e.*, turn into a snake.

She turned about and fled for life towards the seacoast. When she reached the coast she found a man in a canoe, who told her to jump on board. When she had done so, he paddled at lightning speed for the other shore. This act of the Young Woman is called *Oöb'-däh-töhn'-töb*—She has left her village. It is the first name in the list for women belonging to the Snake Clan. Mrs. Sarah Dagnet, a Wyandot of the Snake Clan, is so named.

¹ *Wyandot Folk-lore*, pp. 87-88.

When the man and the Young Woman in the canoe had gone some distance they heard the Snake-Man coming in pursuit, calling to his wife and entreating her to return. He came to the water, and waded in a way in his effort to follow her, always crying out to her to return. This act of the Snake is called Käh-yööh'-mehn-däh'täh by the Wyandots, and signifies entreating without avail, or crying to one your voice does not reach, or does not affect. This word is one of the oldest names for men in the list belonging to the Snake Clan. James Splitlog of the Wyandot Reserve is so named. He is one of the very few left of the Snake Clan.

When the Snake-Man went into the water in pursuit, the Black Cloud rolled across the sky, and Hëh'-nöh slew him with a fiery dart.

The man with whom she embarked conveyed her safely to the other shore. Upon her arrival there she saw a man who said, "Follow me." He took her to a medicine man. Her children were called Snakes. And from these is descended the Snake Clan of the Wyandots.

This Snake or Snake-Man, was short and heavy, in shape much like the cow-buffalo. He had horns like the Deer. It was supposed that the Snake was given horns as a concession to the clan of the woman he hoped to retain as his wife.

There are several forms of this legend.

XXX. THE SNAKE CLAN.

(By *W. E. Connelley*.)¹

The myth in brief is as follows:

A young lady was selected to become the mother of the new clan. She was sent into the woods to receive the address of all the animals and to choose one for a husband; their offspring was to form the new clan which was to be named for the animal so chosen. She made no choice, but the snake, by assuming the form of a fair young man, seduced her from her mission. She was his wife; but he could not retain the form of the young man long, and when he assumed his true form of the snake, she fled from him and crossed a great water with the assistance of a man she found on its shore with a canoe. The snake was very wroth when he found she had fled and he pursued her, calling to her to return. She did not heed his cries, and he raised a great storm on the water to engulf her. But Hëh'nöh, the thunder-god, came to her rescue, and slew the snake with a bolt of lightning.

The woman was delivered of a number of snakes, and these were the progenitors of the Snake clan.

The act of the woman in leaving her husband's lodge is called Ooh-dah-tohn-teh. It is perhaps the first name for woman in the list belonging to the Snake clan. It means, "She has left her village." The act of the snake in calling to his fleeing wife is called Kah-yooh'-mehn-dah-tah. It is the first

¹ *Ontario Archaeological Report*, 1899-1900, "The Wyandots," pp. 117-118.

name in the list for men belonging to the Snake clan. It means "calling to one your voice cannot reach," or "calling to one your voice does not influence."

XXXI. THE ORIGIN OF THE PANTHER FRATERNITY.

(P. D. Clarke.)¹

In a boggy spot on the margin of River Huron, in Michigan, and not many miles from its confluence with Lake Erie, was a sulphurous spring, in the form of a deep pool, which discharged its surplus waters by an outlet into the river. (The locality of this spring may not now be found, as it was nearly a century and a half ago, or the pool itself may have long since disappeared, and the bogs now entirely overgrown with marsh-grass and flags).

Some of the Wyandotts then inhabiting the banks of the Huron river, who were inclined to be superstitious, concluded that a mysterious spirit, or some kind of monster lay hidden in this spring, from the strange action of the water. It had been noticed by the passer-by, to rise and fall, as if caused by the breathing of some animal beneath its surface. Sometimes the water was seen bubbling or spouting up about a foot and a half high—then suddenly the pool would become calm, and as smooth as the surface of a bowl of melted grease. many of the Indians shunned it, as the abode or haunt of some evil spirit.

A Wyandott was known to describe what he and his companion once saw and heard there, whilst passing by, one dark and calm summer night, thus: Suddenly a great light flashed over the spring, looking like the phosphorescent lights of a great number of fire-flies close together, and all at once; then followed a rumbling, subterranean sound; feeling the earth trembling under their feet, "weet-se!"² they exclaimed, and started homeward with rapid strides, as if the evil spirit was at their heels.

A party of the superstitious Wyandotts belonging to the Prairie Turtle Clan³ met one day, and encamped at the haunted spring, fully determined to know its hidden mystery.

These devoted seekers after a strange god, like the sons of Belial in ancient days, dedicated their heathen altar to this mysterious spirit, and offered burnt offerings, and signified their sincere devotion, by casting valuable articles into the spring, which consisted of various kinds of ornamented silverworks, such as are worn by Indians, and which were obtained from the French at that period. They also cast wampum belts, beads, and other articles into the pool, as sacrifice offerings to the strange god.

¹ Op. cit., pp. 153-158.

² An utterance of alarm and horror.—P. D. Clarke.

³ This clan or tribe, like some of the wayward and refractory tribes of Israel of old, were always inclined to be rebellious against the Good Spirit, and who were led by their evil thoughts and superstitious notions, to seek after strange gods. The very substance they obtained from the evil spirit (as will be described) in the sulphurous spring, which they used in their witchcraft and evil practices on their fellow beings, seemed to have consumed themselves. Not one of this clan can now be found living.—P. D. Clarke.

A leader, named Ce-zhaw-yen-hau was chosen among them, to call up the spirit or wizard¹ in whatever shape it might be, and whilst he stood on the bogs by the spring, chanting a song made by one of their party for the occasion, his friends at the altar offered burnt offerings of tobacco, and medicinal substance of some kind to the strange god, at the same time chanting their devotional song.

The leader stood as if transfixed, where he posted himself, holding in one hand his bow, and with the other a bunch of arrows² and with a firm mind invoked the spirit beneath him. "Come forth!" he exclaimed, "you wizard that sit in here!" A loon came up, uttering its sharp screams, and flapping its wings, on the surface. "Not you!" said the Indian—forthwith, the loon disappeared. An otter came up next, when the spirit was called again. "Not you" repeated the Indian; "begone!" "Come forth! you wizard that sit in here!" repeated the Indian. Presently, the water began to rise, as if caused by some huge animal moving upward; a white panther emerged from the spring, its body partly remaining under water, and looking eastward. The Indians at the altar started anew their songs and burnt offerings, when the panther was pierced in its side, with an arrow from the bow of their leader. Some of the blood trickled down the arrow from the animal's side, into a small pan which the Indian was holding, with a long handle, and the moment it filled, the blood-tinged surface of the pool closed over the white panther's head; then a rumbling sound was heard, and the turbid waters seen by the Indians, rising in volumes to the surface, indicated the course the white panther had taken down the river. No sign of it was ever seen afterwards by the Indians at the spring.

And these members of the Prairie or Land Turtle Clan, now formed themselves into a secret society, and deified the white panther, some of whose blood (in their possession) became coagulated and somewhat hardened in a short time. Part was broken up in small bits, and distributed among them, to be kept in their medicine bags,³ reserving the main or a whole piece, to be broken off in bits, and given to new members, after being admitted and initiated into the mysteries of their association. With this substance a member could obtain anything he might wish for that he could not acquire before; good luck always attended him on his hunting grounds; good luck attended his wife when making maple sugar; good luck attended him whilst on the war path, and he was always successful whenever he used the substance, either for good to himself or for evil purposes to others.

The principal portion of this association were of the Prairie Turtle Clan. And they were repeatedly warned by the Catholic priest, then at Detroit, what would be the consequence, if they did not renounce the evil spirit or

¹ The term wizard, among Indians, was applied to any person known to be a sorcerer, and who was sometimes accused of taking the life of his fellow beings, to gratify his revengeful feelings. *Hoo-ke* is the Wyandott name given to a wizard.—P. D. Clarke.

² His arrows were of a species of red willow cut as they grew, to the common size of an arrow, and the sharpened end hardened with hot embers.—P. D. Clarke.

³ The Indians generally use a whole skin of some furred animal, unripped, for their medicine or conjuring bag, Otter, Mink, Fisher, etc.—P. D. Clarke.

strange god they worshipped. "Throw away the baneful substance, which came to you from the devil, by one of his emissaries in the shape of a panther," he said to them, "for just as certain as you continue to keep it among you, the time is not far distant when you will all be ruined by it, both body and soul." But the admonition of the priest was unheeded by the wayward Wyandotts, who continued to deify the white panther, and practised their sorcery with its concremented blood, until not one of them was left living.

The very moment a member divulged the secrets of this heathen association his fate was sealed, and whenever his (two) executioners were started off from their midnight consultation with a decree that he must die, there was no escape for him, unless he had received timely warning and betook himself to flight, to become a fugitive among some distant nation.

A few years after the white panther appeared to the Wyandott at the spring, the Wyandott who called it up and received its blood, turned traitor to his nation and joined their enemy, the Senecas, then inhabiting the banks of Niagara, and he, at one time, led a war party of that tribe to a Wyandott village in Michigan, while the men were absent. The leader of this war party slew two young Wyandott women in a corn field near the village; then flew northward with his men, and crossed Detroit river at the next island, just above the French fort; thence marched through the woods towards Lake Erie. . . . The traitor and his party were overtaken while crossing a miry creek, at some distance from the lake. They slew the renegade and his followers, but spared the lives of two Senecas, to carry the news to their people.

The eyes of one of the two Senecas left living were put out, and the thumbs of the other were cut off. This ended the career of the Wyandott renegade who worshipped the white panther and received its blood.

During the first decade of the nineteenth century, the followers of the white panther god were rapidly decreasing in numbers, and the small remnant of this heathen association were finally broken up, and nearly all destroyed at once. . . . Every Wyandott accused of being a member of the association of sorcerers, and who had kept some of the concremented blood of the white panther for evil purposes, was killed outright on refusing to throw away the baneful substance and renounce the evil god.

Such was the fate of the remaining followers (that were then found) of the evil spirit in the white panther.

This traditional story of the white panther may seem incredible to the reader, nevertheless, some of the Wyandotts believe it to this day, and it was believed by many of their nation who have long since been gathered to their fathers.

XXXII. THE HORNED SERPENT, AND TIJAIHA.

(By H. Hale.)¹

The story of Tijaiha, the sorcerer . . . which my eloquent friend, Chief Mandarong (Joseph White), related to me with much animation, and

¹ *Journ. Amer. Folk-Lore*, Vol. II, 1889, "Huron Folk-Lore," pp. 249, 253.

which his intelligent French wife translated . . . I give precisely as it was transcribed in my journal, fifteen years ago, from notes taken at the time:

When the French came (so the chief's words were rendered) the missionaries tried to prevail on the Indians to receive their religion. They asked the Indians if they knew anything about God. The Indians replied that they did; that three or four times a year they had meetings, at which the women and children were present, and then the chiefs told them what to do and warned them against evil practices.¹ The missionaries said that this was good, but that there was a better way, which they ought to know. They ought to become Christians. But the Indians said, "We have many friends among the creatures about us. Some of us have snake friends, some eagles, some bears, and the like. How can we desert our friends?" The priests replied, "There is only one God." "No," said the Indians, "there are two gods, one for the Indians and the other for the whites." The discussion lasted three days. Finally, the priests said it was true—there were two Gods, Jesus and the Holy Ghost. One of these might be the same as the Indian God. The Indians could follow all his commands which were good, and also obey the commands of Jesus. But they would have to give up their allies among the brutes.

Some of the Hurons became Christians, but others refused to accept the new religion. Among these was a noted warrior, a young man, named Tijaiha. On one occasion he left the town with his family to hunt on the Huron river. One day, coming to a deep pool near the river, he beheld a violent commotion in the water, which was evidently made by a living creature. Of what nature it might be he did not know, though he believed it to be a great serpent, and to be possessed, like many of the wild creatures, of supernatural powers. Thereupon, after the fashion of the Indians, he fasted for ten days, eating occasionally only a few morsels to preserve life; and he prayed to the creature that some of its power might be bestowed on him. At the end of the tenth day a voice from the disturbed pool demanded what he wanted. He replied that he wanted to have such power given to him that he could vanquish and destroy all his enemies. She (the creature) replied that this power should be conferred upon him if he would grant her what she desired. He asked what this was, and was told that she would require one of his children. If he would grant this demand, he might come at night and learn from her the secret which would give him the power he sought for. He objected to this sacrifice, but offered, in place of the child, to give an old woman, his wife's mother. (Mrs. White translated this unfilial proposition with an expression of quizzical humor.) The creature accepted the substitute, and the bargain was concluded.

That night Tijaiha returned to the pool, and learned what he had to do. He was to prepare a cedar arrow, with which he must shoot the creature when she should appear, at his call, above the water. From the wound he could

¹ These meetings are still regularly held among the heathen portion of the Iroquois tribes, in connexion with their ceremonial dances. I have been a spectator, and have heard the long and earnest exhortations of the elders, delivered with a truly diaconal solemnity.—H. Hale.

then draw a small quantity of blood, the possession of which would render him invincible, and enable him to destroy his enemies. But as this blood was a deadly poison, and even its effluvia might be mortal, he must prepare an antidote from the juice of a plant which she named. On the following day he procured the plant, and his wife—who knew nothing of the fatal price he was to pay—assisted him in making the infusion. He also made a cedar arrow, and with bow in hand, repaired to the pool.

At his call the water began to rise, boiling fearfully. As it rose, an animal came forth. It proved to be a large bird, a "diver," and the warrior said, "This is not the one," and let it go. The water boiled and rose higher, and a porcupine came out. "Neither is this the one," said the warrior, and withdrew his arrow from his bow. Then the water rose in fury to the level of the bank, and the head of a huge horned serpent, with distended jaws and flaming eyes, rose and glared at Tjiaha. "This is the one" he said, and shot the creature in the neck. The blood gushed forth, and he caught, in a vessel which he held ready, about half a pint. Then he ran toward his lodge, but before he reached it he had become nearly blind and all but helpless. His wife put the kettle to his lips. He drank the antidote, and presently vomited the black poison, and regained his strength. In the morning he called to his wife's mother, but she was dead. She had perished without a touch from a human hand. In this manner he became possessed of a talisman which, as he believed, would give him a charmed life, and secure him the victory over his enemies.

But in some way it became known that he had been the cause of the mother's death. This crime excited the indignation of his people, and he dared not go back to them. He took refuge with the Iroquois, and became a noted war-chief among them. After some time he resolved, in an evil hour, to lead an attack against his own people. He went forth at the head of a strong party of warriors, and arrived at the Wyandot settlement, near the present town of Sandwich. It was the season of corn-planting, and two of Tjiaha's aunts had come out on that day to plant their fields. They were women of high rank in the tribe ("for," said Mrs. White, "they have high people and common people among them, just like the white folks,") and Tjiaha knew that their death would arouse the whole tribe. He ordered his followers to kill them. This they did, and then retreated into the forest to the northward, carefully covering their tracks, to escape pursuit. Their leader's expectation was that the Huron warriors would go off in another direction in search of their enemies, thus leaving their defenceless town at his mercy.

When the Hurons found the bodies they were greatly excited. They searched for ten days without discovering any trace of the murderers. Their chief then consulted a noted soothsayer, who promised that on the following day he would tell him all. During the night the soothsayer made his incantations, and in the morning informed the Hurons that the deed had been done by a party of Iroquois, under the lead of Tjiaha. The enemy, he said, was lurking in the woods, and he could guide them to the spot; but they must wait ten days before starting. The Hurons waited impatiently until the ten days

had expired, and then placed the old soothsayer on horseback, and followed him. He led them through the forest directly to the encampment of their enemies. On seeing them they waited until evening, and then through the night, until daybreak. Then, according to their custom, they shouted to their sleeping foes, and rushed upon them. They killed every man in the camp; but on examining carefully the bodies, they were annoyed to find that Tijaiha was not among them.

Being hungry, they seated themselves to eat, and the chief, feeling thirsty, told his son to take his kettle and bring him some water. "Where shall I find water here?" asked the boy. "These men must have had water," replied his father. "Look for the path they have made to it." The lad looked, and found the path, and following it, came to a deep spring or pool under a tree. As he was stooping down to it a man rose partly out of the pool, and bade the youth take him prisoner. The affrighted boy ran to the camp and told what he had seen. All shouted "Tijaiha," and rushed to the pool, where they dragged him forth by the hair. He stood defiant and sneering, while they attempted to kill him. Their blows seemed powerless to injure him. He caught the tomahawks which were aimed at him, and hurled them back. At length a warrior, exclaiming, "I will finish him," plunged a knife into his breast and tore out his heart. Thrown on the ground, it bounded like a living thing, until the warrior split it open with his knife. Thus ended Tijaiha's evil career. His contract with the serpent had only led him to crime and death.

Such was the "story of Tijaiha," as related by the old chief, speaking with the earnestness of assured belief, and with the readiness evidently due to frequent repetition. . . . It was plain enough that the credit of this imaginative talent and narrative skill was not due to the worthy chief himself, but, like the same qualities shown in the "Arabian Nights" and other similar creations, was the accumulated product of native genius, transmitted through many generations of practised story-tellers.

It would thus appear that Tijaiha and his followers, whose fate has made such a profound impression on the survivors of the Huron (or Wyandot) nation, were merely the last representatives of the old heathen party in that nation. In some access of religious fury among the Christian majority, these holders of the ancient faith, accused of necromantic arts and malignant practices, were either exterminated or driven to take refuge among the still unconverted Iroquois.

II. FOLK TALES.

XXXIII. THE BIG DOG.

(By W. E. Connelley.)¹

Once, in Wyandotte county, Kansas, the Wyandots were troubled by the prowling of a vicious dog of enormous size and strength. This dog was seen only at night. Calves, lambs, and pigs were killed by it. Any article of household furnishing left outdoors overnight was usually torn and soiled, if not totally destroyed. Belated travelers were attacked and often severely injured. The favourite dogs of the Wyandots were maimed, crippled, killed. Gardens and flower-beds were trampled down and ruined. Smoke-houses were invaded, and hams, shoulders, jowls, and middlings carried away. Hen coops were overturned, and havoc played with their feathered occupants. Flocks of geese and ducks were chased, worried, destroyed.

Terror reigned. Lovers did not stroll in the moonlight. Husbands ascertained that they could transact their business in "Kansas," take aboard a reasonable amount of "fire-water," and still reach home before dark. Livestock was housed, and it was observed that "breachy" kine which had before delighted in the nocturnal destruction of a neighbour's crop huddled close to the yard fences at sunset, and there demurely chewed the cud of content until the sun was well up on the following morning.

Things came to such a pass that Captain Bull-Head was importuned to deliver the people from the pest and nuisance. He made "medicine," and ascertained that this dog was in fact an old woman of the Wyandots, noted for her malevolence and cynicism. He loaded the old British blunderbuss which he had carried in the ranks of Proctor's army in the war of 1812. He loaded it according to the formula prescribed by Wyandot superstition for "witch-killing," for no ordinary bullet and gunpowder had any effect upon witches. The night which followed his preparations was damp and rainy. Sheets of red lightning flared up from the horizon, and a sullen thunder growled and rolled and bellowed in the distance. It was such a night as witches delight to be abroad in. About ten o'clock a hubbub was raised in Captain Bull-Head's pig-pen. He advanced to the rescue, and upon his arrival there the Big Dog bounded out of the enclosure. As it went over the fence the Captain fired, and a terrific howl went up, but the Big Dog disappeared and was never seen again. And lo! the next morning this same old Wyandot was found to have a badly wounded foot! And what though she told of falling? The whole community was sure that Captain Bull-Head had shot her as she jumped over the walls of his pig-sty.

¹ *Wyandot Folk-Lore*, pp. 100-101.

XXXIVA. LÉGENDE DU GRAND SERPENT.

(P. A. DeGaspé.)¹

Les Hurons n'ont pas toujours été la poignée d'hommes que tu vois dans ce village; leurs guerriers aussi nombreux que les étoiles du ciel pendant une belle nuit, faisaient trembler, autrefois, toutes les nations de l'Amérique du nord, depuis les grands lacs jusqu'au bas du fleuve Saint-Laurent. Si le Huron campait au bord d'un lac où d'une rivière, quel ennemi aurait été assez brave pour en troubler les eaux? Quel chasseur ennemi aurait osé approcher à un mois de marche de sa bourgade! Quand un grand chef Huron frappait le poteau de sa hache, les arbres tremblaient comme dans les grandes tempêtes, et leurs feuilles couvraient au loin le sol, comme si un ouragan terrible eût passé sur la forêt. Vois, dit avec tristesse Ohiarek8en en étendant le bras vers son village, vois ce qui nous reste maintenant de tant de grandeur et de tant de gloire!

La tête du Huron retomba sur son sein, et je contemplai longtemps en silence son image dans le miroir de l'eau. Un artiste l'aurait pris pour modèle de la statue du malheur.

—Laissons, mon frère, lui dis-je, ces pénibles souvenirs; je connais l'histoire de ta nation, ses exploits guerriers, sa grandeur et ses infortunes. Continue, je te prie, la légende du Grand Serpent.

C'était peu de temps après que ma tribu eût laissé Sillery pour venir habiter cette terre, qu'un vieil Huron, un saint homme de Huron, nommé Haouroukai revenant très fatigué de la chasse par une nuit sombre, se coucha sur le bord de cette rivière, que les Français ont appelée Saint-Charles et dont le nom primitif en huron est Oriak8enrak, savoir, rivière à la truite. Il s'endormit à environ un arpent plus bas que le lieu où nous sommes. Pendant l'été, un Indien dort aussi bien et même mieux sous un arbre, quand il fait chaud, que dans une maison ou dans une cabane. Le vieillard eut un songe pendant son sommeil. Une belle femme, habillée en soie écarlate, lui apparut; ses yeux de couleur grenat brillaient comme des étoiles.

—“Haouroukai! dit-elle d'une voix aussi douce que celle des petits oiseaux dans leurs nids, Haouroukai! avant que de nouvelles feuilles sortent des bourgeons des arbres de cette forêt, tu dormiras pour toujours.”

—Merci, dit le Huron, dans son rêve; ce qui reste de sang dans les veines du vieux Haouroukai, après en avoir tant versé dans les guerres contre ses ennemis et ceux des Français, ne coule plus que goutte à goutte; son corps pèse sur ses jambes, et il ne cherche que le repos.

—Je t'aime, dit la belle femme, tu es un bon chrétien, l'exemple de ton village, et je t'ouvrirai les portes du ciel.

Haouroukai s'éveilla, mais la belle femme avait disparu. Le vieillard conta son rêve, le lendemain au missionnaire, et le prêtre lui dit que c'était Notre-Dame de Lorette, la patronne du village, qui lui était apparue. Et

¹ *Le foyer Canadien*. Vol. IV. pp. 534-551. This legend was recorded about 1816: Indian Lorette, Quebec, by P. A. DeGaspé. Informant, Ohiarek8en—Grand Louis.

le vieillard était tout joyeux, et il disait à ses amis: J'irai bien vite me reposer au ciel; la bonne Vierge me l'a promis.

Après la mort de Haouroukai, plusieurs vieillards espérant avoir de bons rêves allèrent aussi dormir sous l'arbre où il avait vu Notre-Dame de Lorette, mais la bonne Vierge ne voulut pas leur envoyer de songes.

Il y a toujours eu de méchantes gens parmi les visages pâles comme parmi les peaux-rouges, continua philosophiquement Ohiarek8en, et il y en aura encore après nous.

—C'est vrai, mon frère, lui dis-je, ta réflexion est profonde, et prouve que tu connais le cœur humain; mais ça n'a aucun rapport à l'histoire du Grand Serpent.

—Tu vas voir que oui, fit le Huron; si les blancs n'avaient pas vendu du rum aux indiens, Otsitsot¹, que les blancs appellent le Carcajou ne nous aurait pas attiré la visite du Grand Serpent.

Otsitsot était un jeune Huron qui trafiquait jusqu'à sa couverture pour acheter de l'eau-de-feu, comme nos anciens appelaient le rum. Il se moquait des bons chrétiens qui allaient dormir sous l'arbre de Haouroukai, et disait: Si je savais que Notre-Dame de Lorette me fit voir une bonne bouteille d'eau-de-feu, j'irais aussi moi, me coucher sous l'arbre qui donne de bons rêves.

Mais les bons chrétiens lui disaient: Tu parles mal, mon frère, et il t'arrivera malheur.

Otsitsot se moqua d'eux, et, le soir même, il était sous l'arbre de Haouroukai. La nuit était sombre, et il se mit à fumer en attendant le sommeil. Il était là ruminant ses malheurs lorsqu'il entendit, bien loin dans le nord, une secousse comme si la montagne eût frémi; et ensuite un bruit dans la forêt comme si un corps pesant s'y fut frayé un passage, en écrasant les arbres, et les abrisseaux par où il passait. La terre trembla comme quand les soldats traînent un gros canon dans les rues de la ville de Québec, lorsqu'il traversa notre village. Un corps pesant plongea dans la rivière à quelques pieds du Carcajou, et tout tomba dans le silence.² Un grande clarté sur la rivière l'éblouit un instant, et il vit ensuite que cette lumière sortait des yeux d'un

¹ Le mot Otsitsot signifie, en langue huronne, le malfaisant; et si l'on en croit les récit des aborigènes de l'Amérique du nord, ainsi que ceux des anciens chasseurs canadiens, l'Otsitsot n'aurait pas volé son nom. Ils s'accordaient tous à lui attribuer un esprit de malveillance et d'empêchement quasi-diaaboliques. L'Otsitsot évitait non seulement les attrapes (pièges) des chasseurs indiens des anciens jours, et les détruisait, mais il avait aussi deviné le mécanisme des armes à feu. Il ouvrait les bassinettes des fusils, que les chasseurs tendaient dans la forêt, et les remplissait de neige et le plus souvent d'immondices.—DeGaspé.

² La tradition du Grand Serpent est encore vivace parmi les Indiens de la Jeune Lorette. Paul Tahourhénéché (Point du Jour) me disait récemment que les anciens de sa tribu avaient suivi, le matin, les traces que le serpent avait laissées en passant, la nuit, dans leur village; mais qu'ils les avaient perdues sur les galets de la rivière Saint Charles, à environ un arpent plus bas que leur église. Que le sillon, qu'il avait fait sur la terre, ressemblait à celui qu'aurait laissé un immense arbre de pin qu'on aurait traîné; mais, ajoutait Paul, je n'ai jamais entendu dire que le village devait rester stationnaire parce que le serpent se baignait dans l'Orla8enrak.

Il reste toujours quelque chose des impressions de l'enfance, ce qui me fait croire qu'il répugnait à la susceptibilité de Paul de faire un aveu humiliant pour sa tribu, car il ajoutait: "C'est vrai que mon village a été longtemps stationnaire mais il augmente depuis une dizaine

Grand Serpent, dont la tête était élevée à une dizaine de pieds au-dessus de l'eau. Ce reptile avait une longue crinière comme un cheval, et à mesure qu'il la secouait, il en sortait des flammèches qui pétillaient comme un sapin embrasé; en sorte que les écailles couleur d'argent, qui lui couvraient la peau, brillaient comme des lames d'or frappées par les vifs rayons d'un beau soleil du midi. Le serpent ouvrit une grande gueule armée de dents semblables à des bayonnettes, et cria d'une voix de tonnerre qui ébranla les deux rives:

—Je hais la race des Hurons, mais je t'aime, le Carcajou; je veux être ton ami et te faire du bien.

—Merci de ta préférence, mon frère, dit Otsitsot, dont les dents claquaient dans la bouche, mais ne pourrais-tu pas adoucir un peu ta voix qui va me défoncer les oreilles et me briser le crâne?

—Je suis le petit manitou que les anciens Hurons adoraient, répliqua le serpent, et ma voix, lorsque je suis en colère, bouleverse l'eau des lacs et des rivières, et secoue les montagnes; mais comme je t'aime, je vais l'adoucir. Et la voix du manitou devint aussi douce que celle du rossignol.

—La robe noire nous dit que le petit manitou de nos pères était le diable des chrétiens? fit le Carcajou, qui au lieu de notre bonne Dame de Lorette, avait un dangereux voisin.

—Ton discours me surprend, répliqua le manitou, car je sais que tu te moques de la robe noire, mais écoute, mon fils: le petit manitou est méchant comme le diable des chrétiens envers ses ennemis, et doux comme le lièvre qui vient de naître, envers ses amis. Je t'aime, vois-tu et jasons tranquillement.

—J'ai peur, dit Carcajou, je ne suis qu'un homme et il est difficile de jaser tranquillement avec un serpent aussi effroyable que toi.

—Qu'à cela ne tienne, fit le serpent, je vais te changer en lézard, en crapaud, en couleuvre, ou en ouaouaron:¹ choisis.

—Bien obligé de ta politesse, répliqua le Carcajou; j'aime mieux rester comme je suis; mais toi ne pourrais-tu pas prendre un forme moins épouvantable?

—Je n'ai rien à refuser à mon ami, fit le serpent, je puis me changer en ours blanc, en loup, en panthère, en serpent à sonnettes qui charmera tes oreilles, comme le son du chichicoué², et même en homme, si tu le préfères, mon fils?

—Je préfère la dernière forme, répondit Carcajou.

Il avait à peine prononcé ces paroles que le serpent avait disparu, et qu'un petit vieillard, haut de trois pieds, dont les yeux brillaient comme ceux du chat-tigre, était en face de lui.

d'années. Paul Tahourbénéché aurait pu ajouter que c'est grâce à ses talents, à sa persévérance et à son industrie que son village prospère et augmente dans des proportions notables. Ce prince des Hurons, tout en travaillant au bien-être de sa tribu, s'est créé une belle et indépendante fortune; et ce que j'admire en lui, c'est qu'il se rappelle avec orgueil que le sang huron coule dans ses veines.—De Gaspé.

¹ Ououaron: Bull-frog.

² Le bruit de sonnettes de ce serpent, quand il est irrité, a quelque ressemblance avec le Chichicoué, instrument dont se servaient les sauvages pour battre la mesure quand ils dansaient.—De Gaspé.

—Maintenant, dit le manitou, fais attention à mes paroles, et fais en ton profit. Tu es paresseux comme un cancre, mais tu pourras dormir ou te promener toute la journée avec une bourse pleine d'argent dans ton capot.

—Bon! fit le Carcajou

—Tu es fier et orgueilleux; je le couvrirai de soie, d'écarlate, et de cercles d'argent, comme un grand-chef qui rend visite à Ononthio.

—Bon! fit Otsitsot.

—Tu es ivrogne, et tu auras toujours, dans ton sac à pétun, une bouteille d'eau-de-feu que ne videra jamais.

—Houa! cria le Carcajou, tu es un bon manitou, et de précaution pour tes amis.

—Le grand-chef refuse de te donner en mariage sa fille que tu aimes, parce que tu es pauvre, paresseux, ivrogne, et libertin; et il te la donnera, quand tu seras riche; sinon je lui tordrai le cou.

—Bon! fit Otsitsot qui tenait peu au cou de son beau-père futur.

La robe noire veut te faire chasser par les chefs de ton village, mais je lui jurerai tant de mauvais tours qu'il te laissera tranquille. J'enverrai des belettes qui étrangleront ses volailles, des rats et des souris qui mangeront sa viande et sa farine, qui déchireront ses hardes, ses livres et ses papiers. Je tiendrai le sabbat toutes les nuits sur sa maison avec les matous, que je rassemblerai de vingt lieues à la ronde; en sorte que, ne pouvant dormir, il laissera votre village.

—Bon! dit le Carcajou; mais s'il ne dort pas la nuit, il dormira le jour; tu ferais mieux de lui tordre le cou?

—C'est mon affaire et non le tienne, répliqua le manitou en colère; je me changerai en loup invisible; et l'on verra le beau vacarme que feront tous les chiens du village en hurlant, toute la journée à l'entour de la maison de la robe noire!

—Bon! fit le Carcajou; mais que faut-il faire pour obtenir tes bonnes grâces.

—Une bagatelle, mon fils, répliqua le petit vieillard: renoncer à la religion chrétienne et prier, comme les anciens Hurons, le petit manitou.

—Mais, mon père, dit Otsitsot, il y a quelque chose qui m'inquiète: c'est de savoir où j'irai coucher la première nuit, quand je mourrai?

—Dans mon paradis, mon fils.

—Boit-on de l'eau-de-feu dans ton paradis?

—En voilà une demande! s'écria le manitou; il y a tant d'ivrognes dans mon paradis, que je suis contraint de les tenir mort ivres, depuis le matin jusqu'au soir, et depuis le soir jusqu'au matin; sans cela ils feraient un beau vacarme!

—Quel plaisir il doivent avoir! observa le Carcajou; je veux aussi, moi, aller dans ton paradis et t'adorer, mon père.

—C'est bien, dit le manitou; mais prête l'oreille à mes paroles: si tu retournes à la religion chrétienne, je m'en vengerai sur toi et sur toute ta race. Je commencerai par t'étrangler, je me baignerai tout les jours dans l'OrisaSenrak et votre village restera stationnaire, sans diminuer ni augmenter. Et dans

cent ans, ajouta le manitou, en crachant dans la rivière, la proportion du sang huron, qui coulera dans les veines des Quant au Carcajou, les anciens n'étaient pas d'accord là-dessus. Les uns disaient oui, les autres non. Il laissa le village la même nuit qu'il passa avec le manitou, et ne revint que longtemps après. Il était riche alors, et il donna un festin qui dura pendant huit jours; le rum coulait dans le village comme l'eau de l'Oriaßenrak. Ah! c'était le beau temps, va; la jeunesse se divertissait aux dépens du Carcajou, sans s'inquiéter où il prenait l'argent. Mais les vieillards en jasaient; les uns disaient qu'il avait trouvé un trésor, les autres qu'il avait vendu son âme au diable; et comme il s'absentait longtemps et souvent quelques-uns pensaient qu'il s'était fait l'espion des français et des anglais, toujours en guerre alors, et qu'il pêchait avec deux lignes.

Otsitsot, après s'être diverti pendant bien des années tomba malade, et demanda Aharatenha, le docteur du village

Quand Aharatenha fut arrivé avec un sac plein de bons herbage, il regarda les yeux d'Otsitsot, s'assit près de son lit, et marmotta quelque chose entre ses dents.

—Que dis-tu, mon frère? fit le malade.

—Je dis, répliqua le docteur, que tu prépares tes raquettes, car tu as un long voyage à faire.

—Mais, reprit Otsitsot, d'une voix basse, tu vois bien, Aharatenha, que je suis trop faible pour marcher en raquette.

—Puisque tu ne me comprends, mon frère, fit le docteur, je vais te parler plus clairement: tu verras peut-être le soleil couchant le soir, mais tu ne le verras pas lever demain matin.

—Tu connais bonne médecine, Aharatenha; fais m'en boire, et si tu me guéris, je te donnerai beaucoup d'argent.

—Quand bien même tu m'en donnerais aussi gros que les montagnes du nord, je ne puis rien faire pour te sauver la vie: l'eau-de-feu flambe dans ton estomac, et si je te faisais boire tout l'Oriaßenrak, il n'éteindrait pas plus le feu qui te dévore, que ne ferait une tassée d'eau versée dans une chaudière pleine de la gomme en fusion, dont on se sert pour calfater nos canots d'écorce; il n'y sortirait que des flammes.

—Houa! fit le Carcajou, et il se cacha la tête sous sa couverture.

—Ecoute, maintenant, dit Aharatenha; tu as toujours vécu comme un chien, et si tu ne veux pas brûler, après ta mort, sur un brasier que toutes les neiges du Canada et toute l'eau du grand lac n'éteindront jamais, envoie chercher la robe noire au plus vite.

—Au même instant, un petit vieillard entr'ouvrit la porte de la maison, et se mit à crier: "Dépêche-toi, Otsitsot, de faire venir la robe noire!" Et il se prit à rire d'un rire si moqueur et si diabolique, que tous les assistants tremblèrent de frayeur.

—J'étouffe! cria le Carcajou, on me serre la gorge! Vite! la robe noire!

On courut chez le missionnaire, mais il était absent; et quand il fut de retour, le Carcajou était froid comme un ououaron du lac Saint-Charles. Le prêtre raconta qu'un petit vieillard était venu lui dire de se rendre au plus

vite à Québec, que son frère, tombé subitement bien malade, voulait le voir avant de mourir. Et les anciens croyaient que c'était un tour que le diable lui avait joué; car, arrivé à Québec, il trouva son frère bien portant. . . .

XX XIV. THE GREAT SERPENT AND WOLVERENE.

(By Sir J. M. LeMoine.)¹

Indian Lorette, like other noted Canadian villages, has its legend of old; its Sachems have carefully preserved it, and handed it down with embellishments to the budding papooses:

Haouroukai, an exemplary and elderly Christian of the tribe, whilst dozing under a pine, on the banks of the St. Charles, had been favoured with the vision of a radiant lady in scarlet silk. She had apprised him that his end was near, when he would forever be admitted in the happy hunting grounds of paradise; 'twas Our Lady of Loretto, the patroness of the village, who had vouchsafed him these consolatory tidings. Other redskins had sought rest under that identical tree, but without any such result.

About that time, lived a ne'er-do-well, intemperate young buck, by name, Otsitot; the white men called him Carcajou (Wolverene) from his love of mischief, mayhap; he made light of, and railed at the story of the vision, and boastingly said that if Our Lady of Loretto would promise him a bottle of fire-water, he too, would readily go and sleep under the tree which gave such good dreams.

Christian Indians scowled at him, saying he would yet come to a bad end. Otsitot, however, was bent on having his own way, and one evening stretched himself to rest cozily under Haouroukai's magic tree. The night was dark and before "courting the balmy" he thought he would have a whiff whilst indulging in a sombre reverie; all at once, far away in the north, he heard a dreadful report in the woods as if the mountain itself shook. It was followed by a loud sound in the forest, as if some heavy body was forcing a passage over upturned trees and bushes crushed in its irresistible course. The soil, said the narrator, quaked just as it does in Quebec, when a heavy piece of ordnance is drawn over it. A ponderous mass fell into the river, a few feet from Carcajou, followed by a dead silence. His vision was dazzled by a shining light on the river: it seemed to proceed from the eyes of a huge serpent, whose head rose about 10 feet above the surface. The reptile had a long, waving mane, like a horse, from which issued sparks of fire like those from a burning fir tree. Its glare lit up the scaly sides of the monster; they were seemingly encased in flakes of gold as if burnished by a mid-day sun. The serpent opened wide his jaws, bristling with teeth like bayonets, and in accents, which echoed like thunder, he roared out; "I hate the whole Huron race, but you, Carcajou, I love and will befriend."

¹ *The Legends of the St. Lawrence, Quebec, 1898, pp. 188-192.*

"A thousand thanks," retorted the terrified Carcajou, "but could you not soften that fearful voice of yours; it deafens me, I feel as if it would wrench off the very roof of my head."

—"I am the Little Manitou, whom the ancient Hurons adored," replied the serpent. "When crossed, my voice gets like thunder; it can move the water of river and lake, and shake the mountains, but as I love you, I shall speak in milder tones, and my voice will become soft like the note of the nightingale."

—"The black-ropes call the Little Manitou, the Devil of the Christians," meekly replied Carcajou, scared at having to deal with such a redoubtable visitor, instead of with our Sweet Lady of Loretto.

—"Hark! my son," hissed the serpent, "the Little Manitou, like the Devil of the Christians, can harm his enemies, but he is harmless, like a new-born babe to those he likes. I love you, let us understand one another!"

—"You frighten me" said Carcajou, "I am but a man, 'tis difficult for a man to hold converse with such an awful being as you."

—"Oh! don't mind my looks," said the serpent; to facilitate our interview, I can transform you into a lizard, a toad, a snake or a bull-frog; just you choose what you would prefer to be, to speak to me."

—"Oh! thanks for your great kindness," replied Carcajou, "I prefer to remain as I am, but could you not change yourself into something less hideous?"

—"I am ever ready to oblige a friend," rejoined the reptile: "I can take the form of a polar bear, a wolf, a panther or a rattle-snake, and even the shape of a human being."

—"I would prefer this last transformation," suggested Carcajou, and instantaneously there appeared before him, a little old man with fiery eyeballs glaring like the orbs of a tiger-cat. The apparition began by glowing offers, to tempt Carcajou from the paths of rectitude, appealing to the worst traits in his nature.

—"You do not like work, my friend?" said the little old man. "I shall arrange matters so that you will have nothing else to do but sleep, or saunter round at your leisure, with a well filled purse in your pocket."

—"Good!"

—"You love dress and show. I will have you clad in silk and scarlet cloth, with silver ornaments, like a great chief visiting Ononchio, at Quebec."

—"Good!"

—"You love rum, there will be an everlasting self-filling flask of prime fire-water stowed in your well provided tobacco pouch."

—"Good! good!"

When the little old man had exhausted the series of his very tempting proposals, Carcajou, hesitatingly made bold to inquire, how he was to requite so many benefits.

—"One thing only, a mere bagatelle," rejoined the mysterious old fellow, with the fiery eyeballs. "Abjure the Christian's faith, and pray to the Great Manitou, like the Hurons of old." Curiosity getting the better of the rum-

loving Carcajou, he suddenly asked. "But where am I to sleep the first night after I die?"

—"In my paradise, my son," replied the serpent.

—"Is there any fire-water to be had there?" rejoined Carcajou.

—"Why, of course! I have so many inmates there," added the strange visitor, "that to prevent them from causing trouble, I have to keep them dead drunk from morning to night, and from night to morning."

Otsitot, surnamed Carcajou, fell into the snare; continued, nay, got deeper, in his evil ways, and the black-robe (the priest) being absent in Quebec when his hour arrived, came to a bad end: this was why the village never increased in population!

That matchless raconteur, P. A. DeGaspé, the author of the "Canadians of old," who made the excursion to Indian Lorette, to collect the threads of the Legend of the Great Serpent, writes: "Paul Tahourenche (Dawn of Day) related to me that he had been told that the old men of the Huron tribe, had followed in the morning, the tracks left by the Great Serpent, winding its sinuous course at nightfall through the village, but that they had lost all trace of them, on the bank of the river St. Charles about one acre from the church.

That the furrow left on the soil, by its passage resembled the ridge which a huge pine would cleave on being dragged over the ground, but Tahourenche added, "I never heard that the population would remain stationary because the serpent was in the habit of bathing in the St. Charles." It was not likely that a princely Huron, like this great Indian chief, who by his industry had accumulated wealth, would admit anything derogatory to the fame of his cherished native village.

XXXV. THE FOX AND THE RACCOON.

(By B. N. O. Walker.)¹

. . . As they [the raccoon and the skunk] trotted along together, the coon explained his plan. They were to watch for a small flock of geese that had eaten until more than satisfied, and would be idly swimming about in the water not far from the shore. Of course if their craws were well stuffed, they would just be a little careless of danger. The coon had a long, pliant strand of soft bark with several large slip-nooses in it. He would swim silently out under the water to where the geese were swimming, slip the nooses over several pairs of feet, give a quick jerk, come to the top of the water, and swim quickly to the shore with his flapping friends in tow.

¹ From *The Indian School Journal*, "Indian stories told in the lodges of the Northeast long ago," retold by Hen-toh. In view of the fact that Mr. Walker had, in a popular magazine, published an embellished version of the tale which he had learnt from late Kitty Greeyes, it was deemed best to take it down in its simpler original form, he acting as informant. The result was the preceding version of "The Fox and the Raccoon" (p. 180). The above incident, however, having been unintentionally omitted by Mr. Walker, it is included here in its embellished form.

His plan worked well; and after he had successfully proved it, they went a little farther on and found another flock of foolish idlers. They should have been flying on to their northern home, after having a good dinner, but instead they were lazily swimming around, carelessly indifferent to danger. The coon asked young fox if he did not want to try his skill and the little fellow gladly consented. He was equally successful as had been the coon, and swam to the shore in great glee with three fat, young geese pulling and flapping at the bark cord.

"Ah my brave little fellow," said the coon, "you'll make a mighty hunter."

"But it will be because I have had a good teacher," merrily replied the nephew.

They started on their way home feeling much satisfaction at their success. As they went along they planned another hunt for the next day.

"For," the coon observed, "the geese will be here only for a few days longer. It is almost their nesting time and they will go on to the far north. Now, tomorrow I will come down past your uncle's lodge when the sun has just started down the sky and you must be ready. We will go out and catch us some more of the fat goslings."

The following day at the appointed time the coon came down past the old fox's lodge. As he neared the place, he saw the nephew hard at work in the garden-patch. He gave a whistle and by and by the little fellow came out to where he was waiting.

"Well youngster, what is the matter? Aren't we going out for another fine hunt?"

The little fellow sadly answered that he could not go to-day. That when he returned home on the previous evening he had found that his uncle had arrived.

"Uncle asked me," he continued, "how I had caught the geese and when I told him, he wished to know why I had not taken more, for, said he, 'I can eat three geese myself and then be hungry.' I told him that I would go out to-day and catch more for him, but he said: 'No, I'll go out and try it myself. You can go and get me the longest bark rope that you can find and be sure that it is good and strong.' I got the rope for him, a very long one, and I made it strong too. He started out when the great sun was yonder. He told me that I must stay at home and clear up another space to add to his garden-patch, and I have been working here and waiting for you to come, so that I might say how sorry I am that I cannot go with you."

The coon was doing some thinking but did not say anything in reply to the forlorn little nephew, except that he too was sorry that they could not have their hunt. While they were talking, they heard a very great squawking and honking noise far down toward the lake. They stopped talking and listened. It seemed to be getting nearer. They ran to the top of a small hillock near by, where they could get a better view out of the clearing. As they reached the top and looked towards the lake, they saw a great flock of geese flying low over the water. . . .

By and by, the flock seemed to arrange itself as best it could and rising higher in the air, took a course directly north which would soon bring them over the place where the coon and the little fox were watching. As they came nearer the two watchers saw a dark object swinging and dangling below the flock of squawking geese. Nearer and nearer they came and when the irregularly arranged flock was almost over the heads of the two on the hillock, they saw that the dark object below was old fox. The strong bark rope was securely tied around his body and with his two hands he was clinging to the tightly drawn rope, to the other end of which was attached the many pairs of feet of the frightened geese. As the flock passed directly over them, the old Fox recognized the two, and shouting at the top of his voice, he said:

"Nephew, take good care of my garden-patch."

Cousin coon tried to be solemn enough to suit the occasion and said:

"Well, I guess that my cousin tied too many feet to his string this time.

He has a long journey before him and a new way of travelling, but I hope he will enjoy his trip and reach his new home safely. I think that it will be many days before he returns here. I guess, youngster, that you had better go and tell your aunt of the jaunt on which he has started and the direction that he has taken."

XXXVI. THE LAZY HUNTER WHO WISHED TO GET MARRIED.

(By *W. E. Connelley*.)¹

Once there was a very lazy and worthless man in a Wyandot village. He had never killed any game. He was regarded with scorn by the women, and with indifference by the men. When he sought a wife he was answered by the damsel, "No meat can be found in your lodge; woman likes meat."

The great desire he had for a wife forced him to try to get some meat for his lodge. On a warm day in summer he went into the woods about the village with his war-club. The first animal which he saw was an opossum. This he slew with his war-club. He seized it by the tail and flung it over his shoulder and he marched to the village with his game. Flies swarmed upon his opossum. In the village when he stepped over a log or jumped across a brook the flies rose in clouds and hummed about his ears. But he believed that the noise of the wings of the flies was the clamour of the maidens of the village in determining who of them should have him for a husband, and in admiration of his prowess as a hunter. However, none of them accosted him with a proposal to be his wife. At the extreme edge of the village he met some hunters coming in with game. To these he complained of his ill success in getting a wife. The hunters were greatly amused, and set upon him in so boisterous a way that he threw down his opossum and fled into the woods. And he is running about there to this day, in a vain search for game with which to get a wife.

¹ *Wyandot Folk-Lore*, p. 98.

XXXVII. THE TATTLER.

(By *W. E. Connelley*.)¹

There is a small bird in the Wyandot country, about the size of and much like the tomtit. He has a light or greyish head, and black circles around his eyes. The Wyandots believe him to be a great tattler or tale-bearer—a mischief-making liar—and that these black rings about his eyes are the result of injury received from some bird whom he has harmed by his lying. For this reason the bird is called Tah-teh-zhah-eh-zhah-eh—The Tattler. A lying man or woman is given this same name by the Wyandots.

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 99.

III. TRADITIONS AND ANECDOTES.

XXXVIII. ORIGIN OF THE WYANDOT-SENECA WAR.

(By P. D. Clarke.)¹

At some period during the first quarter of the sixteenth century, a rupture took place between the Wyandotts and Senecas, while they were peaceably sojourning together (in separate villages), within the vicinity of what is now Montreal.

There are conflicting traditional accounts of what caused the two nations to become hostile toward each other. Some say that it commenced about a Seneca maiden and a Chief's son. . . .

Here is one story how the rupture between the Wyandotts and Senecas occurred:

A Seneca maiden caused a Chief of her tribe to be slain for withholding his consent from his son taking her for wife. Other young men, afterwards, were rejected. Only on one condition would she give her hand to any one of them, and that was, by slaying the Chief who wronged her.

A young Wyandott warrior, hearing of this, visited the maiden; he complied with her condition, and he became her avenger and husband.

The whole Seneca village was enraged. The men flew to arms, to avenge the assassination of their Chief, by destroying the Wyandotts.

The latter broke up their villages, and journeyed westward, while the former were waiting for the return of some of their nation from the hunting-ground, to join them in this warfare.

But, for some unknown reason, they did not, at that time, pursue the Wyandotts, who continued their wanderings, westward, until they reached the banks of the Niagara. . . .

At that time, and back to an unknown period, the Iroquois and Wyandotts had always dwelt in the same region, where the abode and hunting grounds of each were conterminous. . . .

At some time during the latter part of the sixteenth century, the Wyandotts at Niagara migrated northward, to where the city of Toronto now stands. There they roamed the primeval forest in peace and security. . . .

The Wyandotts, fearing lest their enemies might come upon them and destroy them, journeyed thence northward, until they reached the shores of Lake Huron. In that region they found game in abundance, and remained there for many years. . . .

During this time, a portion of the Iroquois were inhabiting the country between the falls of Niagara, and what is now Buffalo. From there a party of the Senecas started in pursuit of the Wyandotts, for it appears to have been

¹ *Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandotts*, Toronto, 1870, pp. 1-3.

their settled purpose to overtake them, and reduce them to subjection. The former, on finding no further trace of the latter, after reaching their deserted homes, within the vicinity of what is now Toronto, returned to the Niagara river.

XXXIX. THE WYANDOT-SENECA WAR.

(By *Jos. Warrow*.)¹

Some time during the first quarter of the sixteenth century, we will say, the above-mentioned young couple were deeply in love with each other, and they expected that in the near future they would be made man and wife according to the customs of their tribe, and were preparing for the happy event. But, to their great surprise, the old chief withheld his consent from his son about his taking her to wife.

This greatly disappointed the young couple. The young man wandered away from his home and tribe never to return, while the young maiden was left to brood over her disappointment. Many young men were afterwards rejected by the disappointed maiden. Only on one condition would she give her hand to any one of them: slaying the chief who had wronged her.

A young Wyandot warrior hearing of this, visited the maiden, and was love-struck at her beauty. Unfortunately he complied with her condition which brought about a terrible warfare between the Wyandots and the Senecas, that lasted many years. The young warrior became her avenger and husband.

The whole Seneca village was enraged. The men flew to arms to avenge the assassination of their chief by destroying the Wyandots. The murderer and his bride attempted an escape but were soon overtaken and were despatched in short order. The enraged Senecas returned to the Wyandot village, and massacred the Wyandots to a fearful extent, as the latter were not prepared for war, and were not expecting any trouble. At that time and back to an unknown period, the Wyandots and Senecas had always lived in peace, and dwelt in a region where the abode and hunting grounds of each were continuous.

The Tuscaroras and Iroquois joined the Senecas in their warfare against the Wyandots.

The Wyandots broke up their villages on the St. Lawrence (river) and journeyed westward, while the Senecas were waiting for the return of some of their own nation from the hunting grounds to join them in their warfare.

¹ This version of the origin of the Wyandot-Seneca war was written by the late Joseph Warrow, a half-breed Wyandot of Anderdon reserve, Ontario. Warrow's manuscript, written in 1902, has been given to the Anthropological Division by his brother, Thomas Warrow, in 1911. In answer to some criticisms to the effect that he had apparently drawn this and other traditional accounts from P. D. Clarke's book, Warrow wrote: "I knew the contents of his (Clarke's) book before he had it published; for he got all his information from grandmother Hunt (also of Anderdon); and he was at my place night after night asking different things from her. I heard her repeat these old traditional stories a hundred times before Uncle Peter even thought of writing a book."

For some unknown reason they did not, at that time, pursue the Wyandots who continued their wandering westward until they reached the banks of the Niagara river. The Wyandots remained there for some time. But, fearing lest their enemies might come upon them and destroy them, they journeyed northward until they reached the shores of Lake Huron.¹ In that region they found game in abundance and remained there for many years.

In those days the Wyandots were a happy people, happy and free—from the white man's vices and immorality. They were unacquainted with the fiery liquid invented by the ingenuity of the white man.

In the year 1701², the Wyandots received tidings of the renewed hostility of the Senecas against them; and, as they expected never to live in peace and security in their homes, they concluded to migrate to some other country. They broke up their villages, once more embarked in their birch-bark canoes, and bid a last adieu to their old homes. The Wyandot fleet passed out of Lake Huron, and glided down the River St. Clair, the banks of which were then inhabited by some Chippewa Indians, with whom they were on friendly terms. When passing out of Lake St. Clair, they saw at a distance a group of white tents where the city of Detroit now stands. "Whoo!" exclaimed the Indians; "What can this mean?" The head-chief ordered his bark fleet ashore and sent some of his men to ascertain what kind of strange beings those were who had found their way into this part of the world. No sooner did the Wyandots land than they were surrounded by the pale-faced occupants of the white tents and thatched roofed huts. It was a French colony prior to this period (1701). These Wyandots of the west had only occasionally met with French traders, explorers, and Jesuit priests at Michillimackinac and St. Joseph. The governor of the colony received them kindly, and the Wyandots represented to him how they had been threatened with annihilation by the Senecas and their allies. The governor invited them to take shelter there, "under the shadow of my wings, I will protect you." The Wyandots readily accepted the humane protection extended to them in time of need. They were then in quest of some new place of abode, and hunting grounds, and intended to have passed on down Detroit river thence to parts unknown.

XL. THE SENECA AT WAR WITH THE WYANDOTS.

(By H. R. Schoolcraft.)³

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century,⁴ a body of Indians composed of the Wyandots (or as they were then called the Saus-taw-ray-tsee) and Seneca tribes inhabited the borders of Lake Ontario. The present Wyandots and Senecas are the remains of this community, and of the cause of their

¹ Georgian bay.

² This passage evidently refers to the final dispersion of the Hurons, in 1648-1659. The Wyandots established a village along the Detroit river about 1701.

³ *Onecia, or Characteristics of the Red Race*, "The Saustawraytsees, a Wyandot Tradition," recorded at Upper Sandusky, on March 1, 1827, by J. H. Kenzie, pp. 54 ff.

⁴ Really refers to events preceding the discovery of North America.

separation and of the relentless hostilities by which it was succeeded, the following details are given in the traditional history of the Wyandots.

A Wyandot girl, whose name for the sake of distinction shall be Oon-yay-stee, and in whom appeared united a rare combination of moral attractions and of extraordinary personal beauty, had for her suitors nearly all the young men of her tribe. As insensible, however, as beautiful, the attentions of her lovers were productive of no favourable effect, for though none were rejected, yet neither was any one distinguished by her partiality. This unaccountable apathy became, in time, a subject not only of general but of common interest to the young Wyandots. A council composed of those interested in the issue of these many and importunate applications for her favour, was held for the purpose of devising some method, by which her intentions in relation to them might be ascertained. At this, when these amourists had severally conceded, each, that he could boast of no indication of a preference shown by Oon-yay-stee to himself, upon which to sound a reasonable hope of ultimately succeeding, it was finally determined, that their claims should be withdrawn in favour of the War Chief of their lodge. This was adopted, not so much for the purpose of advancing the interests of another to the prejudice of their own, as to avoid the humiliating alternative of yielding the object of so much competition to some more fortunate rival not connected with their band.

It may be here necessary to remark that nearly all the suitors belonged to one lodge, and that each of these was a large oblong building, capable of containing 20 or 30 families, the domestic arrangements of which were regulated by a war chief, acknowledged as the head of that particular subordinate band.

Many objections to the task imposed on him by this proposition were interposed by the chief, the principal of which were, the great disparity of age and the utter futility of any further attempt, upon the affections of one so obdurate of heart. The first was obviated by some well applied commendations of his person, and the second yielded to the suggestion that women were often capricious, were not always influenced by considerations the most natural, or resolvable on reasons the most obvious.

The chief then painted and arrayed himself as for battle bestowing some little additional adornment upon his person, to aid him in this species of warfare, with which he was not altogether so familiar as that in which he had acquired his reputation; his practice having been confined rather to the use of stone-headed arrows than love darts, and his dexterity in the management of hearts displayed rather in making bloody incisions, than tender impressions. Before he left the lodge the retainers pledged themselves, that if the prosecution of this adventure should impose upon their chief the necessity of performing any feat, to render him better worthy the acceptance of Oon-yay-stee, they would aid him in its accomplishment, and sustain him against its consequences to the last extremity. It was reserved for so adventurous a spirit that it should be as successful in love, as it had been resistless in war.

After a courtship of a few days he proposed himself and was conditionally accepted, but what the nature of this condition was, further than that it was indispensable, Oon-yay-stee refused to tell him, until he should have given her

the strongest assurances that it should be complied with. After some hesitation and a consultation with the lovers who urged him to give the promise, he declared himself ready to accept the terms of the compact. Under her direction he then pledged the word of a warrior, that neither peril to person nor sacrifice of affection should ever prevail with him to desist, imprecating the vengeance of Hau-men-dee-hoo, and the prosecution of Dairh-shoo-oo-roo-no upon his head if he failed to prosecute to the uttermost the enterprise, if its accomplishment were only possible.

She told him to bring her the scalp of a Seneca chief whom she designated, who for some reason she chose not to reveal, was the object of her hatred.

The Wyandot saw too late that he was committed. He besought her to reflect, that this man was his bosom friend, they had eaten and drunk and grown up together—and how heavy it would make his heart to think that his friend had perished by his hand. He remonstrated with her on the cruelty of such a requisition, on the infamy of such an outrage of confidence, and the execration which would forever pursue the author of an action so accursed. But his expostulations were made to deaf ears. She told him either to redeem his pledge, or consent to be proclaimed for a lying dog, whose promises were unworthy ever to be heard, and then left him.

An hour had hardly elapsed, before the infuriated Wyandot blackened his face, entered the Seneca village, tomahawked and scalped his friend, and as he rushed out of the lodge shouted the scalp-whoop. In the darkness of the night his person could not be distinguished, and he was challenged by a Seneca to whom he gave his name, purpose, and a defiance and then continued his flight. But before it had terminated, the long mournful scalp-whoop of the Senecas was resounding through the Wyandot village; and the chief had hardly joined in the furious conflict that ensued between the avengers of his murdered victim and his own retainers, before he paid with his life the forfeit of his treachery.

After a deadly and sustained combat for three days and nights, with alternate success, the Wyandots were compelled to retire, deserting their village and abandoning their families to such mercy as might be granted by an infuriated enemy. Those who were left, sunk under the tomahawk and scalping knife—the village was devastated—and the miserable author of the bloody tragedy herself perished amid this scene of indiscriminate slaughter and desolation.

This war is said to have continued for a period of more than 30 years in which time, the Wyandots had been forced backwards as far as Lakes Huron and Michigan. Here they made an obstinate stand, from which all the efforts of their relentless enemies to dislodge them were ineffectual. Their inveterate hatred of each other was fostered by the war parties of the respective tribes, whose vindictive feelings led them to hunt and destroy each other, like so many beasts of the forest. These resulted generally in favour of the Wyandots, who, inspired by these partial successes, prepared for more active operations. Three encounters took place, on the same day, two being had on Lake Michigan and one on Lake Erie, and which from their savage and exterminating character, closed this long and merciless contest. It is somewhat remarkable, as no

other tradition makes mention of an Indian battle upon water, that one of these, said to have occurred on Lake Erie, between Long Point and Fort Talbot, was fought in canoes. Of this the following detail is given.

A large body of Wyandots accompanied by two Ottawas left Lake Huron in birch canoes, on a war excursion into the country of the Senecas, who had settled at this time, near the head of the Niagara river. They put ashore at Long point to cook, when one of the Ottawas and a Wyandot were sent out as spies to reconnoitre. They had proceeded but a short distance from the camp, when they met two Senecas, who had been despatched by their party for the like purposes, and from whom they instantly fled. The Ottawa finding his pursuers gaining upon him, hid himself in the branches of a spruce tree, where he remained until the Seneca had passed. The Wyandot, fleet of foot, succeeded in reaching his camp, and gave the alarm, when the whole body embarked and pushed out into the lake. In another moment a party of Senecas was discovered, turning the nearest point of land in wooden canoes. Immediately the war-whoops were sounded and the hostile bands began to chant their respective songs. As they slowly approached each other, the Wyandots struck a fire, and prepared their gum and bark to repair any damage which might occur to the canoes. The battle was fought with bows and arrows, and after a furious and obstinate contest of some hours, in which the carnage was dreadful, and the canoes were beginning to fill with blood, water, and mangled bodies, the Senecas began to give way. The encouraged Wyandots fought with redoubled ardour, driving the Senecas to the shore, where the conflict was renewed with unabated fury. The Wyandots were victorious, and few of the surviving Senecas escaped to tell the story of their defeat. One of the prisoners, a boy, was spared and adopted by the nation. Two Wyandots are now living who profess to have seen him, when very far advanced in years.

Two other attacks to which allusion has been made, as occurring on the borders of Lake Michigan, were not more fortunate in their issue. The Senecas were repulsed with great slaughter.

Thus, say the Wyandots, originated this long, bloody, and disastrous war and thus it terminated after proving nearly the ruin of our nation.

XLI. THE FIRST WHITE MEN SEEN IN AMERICA.

(By P. D. Clarke.)¹

The ships of the first discoverer of Canada (Cartier), were first seen by the Delaware Indians, whom the Wyandots had sent from about Quebec to the Gulf coast, to look out for the strangers and guard the shores. One day, the "coast guard" observed several objects appearing, one after another, like sea gulls, as they were scanning the gulf far as the eye could reach, and which seemed, gradually, to increase in size, as the strange objects came on toward them, and after a while, the spread sails and dark hulls came in full view filling

¹ Op. cit., pp. 3-6.

the Indians with wonder. The Delaware messengers sent to the first Wyandott village to inform them of this; represented the ships as some great dark animals, with broad, white wings—spitting out fire, and uttering the voice of thunder

One summer day, whilst a party of these children of nature were sitting and lying around under shady trees on a bank of the stream, one of their old men suddenly exclaimed, "Hun-haw!" "Look here!" said he, pointing toward a strange looking insect that was buzzing around some wild flowers near them. "The white man," he continued "is not very far off, and this strange thing you see flying about here was brought over to this country by the white man from the other side of the 'big waters,' and who, before very long, will come and take the whole country from the red man. Like the white man, this strange thing represents the rapidly increasing tribe it belongs to." The insect that attracted their attention was the honey bee. "Thus you see," resumed the Wyandott, "that what has been foretold by our fathers is now about coming to pass."

XLII. A WYANDOT-SENECA ENCOUNTER.

(By P. D. Clarke.)¹

About the latter part of the first decade of the eighteenth century, a war party of Wyandotts started down Detroit river in twenty canoes, accompanied by two canoes manned by Chippewas, for Long point, where they expected to find some Senecas. It was the close of a summer day when this fleet came in sight of Lake Erie. Some islands met the eye in the far off south—beyond rolled the wide expanse of waters. After four or five days, they reached Long point, on the Canada shore. Here the Wyandotts, for the first time since they left Detroit river, discovered signs of human beings, by footprints in the sand, which, they supposed, might have been made by a party of Senecas . . . in a short time, the whole party of Senecas made their appearance round the point, and the greater portion of them pushed directly out into the lake.

The Wyandotts watched their movements with an eagle eye, then leaving their moorings, struck into the lake in a parallel direction with their enemies, whose plan it was to get the Wyandott fleet between them and the land, drive the Wyandotts ashore, and cut them to pieces. But when the Senecas found they could not carry out this scheme, they shaped their course toward the Wyandotts, and both parties prepared for the impending attack.

"Hail! to the war Chief of the Wyandotts," exclaimed the Seneca Chief. "Hail! to the war Chief of the Senecas," was the response. "If" continued the Seneca chief, "you will abandon your hostile intentions against us, I will not only grant you and your friends pardon, but will receive you with a heart overflowing with friendship." "Never!" responded the Wyandott, "so long as you cherish that enmity that now rankles in your treacherous heart against

¹ Op. cit., pp. 12-14.

the Wyandotts." "What! treacherous!" eagerly exclaimed the proud Seneca. "If then you are so foolish as to entertain for a moment the idea of conquering us, you must abide the terrible consequences." "Be it so," echoed the Wyandott, "the blood of your warriors, and that of mine, shall mingle together in the deep before we will fall into your treacherous hands." "This deep then shall be thy grave," returned the Seneca. The Wyandott Chief now donned his conical-shaped panther-skin cap, and addressed a few words to his followers reminding them of their wrongs, and how some of their nation were destroyed in the east and north by the Senecas and their allies; meanwhile, dropping little by little, bits of tobacco and some substance from his medicine bag into the deep beneath him, invoking the god of battles to be with them during the approaching struggle; and while this red admiral was yet holding a solemn communion with Neptune, whiz-z-z came a shower of arrows, as thick as hail, from the enemy, accompanied by some rifle bullets, that whistled over their heads. "Who!" exclaimed the Wyandott, "Now for it." The sharp salute was instantly returned with barbed arrows and firearms; and thus commenced the din of the first "naval battle" probably, that was ever fought on the bosom of Lake Erie. But one regular volley was exchanged, for they were soon at close quarters, with their tomahawks. Shouts after shouts mingled with the savage yells of both parties rent the air, and rendered the deadly conflict doubly horrible. The surface of the blue lake was tinged with the blood of the combatants. The battle lasted but a short time. The Senecas were all killed to a man. Not a Wyandott was slain.

XLIII. WYANDOT-CHEROKEE BATTLE.

(*P. D. Clarke*).¹

During this decade [between the years 1720 and 1731], the Wyandotts and Cherokees became hostile to each other and their long protracted warfare has been supposed to have originated from kidnapping one another's women and children for adoption.

And such was the nature of the enmity then existing between the two nations, when a party of Wyandott warriors who had made an attack on the habitations of their enemies, were pursued by a party of Cherokees as they were making a hasty retreat. [In the evening . . . "Our enemy is yet in pursuit of us; dangerous is our situation!" exclaimed Soo-daw-soo-wat, their leader, as his companions were pulling off their moccasins. . . . They were about to give way to a sound sleep, when they were suddenly disturbed by the howling of a wolf. "Hark!" exclaimed Soo-daw-soo-wat, with an authoritative tone, "did I not tell you that our enemy was near? This howling sounds like the voice of a human being." Scarce had he uttered these words when the wolf, south of them, was answered by the barking of a fox in a westerly direction; in the north, the quacking of a drake; east, the hooting of an

¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 22-24.

owl. "Now my friends," continued Soo-daw-soo-wat, "we are completely surrounded. I have heard it said by some of our old men that such as we have now heard is the signal used by the Cherokees when surrounding their enemy."

. . . The Wyandotts though out-numbered, fought desperately until the dawn of day, when they crept over the bank of the river and betook themselves to flight. Knowing a rule among the Cherokees never to follow the remnant of their enemies after a battle, they halted at some distance from the camp until some time in the after part of the day, when they heard firing, the Cherokees had buried their own slain friends, and after firing a farewell shot over their graves, started for their homes, leaving the slain Wyandotts for their friends to bury them.

XLIV. THE HURONS AND THE OJIBWAS.

(By Rev. T. C. Thomas.)¹

It was a long struggle between the Hurons and Iroquois. . . .

Desperation of the Hurons took place and they sought shelter amid the tribes on the southwest end of Lake Superior; others joined western tribes, and some were adopted by their conquerors, in perfect amity.

The exultation of the Iroquois was almost beyond bounds. They pursued their retreating brethren over as far as the northern shore of Lake Huron. They were the possessors of the whole territory; the valley of the Ottawa yielded them their game which a few years before was the right and support of their exiled brethren.

Dejected, disheartened, the Hurons presented themselves at the doors of the great council wigwams of the different nations whom they had made enemies by their former depredations; but rather than submit to be led by their own brethren, as a conquered race, throughout their former possessions, those who came to the northwest called a council among themselves, in which it was determined upon what should be done. This council, according to tradition, must have been held somewhere on the northern shore of Lake Huron.

The Hurons assembled themselves in council, and in the course of their deliberations, they desired several of their chiefs to visit the great Ojibway family, on Lake Superior, and see whether that nation would forgive them the wrongs they had done them, and admit them as their allies. The war canoes of the Hurons were manned and paddled on the bosom of the great lake in search of a place of refuge. They arrived quite late in the autumn at the easternmost village of the Ojibways, a situation they named Pe-quak-qua-wah-ming (now Pequaming.) It was the policy of the Hurons to present themselves in a pitiable condition before their superiors, the Ojibway family of the great lake, that they might the more easily obtain their favour and sympathy. Tradition informs us that they came and presented themselves before

¹ Rev. T. C. Thomas, Nah-ben-ay-ash. The above tradition, apparently Ojibwa, was first published in *The Munising Republican*, in July, 1903 (?); and reprinted in *The American Antiquarian*, Vol. XXXV, July-Sept., 1913, pp. 158-161.

the council door of that nation and begged them to spare their own children's lives. They had painted their faces black, rent their clothes, and with emaciated and haggard frames, came to implore their aid. They narrated their misfortunes to incite the pity of the nation.

The Ojibways saw them and yielded to pity and compassion. The Hurons were received as friends; they overcame the war spirit of the Ojibways, who kindly seated them at their side.

The Huron chief detailed the barbarous act of their brethren, and narrated in glowing language their cruelty; that their allies had driven them from their lands; that their children had been thrown on the blaze of their own fires in their own wigwams, and that the wigwams, beneath which they had resided for years, had been reduced to ashes. Some were compelled to drink the blood of their own children, while those who were carried away into their own brethren's country were denied food and were offered their own children's flesh in its stead. They said the graves of their people were desecrated and that the bodies of their women and children lay unburied on their battlefields.

The Hurons related the account of their children's massacre with tears and sobs, and by such means moved those who had been their enemies to pity them, and kindled in the hearts of some a feeling of revenge upon the Iroquois, who had so far overstepped the barrier which nature had raised in the hearts of all men.

At this time there lived the greatest of renowned warriors, Wah-boo-geeg, who dwelt at Pe-quak-qua-wahming. His name has been handed down from generation to generation, and his bravery and fame have been envied by all young warriors. It is said that this Wah-boo-geeg arose in the council with a club in his hand, remembering the Hurons and their many barbarous acts, shook the war club over their heads, and said that it was not fear which had led them to give them such a reception, but it was pity for their children that induced them to open their arms and receive them. He told them that henceforward none should molest them; that the war club of the Ojibways should protect them, and that they were as numerous as the leaves of the forest toward the setting sun. A situation was assigned them near by, where they and their children could reside and be near the villages of the Ojibways. It was adjacent to a bay about 15 miles east of L'Anse and the bay and river's name has been Huron from that day to this.

XLV. THE WYANDOT AND THE SHAWNEE.

(By P. D. Clarke.)¹

About the latter part of the fourth decade [eighteenth century] and whilst a party of Wyandotts were encamped on the banks of the Ohio, at the mouth of a smaller stream, now called "Scioto," they descried at a distance, a large fleet of canoes coming up, looking like Indians. "Hey!" exclaimed the Wyandott

¹ Op. cit., pp. 35, 36.

Chief, when the strange fleet came within hailing distance, "of what nation are you?" "Shawnees!" was the response. "Where are you bound for?" continued the Wyandott. "We know not where," replied the Shawnee; "we have been driven from one place to another, and some of our people slain by a hostile tribe of Indians, and we have concluded to leave our last place of abode down on the Mississippi (probably at what is now Natchez) and seek some other country; even now, our enemies may be in pursuit of us." "Come ashore," said the Wyandott, "and we will protect you. You can," he continued, "go up this stream," which he indicated with his hand, "and take possession of the country, for your future homes." And the Shawnee nation did go up the Scioto, and thereafter became occupants of some of the interior portions of Ohio and Indiana territories. From this nation sprung the great war Chief Tecumseh. . . .

XLVI. THE INDIAN GAMBLERS.

(By W. E. Connelley.)¹

In the summer of 1773, a numerous body of Indians from the northwest was assembled at Detroit. This place, besides being a military post, well supplied with military stores, was the great mart for the fur trade. The most numerous of these visiting tribes were the Chippewas, the Wyandots, and some Pottawatomies and Ottawas residing on both sides of the river now dividing Michigan from Canada west.

These annual visits to the British headquarters were for trading purposes; exchanging their year's hunt for such necessaries of Indian use as could be supplied by the traders, such as blankets, cloth, calico, tobacco, guns, ammunition, etc. Many were there for no other purpose than spending the summer, as our fashionables do at watering-places, in idleness, and enjoying "fun and frolic." Ball-plays, foot-races, wrestling, and at night dog feasts (a religious festival among the Chippevas), and dances of every kind known among them.

The chiefs and head men in the meantime held councils, and smoked the calumet of peace with the English commandant, to hear the talk of their great father the King of England, and to receive presents. The women were employed in tanning and dressing elk- and deer-skins, cooking, etc.

Games of chance are not, as a passion, confined to civilization, but are indulged in by the wild and uncivilized as well. Among their rude games is one known as "moccasin." Two only can play at the game. They are seated face to face on a buffalo- or deer-skin. Four new moccasins and a rifle-ball made up the implements employed in the game.

¹ Op. cit., pp. 111-116.

This is a tradition among the Wyandots. It was written out and published in the *Gazette*, of Kansas City, Kansas, by Governor William Walker, long ago, sometime in the sixties or early in the seventies. This is taken from the *Gazette*. It is told in different forms by the Wyandots. The old files of the *Gazette* are mines of information about Kansas affairs and early Kansas history—W. E. Connelley.

The moccasins are placed nearly equidistant, like a four-spot on a playing-card. The players, seated cross-legged, facing each other, now toss up for the ball or first "hide." The winner, taking the ball between his thumb and two fingers, proceeds with great dexterity, shuffling his hand under the first, second, third, and fourth moccasins, and humming a ditty accompanied by some cabalistic words invoking the aid of his patron deity. It now comes to the opposing player to "find" at the first, second, or third "lift." If at the first, it counts a given number in his favour—say four; if at the second, two; and the third, one. The latter player now takes the ball and goes through the same process. Ten usually constitutes the game, but the number is as the players may agree.

At this game a Wyandot and a Chippewa became warmly engaged, betting lightly at first of the peltries acquired during the winter's hunt. They had played an hour or two each day for some days; the last loser, unwilling to yield the palm of victory, would insist upon a renewal of the contest. Thus day after day was spent. No ulterior calls or demands were permitted to interfere with or stay their maddened passion. Success vibrated between the two with provoking uncertainty; still they played on. The expostulations of their respective friends were fruitless. Pent up in a charmed circle which neither had the moral force to break, they became devotees to this fatal passion. At length luck began to favour the Wyandot; beaver- and otter-skins began to accumulate upon the heap of the latter. The Chippewa's pile began to "grow small by degrees and beautifully less." The game was kept up. At length the Chippewa's last pelt was gone; his rifle, in a fit of desperation, was staked: that, too, was lost!

Here the protracted game must end; but fate had more evils, yet undeveloped, to be brought upon the tapis—their evil genius had more serious work on hand for them. The Chippewa now offered to stake his life against the Wyandot's winnings. This was promptly refused. The Chippewa insisted, becoming frantic with rage, indignation, and desperation, and obstinacy became fury. In thus parleying, the Chippewa used some offensive language to the Wyandot, who immediately accepted the challenge. They resumed their seats. The game went on; perspiration stood upon the forehead of the Chippewa. The last "lift" and "find" came to the Wyandot—a pause—a "lift"—a "find"!

"Lost! lost!!" frantically exclaimed the unfortunate Chippewa. Springing to his feet and uttering a yell, he bounded off in the direction of the fort, distant about a mile. The Wyandot, indignant at such an act of craven poltroonery, instantly pursued the fugitive. The latter, seeing his enemy in hot pursuit, redoubled his speed. Doubtful for some time seemed the race. The Wyandot began to slowly gain; shorter and shorter became the space between the pursuer and the fugitive. At length the latter, finding escape hopeless, halted and faced about, when the avenger laid his victim at his feet by plunging his knife deep into his heart.

Here was trouble. Hitherto the most amicable relations had existed between the two tribes. The Wyandot sachem ordered the arrest and con-

finement of the murderer until an accommodation could be effected with the exasperated Chippewas. The chiefs of the parties met in council; a formal demand was made for the murderer; this was declined. A bonus was offered, but it was rejected; other offers were made, but to no purpose. The mediation of the commanding officer was invoked; he promptly appeared and harangued the Chippewas with eloquence and power in the name of their good father the king, and offered in the character of peacemaker an additional bonus in goods out of the king's storehouse. This intervention met with no better success.

Now the prisoner arose and addressed the assembly; first, the Wyandots, requesting them to cease all further efforts in his behalf. Then turning to the Chippewas, he made a full statement of what had occurred between him and his friend, declaring that he had no intention of harming him had he stood up like a brave, nor did he intend to retain his rifle, knowing it was the means of his subsistence. "*But I slew him for his cowardice.*" He then asked to be permitted to attend the funeral unmolested, pledging himself to return and surrender himself up. This was agreed to, but his liberty was to extend no farther than the close of the funeral.

The prisoner, being released on his parole, returned home, dressed and painted himself in such manner as to appear in the character of a mourner, and armed himself with tomahawk and scalping-knife. Thus equipped, he proceeded to the Chippewa encampment, and deliberately seated himself at the head of the corpse. The crowd in attendance were astonished at the display of impudence and audacity of the man. He expected to be immolated at the burial, and had hinted to some of his friends that some more Chippewas would bear him company. Everything being ready, the funeral party set out, the Wyandot walking near the corpse. Arriving at the grave, heedless of their suppressed threats and angry scowls he seated himself near the corpse. The burial over, he arose to his feet. A pause, as if awaiting some movement or signal, when an aged woman, weeping bitterly, approached the Wyandot and addressed him: "Wyandot, under that pile of earth lies my only son, who alone was my dependence and support. He is your victim. Your life is in my hands, but I thirst not for your blood. I have no one to look to for the support of myself and these fatherless and motherless children. My pathway is now dark and gloomy. I know not what to do now. Will you take his place—be my son, and a father to these children?"

The answer was: "Woman of the Chippewas, I have heard your talk. My heart was hard, but your talk, and the tears of yourself and these children, have made it soft. Till now I knew nothing of the family and relatives of him I slew. *I will do it.* I will protect and support you and these orphans. I will be a son to you and a father to them. "But," turning to the gathered warriors, "remember, I do this not because I fear your vengeance; no, but because I believe the Mighty Ruler requires this atonement at my hands."

Taking him by the hand, she added: "Now the spirit of my son will depart in peace to the beautiful hunting-grounds prepared by the Manitou for his Red Children."

Waving her hand to the crowd of scowling warriors, they slowly and sullenly dispersed.

The Wyandot made good his promise. He lived to bury his adopted mother. He was as a father to the children.

XLVII. A MEETING OF THE WYANDOTS AND THE SENECA.

(By P. D. Clarke.)¹

About the year 1775, a party of Senecas suddenly made their appearance, and came evidently on purpose to provoke the Wyandotts about Detroit, to a renewal of hostilities between them, by reminding the Wyandotts how a large portion of their nation was exterminated in former times, and telling them that they only knew how to kill beaver, and other animals. Upon this, the Wyandott Chief sent for a member of their tribe, who was a little boy at the time of the battle on Lake Erie; he was in one of the canoes, and remembered seeing, from his concealment, under a large camp-kettle, a war Chief of the Seneca's slain near him. This Wyandott, now an old man, came into the council house, and stood leaning on his staff before a group of Senecas on the ground, and addressed them thus: "You say that we Wyandotts only know how to kill beavers, he-ee!" and with his staff struck one of the middle posts of the council house. "Listen!" said he to them, "I once witnessed a great number of Beavers killed (meaning Senecas) on the lake—indicating the direction with his staff—by the Wyandotts, long time ago." A party-coloured bead belt with the figure of a Beaver animal on it, was shown them, which was given to the Wyandotts by their nation, a few years after the battle on the lake, as a pledge, or token of peace and friendship, for all time; but which the Senecas now looked upon as obsolete and of no account. . . .

Sullenly, the Senecas retired from the Wyandott council house, after they were reminded of the battle on the lake, and suddenly they disappeared from the village.

XLVIII. THE AMERICANS AND THE WYANDOTS.

(By P. D. Clarke.)²

Two or three years after [General] St. Clair's defeat,³ [near what is now Fort Recovery] "mad Anthony Wayne" marched his army to the fatal spot (or within its vicinity), erected a block-house and enclosed a piece of ground around it, with logs and tree tops, and named it "Fort Recovery." And whilst he was securely posted there parties of Indian scouts went to watch his movements. Wayne had been there some months, when Splitlog and his

¹ Op. cit., pp. 39, 40.

² Op. cit., pp. 140-142.

³ 1791, according to P. D. Clarke.

brother Roundhead started from Michigan, accompanied by some of their warriors, to go and reconnoitre this military station in the wilderness.

A wide open space in the forest suddenly appeared before them as they were nearing the station, every tree for about two hundred yards around the block-house was felled. Leaving their horses to pick around in the woods, they proceeded on foot towards the fort, and whilst cautiously approaching the margin of the opening, they discovered a picket guard peering into the forest, seemingly in dread of some lurking enemy.

The Wyandotts could have shot the picket had they been so minded, but they concluded to have some sport with him. As soon as he spied the "Injuns" dodging behind trees, bang went his old-fashioned flint-lock musket, he fired a random shot into the forest towards the "Injuns," and whether it was an overcharge or fright that caused him to drop his musket, he did not stop long enough to be questioned by the Indians, but forthwith made "tall and rapid strides," leaving his firelock behind him. Away he went, crying "Injuns!" "Injuns!" and tumbling over logs and tree-tops that strewed the ground. "Hello!—hey!—Injuns!—coming!" his nether extremities appearing, now and then, where his bewildered head ought to have been. Meanwhile the "Injuns" were a musing themselves at the frightened picket, until he disappeared at the block-house. Presently the Wyandotts heard a loud laughter which they supposed to be at the expense of the scared picket.

Next night Splitlog ventured alone, and cautiously crept through the logs and tree-tops enclosure around the blockhouse.

Owing to the darkness of the night, he could but faintly discern a sentinel standing a short distance from him, and whilst moving about "on all fours" his hand came in contact with something round—he was in a "melon patch,"—he took some of the melons and commenced a retreat, and on reaching the outside of the enclosure, "crash! crash!" the breaking of dry limbs under his feet caused him to make a rapid retreat. And as he started off, imitating a buck, thus "e-yerh," bang! went the sentinel's musket, firing a random shot at the supposed buck.

Next day Splitlog ventured out (on horse back) alone, again, in a south-east direction from the block-house. He saw a white man coming on horse-back, who, the moment he discovered Splitlog, wheeled around and commenced a hasty retreat. "Stop, Yankee," vociferated the Wyandott, but the "Yankee" preferred widening the space between him and his pursuer. "Stop, Yankee," repeated the Wyandott, who, in passing under a lodged tree across the path, had the cock of his gun broken off, by coming in contact with the tree. The American now halted a moment and aimed to shoot his pursuer, but owing to the rainy weather, the powder in the pan of his old fashioned flint-lock rifle was dampened, consequently it missed fire. The American's horse now began to tire down in the long chase. He dismounted, and whilst leading his jaded animal up the bank of a creek, the "Injun" came upon him—who had also dismounted, and aimed to strike the "Yankee" with his broken gun, but the latter warded off the blow with his rifle, and struck the "Injun" a glancing blow with it from the head to the shoulder, then started off, muttering

"You d—n Injun," leaving his horse. Meanwhile, the two horses had left the path and were feeding around, together. The American disappeared, and Splitlog got his horse. Soon after this he saw the same white man, with others, driving several pack horses towards the fort; from this he concluded that he had been chasing and having an encounter with a contractor who was supplying General Wayne's army with food. Soon after the party were out of sight he heard them shouting, as if exulting over something. "Ha!" exclaimed the Americans—it was where he had dropped his broken gun, and which they had found on the path. Splitlog's brother came to him where he was, and both started together for their camp.

XLIX. THE WYANDOTS SLAY WHITE SOLDIERS.

(*Rev. J. B. Finley*)¹

He [Mononcue] related² one case in which a whole party of their [white] enemies were entirely cut off. Some years previously they had taken a Wyandott woman, and made a slave of her. On a war excursion they took her with them, probably to mend their moccasins and make their fires. At or near where we were then encamped, they stopped for the night, and sent her for wood. While she was thus wandering, she fell in with a party of her own people, and they agreed with her, that as soon as the ("white men") fell asleep, she should tie their feet together, and if they should awake while she was doing it, she was to fly to them for protection. She succeeded, and the Wyandotts fell upon them and destroyed them all so that none escaped.

L. TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF THE WYANDOTS.

(*P. D. Clarke*)³

From traditional accounts, the Wyandotts once inhabited a country northeastward from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, or somewhere along the gulf coast, before they ever met with the French, or any European adventurers.⁴

. . . On the River Swaba at its confluence with Lake Huron. Here they dwelt together in peace until a separation took place some time in the second quarter of the seventeenth century. That portion of them belonging to the Bear clan returned to their ancient homes near Quebec, and remained under the protection of the French. . . .

About the same time the Bear clan left the shores of Lake Huron, a band of the Porcupine, Wolf, Turtle, and other clans migrated from the River Swaba

¹ *Life among the Indians*, p. 383.

² About 1825.

³ *Op. cit.*; the following pages consist of extracts from Clarke's text.

⁴ p. 4.

to the Island of St. Joseph, in Lake Huron, and to Michilimackinac. In those days the Wyandotts were numerous.

The Porcupine, Big Snake, Hawk, and some of the smaller or Prairie Turtle and Bear Clans, generally kept together, and were always a wayward and turbulent party.

Shortly after this separation on the River Swaba, another took place. A band of the Big Turtle and Deer clans journeyed southward to the north shores of Lake Erie.¹ . . .

. . . Their "head-quarters" were then on the River Swaba. Here resided the King, or head Chief of the Wyandotts. The succession belonged to the Big Turtle and Deer clans, and by rule or custom never departed from them. Every heir (in the male line) who fills the vacancy must be of pure Wyandott blood.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the Wyandotts on the Island of St. Joseph were suddenly attacked by a large party of Senecas with their allies, [who] massacred them to a fearful extent² . . .

At some time during the third quarter of the seventeenth century, and whilst the warriors were absent, news came to their old King or Head Chief that a war party of Senecas were on their way to his village, they having learnt that his warriors were absent.

The old Wyandott Chief conceived the plan of baffling the enemy's contemplated assault on his village, by having an effigy made representing himself in a sitting posture in his "wigwam," and during the night in which he expected the attack, he ordered all the old and young people to be secreted with him outside of the village, and the moment he ascertained that the enemy had crossed the stream, he sent some of the boys and women to secrete their canoes. After midnight, or before the dawn of day, the Senecas entered the deserted village and surrounded the old Chief's residence. The leader of the invading party perceiving him through a hole over his door, quietly sitting, as he thought, by his fire which afforded but a dim flickering light, smoking his pipe, his grey head represented with a wig made of the skin of some white-haired animal, "Wauh!" exclaimed the leader of the Senecas, as he broke in, followed by his men, upon the old Chief, and with uplifted tomahawk accosted His Majesty thus, "A Wyandott at one time killed a War Chief of our tribe, and the time to have our revenge by slaying you has at last come!" uttering a savage yell as his descending tomahawk came in contact with the wooden head of the Wyandott-diff!—"Whooh!" exclaimed the Seneca, "What does this mean?" a roar of laughter succeeded the savage yell of the whole party on perceiving the stratagem, and commenced dancing around the fire, yelling and singing their savage war songs, knocking the effigy of the old King about his "wigwam" with their tomahawks and war clubs.

But their boisterous conviviality was instantly hushed by the distant whoop and yell of Indians. Thinking that it might be a party of Wyandott

¹ p. 5.

² p. 7.

warriors hurrying home to save their people from being massacred, the Senecas made a hasty retreat, and not finding their canoes where they had left them, they rushed into the stream to swim across.

Owing to the darkness of the night they did not discern a gang of women and boys standing in the water who attacked them with clubs. These, on perceiving that the enemies were not of a large party, gave the signal to the Wyandott boys and women at the opposite side of the stream to attack the refugees. Several of the latter were slain.¹ . . .

At some time during the last quarter of the seventeenth century, a portion of the Wyandotts wandered off and dwelt on the banks of Detroit river, on the Canada side. . . .

. . . Every year, and soon after gathering their corn in autumn, they were off to their hunting grounds, and never returned before spring.²

The Wyandotts had always lived in peace in other parts of western Canada, until they were found by their ancient enemies, the Senecas and their allies, from that time forward they became wanderers, and never remained long at the one place until they met with the French colony at Detroit, in 1701. This band of Wyandotts, after remaining a few years in different parts of this western frontier of Canada, rejoined their people in the island of St. Joseph. The remnant of the Wyandotts of the west were now sojourning together once more; but here they were not to remain long unmolested. Their old enemy came upon them when they were least expected, as they did once before at the same place; but at this time the invaders found the islanders prepared. A battle ensued and the enemy was driven from the island, leaving many of their friends slain.

The Wyandotts returned to Michilimackinac, where they made it their "head-quarters," or rendezvous, and continued to make the Island of St. Joseph one of their hunting grounds.³ . . .

In the year 1701, the Wyandotts received tidings of the renewed hostility of the Senecas against them, and, as they never expected to live in peace and security about Michilimackinac thereafter, they concluded to migrate to some other country, broke up their villages, embarked in their birch canoes, and bid a last adieu to their old homes.⁴

. . . When passing out of Lake St. Clair, they descried at a distance, a group of white tents, where the city of Detroit now stands. . . .

. . . No sooner did the Wyandotts land, than they were surrounded by the pale faced occupants of the white tents and thatched roof huts. It was a French colony. Prior to this period (1701), these Wyandotts of the west had only occasionally met with French traders, explorers, and Jesuit priests at Michilimackinac and St. Joseph. The governor of the colony received them kindly, and when the Wyandotts represented to him how they had been threatened annihilation by the Senecas and their allies, he invited them to take shelter

¹ pp. 7-9.

² p. 9.

³ p. 10.

⁴ pp. 10-11.

under his protection. . . . The Wyandotts readily accepted this humane protection.¹ . . .

It was the policy of the French, at that early period of their western frontier settlement, to cultivate, and endeavour to maintain peace and friendship with neighbouring tribes of Indians, for their own protection—they gave them presents, and contracted alliances, and carried on a profitable trade with them, by exchanging goods for their furs and peltry.

The Ottawas, Chippewas, and Potawatamies were inhabiting this part of the country before the Wyandotts first came to Detroit² . . .

At some time during the second decade, or between the years 1710 and 1721, a party composed of six Wyandott warriors started on a journey westward from Detroit. . . . "Onward" was the watchword, through the unknown regions before them. . . . "Who!" exclaimed the travellers, when the great father of waters—Mississippi—appeared before them.³ . . .

. . . . Being provided with knives and small axes, they had no difficulty in constructing some kind of a craft to cross the river with. . . . "We will continue to march on towards the setting sun," [said their leader,] "until we reach the back bone⁴ we have heard spoken of." . . .

. . . . And they were far beyond the Mississippi before they discovered the first signs of human beings, whilst passing through a strip of timber. Presently an Indian village appeared before them, on the banks of a stream. . .

The Wyandott leader spoke to the curious group [of Indians.] To his utter astonishment, he was answered in the Wyandott tongue. "Who!" he exclaimed, "are you Wyandotts?" "Yes;" was the answer. "We once were Wyandotts."⁵ . . .

"How," asked the traveller, "[came] you here in this remote region, west of the Mississippi?" "Many years ago," replied the old Chief, "our people were attacked on an island in a lake, and a great portion of them slain by the Senecas and their allies. We are some of those who made their escape from the massacre, and, soon afterwards, wandered from our nation's (then) principal place of abode, between two lakes (meaning Michilimackinac), and came into this country." "We," he continued, "are of the Big Turtle and Deer clan." "My ancestors belonged to the former." The travellers were persuaded to sojourn awhile with these people.

At the close of the second decade, the four nations (the French being a fifth party) of Indians having already formed an alliance for their mutual protection against the incursions of the roving savages of the west, the four nations [the Wyandotts, the Chippewas, the Ottawas, and the Potawatamies], now entered into an arrangement about their country.⁶

¹ p. 11.

² p. 12.

[Battle with Senecas described, pp. 13-14; above pp. 366,367.]

³ p. 15.

⁴ The Wyandott meant the "Rocky Mountains." He had been informed by the French, at Detroit, of there being a long chain of mountains, from north to south, in the far west.—P. D. Clarke.

⁵ p. 16.

⁶ pp. 16-17.

It was understood among them, at the same time, that each of the four nations should have the privilege of hunting in one another's territory. It was also decided that the Wyandotts should be the keepers of the international council fire. . . .

From that period might be dated the first introduction of the wampum belt system, representing an agreement among the four nations. The belt was left with the keepers of the council fire. From that time forward, until the year 1812 (when the council fire was removed from Michigan to Canada), every wampum belt representing some international compact, was placed in the archives of the Wyandott nation. Each belt bore some mark, denoting the nature of a covenant or contract entered into between the parties, and the hidden content of which was kept in the memory of the Chiefs.¹

During this second decade of the eighteenth century, a large portion of the Wyandotts, as well as some of the other nations, embraced the Roman Catholic religion. . . .

During the latter part of the third decade,² the party of Wyandotts whom we left at a Wyandott village, west of the Mississippi, returned to Detroit river, after being absent nearly twenty years. The leader of this party, during his sojourn in that distant region, married a Wyandott woman of that village, and brought home with him, two nearly grown-up daughters. The writer's ancestors, on the maternal side, could be traced to one of the two girls.

During the fourth decade (between the years 1730 and 1741), a portion of the Wyandott nation extended their habitations down and along the Michigan side of Detroit river, as far as what is now Gibraltar, formerly "Brown's Town"; and thereabouts³ . . .

. . . About this time (fourth decade), a part of the Wyandotts took permanent possession of the River Aux Canard country, on the Canada side, and extended their place of abode to the mouth of Detroit river, and down along the shores of Lake Erie.⁴ . . .

At this first meeting (between 1840 and 1850) of the Shawnees and Wyandotts, what passed between them was made known and understood to each other by signs with the hands, and talked to each other in their own tongues at the same time.

It may seem strange to the reader unacquainted with the character of Indians in their primeval nature, how two of different tribes or tongues could converse with one another. It is very simple. One can make the other understand what he wishes to tell him with the eye, and signs with the hand.⁵

At the commencement of the fifth decade (between the years 1740 and 1751), the principal portion of the Wyandotts had taken permanent possession of the country between Fort Detroit, and the River Huron, in Michigan. Their main village was at the place now called Gibraltar, and about opposite

¹ p. 18.

² Of the eighteenth century.

³ p. 34.

⁴ p. 35.

⁵ p. 36.

Amherstburg, on the main land, where they erected their council house. In this village was kept their archives and international council fire.

At this time [between 1840 and 1850] lived the last of the ancient line of head Chiefs, or King of pure Wyandott blood, named Suts-taw-ra-tse. . . .

We have noticed the four nations about Detroit having formed an alliance for the protection against the hostile incursions of the Western savages.¹

Other friendly tribes now joined this confederation with the same view: Shawnees, Delawares, Miamis, and other tribes. Representatives or deputations from each tribe were admitted into the general council, occasionally held at the Wyandott council house.

. . . Each treaty concluded between them and the different tribes, was represented by a wampum belt, the stipulations of which were kept in the memory of the parties, and every belt bore some mark to distinguish it from the others.

The Wyandott Chiefs had charge of the general depository or archives, as has been noticed. . . .

During this period [between 1750 and 1761], parties of Wyandott scouts occasionally ventured across the Ohio river, into Virginia, to watch the progress of the white settlements. One of these parties, at one time, brought home to the main Wyandott village in Michigan, an English boy about eight years of age, they had taken at some new frontier settlement in Virginia, whilst on his way to school. This boy was adopted by a Wyandott family, and was treated as one of their children. And, when he became a man grown, married a Wyandott woman—the writer's maternal grandmother. This Englishman, named Adam Brown, being considered as one of the nation, was made a Chief, and became a useful man among the Wyandotts.² . . .

. . . He was a Chief, and stood next to the Head Chief of the nation. He was adopted by a family of the Deer clan. The principal chieftainship belonged to the Big Turtle and Deer clans. This Adam Brown's Wyandott name was Ta-haw-na-haw-wie-te.³

. . . During this decade [between the years 1760 and 1771]. . . . the Wyandotts numbered about 4,000.⁴ . . .

A wampum belt was given to the Wyandotts by the British, with a white strip in the middle from one end to the other, representing their ever free road to headquarters. Signifying also, the British Government's friendship and protection to them for all time.⁵ . . .

Among those who cast their lot with the loyalists when the revolutionary war broke out, was one Colonel Alexander McKee, who left Pennsylvania and came to Canada; and among the relatives he left behind was a nephew, then ten years of age, who came to Detroit, after the revolution. Both uncle

¹ pp. 36, 37.

² p. 38.

³ p. 39.

⁴ p. 49.

⁵ p. 50.

and nephew became officers of the British Government, in the Indian Department. This nephew was the writer's father.....

About this time (1790) a large band of the Wyandott nation called the Porcupine, Bear, and Big Snake clans were inhabiting a portion of the south shore country of Lake Erie, in Ohio. Their main village was on the River Huron and near its confluence with the lake, and between what is now Sandusky city and Cleveland. Some of this band intermarried with the Senecas, although the two nations they respectively belonged to were at enmity with each other.²

. . . Those at the former place [Sandusky] had lived there several years, when the smallpox broke out among them, and scattered them to different parts; some to Michigan; some to Canada; and the majority of them went southward to Upper Sandusky. From there some of their people had already migrated farther south. Other bands of Wyandotts had migrated from Michigan and located in different parts, south and southwest from Upper Sandusky, during the last decade of the eighteenth century. Their neighbouring tribes were the Shawnees, Delawares, and Muncies. At this time, some of the Ottawas and Potawatamies were inhabiting northwestern Ohio.³ . . .

At some time between the years 1790 and 1801, the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Potawatamies laid claim to their proportional part, as they thought, of the Huron Reserve under the treaty of 1790. A general council of the four nations was called at Detroit by a Commissioner on the part of the British Government, to settle this dispute among them.⁴ . . .

Thus was secured to the Wyandotts the 7 miles square "Huron Reserve" near Amherstburg.⁵

About the commencement of this decade [between 1790 and 1801] . . . aged members of the tribe were sent for to tell the council what they knew from memory about a compact between the Ottawas, Chippewas, Potawatamies, and the Wyandotts, that was entered into, at Detroit, many years ago, for their mutual protection against the incursions of some western hostile tribes, who were finally conquered and driven away towards the Mississippi. Meanwhile, some of the young men were having a war-dance outside of the council wigwam; with painted faces and huge bunches of feathers on their heads, each playing his part with the tomahawk, spear, or bow and arrow, in going through the manoeuvres when attacking the enemy; uttering the war whoop and yell. The vociferous singing, accompanied by the sound of the kettle drums, and the rattling of the gourd shells, completed the exciting scene of this savage war dance.

'Mid the din of this noisy performance, the Council came to a close, and the noise was suddenly hushed by one of the Chiefs of the village.⁶

¹ p. 51.

² p. 54.

³ p. 55.

⁴ p. 59.

⁵ p. 62.

⁶ pp. 63, 64.

. . . The Wyandotts were acknowledged by the British Government and the different Indian tribes, as the leading nation in those days.¹ . . .

[The Mohawk] beaver-belt was placed in the international repository, or archives.

About this time the King, or Head Chief of the Wyandotts, Sut-staw-ra-tse, called a meeting at the house of Chief Adam Brown, who had charge of the archives, for the purpose of overhauling them, which consisted of wampum belts, parchments, etc., contained in a large trunk. One by one was brought out and showed to the assembled Chiefs and warriors.

Chief Brown wrote on a piece of a paper, and tacked it on each wampum belt, designating the compact or treaty it represented, after it had been explained from memory by the Chief appointed for that purpose. There sat before them their venerable King, in whose head was stored the hidden contents of each wampum belt, listening to the rehearsal, and occasionally correcting the speaker, and putting him on the right track whenever he deviated. Here was an accumulation of documents during a period of about seventy years, and which took them two or three days to examine and rearrange them all in proper order. A sort of a bailiff was also appointed by the Head Chief to preserve order during the rehearsal; and whenever two or more of the young men got to talking or laughing, the bailiff would hit them with his staff. "Listen," he would tell them, "and bear in mind the words of each wampum belt, as they are now recited, otherwise you might say, hereafter, that you did not understand or recollect the contents of some of them."

The old Head Chief, who presided on this occasion for the last time, was the last lineal descendant of his race of pure Wyandott blood. . . . Not one can be now found among the remnant of his nation, but what are either mixed with the whites, or with Indian blood of other tribes.² . . .

After the American revolutionary war, scouting parties of different tribes of Indians continued to bring home, occasionally, white children from the frontier settlement.³

At one time, a party of Delawares encamped near the main Wyandott village, in Michigan, having a poor sickly looking white boy with them, whom they had taken prisoner. Chief Adam Brown took compassion on the boy, and got him away from the Delawares by giving them some goods. This boy, it was ascertained afterwards, was of a respectable family named Walker, and who remained with his foster-father until he became a man, and married a Wyandott woman, some of whose descendants are now at Wyandott City, in Kansas.

His only surviving son, William Walker, is known both in Canada and the United States, among the Freemasons of the old school.⁴ . . .

¹ p. 66.

² pp. 66, 67.

³ p. 72.

⁴ p. 72.

. . . This (white) founding [from a frontier settlement] was adopted by a Wyandott family in Michigan; subsequently he was transferred and adopted by another Wyandott family in Canada; and after arriving at the age of manhood, he married a Wyandott woman.

Some of his descendants are now among a remnant of the Wyandott nation in Canada.¹ . . .

At this time [1812], the Wyandotts of the west numbered about 2,700, and were scattered in different parts, thus, about 1,300 in Ohio, 1,200 in Michigan, and 200 on the Canada side of Detroit river, near Amherstburg. This tribe then, like many others in this country, was decreasing in numbers; and before any of the Wyandotts emigrated from the St. Lawrence to western Canada, the whole nation, then in different parts of that country (now about three centuries and a half ago), numbered, from vague traditional accounts, some eight or ten thousand.

By wars, smallpox, and other causes, they have been, at different periods, reduced in numbers.

The Indians of this continent never knew what smallpox was before the whites first came among them.² . . .

[In 1812] the two parties met, on one side was the deputation and some neutral Indians of the different tribes. Some were drowsily lying around, while others, in a recumbent posture, quietly smoked their pipes. At the opposite side were Tecumseh and his Chiefs.

[Chief] Isadore [a half-breed Wyandott and French] who spoke in the Shawnee tongue, delivered the peace message from Hull to the assembled Indians.³ . . .

. . . The two parties continued talking and smoking over the subject [*i. e.*, the war of Independence] until near sunset, when the pipe of peace was lit by the second chief, Gould, and after Chief Isadore had taken a few whiffs from the pipe, it was handed over by the former to Tecumseh, who took and broke the stem and dashed it on the ground, and left the council "wigwam," followed by his chiefs. "Whoo!" exclaimed one of the neutral chiefs, "this looks as if our peace council is going to end in nothing."

All day the women of both parties were busy cooking meats and corn for the night feast and dance.

By the blazing camp fires could be seen groups of Indians on the ground partaking of their evening's repast, and dogs fighting over bones around them.

There was a marked difference between the Indian dogs from the west and the dogs of this country; the former, by their long and erect ears, partook more of the wolf than that of the dog. Between them, war was kept up throughout the encampment, and their barking and yelping rendered the night hideous.⁴

¹ p. 74.

² pp. 87, 88.

³ p. 89.

⁴ p. 91.

The sound of the kettle drums and yells told that a western savage war dance had commence¹ . . .

Meanwhile, the whole vast encampment was astir. Some of the young men were amusing themselves at ball playing, some foot racing and jumping. Here and there might be seen a group of Indians on the ground, playing at the hide and guess game, with bullets under moccasins, and the women busy cooking meats and corn² . . .

. . . "And you, Tecumseh," said Isadore, "call us Wyandotts cowards. Do you not know that at one time the Wyandots came to rescue your people when they were about to be annihilated by the Big Knives on the Scioto, in Ohio?" . . .

. . . Here these two chiefs began to wax warm over the subject, and continued their talk until late in the afternoon, when another pipe of peace was produced and lit by Gould.

Smoking the pipe of peace in a council is an ancient custom among Indians. After the chiefs of the different tribes who have met have talked over the subject of peace or war, the pipe is then lit by a chief (in charge of the calumet or pipes), and started around the council fire. The chiefs, one after the other, of each tribe will either smoke or decline as the pipe is handed around the circle; and everyone of them who is in favour of peace will signify it by smoking the pipe.

The bowl of this pipe is made of a red stone found in the west by Indians, and not too hard for the knife. The stem is made of wood, about thirty inches in length, and somewhat flattened in shape, and ornamented with braids made of porcupine quills, dyed in different colours.

All was still and quiet in the council wigwam whilst Gould smoked. All eyes were on Tecumseh when the pipe was handed over to him. Crack! "Whoo!" exclaimed several of the neutral party, when for the second time Tecumseh broke the ornamented pipe-stem, and threw it back towards the Wyandotts on the ground. "You mean then by this," said Isadore, pointing towards the broken pipe-stem, "that you are determined to go to war." "I mean," returned Tecumseh, "that I do not wish to be on the neutral ground with you during this war between the Big Knives and the British," and walked out of the council wigwam, followed by his friends, leaving the other party utterly confounded.

The latter held a consultation, and it was decided that the Shawnee Chieftain be requested to attend their council again the next day. The two parties met, and had another talk over the matter. The pipe of peace was again handed to Tecumseh, who, for the third time, broke the stem, and dashed the pipe on the ground, and fiercely eyeing the Wyandott chief, addressed him thus: "You are a coward; that is the reason you wish to make peace with the Big Knives. Go home, I say, and renew your peace and friendship with the British." "I will give you," returned Isadore, "until

¹ p. 92.

² p. 94.

tomorrow noon to think over this matter, and if you, Tecumseh, will not have made up your mind by that time to join us in remaining neutral during this white man's war, darkness¹ will come over us.' It was now near sunset, and the third day's peace council came to a close . . .²

A great number of the neutral Indians gathered about the council wigwam, whooping and yelling after having their night feast; and to render the night terrible, some would imitate the howling of wolves, some the hooting of owls, and some the cawing of a great gang of crows. This frightful noise started all the dogs throughout the encampment to barking and yelping; these, with the noise made by the Indians, rendered the night doubly horrible. It was past midnight, and the boisterous revellers and imitators of wolves, owls, and crows were buried in slumber, when Tecumseh held a consultation in a lodge, on the outskirts of the encampment, with the principal Chiefs of the different tribes in league with him. The stratagem by which he proposed to baffle the deputation from General Hull was decided on. They were at the council at the appointed time. A number of the neutral part gathered around the council wigwam with blackened faces, as if they were the harbingers of the coming "darkness," at mid-day.

The two parties held another talk on the subject of peace; this time with seeming friendly spirit on the part of the Shawnee Chieftain who maintained that same calm and independent look from the commencement of this council, noticeably only in the Indian possessing an extraordinary gift of nature.

But it was past noon when Gould was ordered to light the pipe of peace. He, after Isadore had smoked, started over with the pipe toward Tecumseh, who met him halfway, took the pipe and smoked. Thereby (feignedly) signifying his acceptance of Hull's proposed neutrality during the war between England and the United States.

Other pipes were now relit, and the parties had a general smoke and friendly talk together. The council fire was covered up and the tomahawk buried. Thus ended Hull's peace council; thus was peace restored to the border settlements . . .³

Whilst they were holding peace council with Tecumseh and his chiefs, in Indiana, Chief Warrow, from Canada, was holding council with the Wyandotts in Michigan, and endeavouring to dissuade them from remaining and taking the neutral ground in this war. He urged them to go over to Canada and continue the protection of the Government of England as he was instructed by Colonel Elliott . . .⁴

There were two leading chiefs of the Wyandotts in Michigan, namely Roundhead and Walk-in-water (whose name in Wyandott was Mey-ye-ra, and that of Roundhead, Staw-yeh-tauh). The former lived at the main

¹ By the word darkness, was meant that a fight would take place between the two parties on the ground, should Tecumseh continue to be obstinate.

² pp. 95-97.

³ pp. 97-98.

⁴ p. 98.

Wyandott village, where a small town called Gibraltar now stands; and the latter at what is now Wyandott, 12 miles below Detroit city. These two chiefs took opposite sides at the commencement of the war of 1812, or rather Walk-in-Water stood on the neutral ground, while the other took an active part on the side of the British, as did Warrow, who was the leading chief of the Wyandotts on the Canada side of the Detroit river.

The commanding officer then at Fort Amherstburg sent for Roundhead and his chiefs to come over and meet him in council. . . .

The commandant told the Chiefs, through his interpreter, his object in calling them together was to know how many of them were for the British and how many for the opposite side in this war. He censured the Wyandotts of Michigan, for taking the neutral ground and refusing to come over to the Canadian side . . . the greater portion of them having concluded to remain neutral in this war. . . .¹

Colonel Elliott superintended in person, the removal of the loyal Wyandotts and other Indians from Michigan to the Canadian shore. On his arrival, he found the Wyandott settlement all in confusion; Hull's mounted troops, led by Captain Wilkinson, had been dashing through their villages during the day, as if they were suspected of their intended exodus to Canada. Meanwhile, Roundhead and Warrow were endeavouring to persuade all they could to join the party who were preparing to cross over, during the night. Elliott had some Indians with him and his military force, and with these he threatened to attack the neutral Indians, if they did not make up their mind forthwith, to join the loyal party who were now leaving for Canada. But the neutral Indians were fast disappearing, and making for parts unknown. Next day Wilkinson returned from Detroit again, and found that the Wyandotts were nearly all gone from their villages. Some had gone into Ohio, while others followed Chief Walk-in-Water to the interior of Michigan territory.

On July 12, 1812, General Hull crossed Detroit river and took possession of Sandwich. . . .²

. . . Tecumseh and his Indians were with General Brock and his force at the taking of Detroit, August 16.

Michigan being now restored to the British, some of the Wyandotts returned to their villages from Canada—remained there, until they saw that country again passing into the hands of the Americans, September, 1813. . . .

Chief Tecumseh, Roundhead, Splitlog, with their Indians, were in this battle. . . .³

Whilst the territory of Michigan was in dispute during this war Chief Adam Brown, at one time, turned over to the British Commissariat 100 heads of beef cattle, worth then, \$12 per 100 pounds. A large portion of this number of cattle were of his own raising. . . .

¹ pp. 102, 103.

² pp. 106, 107.

³ pp. 107, 108.

Chief Adam Brown, then somewhat far advanced in years, was in a barge, behind all the retreating parties, with his daughters and grandchildren, and was overtaken before reaching Moravian town by the advancing American cavalry, and ordered to stop until Harrison came up, who, before passing on up with his infantry, gave orders to his men who were left to guard Brown and his family and others, as prisoners, that they should not be molested or ill-treated.

After the "Battle of the Thames," they were taken back to the frontier, Brown was taken over to Fort Detroit, while his family was left on the Canada side. . . .¹

After the close of this war, and peace was declared, December 24, 1814, the Wyandotts returned to their homes, near Amherstburg; some to Michigan, others to Ohio.

From that time forward the Wyandotts of Ohio—until they broke up as a nation (by the treaty of 1855), where they were removed to, in the west—whenever any of their people of Canada came to live among them, they were always considered by the United States Government as members of the Wyandott nation, whether they were born on British soil or not; and whenever any of the Ohio Wyandotts went to Canada, they enjoyed the same privilege.

Among the Wyandott chiefs who joined Colonel Elliott's Indians at Burlington Heights were: Warrow, Splitlog (a brother to Roundhead who died in August, 1813), Isadore; and among the Wyandott warriors was Samuel and Adam (jun.) Brown, Mudater, Gould, John Clarke, Mathias (a brother to Splitlog), Hunt, and others.

On their arrival, Colonel Elliott said to them, that if they had joined those of the Wyandotts who returned to Michigan, as requested by Harrison, or no have come to where he (Elliott) was then, there would have been no more "Huron Reserve" near Amherstburg—the Wyandotts would have forfeited their rights thereto for all time.

After this war, the British Government continued to give annual presents in goods to different tribes of Indians, from the American side, until the year 1836, and after the year 1848, the Indians on the British side received no more presents at Amherstburg. . . .²

. . . The goods given to a large portion of the Indians were only a detriment to them, as they would give it in exchange for whiskey. Some would disappear soon after receiving their presents, and return to their homes, while others would remain until king alcohol had stripped them of everything, and sent them off almost naked.

The Indian wakes up from his last drunk, looks about him, and finding himself very miserable, and nothing left to get more whiskey with, struts off to his canoe to commence his journey homeward, with his long tailed breech-clout, looking somewhat like a turkey. . . .³

¹ pp. 115, 116.

² pp. 117, 118.

³ p. 118.

In 1817, Lewis Cass, then Governor of Michigan, was commissioned to conclude treaties with Indians. He made a treaty at Fort Meigs in Ohio, with the Wyandotts of that state, by which they ceded a large tract of land, reserved a tract 12 by 14 miles, in the Sandusky River country. And before the Wyandott delegation signed the treaty, one of the chiefs, named Between-logs, requested the Governor to add 6 miles (making it 14 by 18 miles reserve), for the Wyandotts in Canada, who, he said, might in the course of time become homeless. . . .

About twenty years after this, and when a new set of chiefs had taken the place of the old hereditary chiefs—for the Wyandott people had taken pattern from their republican neighbours—adopted a sort of a republican form of government—elected their chiefs and councillors once a year. . . .¹

. . . . To heal their wounded feelings, as they termed it, they gave each of the old hereditary ex-chiefs one thousand dollars extra, out of the proceeds of [a] land sale [in 1837], for subverting their ancient right of holding their Chieftainship by succession, and adopting the election system. The ex-chiefs, who received the one thousand dollars each, were the signers of the treaty of 1817.²

Between-logs, and some of the other chiefs, who signed that treaty, with him, were not living when this money was distributed, their heirs, however, received the bonus or reconciliation funds. About this time, the Wyandott republican chiefs passed a law to punish any Indian found instigating or agitating the surrender of any of their reserved lands (which the nation held in common); any Indian violating this law, thus was imprisoned for one year and if any Indian proved guilty of signing any treaty, outside of their Council, he was to be punished by having his ears cut off.³

In 1842, the Wyandotts ceded all of their lands in Ohio. In the same year, it was decided in their council, at Upper Sandusky, to send an invitation to those of their nation in Canada, to join and emigrate with them to Kansas. But five families accepted this invitation. The emigration thither, took place in the summer of 1843; they then numbered about 800. In 1855, the Wyandotts made their last treaty with the United States Government; it was a final settlement. At this time, their number was reduced to about 560, their lands, what they had then, in common, were parcelled out to each head of families, and all of their funds in Government trust, the accumulation (by several different treaties) of about sixty years, and from which they had derived their annual income, was all paid over to them in three years, from the date of this last treaty, citizens of the United States; but they were not required to swear allegiance to the Government of the United States. A portion of this remnant of the Wyandott nation, still adhering to their ancient custom and mode of living, migrated some 200 miles southward, in Kansas, from now Wyandott city, and obtained a tract of land from the Senecas. The Wyandotts, at one time, gave this Seneca band a tract of land in Ohio, when they were

¹ p. 119.

² p. 119.

³ p. 120.

wandering about and had become homeless, or rather, the former permitted the latter to occupy temporarily, a tract of their land on the Sandusky river, but who ceded it to the United States Government, without the consent of the Wyandotts, and emigrated west, to where a large tract of land was assigned them.¹ . . .

From the close of the last war between England and the United States, until the year 1829, the Wyandotts held peaceable possession of their Reserve in Canada. An Ottawa chief, named Charloe, then occupying a tract of land, with his band, within the vicinity of now Toledo, in Ohio, commenced annoying the Wyandotts, by setting up his claim to a part of this reserve. Some of the chiefs of the Chippewas and Potawatamies joined Charloe in urging their claim also, to a portion of the same Reserve, and laid their claim before Governor Colborne, at Toronto, then York.

They were requested to meet him at Amherstburg, whilst on his western tour. On his arrival, the Governor notified the Wyandotts to meet him, and the three nations, in general council, and have an investigation of each party's claim to the disputed tract of land. The meeting was held on a common, between the fort and town. At some time during the last decade of the eighteenth century, these same three nations met with the Wyandotts in general council, at Detroit. There and then it was decided that the Wyandotts should have the exclusive right to the Huron Reserve near Amherstburg.² . . .

The Governor at once perceived that the Wyandotts had the best right to the reserve, as set forth in their document, and decided in their favour, after calmly listening to the long stories of the disputants.

Thus closed the general council (Aug. 1829), and slam went the door—figuratively speaking—in the faces of the three nations, that shut them out from any further claim to this Reserve.

In 1833 Sir John Colborne concluded a treaty with Warrow's party.

At this time the Wyandott band, in Canada west, numbered about 150.

Chief Splitlog and his party were opposed to the surrender of any of the "Huron Reserve."³ . . .

In the month of December, 1835, Chief Splitlog sent a deputation of five of his party to Quebec to see the Governor-General.⁴ . . .

Whilst the deputation was at Quebec, it visited the Hurons or Wyandotts near the city. They were kindly received by the head chief, who remarked—"I am very glad to see you—you and I are of the same house." (What the Chief meant by "the same house," was that they were of the same origin.) He conversed with the deputation in the Wyandott tongue. No sooner was it announced that some Wyandotts from the West were at the Chief's house than his people came hurriedly to see the strangers. About three centuries ago, a part of their nation migrated from now Montreal to the west and now

¹ pp. 121, 122.

² pp. 122, 123.

³ p. 123.

⁴ p. 128.

here met some of their descendants for the first and last time. The Wyandotts who composed the deputation have all since passed away. Splitlog died in 1838.¹ . . .

There are now about seventy members of this Wyandott band in Anderdon.² . . .

In 1842, when some of the Wyandotts had left Canada to join their nation in Ohio, and to emigrate with them to Kansas the year following, the trunk containing the wampum belts and documents was left in the care of a member of the Wyandott band in Canada, who, it was supposed, intended to follow the emigration party. Upon this, George Ironsides, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and residing in Anderdon, within the Wyandott reserve, demanded the trunk of him, but he refused to give it up, and soon afterwards sent it to the Wyandotts, in Ohio, who took it with them to Kansas. In 1864, his son having some private business at Wyandott City, in Kansas, was authorized by the band to bring back what he could find of the then broken up archives and scattered documents which his father had sent away from Canada in 1842; but he found only a part of the wampum belts and some papers.

Thus was broken up and scattered to the four winds, the archives of the Wyandott Nation. Captain Brant's Beaver Belt is now (or was) in the hands of the Senecas, in Kansas, some 200 miles south of Wyandott City.

The archives were held, when entire, by the Wyandotts in Canada, as something sacred left to them by their fathers.³

In the summer of 1846, after the Wyandotts from Ohio had settled on their land in Kansas—having the Shawnees and Delawares for their neighbours, as in olden times—it was announced, one day, that a general council would be held on the Delaware land.

At this gathering was rehearsed the hidden contents of each wampum belt—representing their international compacts, etc., which the Wyandotts exhibited by spreading them on the ground in the midst of the assembled tribes, for the last time.

This scene reminded the older Chiefs and warriors of olden times, to wit: the women busy cooking meats and corn for a general feast, and dogs fighting over bones all around them.

A group of Fox Indians were noticed to be rather reserved and distant at this general Council, and who knew of a certain dark bead belt then in the hands of the Wyandotts, with the shape of a tomahawk of a red colour on it, indicating some contemplated warfare whenever it was exhibited in a general Council. They knew too of the hostile incursions their forefathers used to make against the Wyandotts and other tribes about Detroit, over a century ago; how they were chastised by them at different times, and that they never made peace with each other.⁴

¹ p. 128.

² p. 129.

³ pp. 130, 131.

⁴ p. 132.

In 1853, while sojourning on the southwestern borders of Missouri, I became acquainted with a noble Cherokee Indian named Stan Watie, at his residence in the Cherokee country, west of Arkansas state and on the north side of the Arkansas river, to where his nation was removed from Georgia.

Once in our conversation about olden times, he spoke of the warfare between his people and the Wyandotts, and how some of his forefathers sometimes followed their enemy's track in the wilderness.

Where an enemy had just passed, his keen-eyed pursuer could faintly detect his track by the trodden grass or leaves, and by the broken networks of the spider, which he would notice, now and then, was just done by the enemy whilst passing through some copse or underbrush. At some time in the latter part of the eighteenth century, a deputation of Wyandotts was sent to the Cherokees (then in Georgia) to conclude a treaty of peace with them. The deputation was kindly treated whilst sojourning among the Cherokees, and the two nations have been on friendly terms ever since.¹

Splitlog was a Roman Catholic, and continued a firm believer in that religion to his dying day. But he always adhered to the custom of his forefathers. To wit: he believed in a god of the forest, to whom his nation are required by nature to devote a part of their time in feasting and dancing. The God of Heaven he looked up to as the ruler over all and the giver of all with which the human race sustains life whilst on earth. . . .

. . . All tribes devote one day in each year to the goddess Ceres in feasting and dancing, through whose hands their ancestors received the first corn, or maize, from the Good Spirit, and were taught by the Goddess how to plant it.² The season in which their descendants appoint a day for this feasting and thanksgiving to the unseen Giver, was when the ears of the new corn fill and become fit for use—known as the new corn feast. Venison was brought into requisition on such occasions. This feast was generally held by the Wyandotts on August 15, being the day on which they were first received into the Catholic Church, soon after they first met with the French Colony at Detroit.

At this anniversary, the yet unnamed children of the tribes were named. Occasionally, adults wishing to lay aside their old name can have a new one given them on that day. Also children or adults of another tribe or nation, lately adopted into the Wyandott tribe, were named.

Other kinds of feasts were kept up and held at certain times the year round. Once a year a night feast was held, in memory of the departed. On such occasions, dancing was dispensed with, but all joined in a condolence with some lately bereaved family of the tribe—a tribute of respect to the dead.³

Chief Splitlog was one among the last in Canada who kept up the customs of their forefathers. One day, a few years before he died, and after the last council "wigwam" (wigwam or we-go-wam, is a Chippewa name for any kind of house), in which they held their feast and dancing, had been demolished,

¹ pp. 132, 133.

² The Green Corn feast, usually held on the 15th of August.

³ pp. 148, 149.

and the ground on which it stood was ploughed up, he called together at his residence the few who still adhered to the ancient custom of their tribe. It was his last feast, and the last dance-song¹ of this feast sounded mournfully in the ears of the distant passer-by who knew what it was. But the joyous feeling at such a feast as in former times was wanting. It was the departure of the custom of his forefathers, never to return.²

¹ Two Indians, each with a whole snapping-turtle-shell, having some round and hard substance inside to make a rattling sound, sit on the ground with two folded deer skins (pelt side out) between them, on which they beat with their turtle-shells while singing for the dance. The neck of the turtle is stretched out to its utmost extension and stiffened with some hard substance for a handle. After the dance the two Indians are allowed to walk off with the deer skins as their compensation.—P. D. Clarke.

² p. 149.

Abstracts.

I. COSMOGONIC AND SOCIOLOGICAL MYTHS.

(A) COSMOLOGICAL MYTHS.

I. Cosmogonic Myth. The sky-world. The chief's daughter is sick. The tree is uprooted. The young woman falls into the lower water-world, and is rescued by Swans and the Big Turtle. Diving episode. The good divers fail and the Toad succeeds in bringing back earth from the bottom of the sea. The island made on the Big Turtle's back becomes the abode of the woman; a 'grandmother' found there.

The Little Turtle creates the Sun and the Moon, and assigns them their duties. She creates the subterranean passage. Quarrel between the Sun and the Moon. Its outcome. The Little Turtle appointed keeper of the sky. The Deer climbs into the sky with the assistance of the Rainbow. The council of animals. The Little Turtle and the Deer are missed. The animals climb into the sky with the assistance of the Rainbow.

Birth of the twins. Their quarrels at birth. Their education. One is good and the other evil. Their task of preparing the world for the coming of men. They work in turn. Their deeds. The good one creates good things, and his brother spoils them. The evil one goes out west. Strife between the twins. The evil one is killed. The good one creates the people. The people are led through the opening of a cave into the world. The appearance of Thunder. Their distribution about the land.

II. Creation Myth (First version). The sky people. A young woman destroys the corn harvest, and is cast into the lower world by her brothers. Rescued by Geese and Big Turtle. The Toad dives for earth and for seeds of cereals. The land is made on the Big Turtle's back. Twins are found by the woman. One is good and the other evil. Their deeds. The good one creates people. Biblical episode. The forbidden fruit, and the origin of sin. Punishment.

III. Creation Myth (Second version). A family living in the sky. Their corn patch. The young woman dropped into the lower world. Geese and Turtle rescue her. The Toad dives for earth and grains of cereals. Land made on the Big Turtle's back. The twins are born. Their work.

IV. The Thunder. The Thunder, one of seven brothers. The disastrous effects of his strength. His brothers abandon him on a distant island, after deceiving him. His conversation with his brother. He remains on the island forever. His powerful voice heard from time to time. He sleeps in the winter.

V. The Origin of the Sun-shower. A young woman scorns her suitors. She finally gets married to a transformed Snake, who brings her to his mother's

home. She discovers that he is the Snake. Advised by his mother, she takes to flight. Her husband chases her. The Thunderers come to her rescue, and kill the Snake. Brought into the sky-world by the Thunderers, she gets married to one of them. Later she is taken down to her mother's home with her child. The child quarrels. He is taken back into the sky by his father, and now causes the sun-shower.

9 p. 56
VI. *The Origin of the Pleiades.* A young man fasts in a secluded place. Seven young girls appear on the lake beach, singing and dancing. Frightened, they climb into a large sky-basket and vanish in the air. In the following evenings they again come down to the beach. The young man captures the most beautiful of the maidens. He goes into the sky with them for a time, and gets married to one of the captured Star maidens.

9 p. 57
VII. *The Origin of the Seven Stars.* Seven boys are playing and dancing together. Their mother refuses to give them food. They gradually ascend into the sky while dancing, and become the Seven Stars.

(B) GIANTS AND DWARFS. *Wintney*
F. Fisher p. 59

VIII. *Skadawati and the Giant.* The cannibal giant, or flinty giant. Her search for people. Fingers of human victims used for discovering people. The giant chases a man across the river. The man several times crosses the river in his canoe so as to avoid her. He forgets his axe on the shore. The giant makes it magical by spitting on it, smashing a boulder with it; and she runs away frightened.

IX. *The Giant and the Indian.* A giant comes upon canoe-makers. A man paddles across the river apparently unconcerned. The giant wades across. The man's humorous remarks. She smashes a boulder with his axe and runs away frightened.

X. *The Flinty Giant.* The people living in a village run to the woods, and a giant chases them. Two men travel in a canoe on the lake. The ripples on the water caused by her winds. They find a giant asleep on the shore. The people warned. A party of warriors appointed to kill her. She is destroyed with linn-wood pillows, and the lake shore is strewn with the flint scales covering her body.

XI. *The Dwarf.* Three Hurons come across three little men dwarfs paddling their small stone canoe. Their conversation.

XII. *The Two Giant Cousins and the Old Witch.* Two cousins live together. An old witch sends her daughters in turn to make love to one of them. They are discovered, killed, and eaten by his brother. The witch's third daughter makes friends with the cannibal and is not killed. They all take to flight in order to avoid the old witch. Enemies encountered and destroyed. They finally go to live with the old witch. The witch's incantations. Her son-in-law hunts for her and kills several white animals who satisfy her secret desires. The young man and his wife again take to flight. They use charms to hamper their pursuer. Magic flight. The witch is destroyed. The young woman's seeds, taken from her mother's home, become the origin of cereals.

(C) MISCELLANEOUS ETIOLOGICAL MYTHS.

XIII. *The Big Turtle Myth.* An old man sends his nephew in search of something. The eagle's feather found. Danger. Council called, to which only the slow running animals attend. Each one states what he would do in case of danger. All climb a big tree, which is blown down. The animals are scattered and the Turtle remains in charge of the eagle's feather. The Porcupine tries to conceal Turtle's tracks, but the other animals chase Turtle, and torture him to get the feather. Turtle is burnt and whipped, but pretends to enjoy it; he resists when thrown into the water, and mocks them when he finds himself in his element. Turtle again chased across the river by Otter. Otter pinched by Turtle, who remains in possession of the feather. Turtle cannot be overpowered.

XIV. *The Contest of the Big Turtle, Land Animals, and Fowls.* The Fox is appointed by the Buffalo referee in a race. The Turtle enters the contest. The Turtle outruns the Buffalo, the Bear, the Deer, the Wolf, the Raccoon, and the Fowls. The Turtle declared the winner. The animals give the Turtle some of their flesh as a ransom, which explains the various kinds of meat found in the Turtle. Turtle remains first of all in rank.

XV. *The Little Grey Woodpecker and the Indian Maid.* The grey Woodpecker rubs on his head his mistress' paint brush, and thus obtains two tiny red stripes.

XVI. *The Twins and the Cave People.* Twins quarrel with their parents and go off into the woods to live by themselves. The man hunts, while his sister keeps house for him. The food being removed from their bowls at night, the man watches. A stranger comes in at night, and is captured. He leads the twins to a place where starving people lived in a cavern. The people, belonging to various clans, are led out of the cavern, and travel into various directions. An old woman is changed into a Toad and called 'grandmother.'

XVII. *The Skunks' League against Smallpox.* An Indian obtains from white men a bottle containing smallpox germs. He uncorks the bottle among his people, and the smallpox disease spreads among them. The Skunks form a league against smallpox in order to protect the Indians. A remedy, still used at the present day, is invented.

(D) SOCIOLOGICAL MYTHS, OR MYTHS OF ORIGIN OF POWER.

XVIII. *Origin of the Phratries.* Meeting of several tribes to settle their marriage customs. Appointed men sent to the woods to study the nature of animals, which to select as clan emblems. Various animals ascribed to as many bands. The clans arranged into two phratries, or 'Sides of the council fire.' The Wolf is all by himself, as referee. The relationship between these groups. Regulations about exogamy. Same rules adopted by other tribes. The Wyandot is their leader.

XIX. Origin of the Snake Clan. A girl is secluded in the woods at puberty. Her fast. The Snake appears to her. As her grandmother refuses to give her food, she is transformed into a Snake. To her assembled relatives the Snake gives charms and establishes an annual feast.

XX. The Snake Clan's Myth of Origin. A girl is secluded for her fast. Many animals appear in turn to her but are refused by the grandmother. The Horned Snake appears in the form of a man. The girl is transformed into a Snake and becomes the monster's wife. Her relatives assemble; and become the Snake clan.

XXI. The Snake Clan. Part of the Deer clan people becomes the Snake clan. A girl's seclusion and fasting. Animals appear to her but are rejected by her mother. The girl is changed into a Snake.

XXII. The Snake Clan's Myth. A girl's seclusion. The Horned Serpent appears to her, and takes her to wife. Her relatives assemble, secure a charm, and are given instructions for the clan's annual dance.

XXIII. The Lion Fraternity's Myth of Origin. A Lion found in a lake. The seven clans assemble. Appointed men fast to overpower the monster. Their failure. Others succeed. The Lion requires the sacrifice of a virgin. The Lion's blood is drawn by means of new arrows, and used as a charm. Annual feast established.

XXIV. The White Otter and the Ustura Feast. A woman of the Big Turtle clan has a trance. White Otter appears to her. Ustura dance established.

XXV. The Eagle and the Hunter. A hunter used to kill eagles. The chief of the Eagles captures him while he hides in a hollow log. Carried in the log to the Eagle's nest, he causes the young birds to be sick, and is, therefore, brought back to his home. He kills eagles no longer. Taboo.

XXVI. The Hunter and the Eagle. The hunter hides in a hollow log, and is carried away by the Eagle to his nest. There the man feeds the young birds until they become large. He rides down from the mountain on the young Eagle's back. At night he is overtaken by the old Eagle, who gives him a charm for good luck in hunting.

XXVII. The Snake and the Hunter's Step-Son. A hunter imprisons his step-son in a cave, and pretends he is lost. The boy sees a large Horned Snake in his dream. He receives instructions. The next morning he is taken back home on the monster's back. He taps the monster's head with a white luck stone to warn him as to the approach of a storm. Good luck follows.

XXVIII. The Wolf and the Young Man. The unlucky young hunter. Wolves rush towards him. He pretends to be dead. As they get ready to eat him, he runs away with the magical pouch of the Wolf chief. The chase. He returns the pouch, and is given small bone charms for good luck in hunting. The first deer he kills he leaves for the Wolves. He becomes a lucky hunter. He never kills Wolves. Taboo.

XXIX. The Lion and the Hunter. Finding a small deer charm, a hunter becomes lucky in hunting. Jealousy of his companions, who abandon him on an island. His tree shelter. Having removed a thorn from a Lion's paw,

he gets the Lion's protection and a number of deer charms. He promises not to denounce his friends and to keep the Lion's friendship secret. Rescued by other friends, he becomes a still better hunter.

XXX. *The Lion and the Boy.* The secluded boy. His visions. His mother waits for a more powerful animal. The Lion finally appears, makes friends with him, and gives him good luck in hunting.

XXXI. *The Maple and the Woman.* A woman, while making sugar, finds a sugar lump in a sap-tray. The Sugar-tree-top appears to her, gives her a charm, and she is thus enabled to make as much sugar as she wants.

XXXII. *The Hunter and the Dwarf Woman.* An unlucky hunter finds shelter in a hollow tree during a storm. A dwarf woman is hiding above him. He takes away her small child, and teases her. Their conversation about old times. Who is the elder? The dwarf is without joints at the elbow. She gives a charm for good luck in hunting to the hunter, and gets back her child. Secrecy about the charm. The hunter becomes lucky thereafter.

XXXIII. *The Beaver Giving 'Powers.'* A hunter with his wife hunts in the woods. His dogs at night fight a monster. The mother dog warns him of the danger. They take to flig'it. Charmers try to find out where the monster is. The Beaver indicates the place to an obscure fellow, who takes charge of the seer's discovering party. A buried human monster is found and burnt. The poor fellow thereafter becomes a noted seer, on account of his Beaver teeth charm.

XXXIV. *How a Poor Man becomes a Medicine-Man.* While a poor man eats a rabbit he treats an invisible guest to his meal. The guest gives him a charm to make him a lucky hunter.

XXXV. *The Bear and the Hunter's Stepson (First version).* The hunter's stepson imprisoned in a cave by his stepfather. A monster Porcupine protects the child. Their food supply runs out. Animals called for assistance. They try, in turn, to open the cave. The Bear succeeds. A Bear mother is given the care of the child; other animals are refused. The adopted brother of the Bear cubs becomes like them. Preparations of the blackberry food. The cubs' trick to steal the blackberries. Their punishment. The Bears' food in the winter. In the winter the Bears and the boy live in a hollow tree. Hunters discover the tree, and kill all the Bears but a female cub. The boy is found. He gets married. His wife induces him to break his taboo of not killing female bears, and he dies as a result.

XXXVI. *The Bear and the Stepson (Second version).* A hunter shuts up his stepson in a cave. A Porcupine protects the child. The Porcupine calls the animals to open the cave. When it is done the Bear mother adopts the boy. When he is grown up, she takes him back to his parents, and instructs him never to kill female bears. Having gotten married, his wife wants him to kill female bears. He yields and dies.

XXXVII. *The Mother Bear and the Step-Son (Third version).* A man shuts up his stepson in a cave. The Porcupine takes care of him. The Bear is summoned to open the cave and raise the child. When the boy is

grown up, the Bear takes him back to his people. He gets married, kills the Bear mother notwithstanding the taboo, and dies.

XXXVIII. The Bear and the Hunter's Son. A woman shuts up her stepson in a cave and pretends he is lost. Search for the boy. The Wolf, having found him, informs the Eagle, who calls a council. The animals confer. The Bear takes charge of him. He becomes a Bear, and lives all the winter with the Bear in a hollow tree. Hunters appear; the Bear is killed, and the boy found. The stepmother is killed in punishment.

XXXIX. The Ill-treated Husband. A woman fastens her younger husband on a tree trunk in the forest and abandons him there. He remains there thirty days without food. The Buzzard finds him, and informs the Eagle, who calls a council of the animals. They attend to the man, and feed him. After a fortnight he is sent back to his people.

XL. The Seven Brothers Transformed into Oxen. A jealous sorcerer transforms seven young men into Oxen. The Oxen run away. Seers consulted. Relatives undergo a fast, and give presents. His conditions fulfilled, the seer informs them and instructs them as to how to restore them into their former state, i.e., by drawing some of their blood with arrows. How they could be recognized. Hit with the arrows, some Oxen are transformed into men, but others escape. Other seers consulted. The remaining Oxen transformed into men. The youngest brother becomes a gifted medicine-man and sorcerer. Consulted by everyone, he becomes wealthy.

XLI. The Ground-Squirrel and the Lion Monsters. Twelve warriors hunt in the forest. Their experiences. One of them has seen a strange animal. A party starts in search of the monster hiding in a hollow tree. Their methods of drawing the animal out. Running away, they are chased and killed by the monster. Their leader escapes, and is protected by a Lion. Fight between the Ground-squirrel and the Lion. The Lion is made victorious by the young man pouring some water on him. The Lion gives advice to the young man and a charm. Other monsters destroyed, and charms derived from their burnt bodies.

XLII. The Ground-Squirrel and the Flying Lion. Twelve men hunt in the woods. They relate their experiences. One of them has discovered a monster, and is appointed leader of a searching party. Discovered in a hollow tree, the monster is disturbed. The men are chased and killed. Their leader escapes and is protected by a friendly man who transforms himself into the White Lion, who overpowers the monster. The man learns how to destroy the other monsters. A party of men destroy and burn their remains and derive charms therefrom. Wishes expressed while picking up charms. One man is punished for an evil wish.

XLIII. The Monster Lizard and the Hunter. Uncanny hunting grounds. The strange behaviour of a hunter's hounds. The mother dog informs her master that a monster is craving for his life. He runs away toward the village, and conceals his tracks. The hounds are killed by the monster. The man falls into a trance upon reaching home. Charmers bring him back to life. A party is organized to search for the monster. Their preparations and

trances. The hunter leads the party. The monster, dwelling in a hollow tree in a swamp, is brought out and foiled. The men fall into trances and study out means of destroying the monster. Magical bullets kill the big Lizard. It remains are burnt, and charms are made from the ashes.

XLIV. The Boy and His Pet Snake. A boy raises a monster disguised as a small Snake. He hunts game for his pet animal. The Snake grows fast, and in the end devours its master and then swallows all the people in the village. A little boy and girl only escape. The boy's vision, in which he is told how to kill the Snake. He kills the Snake by shooting his arrows in the heart-like spots on each side of its body. The people of the neighbouring village informed of the event. Human bodies are found in the Snake's body and buried. The monster's body is burned and charms are made from the ashes. Wishes expressed while picking up charms.

(E) WIZARDS AND WITCHES.

XLV. The Witch Transformed into a Hen. A witch causes sickness in a hunter's family while he is camping in the woods. The hunter studies the matter and goes back to his village. On the way a hen struts across his path. Noticing its strange behaviour, the hunter catches its wings and thus gets hold of a human hand. He stabs the hen and the dying body of the witch appears. The chief of the village gives warning to wrong doers who use evil charms.

XLVI. The Woman With Twins and the Wizard. A woman's twins are a boy and a dog. The dog grows fast and takes care of his young brother while their mother goes out for wood. A wizard steals them both. The mother follows his tracks for a long time. She receives directions in a dream as to how her children can be found. A young hunter and the dog discover their mother in a tree. Witch-like twins. Returning home together, the twins take care of their mother. When the wizard comes again, he is choked to death by the dog.

XLVII. The Seers and the Man Buried in the Woods. A woman, living with a hunting party in the woods, falls into a trance. Trying to detect the cause of her trance, seers fast and have trances. Their failure. A vagabond succeeds, and is appointed leader of the searching party. He orders his men to dig in the roots of a tree. A fresh human body, with rolling eyes, is found buried there, and is brought up. The chief advises his people always to bury their dead in regular burial places.

XLVIII. The Witch's Daughters and the Suitors. The daughters of a witch entice young men away from their village; and they perish in their pursuit. A chief's son and his friends receive instructions as to how to capture the young women. Their march across the frozen river. Voices cause them to look back and their bones rattle on the ice. In the end only the chief's son and one friend are left alive. Tests imposed upon the suitors by the old witch. They cross a chasm on a log, climb a tree, and capture the girls. They are conveyed to a lodge, the door of which is kept by a swinging magical

curtain. The young chief manages to spear the white Bear, living in the water, the witch's husband from whom she gets her power. The fight. The witch pretends to be glad of the Bear's death. Preparations for a feast. The witch manages several times to bring the Bear back to life by securing a small bit of his body, but the young man always succeeds in killing him again. The witch is outwitted and destroyed. Suitors start homeward with their brides. They chop a tree down on their friends' bones, and thus revive them. How the revived men, now with disproportioned limbs, are allotted their own bones again.

XLIX. The Suitors. Two young men consult witches to know how to get certain young women to wife. The queer old witch and her conditions. The canoe song. The young women braiding a belt, one end of which is suspended from the sky. Their rival. Their success.

L. How a Wizard's Daughter Got Married. The wizard's daughter is lonesome. Her father, a sorcerer, calls forth suitor by a magic song. A young man comes in out of breath and is willing to marry the young woman.

LI. The Canoe Song. A girl is lonesome for her lover. Her canoe song.

LII. The Sorcerer Roasting a Human Heart. A man follows a queer mouse trail in the snow. The trail ends abruptly. The man goes round in a half-circle, strikes a turkey's tracks, follows them, and again goes round in a half-circle, when the tracks disappear. He finds a man roasting a human heart. The heart was from a grave.

II. FOLK-TALES.

(A) THE TRICKSTER AND HEROES.

LIII. The Trickster and the Old Witch (First version). The Trickster gets fine long hair. The old witch wants hair like his. To comply with his advice, she climbs a tree, fastens her hair to a branch, jumps down, and loses her scalp. Another time the trickster has coloured stripes on his skin. She wants like ones. To follow his advice, she rolls herself in live coals until almost burned to death. The Trickster next time replaces his eyes with wild plum stones. She wants similar ones. So she removes her own eyes and replaces them with wild plums. When she is blind, birds come and bring her back her eyes. The next time the Trickster exchanges a sham coach, drawn by rabbits instead of mules, for the witch's finery. When a bird wakes her up, she is lying on the roots of a tree instead of in a coach. The witch's vain-glory. The trickster spreads news in the village and sets the people quarreling among themselves.

LIV. The Witch and the Trickster (Second version). The trickster wears a wig and advises the old woman as to how to get a similar one. She fastens her hair to a tree top, jumps down, and lies dead. She is revived when young

women laugh at her. To get fine eyes like the Trickster's, she removes her own and replaces them with wild plums. Young women laugh at her when they find that she is blind.

LV. The Witch and the Trickster (Third version). The plum incident. The trickster barter two transformed pebbles for two babies stolen by the witch. The witch loses her scalp and dies after having fastened her hair to the tree top and jumped down. She comes to life again when the young man laughs at her. Jumping upon his back she compels him to carry her on his back forever. He dies, but later is revived when the witch speaks to him.

LVI. The Two Wizards and the Witch. Two brothers live together. The hunter never brings back anything. His brother watches him at night, while he enlarges his kettle by whipping it and boils some food in it. The next day he himself whips the kettle and makes it very large, much to the hunter's surprise. Then he secretly follows his brother in the woods. The witch's children appear when the hunter has killed a bear and take it away from him. The hunter's brother kills them with his magic charms, and brings the meat and the hunter home. The old witch compels them to hand their meat over to her. This recurs several times. In the end the hunter's brother kills the old woman and all her daughters but one, whom he saves for his brother. The witch's brother a cannibal, comes to fight him. The peach stone game is played, with their lives as a wager. The hunter's brother receives his uki's help and wins over the professional gambler, who is outwitted and killed. His head becomes a maple knot out of which bowls are made for the stone game.

(B) ANIMALS AND THEIR MYTHICAL ADVENTURES.

LVII. The Fox and the Raccoon Cycle. The Fox goes out and meets the Raccoon, his cousin, who has a string of crawfish, and inquires as to how he caught them. The Raccoon advises him to catch crawfish by thrusting his tail into an ice hole. The Fox decides to excel his cousin in fishing, and leaves his tail in an ice hole, until it is frozen fast. The Beaver manages to release the Fox's tail, and is rewarded by the Fox. The Fox promises to get even with the Raccoon. The Raccoon goes out to a dance, where the Fox's absence is noticed. The Raccoon, along the way, calls geese to dance around him while shutting their eyes, and wrings their necks off. The Raccoon meets the old Turtle who gives him news about the Fox. The Raccoon roasts his geese under ashes, warns his watchmen, his anus, and the tree, and goes to sleep. The Fox steals the geese, and leaves their paws stuck up in the ashes, to fool his cousin. The Raccoon's hand is caught between the limbs of a tree. The Bear removes the branch and lets him down. Once the Fox sees his cousin's shadow in the water, pounces upon the reflection, and is mocked at by the Raccoon, who is perched in a tree above. Building a fire under the tree, he goes to sleep, and his face is coated over with dung by his cousin, who runs away. The blind Fox calls the Woodpecker to remove the dirt from his face, and rewards him.

LVIII. The Raccoon and the Fox. The Raccoon invites the geese to a dance, and advises them to shut their eyes and to dance while he sings. He wrings their necks off, roasts them, and goes to sleep after warning his watchman, his anus. The Fox steals the geese. The Raccoon punishes his anus. His hand is caught between the limbs of a tree. When released he fishes for crawfish. While he pretends to be dead, the crawfish crawl upon him and are caught.

LIX. The Wolf and the Raccoon (First version). The crawfish fishing incident. When the Wolf's tail is held fast in the ice, he is beaten by an Indian. Forgetting his promise to take revenge he again tries to imitate his cousin, crawls into a smoke-house to get butter and milk, overeats himself there, cannot get out, and is badly beaten by the people. Forgetting to take revenge, he follows his cousin's advice as to how to get meat, fastens an ox's tail around his body, and is knocked about almost to death. The Wolf once sees the Raccoon's picture in the water, pounces upon it, and is disappointed. In the end, seeing him in the tree, he promises not to let him go, and falls asleep. The Raccoon fills his cousin's eyes with dung, and runs away. Birds clean the Wolf's eyes. The Raccoon makes friends again with the Wolf, with the help of the Turkeys.

LX. The Raccoon and the Wolf (Second version). The glutton Wolf tries to excel the Raccoon in getting butter and milk, but is caught in the smoke-house and is beaten. He forgets his plan about revenge when his cousin feeds him on meat. Advised as to how to get meat, he fastens an ox's tail around his body, and is knocked about, until almost dead. He still forgets his grudge when the Raccoon feeds him on crawfish. Trying to excel his cousin in catching crawfish he loses his tail in the ice. The Raccoon takes to flight and climbs a tree. The Wolf dives after his shadow many times, but when he detects him in a tree, he promises not to let him escape, and goes to sleep. The Raccoon fills his cousin's eyes with dung and runs away; and birds clean the Wolf's eyes. The Wolf chases and catches him. Being given geese, he agrees to live in peace with him.

LXI. The Deer, the Owl, and the Old Woman's Daughters. An old woman sends her two daughters to make love to the Woolly-one. They meet the Owl, who pretends to be the Woolly-one. The Owl brings the young women into his hollow stump. When he is invited to a dance by messengers, he finally orders his wives to stay home while he goes to the dance. The young women go to the dance-house, and notice that their husband is used as dancing mat, thus producing the sound of a drum. The Deer (the real Woolly-one) takes the young women along with him. The Owl, grieved, does not attend the dances any longer. The Deer sends a number of messengers to invite him. He finally agrees to go, but is disappointed.

LXII. The Rabbit and the Wolf. The Wolf calls the Rabbit (a canoe-man) to take him across the water. In three songs he comments upon some physical trait of the Rabbit, who replies to him evasively. In the end the Wolf chases the Rabbit, who finds shelter in a hollow log. The Rabbit

runs away unnoticed, while the Wolf waits a long time for him. The Wolf chases the Rabbit, catches him in the end, and kills him.

LXIII. The Bear and the Rabbit. The Rabbit calls himself Thick-hide, and the Bear says that his own name is Thin-hide.

LXIV. The Old Robin. The Robin wants to borrow seeds. His excuse is that he has danced so much that he has had no time for gathering seeds.

LXV. The Fox and the Rooster. The Fox invites the Rooster to come down from a tree and make friends. The Rooster warns him that dogs are coming, and the Fox runs away.

(C) HUMAN ADVENTURES.

LXVI. The Old Bear and his Nephew. An old man always sends his nephew out hunting while he pretends to watch the garden. The nephew is informed by the Cyclone uki that a competition for the old woman's daughters is to take place and advises him to make arrows and become a competitor. At night both uncle and nephew are making arrows. The young man competes with his uncle and wins the young women. The uki advises the young man to run away on account of his uncle's jealousy. So it happens. Magic flight episode. The young man casts down a piece of red ochre and his uncle is stopped in the chase by a wall of fire. The next day the uncle is hampered in his pursuit by a piece of flint which becomes a mountain. The next day a dove's feather becomes an immense flock of doves which prevent him from passing. His anger. The young man is protected by three uki, Sleepy-head, the Bees, and the Bear. The uncle is overpowered forever.

LXVII. The Steer and the Ill-treated Stepson. A woman ill-treats her stepson. The Steer uki feeds and protects the child. The woman wants to kill the Steer. But the uki himself kills the woman and runs away with the child. His fight against Starvation. His death. The boy makes a magical belt from part of the steer's hide. Adopted by an old woman, he fights her wicked neighbour and overcomes him. He goes to the market to sell an ox, and barter it for a dog, dung-beetles, mice, and a musical bow, the utility of which is for deriding people. He again barter an ox for a magical veil, which cuts heaps of wood in almost no time. A wealthy man hires him for chopping wood, and he is paid a large sum. The Steer still protects him. He competes for a chief's daughter. The test consists in making her laugh, which he does by means of his dog, bugs, mice, and violin. He gets married. His enemies cast him into a lion's den. By means of his magical veil, he overcomes the lions, kills his enemy, and recovers his wife. His kind deeds. He later takes his father-in-law's place as chief.

LXVIII. Tawidi'a and his Uncle. An old man educates his nephew Tawidi'a, who always misconstrues his instructions, and does rash things. Sent to hunt the bear's claw, he actually brings back a bear's claw instead of a bear. Instead of shooting the bear, he shoots at his uncle, and sticks his arrows in the ground all around the bear instead of in its body. Instead

of meat, he cooks wooden balls, a flint axe, and his uncle's breech-cloth. Misunderstanding the names of those invited for a feast, he invites the tall trees, a herd of deer, and the mountains, and then knocks one of his uncles down. When the real guests come in, they are ejected by him. Then he goes out to court young women. He spends the night in a bag suspended from the roof of their house, and the next morning goes away with the door. The next time he eats up all the young woman's parched corn. Finally he gets married to the youngest, and his brothers-in-law try to drown him. Saved by his wife, he goes to see his uncle, who at first mistakes him for the red fox, and then gives him fine costumes. Tawidi'a now becomes magically powerful, kills plenty of game by means of a secret magic song, and thereafter supports his wife's people.

LXIX. He is Going to the Land of Bliss. Taking care of a sleeping child, Tawidi'a hits the child's head instead of a mosquito and kills him. His mother, discovering him disguised as a duck, sends him away forever. When, at night, he hides in a tree, thieves sit under him. Tawidi'a falls among them, is mistaken for the devil, and the thieves run away abandoning their gold. His mother then welcomes him. A wealthy neighbour is told of their wealth, but refuses to believe that Tawidi'a is clever enough to be a thief, until he has undergone several tests. Tawidi'a steals the man's oxen and makes a ploughman believe that an ox has devoured another. Then he cleverly steals the man's ring from his wife. Put in a bag, he is to be drowned in a lake; but as he sings "I am going to the land of bliss," the owner of a herd of cattle wants to take Tawidi'a's place in the bag, leaving him his cattle. Tawidi'a tells the wealthy man that he has gone to a wonderful country. The man also wants to go there, is placed in the bag, and is thrown into the lake.

LXX. The Fugitive Young Woman and Her Dog Charm. A young woman runs away from her brother's lodge when she notices that he eats his own flesh. Before leaving she is advised not to yield to an old witch's entreaties, and is given a small dog charm. The old witch succeeds in attracting her and putting her into the wooden box. The young woman rubs the small dog down, and it grows very large, until the box-lid snaps off. The dog is then reduced to its small size, and the young woman runs away. She meets enemies who try to catch her. She causes her dog to grow big and devour them all.

LXXI. The Deer and the Ill-treated Sister-in-Law. A woman, being jealous of her sister-in-law, kills her own child and ascribes the crime to her sister-in-law. Her husband cuts his sister's hands, and expels her. After a long time she takes shelter in a cave. A Deer feeds her. One day a young man calls her out of the cave. Her reason for not coming out. The young man brings her to his mother's home, and takes her to wife. Her husband goes away for three years. A boy is born to her. False news sent to her husband by wicked people.

LXXII. The Snakes in the Cranberry Patch (First version). Three women, notwithstanding warnings of danger, pick berries in a swampy cranberry patch. Mythical snakes rush towards them. Two women escape

and the other is killed by the snakes. A party of warriors fight the snakes after having devised a plan to destroy them by means of fire and magical bows. The big Snake, their chief, is also destroyed.

LXXIII. The Horned Snakes in the Swamp (Second version). Same outlines as in number LXXII.

LXXIV. The Child and His Grandmother. A woman's grandchild goes out hunting. His grandmother thinks he is lost and goes out to the woods singing a song to find him. Having killed a moose, he returns to his grandmother and consoles her. The giant. The reputed warrior Ahasistari.

LXXV. The Warrior and the Animals. An old warrior assembles all the slow animals to follow him to war. The Deer is refused because he does not run fast enough.

LXXVI. The Wildcat with a Bloody Scalp. To come across a wildcat crying like a human being, and with a bloody scalp, is a sign of ill-omen. The informant's father actually killed such a wildcat.

LXXVII. The Dogs and the Wild Cotton. A man hangs a bag with something in it. His hounds misconstrue his words, and understand that meat is in the bag. They pull the bag down, tear it to pieces, and only find wild cotton.

LXXVIII. The Pumpkin and the Rabbit. A stupid boy is given a pumpkin and is told that it is a mare's egg. He is advised to carry the pumpkin until it hatches. Too tired to carry it he drops it down the hillside, sees a rabbit jump, and starts running after it, thinking it is the colt. People later explain to him that it was not a mare's egg.

LXXIX. To a Child. The minute description of the old woman that is coming. She sings along the way. Her song. A puzzle to frighten children. The old owl catching children.

III. TRADITIONS.

(A) ANECDOTES.

LXXX. The Big Snake. A big snake, dwelling in the river, at Lorette, is exorcised and expelled by the missionaries. It proceeds through the Indian village towards the lake, making a deep track, to be seen to this day.

LXXXI. The Child and the Deer. A child finds a deer drowned in a pool. She informs her parents of it by saying, "Ear-sticks-up."

LXXXII. The Drowned Deer and the Child. During the famine a small child finds a deer in stagnant water and calls her parents' attention to it by saying, "Ear-sticks-up." The deer is found and used.

LXXXIII. The Skinned Deer Escaping. A deer is shot and bled. While being skinned, it escapes and leaves its skin behind. A dog starts after him and bites its flesh off. Still running.

LXXXIV. The Ground-Hog Skin Bag. While a Wyandot returns from the hunt on a horse's back, his horse steps on a ground-hog skin bag filled with lard, which curls out.

LXXXV. *How a Famine was Averted.* While the Potawatomes are starving, a man succeeds by means of a dance in bringing milder weather and plenty of game.

LXXXVI. *The Medicine-Men and the White Man's Doctor.* An Indian young woman casts the Eucharist into a pool, and is sick for a long time. The white man's doctors are unable to cure her. An Indian medicine-man consults his uki, and finds out the cause of the sickness. The pool is dried up and a big frog is found with the Eucharist, which is eaten by the sick girl, who recovers.

LXXXVII. *The Small Deer Charm.* An Indian informant finds a small deer charm in the neck of a buck which he had killed. He becomes a very lucky hunter. He loses the charm. Others say that he cast it away, being afraid of its effects.

LXXXVIII. *An Old Indian's Personal Reminiscences.* How the informant became a hunter while living near what is now Kansas City. The old Indian customs of earlier times in connexion with hunting. The informant's comments on the disappearance of the old customs.

(B) HISTORIC TRADITIONS.

LXXXIX. *The Coming of the White Man Foretold.* The white men's approach was foretold to the Indians, who stood along the shore when they first appeared.

XC. *The Advent of the White Man.* The Wyandots were the leaders in an Indian league when the white man first came. The Delaware was in charge of the territory near the Big Waters. The white men make friends with them by means of gifts, and purchase land the size of a cow's hide. The hide is made into a string and used to measure a large piece of land. The Indian's protest is of no avail. The Wyandot's prophetic remarks. War follows. The white man overpowers the Indian by means of smallpox germs, contained in a bottle. The enemies come to terms.

XCI. *The Coming of the White Men.* The cow's hide episode. The white man always cheats the Indian.

XCII. *The Wyandots at War with the Senecas.* The Senecas fight the Wyandots to overcome them. Various encounters. The Wyandots' leader. A band of Senecas are caught by means of sharp stakes placed under water by the Wyandots, and killed. Avenging Seneca party. The Wyandots take to flight. Their chief stops the sun, to help in his flight. Senecas massacred. War lasts years. Wyandots change their winter-quarters, and a party attacks the Senecas. Their war chief quacks like a duck when he comes near them. His victory. Seneca fugitives. Wyandots' exasperation. They attack a Seneca village while the enemies are performing the Dog-dance. The Senecas subdued forever.

XCIII. *A Wyandot War Adventure.* The Wyandots' hunting season. A war party organized to avenge a massacre of women and children. The Wyandots' war dances on consecutive nights. Their three magical guides, or

war-bundles, by which they are warned about the enemy's vicinity. The enemy's war dance, in the course of which a Wyandot child is being roasted. The enemies are slain while asleep. Their chief is captured alive and tortured during a Wyandots' war dance. Revenge.

XCIV. A Wyandot Expedition Against the Cherokees. A Wyandot party goes out to the Cherokee's country and massacres some people. A Cherokee left alive to inform his people. The Cherokees chase the Wyandots. The magical guardians or war-bundles of the Cherokees and Wyandots. The Cherokees are trapped by means of sham camp fires, and killed.

XCIV. The War Between the Wyandots and the Cherokees. A chief leads a Wyandot party against the Cherokees. The Thunder appears to him at night and advises him as to how victory could be won over the Cherokees. The Thunderers help the Wyandots, who are victorious.

XCVI. War with the Pawnees. The Pawnees and Wyandots at war. The Wyandots chase the Pawnees into their country. The Pawnees' fortress. The Wyandots are at first repelled by means of rolling logs. The Wyandots' revenge and victory. Their command to the few survivors left.

XCVII. How the Whites Fought the Wyandots. White soldiers capture an Indian girl. The girl's work in the soldiers camp. Her brothers follow her and plan, at night, their revenge. The girl fastens the soldiers' feet while they sleep, and her brothers slay them. Her family is later taken prisoner into a fort. Flight and chase. The prisoners escape by taking shelter in a hollow log and, later, by concealing themselves in a lake. The girl dies. The Wyandots used to adopt their prisoners. A palisaded Wyandot fortress.

XCVIII. The White Man and the Indian. The white man asks the Indian for a place to sit on. In the end the Indian is left with no seat.

APPENDIX.

I. MYTHS.

(A) COSMOGONIC AND ETIOLOGICAL MYTHS.

I. Huron Traditions (Paul Ragueneau, S.J.). The elders teach the traditions to the young people. An old man narrates cosmological tales and speaks of the big Tortoise under the world, and disapproves of the French stories on the same subject.

II. Cosmogonic Myths (Gabriel Sagard). Yoscaha and Eataentsic, the creators of the world, their abode, and manner of living. Youskeha is good and Eataentsic bad. Other versions. Eataentsic entrusted with the care of souls. Youskeha never dies. Is not worshipped. The fate of souls in the other world. Deluge.

III. Cosmogonic Myths (Brébeuf, S.J.). The woman falls from heaven. Jouskeha, her little son, creates and governs the world. Their abode. Their character and manner of living.

IV. Cosmogonic Myths (Brébeuf, S.J.). The sky-world. A woman fallen from the sky. Different versions: first, she chases a bear, and falls into the lower world: second, a tree is uprooted for a remedy, and she falls through the resulting opening in the sky. The diving for earth; an island is made. Tawiscaron and Jouskeha are born to the woman. They quarrel. Tawiscaron's death. A small island in the beginning. Sole companions, Fox and Martin. Martin dives for earth. The island is enlarged. The good twin and his grandmother identified with the sun and the moon. Other beings created the white man's world. Jouskeha's home and manner of living. Aataentsic is wicked. Journey to Jouskeha's home. Jouskeha protects them against Aataentsic. Jouskeha's deeds. He kills a large frog hoarding all the water on earth, and brings the waters forth. Jouskeha gives game and harvests to man, and occasionally warns him.

V. Cosmogonic Myths (De Charlevoix, S.J.). Aataentsic falls from the sky. Deluge. Messou or Saketchak of the Algonkin mythology. Algonkin traditions: animals dive for earth. How man was created. Muskrat, and his gift to a man. The Hurons' and Iroquois' traditions about Taronhiaouagon, his wife, and the twins.

VI. The Red and White Men's Gods (J. B. Finley). Contest between these two opposing gods, European and Indian; and the Indian god's victory.

VII. Cosmogonic Beliefs (H. R. Schoolcraft). The traditions of the Detroit Wyandots about the beginning of the world. How man was created. The creator chasing a deer to show men how to hunt. The Indian god instructs men in all kinds of pursuits. The good and evil gods' contest. Buck's horns and Indian grass braid only may kill them. Their fight, and Evil's

death. The grandmother's conversation with the ghost of Evil. Evil's last message. Good inspects his works. His contest with clothed man. He moves a mountain. Evil kills his mother at birth. Cereals grow from their mother's remains. The grandmother is cast against the moon. Traditions about the Wyandot's migrations. They were the leading tribe along the St. Lawrence. Their nephews, the Lenapees. The coming of the white man. The white man cheats the Indian for some land by means of a chair and a bull's hide. Subsequent adversities of the Wyandots.

VIII. The Making of the World (H. Hale). The water world, the woman fallen from the upper world. Loons rescue the woman. Diving for earth; the toad succeeds in getting some earth. Island is made on the tortoise's back. Twins are born to the woman. One is good and the other evil. Their mother dies, and cereals grow up from her decay. The land is divided between the twins. Their works of creation. Tjuskeha overcomes monsters, and draws the water forth by killing the big toad. The good one creates good things, and his evil brother spoils them. Duel between the twins. The evil one is destroyed by his brother.

IX. Creation Myth (W. E. Connelley). The sky world. A young man is sick. A tree uprooted. The young woman falls into the lower world with the tree. Swans and Turtle rescue her. Animals dive for earth. Island built on the Big Turtle's back by the Small Turtle. Land grows. Cause of earthquakes. The Small Turtle creates the sun, moon, and stars, and ascribes to each their duties; she makes the subterranean passage. The quarrel between the sun and moon; results and punishment. The birth of stars. Little Turtle appointed keeper of the heavens. Twins are born to the woman, one of whom is good and the other bad. Land is divided between them. The twins work to improve the island. The evil one damages the good one's work, and the good one improves his brother's creations. Their deeds. The Deer climbs into the sky with the help of the Rainbow. Council of the animals called. Search for the Deer. The animals go to live in the sky. People created on the island. Strife between the twins. How the evil one was killed. During long ages, the good one improves the island for the people. The woman is in charge of the sleeping Wyandots in the under-world. People are brought into the island.

The Flying Heads or Flinty Giants. Origin and character. They are the Wyandots' enemies. The Little Turtle fights and destroys them.

The Great Serpent. Created by the evil one to plague the Wyandots. The rivers are their worn ways.

The Witch Buffaloes. Also created by the evil one to harm the Wyandots. Live near a Kentucky spring. Their size and nature. The Little People, or dwarfs, destroy them. The dwarfs are the friends of the Wyandots. Footprints of the Little People.

The Stone Giants. How they were created. Their flinty scales. Their enmity towards the Wyandots. They are cannibals. How the Wyandots protect themselves against the giants.

Why the Deer Drops His Horns Every Year. The evil one is assisted in his flight by the Deer, and forgets to return him his horns. The Deer is humiliated.

X. *Culture Heroes* (S. D. Peet). Culture heroes of the Iroquois and Algonkins. The Frog swallows all the water. Joskeha's and Tawiskara's deeds and quarrel. The woman Attensic.

orig. p. 316
 XI. *The Origin of the Pleiades* (W. E. Connelley). The Pleiades are the Sun's and Moon's children. They come down to the island against their father's will, and play and sing near a lake. The Thunder and Small Turtle discover them. The Sun is angry, and punishes them by making them remote stars.

orig. p. 318
 XII. *The Stars, Dehndek and Mahohrah* (W. E. Connelley). A daughter is born to Dehn-dek and Oh-tseh-he-stah. She is an oo'keh. Her name is Mah-oh-rah. The girl's sickness. The medicine-man's song. Her death. Dehn-dek, her father, is a warrior. He goes into the lower world to see the "grandmother," and to get his daughter back. Hehnoh and his flames. Dehn-dek's speech to his "grandmother," and her reply. The sledge drawn by deer. The grandmothers' words. The belt of Orion now consists of three stags drawing the sledge of Dehn-dek, who is still racing after his lost daughter.

Three
 Dehngese
 XIII. *Why the Autumnal Forests are many-coloured* (W. E. Connelley). After the Deer had climbed into the sky with the help of the Rainbow, the Bear fought him. The Bear's blood dripped from the antlers of the Deer and fell down upon the leaves on the island; which is the cause of the red foliage in autumn.

XIV. *Thunder* (Brébeuf, S. J.). Rain-makers attempt to produce rain. Thunder is considered a bird. The sorcerers want the missionaries' cross removed.

XV. *The Wampum Bird* (W. E. Connelley). A big bird feeds on cranberries. The people are afraid of him. Medicine made to kill him. The chief's daughter offered to the warrior who shall kill the wampum bird. Description of the bird. A Delaware youth comes and kills the bird with his willow arrow. The Wyandots are jealous of him; but he is given the chief's daughter to wife, and the Delawares become the Wyandots' nephews. Wampum belt.

XVI. *The Origin of the Delawares* (W. E. Connelley). Why the Delaware calls the Wyandot his uncle. Wyandot traditions about their long-standing friendship. A rebellious Wyandot young woman refuses to accept the suitor selected by her father, and takes to flight with another young man. As a result the head-chieftainship passes from the Big Turtle clan to the Deer clan. The young woman's posterity.

XVII. *How the Wyandots Obtained the Tobacco Plant* (W. E. Connelley). The two daughters of an old man of the Hawk clan die. Hawks fly over the Indian village, and the old man tries to cure a stricken hawk. Flames consume the bird. The old man's elder daughter found alive in the ashes, bringing to the people the tobacco seeds. The people are taught how to cultivate tobacco.

XVIII. Origin of the Medicine Formulae (W. E. Connelley). A Wyandot and his wife are captured by a company of friendly Bears, and brought away. The Bears' sport. Their village in the Red mountain. Their food. The man and his wife escape, but are overtaken. The man badly injured by the Bear, who invents a medicine to cure him and shows his wife how to use it. They again escape, are caught, and the man injured, and a new medicine invented and used. A number of medicines invented in this manner, shown to the woman, and later taught to the Wyandots.

XIX. Journey to the World of Souls (Brébeuf, S. J.). An Indian goes to the village of souls, towards the setting sun, to bring back his deceased sister. His long journey. The village of souls, across a river. The cabins. Information given to the adventurer. The keeper of the brains of the dead. The souls dancing a medicine dance in Aataentsic's cabin. The adventurer captures his sister's soul and places it in the pumpkin. He brings her back to earth in order to resuscitate her. Upon reaching his village a feast is made, and directions are followed to bring her back to life. The soul escapes when a person forgets one of the directions.

XX. The Village of Souls (Brébeuf, S. J.). A man starts for the village of souls with six companions. Instructions are given to him by a man on their way. A woman offers them poisoned food, which they throw away. Attempts at bending a bow rolled in bark. The leading young man succeeds. A sweat-box. A young man is transformed into a pine tree. The young men reach the village of souls. Their adventures there.

(B) ORIGIN MYTHS OF SUPERNATURAL POWER AND PROTECTION.

XXI. The Thunderers, their Protégé, and the Porcupine (H. Hale). The Wyandots and Cherokees are at war. Three Wyandot warriors, returning from the Cherokee country, abandon a wounded companion and report his death to their people. A monster Porcupine disguised as a man agrees to protect the wounded warrior. The young man later hunts for his protector. The Thunderers appear to him, avow their mission, and ask for his help in the capture of the Porcupine. Fearing the Thunderers, the Porcupine reluctantly comes out to help his protégé, and the Thunderers kill him. The young man is given a cloud-dress by the Thunderers, who bring him with them in the sky and show him how they kill monsters and distribute water over the earth. The youth relates his adventures to his people. From that time on, he is a rain-maker. His secret power of rain-making is transmitted by him to his heirs.

XXII. The Ukis and the Origin of Medicine Feasts (Brébeuf, S. J.). A hunter is resuscitated by the Wolves and the Owl; which accounts for the feasts intended to heal the sick. The coming of the Lion predicted.

XXIII. The Ukis, the Masks, and Medicines (F. J. LeMercier, S. J.). A sorcerer fasts seven days. A "demon" appears to him, and discloses to him the names of several other "demons." These beings recommend to their

human confederate the feasts of Aoutaerohi. A dog feast is made; and the man pretends that he has become the associate of the "demons." Masks are hung in the doorways, and straw manikins made.

XXIV. *The Sky Old Man and his Protégé (H. Lalemant, S. J.)*. A sky being appears to a man who is fasting, informs him that he will protect him throughout life, and predicts the future. Then the man is given a piece of raw bear flesh to eat. It all happens as predicted, and he becomes a lucky hunter. Had he accepted a piece of human flesh, he would have been a lucky warrior.

XXV. *The Frog, the Bear, and a Captive Woman (P. D. Clarke)*. A Frog appears in disguise to a captive Indian woman and advises her to escape the next day. The Frog has been protected by Indians—that is why she protects the woman. During a fight between the Indians and the white men, the next day, the woman escapes and creeps into a hollow tree. A Bear, in the form of an Indian woman, appears to her and gives her further instructions. She is then found by her people.

XXVI. *The Bird Ukis and the Warrior (P. D. Clarke)*. The Wyandots at war with the Cherokees. A tomahawked Wyandot has a vision in the course of which several uki birds, Eagle, Hawk, Raven, and Buzzard, appear to him and bring him back to life. His hallucination.

XXVII. *The Origin of the Hawk Clan (W. E. Connelley)*. A young woman hiding in a hollow log is carried by the king of birds to his nest. The big bird becomes a man and takes her to wife. She feeds the young birds. One day she crawls upon a young bird's back and pushes him down the crag. Tapping the young bird's head she compels him to fly down. The big bird causes a storm. The girl picks a bird's feather and reaches home. Then she becomes the mother of young hawks, the progenitors of the Wyandot Hawk clan.

XXVIII. *Origin of the Hawk Clan (W. E. Connelley)*. Second version of No. XXVII; same incidents.

XXIX. *The Origin of the Snake Clan (W. E. Connelley)*. A haughty young woman of the Deer clan finally gets married to a big Snake disguised as a young man. Taking to flight, she is chased by her husband. The Thunderer comes to her aid. Her children become the Snake clan of the Wyandots.

XXX. *The Snake Clan (W. E. Connelley)*. A young woman is secluded by her mother in the woods and is taken to wife by a disguised Snake. Same ending as in previous number.

XXXI. *The Origin of the Panther Fraternity (P. D. Clarke)*. A monster panther is discovered in a pool near River Huron in Michigan. The monster is sought for by the Prairie Turtle clan. Gifts and burnt offerings to him. Their leader and his songs. The conjured panther finally comes forth. Charms are made of the animal's blood, drawn by means of willow arrows. A fraternity is formed, the members of which possess the panther's magical blood. The secret society. The hostility of the missionaries and converted Hurons finally brings about its extinction.

XXXII. *The Horned Serpent and Tijaiha (H. Hale)*. The missionaries' attitude towards the ancient customs of the Hurons. The ukis protecting the Indians. Some Hurons converted to Christianity. A monster appears in a pool and confers power upon a man in exchange for a human sacrifice. The monster's blood is drawn by means of a cedar arrow. An antidote against the deadly poison. Tijaiha kills the serpent and secures the talisman. Banned from among his people, the sorcerer goes to war against them. The Hurons learn from a soothsayer that Tijaiha is in the neighbourhood, leading a party of Iroquois. The Iroquois are killed, and Tijaiha discovered hiding in a pool. The traitor is killed.

II. FOLK-TALES.

XXXIII. *The Big Dog (W. E. Connelley)*. The monster dog plays havoc with the domestic animals of the Kansas Wyandots. Captain Bull-Head finally makes a medicine, and finds out that the dog is an old Wyandot witch in disguise. Special bullets for "witch-killing" are prepared and used on the dog, which disappears for ever.

XXXIVa. *Légende du Grand Serpent (P. A. DeGaspé)*. Same themes as in the following tale.

XXXIVb. *The Great Serpent and Wolverine (Sir J. M. LeMoine)*. The mischievous Carcajou (Wolverene) and Haouroukai's magic tree at Indian Lorette. The Carcajou sees the monster serpent in a vision. His conversation with the Serpent. The Big Serpent offers rewards to Carcajou for abjuring Christianity. Carcajou dies of drunkenness; and the Big Serpent goes away from the village.

XXXV. *The Fox and the Raccoon (B. N. O. Walker)*. The Raccoon captures geese by fastening a strand of bark to their feet under the water. The Skunk imitates the Raccoon with success, and tells his uncle, the Fox, how he manages to get the geese. The Fox imitates him; but fastening the feet of too many geese, he is dragged in the air after them. He has not returned since.

XXXVI. *The Lazy Hunter who Wished to Get Married (W. E. Connelley)*. A lazy hunter kills an opossum and returns to the village expecting to get married on account of his success as a hunter. His disappointment.

XXXVII. *The Tattler (W. E. Connelley)*. A small bird, the Tattler, is said to have received injury from another bird whom he had harmed by his lies.

III. TRADITIONS AND ANECDOTES.

XXXVIII. *Origin of the Wyandot-Seneca War (P. D. Clarke)*. In the first quarter of the sixteenth century a Seneca maiden causes the chief of her tribe to be slain by a young Wyandot warrior. The Senecas wage war against the Wyandots as a result. The Wyandots, therefore, migrate westward to the Niagara and Toronto, and thence northward.

XXXIX. *The Wyandot-Seneca War (Jos. Warrow)*. Same incidents (second version).

XL. The Senecas at War with the Wyandots (H. R. Schoolcraft). A Wyandot girl scorns her suitor. One of them succeeds in winning her, provided he promises to conform to one condition. She asks him to bring her the scalp of a Seneca chief, the object of her hatred. Having in vain tried to dissuade her, he angrily fulfils the condition. A thirty-year Wyandot-Seneca war follows. At first it results in favour of the Wyandots. War episodes.

XLI. The First White Men Seen in America (P. D. Clarke). Cartier's ships are first seen by the Delawares, who inform the Wyandots. The invasion of the bee is considered symbolic of that of the white men, whose arrival had been predicted to the Indians.

XLII. Wyandot-Seneca Encounter (P. D. Clarke). Towards the end of the eighteenth century, a battle takes place on Lake Erie between the Wyandots and the Senecas. Pourparlers between the opposing chiefs. The battle results in favour of the Wyandots.

XLIII. Wyandot-Cherokee Battle (P. D. Clarke). About the middle of the eighteenth century, kidnapping results in a war between these two tribes. Soo-daw-soo-wat, the Cherokee leader, warns his warriors of the approach of the Wyandots, whose war signals he has overheard. The outnumbered Wyandots take to flight.

XLIV. The Hurons and the Ojibwas (Rev. T. C. Thomas). After the long struggle between the Hurons and the Iroquois, remnants of the Huron tribes seek the protection of the Ojibwa, on the northern shore of Lake Huron. The Hurons relate the cruelties and massacres suffered by their tribe at the hands of the Iroquois; and the Ojibwas grant them some territory near their villages wherein to live under their protection.

XLV. The Wyandot and the Shawnee (P. D. Clarke). The Shawnees, defeated and driven away from their home along the Mississippi, obtain the protection of the Wyandots, then encamped on the banks of the Ohio.

XLVI. The Indian Gamblers (W. E. Connelley). In 1773, various Indian tribes assemble at Detroit for the fur trade. Games of chance indulged in. A Wyandot and a Chippewa become warmly engaged in the moccasin game. The Chippewa, stripped of all his lost possessions, runs away, and is murdered by the indignant Wyandot. Amicable settlement between the two tribes is sought, and finally the murderer is adopted in the stead of the deceased Chippewa by his mother.

XLVII. A Meeting of the Wyandots and the Senecas (P. D. Clarke). In 1775 a party of Senecas provoke the Wyandots about Detroit. The Senecas, after having been reminded of a shameful defeat at the hands of the Wyandots, suddenly go away from the village.

XLVIII. The Americans and the Wyandots (P. D. Clarke). About 1791 some Wyandot chiefs from Michigan direct a scouting party against an American fort. Their humorous encounter with a picket who runs away frightened. The next day chief Splitlog encounters a Yankee, with whom he fights.

XLIX. *The Wyandots Slay White Soldiers* (J. B. Finley). A Wyandot woman, after having been used as a slave by some white soldiers, is detected by some of her own tribe, who liberate her after having killed their enemies.

L. *Traditional History of the Wyandots* (P. D. Clarke). Original home of the Wyandots in the northeast. Their home near Lake Huron. The migrations of the various clans. Encounters with the Senecas. War stratagem of the Wyandots. The Detroit Wyandots. The winter hunt. The renewed hostility of the Senecas. Hospitality extended to the wandering Wyandots by the French colony of Detroit (1701). Other neighbouring tribes of Indians. A party of Wyandot warriors travel west of the Mississippi and meet another band of Wyandots. Alliance between four Indian nations for their protection against western Indians; and a settlement regarding their hunting grounds. Wampum belts. The Detroit settlement. Events in the course of the eighteenth century. Other tribes join the League against the Western Indians. Incursions against Virginia settlements. Children kidnapped and adopted in the Wyandot tribe. Relations between the Wyandots and the British. The Wyandot settlement at Sandusky, Ohio. A dispute regarding land between the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, and Wyandots. The "Wyandot Reserve," near Amherstburg, established in 1790. The contents of the wampum belts explained in a meeting. Kidnapped American children adopted in the tribe. Wyandot population. The war of 1812. The Wyandot and Shawnee chiefs, Isadore and Tecumseh. Their meeting and final rupture. The war. Chief Adam Brown, other chiefs, and the disputed Detroit territory. Relations with the British after the war. Treaties with the Indians. Establishment of a new form of government among the Wyandots. The Ohio lands ceded to the Americans in 1842. The Huron reserve near Amherstburg. A deputation sent to Quebec. The scattered wampum belts. The Kansas settlement. A meeting of the Fox, Cherokees, and Wyandots. Chief Splitlog. Wyandot religion and rituals.



PLATE I.



A.
B. N. O. Walker, of Wyandotte,
Oklahoma.



B.
Mrs. Isaiah Walker, of Seneca,
Missouri.



PLATE II.



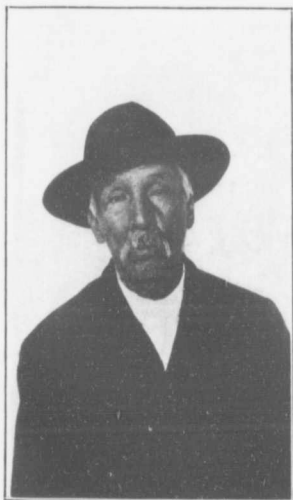
A.
Allen Johnson, of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma.



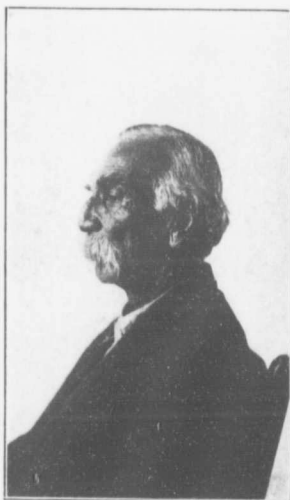
B.
Mrs. Catherine Johnson, of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma.



PLATE III.



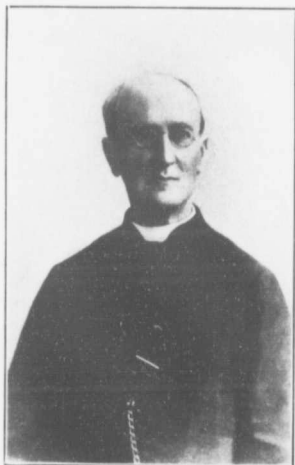
A.
Star Young, of Seneca reservation,
Oklahoma.



B.
Smith Nichols, of Seneca reservation,
Oklahoma.



PLATE IV.



A.
Rev. Prosper Vincent, of Indian
Lorette, Quebec. (Photo, Montminy,
Quebec.)



B.
John Kayraho, of Seneca reserva-
tion, Oklahoma.



A.
Miss Mary McKee,
of Anderdon reserva-
tion, Essex county,
Ontario, at the age
of eighteen. (From a
daguerreotype.)



B.
Miss McKee, at
seventy-three years
of age.





A.
Mrs. Catherine Johnson (in 1911),
of Wyandotte reservation, Oklahoma.



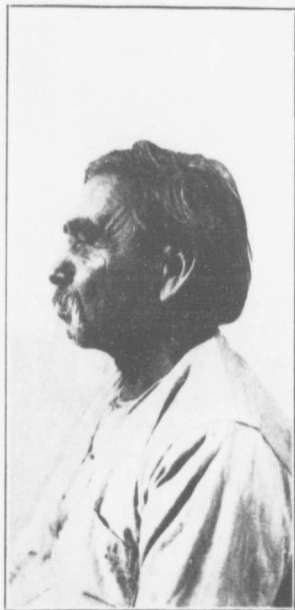
B.
Mrs. Mary Kelley, of Wyandotte
reservation, Oklahoma.



PLATE VII.



A.
Henry Stand, of Wyandotte reserva-
tion, Oklahoma.



B.
Isaac Peacock, the most conservative
of the Oklahoma Wyandots.





A.
Late Joseph Williams, a well known
story-teller, and his wife. (From a
daguerreotype.)

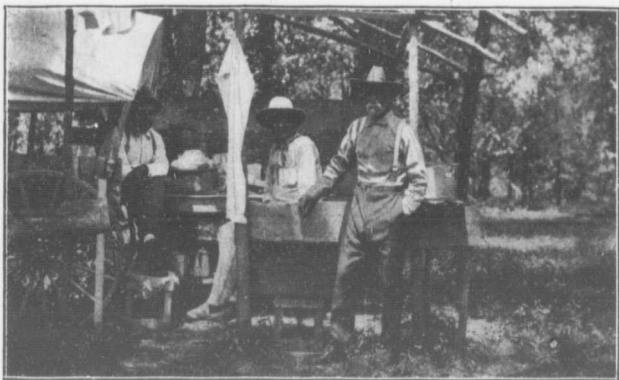


B.
Eldredge H. Brown, of Wyandotte,
Oklahoma.



C.
Mme. Etienne GrosLouis, of Lorette,
Quebec.





A.
(From left to right) John Scrimshire, John Kayrahoo and Smith Nichols,
of Seneca reservation, Oklahoma.



B.
Mary Kelley and Catherine Armstrong, of Wyandotte, Oklahoma.





A
A rock at Indian' Lorette, Quebec, near the edge of the river, on which
dwarf footprints and the monster snake's path are seen.



B
The main street in Indian Lorette, on the right side of which the Hurons
claim to find traces of the big snake's passage.



PLATE XI.



A.
The Indian Lorette falls, the former
home of the big snake.



B.
The snake's den, under the falls.



LIST OF RECENT REPORTS OF GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Since 1910, reports issued by the Geological Survey have been called memoirs and have been numbered Memoir 1, Memoir 2, etc. Owing to delays incidental to the publishing of reports and their accompanying maps, not all of the reports have been called memoirs, and the memoirs have not been issued in the order of their assigned numbers and, therefore, the following list has been prepared to prevent any misconceptions arising on this account. The titles of all other important publications of the Geological Survey are incorporated in this list.

Memoirs and Reports Published During 1910.

REPORTS.

Report on a geological reconnaissance of the region traversed by the National Transcontinental railway between Lake Nipigon and Clay lake, Ont.—by W. H. Collins. No. 1059.

Report on the geological position and characteristics of the oil-shale deposits of Canada—by R. W. Ells. No. 1107.

A reconnaissance across the Mackenzie mountains on the Pelly, Ross, and Gravel rivers, Yukon and North West Territories—by Joseph Keele. No. 1097.

Summary Report for the calendar year 1909. No. 1120.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 1. *No. 1, Geological Series.* Geology of the Nipigon basin, Ontario—by Alfred W. G. Wilson.

MEMOIR 2. *No. 2, Geological Series.* Geology and ore deposits of Hedley mining district, British Columbia—by Charles Camsell.

MEMOIR 3. *No. 3, Geological Series.* Palaeoniscid fishes from the Albert shales of new Brunswick—by Lawrence M. Lambe.

MEMOIR 5. *No. 4, Geological Series.* Preliminary memoir on the Lewes and Nordenskiöld Rivers coal district, Yukon Territory—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 6. *No. 5, Geological Series.* Geology of the Haliburton and Bancroft areas, Province of Ontario—by Frank D. Adams and Alfred E. Barlow.

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Guide Book No. 1. Excursions in eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, parts 1 and 2.

Guide Book No. 2. Excursions in the Eastern Townships of Quebec and the eastern part of Ontario.

Guide Book No. 3. Excursions in the neighbourhood of Montreal and Ottawa.

Guide Book No. 4. Excursions in southwestern Ontario.

Guide Book No. 5. Excursions in the western peninsula of Ontario and Manitoulin island.

Guide Book No. 8. Toronto to Victoria and return *via* Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railways; parts 1, 2, and 3.

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- MEMOIR 25. *No. 21, Geological Series.* Report on the clay and shale deposits of the western provinces (Part II)—by Heinrich Ries and Joseph Keele.
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- MEMOIR 34. *No. 63, Geological Series.* The Devonian of southwestern Ontario—by C. R. Stauffer.
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