

OJIBWA MYTHS AND TALES

BY
COL. GEO. E. LAIDLAW

REPRINTED FROM THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL REPORT, 1915

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OJIBWA MYTHS AND TALES.

By COL. G. E. LAIDLAW.

This series was obtained from Peter York this summer of 1915, when camped here with his family of basket makers, and also after his return to the Rama Reserve where he lives. This reserve is to the east of Lake Couchiching in Ontario County in Ontario Province. The tales told by John York were told in Ojibwa to Peter York and were written down in English by Peter York, who can read and write English. I have followed York's phraseology in the stories as closely as possible, using his terms, such as "went to work," etc., and not changing his meaning in any sense. Some of these stories may appear crude, and others rather indefinite, but I have in no way altered them, preferring to leave them as they are.

John York is an old man of 96 years and his Indian name is "Kitchi-Penascie" or "Big Thunder." Peter York is 48 years old and his Indian name is "Penascie" or "Thunder." Both names, according to Peter, are "hard" names. York frequently visits this section which is only a score of miles from the Reserve.

Nanabush is one of the variants of Nenebojo, others being Nanabozho and Nenebue. This personage while being human possesses certain supernatural powers, one of them being, that whoever or whatever he addressed had to answer him. Nanabush seems to have been a joker and a scapegoat at times, and is reputed to be alive yet. York remarked upon one occasion that Nanabush "was a sort of god" and addresses him as *Mr.* Nanabush. This band of Ojibwas did not know where or when Nanabush was born, or the circumstances of his birth. Perhaps some of the older Indians on the Reserve might know. Inquiries will be made in the future.

York's ending to the stories is "This ends this story." And his use of the words "great big" means a giant such as "a great big man," a giant. "A great big beaver," a giant beaver, etc.

No. 1.

NANABUSH AND THE DUCKS. (Modern.) (No. 1.)

Told by Peter York.

A long time ago Nanabush when out hunting ducks came to a lake. He saw a nice bay, round (curved) all along to the end which we all know bays are not straight. And in this bay there were a lot of ducks sitting along the shore, and Nanabush would like to kill them all with one shot. He did not know how to do it. He thought that he must get them all. He looked at his gun which was straight, and he thought if he could bend his gun he might get them all. He went to work and bent his gun. He got close and made a good aim, pulled the trigger and "Bang." When the smoke cleared away there were no ducks to be seen dead or alive. Nanabush got so mad (angry) that he made another plan.

No. 2.

NANABUSH AND THE DUCKS. (No. 2.)

Told by Mrs. Joseph Kenice.

The other plan that Nanabush made to get these ducks was this: He and his mother made a big camp (lodge or wigwam) and invited all the different kinds of ducks to come to a big dance on such a day set apart for the dance. All the ducks

came and when they came up Nanabush started to sing a song. Before the dance started he told the ducks that they had to keep their eyes closed when they danced and had to dance around the middle of the camp. Nanabush seated himself near the door and as the ducks would dance near him he would grab them and twist their necks and throw them behind him (York exemplified this by gestures) and got quite a lot this time. But one of the birds, a diver, opened her eyes a little bit and saw what Nanabush was doing. She made for the door and told all the ducks to run away. Nanabush made for the one that told on him. He got the duck in the door as she was going out and reached out his foot and stamped on her as she went past, and this is the reason the diver has flat feet and legs that stick out behind. These are some of Nanabush's works while he lived. This ends this story.

Note by G. E. L.—The song that Nanabush sang for the ducks was called "Ki-ah-wah-na," which, according to York, means "Something that has been used to get such a thing or to do such a thing with. May have been an axe or a knife, etc." This is very indefinite, but is just what York explained, that it *was* difficult to understand. I fail to see any connection with the ducks as in other variations of this story.

No. 3.

THUNDERBIRDS. (No. 1.)

Told by Peter York.

The old people once went to the Blue Mountains near Collingwood a long time ago. At the end (escarpment) near the Bay a Thunderbird had its nest. It had two young birds. They were shaped like geese, but were naked and were about as high as a man's chest and were of brownish red or russet color. By and by they began to grow pin-feathers and get big. Then they went away. The old people went over several times to see them, and they first saw them during a thunderstorm.

No. 4.

THUNDERBIRDS. (No. 2.)

Told by John York.

Once two Indians, a man and his wife, camped near a little lake. The Indian was trapping. He had a dream one night never to cross on the ice at night on any lake, but one day shortly afterwards he went too far away hunting and got very tired. As he was coming home with his bag of beaver on his back, and his ice chisel in his hand, he came to a narrow place in the lake where he either had to cross on the ice or go a long way around, so he thought he'd chance the ice (risk it for once), but when he got about half way over he heard something coming down from above, but could not see anything because it was dark. He fainted (became unconscious) and dropped on the ice, and the next thing he knew he found himself sitting inside a big bird's hand (or claws) with all his game, beaver, ice chisel and bag. He could not do anything except to remain very still. After a while he saw something ahead, which was a rock, and the big bird lit on the rock and let the man go and flew away again.

The man saw two young ones (young Thunderbirds) coming towards him, and when one of these got near enough it opened its mouth wide. The man got up and got his chisel and knocked the young bird down and killed it. This young bird

was very big and heavy (as York expressed it, "it would weigh easy a ton"). The man made up his mind what to do, as he had got to die anyway, so he went to work and opened the young bird and took all the insides out and got in himself. He found that he could stay inside the bird in going down to earth again. He managed to get the young bird to the edge of the rock. Then he got inside and fastened himself in with his long sash, closed the open hole with strings and rolled off. The young Thunderbird spread its wings and began to float down through the air. The man fainted and when he came to he found himself on the edge of a lake in a strange place, so he got up and wandered about till he came on some man tracks which he followed up till he came to two men and asked them where he was. They told him where he was and the name of the place, and then he knew which way to go to reach his own camp.

When he got near his own camp he saw that the place looked very old anyway. He went nearer and got to the door and called "Who's in there?" Some one inside told him to "come in." Inside he saw a very old lady. He thought "this can't be my wife, she's too old. I've been only away a few days." He asked her "where was her man?" She said, "A good many years ago my husband had a dream 'never to walk across the ice of any lake' and he may have tried to go across some lake at night and was taken by some big bird (Thunderbird) or somebody I never heard of. Here I have been ever since he went away and nobody knows where he is." The man told her who he was and they kissed each other and lived together the rest of their lives. This shows that he was away a long time, but it seemed short to him. When on the Thunderbird's rock he killed only one of the young Thunderbirds. The other he did not touch.

Notes by G. E. L.—The word "Lady" used here is equivalent to Ogemah-kwee, which means a chief's wife or daughter, or some female relative of a chief. This word is also used in speaking of, or to a white lady of quality.

Kissing is seldom met with in stories or tales of their own life by the Indians, so I think it is a modern introduction.

No. 5.

RAT AND BEAVER STORY—WAH-ZESK AND AH-MIC.

Told by Peter York.

A long time ago the Rat had the Beaver's tail, and the Beaver the Rat's tail. The Rat wanted to trade tails very badly, but the Beaver didn't care enough about trading, but at last he traded. Then the Beaver when he got his present tail liked it very much for he found that he could swim faster, but the Rat didn't like it, because he had to swim slower, so he begged the Beaver to trade back, but the Beaver would not trade; so the Rat cried and cried till his eyes got small, and this is the reason that the Rat has small eyes and a small tail.

(Rat here means the Muskrat.)

No. 6.

THE BEAR, THE WILD CAT AND THE BIG STURGEON—MUH KWAH, PEZHEW AND KITCHÉ NŪH MAH.

Told by Peter York.

Near the mouth of the Nottawasaga River there are rapids. The bear was fishing there one day. He was catching sturgeon in his paws and throwing them

over his shoulder on to the bank. By the time when he had enough he quit fishing and started to carry the sturgeon back into the woods from the pile he had thrown them into. The wild cat (lynx) was watching the bear whilst the bear was fishing. When the bear went away, the wild cat went to fish at the same place. He caught a very big sturgeon, but on account of his crooked claws, could not let go, and the sturgeon swam out to deep water and drowned the wild cat.

No. 7.

NE-WE-NO-NAH K'SHE MŪH.

The story of the woman who visited a man who lived in a tree, and who could change himself into a serpent when he wished.

Told by Peter York.

A very long time ago there was an Indian who lived with his family in the wilderness or wild bush where nobody was to be seen. This man lived by hunting wild game. One time he noticed his wife dressing up very nice. This kept on for a good many days. One day the oldest boy told his father that the mother went away every time the father left camp for hunting. The man thought that he would watch her, so he went away one morning, but went only a little way and watched the camp. After a little while the wife came out dressed in her best. She went out in the bush and the man followed to see what she would do. She went to a big tree and stood at the foot of the tree and rapped, just the same as a person would do on a house door. Then he saw a very nice man come out of the tree and observed what was going on, so he thought he would kill his wife as soon as she got back to camp. When he got home he made a big fire and told his two children (boys) what he was going to do, and also told them what to do when he (the father) would run away. His wife came home in the evening and he killed her and burned her in the fire. He then told his boys "if they saw the sky red that would show them that he (their father) was killed by his wife's sweetheart." The next day they saw the sky red which showed them that their father was killed, so they ran away themselves. Before their father went away he told them that their mother would follow them though she was dead, so the father gave them some things to use in case they wanted help; an awl, a stone, and a thorn. When they saw their mother coming, they threw the stone down, when it became a big mountain, and the two boys went a long way before their mother was able to get over the mountain and catch up to them. When she came close again the boys threw the thorn down when it became a very big bush of thorn trees (Haw trees), which gave the two boys a chance to get ahead a good bit before she got through. When she got close again the boys threw the awl down, which became many hundred awls with their points sticking up, but she managed to get over them and kept on trying to get her children.

The boys came to a big river and saw a big snail which they asked to take them across the river. The big snail stretched himself across the river and the two boys got across. When the mother got to the river she also asked the big snail to take her over. The snail told her he would, but when about half way across the snail dropped the woman into the river, and that was the last of her.

The two boys went on and came to a lake where nobody was to be seen only themselves. The big boy made a little bow and arrow for his little brother. After

a little while they saw someone coming in a log canoe, who turned out to be a bad old man. As soon as the old man saw the two boys he made up his mind to take one of them and leave the other, so he told the little boy with the bow and arrow to shoot up in the air. The arrow dropped into the canoe, and the old man told the big boy to come and get it. As soon as the big boy got in the canoe the old man pushed out quickly and left the little boy behind. The big boy asked the old man to take his brother along but the old man said "No!" When they got to the old man's place the big boy was locked up (confined) for a good many days and could not get a chance to run away. One day the old man told the big boy that if he wanted to go out with him he could go. They came to a big hill and he asked the boy to go for a sleigh ride down the hill. The old man wanted the boy to sit in front but the boy chose to sit behind. There were stumps and stones down the hill and as they went down the hill very fast, the boy thought to hit a stone and kill the old man, which he did. Then the boy thought about his little brother and went back and looked for him. When he got to the place where his brother was left he saw a wolf which was his brother who had become half a wolf and half a boy. Which all Indians believe to be where the wolf came from. The boy got too hungry and became part wolf. This ends this story.

No. 8.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK. (No. 1.)

Told by Peter York.

Long years ago there were two Ojibwa boys who lived so close together that they called each other "Brother," and one time when they got to be big boys they talked about getting married, so they went away to an Indian (Ojibwa) village not far away and got girls to marry them. When they got married they wanted to know what to do to make a living. One said "We will go a long ways up the river to hunt and stay there for a good while and will be able to get enough to keep us during the winter months." They got ready for the trip and started with a good supply. They stayed a long time till they got enough (furs and meat) and then started to come home.

On their way home they came to a place where there were a lot of stumps and snags, and one of them struck a stump and made a big hole in his canoe. He had to go to shore to fix his canoe, whilst the other canoe went on ahead. When the canoe was mended they started on again and when they came to a little lake they saw their comrade just about the other side of the little lake going into a river where there were lots of other Indians (Mohawks their enemies) waiting for them to come home with their catch of fur and meat. The man in the second canoe said to his wife, "Well, my brother is going to get killed, as he goes into the river, you watch!" And when the first canoe was just going into the river there was smoke of gunfire from both sides. The wife (in the second canoe) said, "We will be killed the same way." The husband replied, "Well, no. If I get mad (angry) there is no shot that could hit me. I will go alone to see, and you stay here till I come back." "No," she said, "You can't go, you will be shot too." "Well," said he, "let them shoot, they can't hit me. I had a dream in my early days that no gun could hurt me, and if my dream is no good I won't come back." So they got everything out of the canoe and he started in the canoe with his gun for the same place where his comrade got shot. When he got there the gunfire started from

both sides of the river and kept up for a long time, till after a while the fire was not so bad, after another while the fire ceased and the wife looked and looked and after a short time she saw something coming straight to where she was waiting. She knew the canoe but there was a different man in it. She hid herself in the bush till she heard her man calling to her and then she came out. Her man was all black, and it was because he had so many close shots fired at him that the gun-powder blackened him up, so that the wife only knew him by his voice when he called her. They got ready and crossed the lake to where the fight took place. They got out of the canoe and he showed his wife where there were a good many dead Indians (Mohawks) on both sides of the river. They went to work to see if they could find their friends' bodies. It did not take them long to do so and to bury them the best way they could. They then started on their way home and upon arrival spread the story and went to see the parents of the dead ones. This ends this story.

No. 9.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK. (No. 2.)

Told by Peter York.

A good many years ago there were two head chiefs of the two big nations of Indians, the Ojibwas and the Mohawks. One time the head chief of the Mohawks thought to do something to hurt the Ojibwa chief. He did not know just what to do. The Ojibwa chief had one son and one daughter. Well, the Mohawk thought "If I kill one of his children this would make him mad (angry). So he got his warriors to come to him and told them to go to the Ojibwa village at night and try to kill the chief's son or daughter. The warriors started at night and went on their errand and it happened that the son was out late and was taken prisoner. The warriors took the boy to the Mohawk chief and the chief cast lots, by drawing little sticks, and the one that got the longest stick had to kill the boy. The boy was killed before the people and the chief called a big feast and had the boy cooked. When everything was ready he invited all the other neighbouring chiefs as well as the Ojibwa chief who had lost his son, and there were hundreds of Indians besides. The big feast was ready by this time and all sat down on the ground. Those who were appointed to act as waiters started to bring in the catables, beginning at the door, giving the food to the men as they went along. The head Ojibwa chief was placed in the middle, and when the waiters came to him they brought his son's head well cooked. This chief recognized his son's head, but said nothing, and as they were all eating, he ate his son's head just to show them that he was a man.

When everything was over the Ojibwa chief started for home, and as he was going home he made up his mind that he would also do this kind of work some day. He did not do it at once but waited for a few years, when he got his warriors to come to him one day and told them that they had to go to the Mohawks' village and get the chief's daughter and bring her to him. One of the warriors told the chief "that there were hundreds of warriors guarding the Mohawk chief's house ever since the Big Feast when the Ojibwa chief's son was killed and eaten" (or in other words, since you lost your son).

The Ojibwa chief then said, "You go in the daytime and take her and I will make them sleep sound. I will be able to do that." So they started, six of the best men. When they got to the Mohawk village they found all the watchers asleep and the chief also sound asleep. They took the girl away as they were told to bring

her. Before this the Ojibwa chief told one of his men to kill her, and she was killed in a quiet way. Nobody knew what happened. The Ojibwa chief then called a big feast and told his people to get ready, that after the feast there was going to be a big battle right there. So they got everything ready.

They called the Mohawk chief to come and all the Mohawks that could come at that time came, and all the Indians came from other places. They all sat down and ate. The girl's head well cooked was placed before the Mohawk chief. As soon as he saw his daughter's head he gave a loud yell and fainted. Just at this time the Ojibwa chief rose up and asked his men to start and kill every one of the Mohawks. The Ojibwa chief killed the Mohawk chief himself and his men killed the rest of the Mohawks at this time. After this happened the news spread all over and the two big nations got so mad (angry) that they declared war. The war took place in winter time. They fought on Lake Couchiching and the Lake was full of Indians. When the fight began the Ojibwa in command was a girl who led the warriors. When the Mohawks saw them coming they said "we'll have fun now." When the Ojibwas came very close the girl who led gave a big loud yell and all the Mohawks fell down on their hands and knees and tried to crawl away, but the Ojibwa warriors killed every one of them that they could find. Young and old, women as well as men, except two, a boy and a girl, and from this pair came the present Mohawks. This ends this Mohawk story.

Note.—(The girl leader of the Ojibwa was not the sister of the boy that was killed and eaten. She was a different girl, but had a dream that she could do this leading.)

No. 10.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK. (No. 3.)

Told by Peter York.

The Ojibwas were once entering Lake Couchiching by the west side in winter time on the ice. They were going across to fight the Mohawks on the east side, when an old Mohawk woman came down to the ice hole to get some water. She saw the Ojibwas coming and turned her back to them and exposed her anus in contempt and otherwise made fun of them. Then she went and told her people. The opposing warriors fought on the ice and the Mohawks were beaten. After the battle the Ojibwas painted a red woman in just the same position as the Mohawk woman posed, on the rocks on the east shore near where the fight took place (now called McPherson's Quarry or Geneva Park). This figure now remains and can be seen to day. (It is about 5 or 6 feet above water and is about 1 ft. high.)

No. 11.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWKS. (No. 4.)

Told by Peter York.

An Ojibwa man and wife and one child were out hunting away back in the woods and one day the man said to his wife, "We are going to have trouble now. There are some Mohawks about, and they are going to come to-night to kill us. There is no use running away for we are too far from home. If I am killed they will take you away to their home." The night came and this man and wife watched nearly all night, till about daylight they heard an owl and some other kind of bird.

This shows that the Mohawks were near and had surrounded their camp. There were fifteen Mohawks and the one Ojibwa man had to fight them all. Well, he did very well for he killed quite a lot of them, but his wife and child were taken prisoners whilst he was fighting. He was not killed but escaped and ran towards his home. He ran for two days till he reached home and told his friends what had happened. He raised a war party of some forty or fifty men and one old man, a prophet, and started after the Mohawks.

This old man, the Prophet, knew where the Mohawks went and he also knew that the wife was still alive, and that child was killed on the way to the Mohawks' home, for he had that power. So the Ojibwa war party started for the Mohawk country and while they were going the old man said, "She has made her escape and is coming back." So they all ran to meet her and they met her. She told a very bad (pitiful) story to the men. She said, "On the way every night I had to keep the fire going all night to keep them warm. Some days they all go out hunting, but one had to stay and watch me. One day they all went out but one bad man who stayed in camp to watch me. This bad man made a big fire and went out and cut a good-sized stick. Then he took my baby and ran the stick into him (through the anus) and roasted him in the big fire. Well, I could not do anything only cry, and this bad man came right in front of me and began to mock and cry, and facing the other way showed his buttocks. I grabbed his privates and pulled all I could, and he fell down and I got up and rolled him to the fire and burnt him. Then I took his gun, I did not run away till I killed every one of them. Towards the evening one came when I was inside the camp, when he got near I shot him. He fell dead, and after a while another one came and I also shot him. I took his gun which was loaded. The last time two came together. Well, I thought, if I kill them this time I would be safe, so I made a good aim and fired at the first. He fell and the other tried to run away; before he got away I shot him dead and started to run back towards our country." One of the Ojibwa war party took her home, and the rest went on their way to the Mohawk village. When they got there they killed some of the children to pay the Mohawks for what *they* did.

This woman made a good plan to get these Mohawks. She did not run away after she killed the first man for fear the rest would chase her and catch her, so she stayed in camp and killed them as they came in singly from hunting. She would take the gun of the man just killed and would be ready for the next.

The Mohawks in camping at night fixed some poles around the fire about two feet from the ground, and would lay on their backs with their feet on the poles, warming their hind quarters. The Ojibwa woman had to keep the fire going all night. The killing or torturing of children was the worst thing Indians could do. This ends this story.

Note.—All these fights took place in this locality. The river referred to is the Gull River. The Ojibwa used to come to where Beaverton now is and then across to South Bay, Balsam Lake, by another route south of the Portage Road. (This is borne out by other evidence than York's.) I spoke of the embankment at South Bay to York, but he had never seen it though he had heard of it, and remarked that it was "one of the fighting grounds."

RAMA WITCHES. (No. 1.)

Told by Peter York.

One time an old witch lived in Rama on the west side of Lake Couchiching. She covered herself with the skin of an owl when she wanted to fly at night for the purpose of taking the first joints off the fingers of children, which she used to string up like old-fashioned, dried apples in her camp. These children would die at once. She had the power to take these joints off.

One day she wanted to go to near where Atherley now is, and compelled two young men to go with her in the canoe, for she had the power to compel young men to go with her, generally the best of them. She wanted to go to a man's place who had two black dogs. She wanted these dogs. When she arrived there she asked the man for the dogs, but he said "No!" She then asked him for one dog, but still he said "No." She then took a paddle and shoved the canoe off shore saying to the man, "I shove off with one of your children." (Meaning that one of his children would die.) The man said, "Maybe you will die yourself before you get home. The bees will have your meat." She sat in the middle of the canoe with one of the young men paddling at the bow and the other at the stern. When about half way home the young man at the stern heard a bee humming overhead and looking up he saw the bee enter the woman's ear into her head. In a short time her body was full of bees, eating her up, and she began to twist around and say: "Yuh, yuh," and died in the canoe. The young men put her overboard at what is now Ground Hog Point, which took its name from her, for she was called "Kuk-oh-chees," "The Ground Hog."

She had forgotten to take her bag (medicine bag) with her and had left it in her camp. The man's power was stronger than hers, for he killed her and nothing happened to him. He had power over the bees. Sometimes when this witch was looking for children at night she carried a light. The young men went with her because they were afraid she would kill them if they didn't go.

She said as she died, "Well, anyway I never killed any big people, just children," but the people found joints of fingers of grown-up persons on the strings as well as those of children in her camp.

Note.—Ground Hog Point is called in Ojibwa Kuk-oh-cheesh, Nây-ash-sheeng.

RAMA WITCHES. (No. 2.)

Told by Peter York.

Another old witch once lived in Rama. She disguised herself in a turkey's skin when she wished to fly. She caused many people to die. One day when all the people were having a bee to hoe corn she went to the bee, leaving her turkey skin in her bag (medicine bag) at her home. There was a little boy who lived with her and who had often watched her through a hole in his blanket when she was dressing herself in this turkey skin, and thought that he would like to try it himself, so he took the turkey skin out of the bag and put it on. The skin was very much worn by now and had lost lots of feathers and was ragged, but still preserved the power to fly. So the boy flew over to the hoeing bee, and all the

people began to say: "Look at the witch, look at the witch," and the witch herself began to get very mad (angry) and act crazy when she saw the boy in her turkey skin. The boy lit on the ground and the people rushed over and took off the skin and found that it was only a boy. The witch's son who was also there took an axe and rushed up to his witch mother and said, "You must stop causing people to die, or else I'll put the axe to your head." She said, "No! she would not." Whereupon he struck her on the head with the axe and killed her on the spot.

No. 14.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Told by Peter York.

Once a small party left the Rama Reserve for the purpose of going on a hunt up the Gull River waters. Amongst this party was a bad man who had left his wife on the Reserve and had taken another woman with him, which was a very bad thing to do. After being on the hunt for some time this man died and was prepared for burial, and a grave was dug. He was left in a place just outside the camp for three days before burial. One of the children of the camp who happened to go and look at the body, came back and said that clothes were pushed off the body's face and breast, so the older people went to see. They found this was so and the man coming to life. He came to life and said that he had been in heaven and was sorry for what he had done by leaving his wife on the Reserve, etc., but that he knew he was going to die in exactly a month from that day at midday, and would never see Rama again. After a short while the party moved camp on their homeward journey, and at Balsam Lake when the month was just about to be up the man said that he was going to die and knew he could not stop it. So he made a little camp and went in there. He was all right the night before and also on the morning of the last day, but before noon he said his time was near and began to act terribly crazy-like. His eyes stuck out and he chewed his tongue and rolled around his camp in terrible agony. He acted so strangely and shook his camp so much that he so frightened the others that they were afraid to go near him and so left him alone to die. His actions continued till noon when the man died in horrible pain. Thus was he punished for leaving his wife and taking another woman.

No. 15.

WINTIGOES (GIANTS).

Told by Peter York.

In olden times people used to believe that if a person fasted for a period of about ten or twelve days he would learn something about bears or lions, or something very strong, and if he dreamed of any of these animals he would be just as strong.

One time a man had a dream that he could fight with the Wintigoes any time. He could be just as big and just as strong, and during one winter time he knew that the Wintigo was coming to eat them (i.e. his family). He said to his wife "The Wintigo is coming to-night, and is going to eat us, and if my dream fails we shall be eaten by the Wintigo." The night came and the man went out to meet the Wintigo a little way off. The wife listened for a little while, then she heard trees

flying all over and she saw two great, big men biting each other and hitting each other with great, big trees, and also with their hands. This kept on for a long time, till all at once it went past, and she watched if her man would come home. After a while he came out of the woods just as small as he was when he went out to fight. He said, "I won the battle for the first time since I had my dream. You come over with me and I will show you where I finished the Wintigo." They both went out till they came to the place where they saw, as if somebody had been underbrushing, so fierce was the battle that all the underbrush and small trees were knocked or trampled down. At the far end of this place they saw a great big man lying down dead, with his big kettle and a great big knife, for the Wintigo was going to kill and eat these people. So the man and wife went to work and gathered up wood and made a big fire and burned the Wintigo to ashes.

No. 16.

LITTLE LYNX STORY.

Told by Peter York

Black Bear had a very good winter one time. It was a very hard winter for the smaller animals on account of the snow and frost and storms. This big Black Bear used to go on the deer runways and catch a deer and eat him up, and the Lynx used to watch the Black Bear climb up in a tree and jump on the deer as they passed along the runways, which they had in the winter months, and which was an easy thing for a big black bear to do. Once when the Lynx was very hungry he could not catch anything as there was too much snow. Well, he thought that he would try and kill a deer, so he went out on one of their runways and watched for a deer to come along. Soon he saw one coming and he climbed up a tree and when the deer came under the tree the Lynx jumped on his back. The Deer started off wild and went all over the woods, but the Lynx still held on having a good hold and the Deer could not shake him off. The Deer knew that there was a leaning tree in the bush so he made for that, knowing that he could knock the Lynx off as he ran under the tree. The Deer ran very fast and as he ran under the tree there happened to be a knot on the under side of the tree where the Deer went, so the Lynx got his back skinned from his head to his tail. It also just happened that an Indian was out hunting that way and tracking deer. He saw a deer track which was a very bad one with blood all over. So he followed it up till he came to the Lynx lying dead and a little farther on he found the Big Buck dead too. The Deer had got so tired that he lay down and died. So the Indian had good luck finding them both.

No. 17.

NANABUSH AND THE FOUR MEN. (No. 4.)

Told by Peter York.

A good many years ago four Indians wanted to know something about "how to be a man that would know how to fight and never get hurt." Well, they talked about it and decided to go and see Nanabush and ask these things. They made the journey, which took them two long years to get to his place. On the way up they could hear Nanabush beating his drum and saying to them, "Come on, my children." Well, one day they heard him saying, "You will get to my place in the morning."

The morning came and they saw a clean place; everything looked to be good. They saw a big camp here and went to the door and rapped. Nanabush said, "Come in, my children," and shook hands with them. They talked a little while when Nanabush said something to his daughter, who was a very nice-looking girl, and she started to cook something which was bear meat, and took some blueberries and cooked them (both) in a very little pot (about the size of a cup). While those men were watching the girl one of them thought, "I could eat all that in the pot with one spoonful." Nanabush knew what this fellow was thinking about and said, "You will see if you can eat that much." They all sat down and started to eat out of the little pot. They ate all that they wanted and the pot was still full. Nanabush said, "You men can't eat it all." After the meal Nanabush said, "Now you must tell me what you want to know. You have walked for a long time." The first man said to Nanabush, "I would like to know if there is a battle in our country, and I would like to know that if I was shot at I would like the ball not to hit me." Nanabush said, "This will happen so, you just think about me when going to fight."

The next man came before Nanabush and said, "I am a hunter and I would like to call the game to me when I want them, some wild beasts." Nanabush said, "This will be so, when you go hunting you call just what you want and they will come."

The third man came before Nanabush. "Well," he said, "I would like to get myself a wife, **nobody likes me.**" Nanabush said, "You see my daughter, you take her and she will be your wife."

The fourth man came before Nanabush and said, "I would like to live forever." Nanabush said (in reproach), "We all know that every man has got to die, and *you* would like to live forever." He reached out his hand and took the fourth man and placed him on his side, when the man became a granite stone, and there were only three men that came back home. Everything that Nanabush said was so.

Nanabush said to the one that wanted a wife, that he must not speak to her till they got home, and they all started home happy. On the last day before reaching home the man who had Nanabush's daughter wanted to talk to her, so he spoke to her, but before he had finished his words the girl was missing and could not be found, so he got home without a wife. This ends this story.

No. 18.

NANABUSH AND THE YOUNG MAN AND WIFE. (No. 5.)

Told by John York.

A good many years ago two families lived on an Island. One family had one son, and the other one daughter. The two young people got married and lived for a little while when the young wife took sick and died. The old people buried her on the Island, but the young husband went out after the burying, and the old people saw him lie down near the grave. Just as soon as he closed his eyes he saw his wife going away. He followed her for a long time but could not get near enough to catch her, so he went on till night came. She said to him (her husband), "We will camp here," and she made her camp a little way ahead. He made his camp behind hers. The next morning came and they started again. On their way he saw a big house by the roadside, but before they reached the house he heard somebody talk to him and who told him that "this was the place where all the dogs live that you ever owned. The ones that you have used badly, and they will pay

you for what you have done to them while living." The man that spoke said to him, "I will help you. You take these bags of shoes and when the dogs attack you throw the shoes at them." When the young husband got to the house the dogs attacked him. He dropped the bags of shoes and the dogs attacked the shoes and the young man passed out and saw his wife ahead of him the same as usual. The night came again and they camped out once more. The next day came and about noon they saw another house on the road ahead. When they came to this house they saw some people who invited them to eat, but they did not eat. This was the last house to be seen before they got to the place where they were going. They went on till they saw a great big house. The wife went in ahead and the man came in behind. When he got in he saw nothing but a big room full of little beds, but nobody was in the house. He went all over the house but could not find his wife so he went out and looked around. He saw another house nearby and went over to it. He rapped at the door and someone said, "Come in." He went in and saw an old man sitting down who said to him, "You have come a long way to try and get your wife back. Once they get in that big house you can't see them any more, but, if you want help I can help you a lot." "I will be very much obliged if you will," said the young man. "Well," the old man said, "There will be a big dance in the big house to-night. They do that every time a new man or a new woman gets here. I will hide you in my pocket and at the dance I will catch her." The night came. As soon as the sun went down people could be heard running around all over (spirits or ghosts).

This old man was the man who sang at the dance so he started the dance a little after dark. He who was sitting in the pocket was watching his wife. He saw her coming and dancing too. When she got near the old man caught her and got a very small box and put her in and went out. This broke up the dance. The old man took the box to his house. There were two little boxes, one for the wife, and another in which was an oil of some kind. The old man said to the young husband, "It took you four years to get here and you will get back in two days. Beware (listen) and do what I say. When you get home, get two small stones and make them hot, open the box of oil and let it melt on the stones. Cover yourself and the boxes with blankets. You listen till you hear her speak and then open the box. You will see her alive again." The young husband did all this when he got back home and his wife came to life again. They came to where they started at first on the Island. There was nobody living there this time so they sat down and after a little while he said, "Do you see that point up there? Watch a little while and you will see two canoes coming this way. There will be our parents in them." The canoes came out in the lake straight for the island and when they came near they stopped. The old people said, "Someone's at the grave." The two young people spoke, "Come on, we got back here again alive." The old people almost jumped out in the water when they saw their children and heard them talking.

In olden times people used to believe in feeding the dead by burning some bread and meat (food) over the grave, and this was what brought the parents back to the island at this particular time.

Note.—(The old man in this story is Nanabush, who was also the man that spoke about the dogs.)

This story is from John York, who claims it is a true story and happened in the days gone by.

No. 19.

THE LITTLE DOG STORY.

Told by Peter York.

In the old days people used to have faith in their dogs. One time a man had a very small, little dog. When he went out hunting he put the little dog inside of his coat. Every time the little dog tried to bark the man knew that there was some game near.

One night while the man was asleep the little dog licked him on the face till he woke up, which went to show that there was trouble at hand. The little dog tried to take his master outside the camp. They both went out and the little dog began to roll in the snow. Every time he rolled he grew bigger. He rolled till he got to be as big as a good-sized calf, then he stopped and watched the lake. They saw a great, big dog coming across the ice to kill the man. The man's dog went out to meet this one and conquered it. This big dog was a grey-looking one with no hair.

No. 20.

KILLING THE OLD PEOPLE.

Told by John York.

In the days gone by when an old man or woman got helpless they used to be killed outright.

One time while two families, one of which had an old woman, were out camping, they decided to kill the old woman. They told her that they were going to move to some other place. They took her by the hand and led her to the bush some distance away where they stopped in a lonely place and told her to sit there till they got ready to build a camp. Instead of making a camp they went back home and left her to die. The old woman was left on a river bank, and it happened that one of the boys was out hunting that way and when he was coming back home he saw his grandmother sitting by the river side. He wondered how she got there, but told her to get in the canoe and took her back to camp. He left her near the camp telling her to come in after dark. The hunter then went into the camp and after a while the old woman came in. Everybody sat still, they did not know what to say, as they had thought that she would have died that night out on the river bank. She never told how she came back, neither did her grandson, so it was never known to the rest. The people quit killing the old people from that time. They never did it again. The Indians used to do this: when people got too old they were killed to be got out of the way.

No. 21.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK. (No. 5.)

Told by Peter York.

The Mohawks were so bad that they used to kill for nothing. One time there were three Ojibwa brothers, and one day the Mohawks met one of the brothers and killed him. They hid him in the bush and took his scalp home. When the other two came to know that their brother had been killed they got mad (angry) and

both got ready with war clubs and lots of shot and powder. When they got to the Mohawk village their enemies were waiting for them to come. These brothers did all they could; they killed about three to five hundred of the Mohawks. While the fight was going on, one of the two Ojibwas got shot in the leg, and the leg was broken below the knee, but he fought on till he got tired and sick. "Well," he said to his brother, "we are going to get beaten. I will die in their hands, you run away and tell our people what has happened." The other brother started back home and left his brother to be killed, who was killed some time later. The one that got home told all the people what had happened. Everybody got ready to go down and kill all the Mohawks. When they got to the place where the fight was they saw the dead man sitting up dressed in some very nice things, such as buckskin clothing, but his scalp was taken.

When the Ojibwas got to the Mohawk village their captain gave a big yell to show the Mohawks that there was going to be a fight, and started to kill everyone who was in the village. When they got through they searched the place for the scalp that was taken from the brother and when they found it they burnt the village and started back home. When they got there they had a big time over the recovered scalp.

No. 22.

NANABUSH. (No. 6.)

Told by John York.

It was never known how Nanabush was born, only that he was working for God for *many years* (York says 2,000 years, which is evidently his expression to denote a very long time) looking after the world, such as to regulate the weather, rain, snow, and other things.

Nanabush did have a wife once, but only one child which was a girl. While living together he made up his mind to send his wife away to look after the dead, those that died long years ago, where she is now.

The old man is here somewhere in the north. She looks after the dead and he looks after the living. He will not die, nor will be sick, and is the only man that will live as long as the world lasts. He never works and always has plenty to eat, and lots of tobacco which he keeps in a skunk-skin bag. (In those days skunks were as big as a big Porcupine.) Nanabush is getting very grey sitting all the time smoking his pipe.

If you look sometimes in the north sky you will see the sky white at night. This is the time that Nanabush is poking his fire or making his fire.

Note.—Nanabush is often referred to as "The Old Man."

No. 23.

NANABUSH AND HIS WIFE'S CHAIR. (No. 7.)

Told by John York.

Nanabush went to hunt beaver one time. He placed his wife to watch for the beaver and she sat on a rock watching for the beaver to come out. She heard her man calling for her, he had killed the beaver. She went over and fixed the meat and dried it. This beaver was a great big one (a giant). His tail was very wide (about 5 feet). The rock on which she sat is just like a big chair and is on the Rama Reserve. Lots of people go to see it.

No. 24.

THE TAILLESS STURGEON.

Told by John York.

One time there was a family camping at Sturgeon Lake (Victoria County). One day the old man went out to fish through the ice, and while fishing he saw a queer-looking fish. He speared it and killed it, then took it home and cooked it; all the family ate of it, and in a very short time they all took sick and died. These sturgeon from Sturgeon Lake are descended from a serpent which was cut in two a long time ago, but lived and bred young ones with no tails.

Note.—John York said he used to camp at Sturgeon Lake years ago. Had heard these sturgeon jumping at night, but had never caught any.

Sturgeon Lake has no sturgeon. The name may be given to it from its shape. There are no sturgeon in this chain of lakes, now known as the Kawartha Lakes.

No. 25.

NANABUSH AND THE DUCKS. (No. 8.)

Told by John York.

One time Nanabush was walking, very tired and hungry. He came to a lake and looking around he saw a very nice sandy beach. Well, he thought, this is a nice shore to kill some ducks. There were lots of ducks on the lake. He called one of the ducks which came to him. He asked the duck, "Is your Chief Duck here at any place?" "Yes. He is here at the present time. He is chief of all kinds of ducks," the duck replied. Nanabush then said, "I would like to see him and have a talk." The duck said, "If you would like to see him I will go and get him." Nanabush said, "Yes, go and bring him here." The Chief Duck came. "Well," Nanabush said, "do you know what is going to take place here very soon?" "No," said the Chief Duck. "Well," said Nanabush, "there is going to be a big dance." "Who is going to furnish the music?" said the Chief Duck. "I am going to furnish the music," said Nanabush and he reached out his hand and got his drum and began to sing, which made the Chief Duck dance right there. "Well," said the Chief Duck, "when is this big dance coming off?" Nanabush said, "If you like to have it to-night, we can have it to-night." "Well, it just suits me, and I will tell all the kinds of ducks to come," said the Chief Duck. This pleased Nanabush very much, and the Chief Duck went away.

Nanabush got everything ready. He made a big camp and made a big fire inside. Night came and all the ducks came in from all around. About dark Nanabush started to sing. He told the ducks that as soon as they came inside they would have to close their eyes. He started singing one of his songs which pleased all the ducks. He told them, "The time is now on" and all the ducks started to come in dancing with their eyes closed. He told them that they had to pass through right in front of him. Every one of them passed him and he grabbed them and twisted their necks. He got a lot of them, but one opened his eyes a little bit and saw what Nanabush was doing. This duck made a big yell and told all the (remaining) ducks what Nanabush was doing, and made for the door, but before he got out Nanabush kicked him and stepped on his feet (we now call this duck the Diver).

Nanabush picked up all the dead ones and buried them in the ashes to cook. When he got them all fixed he lay down and told his *anus* to watch. He went to sleep and it happened to be that there was a lion close by who ate all the ducks. When Nanabush woke up he went to work and looked for the cooked ducks, which were gone. He said to his *anus*, "I told you to watch, I will burn you for not doing what I told you to do." He laid his *anus* towards the fire and began to shove all the hot coals in to it. He started off and went through where there were a lot of little trees, going right over them. He twisted around and looked at the little trees which were red with his blood and said, "In future people will call those trees red willows." He went on to a rock which he slid down; on looking back he saw the blood-stains on the rock which he called "red granite" (i.e. which became the red granite of nowadays).

NOTE.—This lion was probably the American panther.

No. 26.

ORIGIN OF BIRDS.

Told by John York.

One time a man shot another with his bow and arrow for stealing his wife. He watched the actions of his wife and this man and saw them sleeping together in a bush, when he shot them with his arrows and killed them both. He went to work and cut up about half the man into little bits and threw these up in the air. The pieces of meat did not fall back again, but became different birds, such as the blue jay, robins and others. He cut some more pieces a little bigger and threw these up in the air too, when they became gulls, cranes and such-like birds.

No. 27.

THE PEOPLE WHO BECAME SERPENTS.

Told by John York.

Two families were camping out some years ago. One old man had a good boy who was hunting all the time, getting all kinds of game and always having plenty to eat. The other family had a daughter, and one time the two young people got married. The girl's mother did not like this because the young man had good luck always. This old woman was a witch and she could do anything she liked. One time this bad old woman went out just a little way in the bush and put a bone on the road (trail), so to let this young man step on the bone and get hurt. When this young man came home in the evening he happened to step on the bone and got hurt, which laid him up nearly all winter, and they all got hard times. While this young man was in the camp before he got better, they got so poor that they had to go to some other place. The husband of the old witch went out alone to a little lake some miles away to see if there were any fish there. He cut a hole in the ice and let down his decoy. He did not take a spear with him. He saw some big fish and then went home and told his people that he saw a lot of fish. They all decided to move near the lake and that family went. Only the sick man did not like to go till he got better. He was just about getting better when the other family went away. He went out hunting and got some game for himself, wife, father and mother. They lived there till on towards spring when the ice went away. The other campers never came back to see them. One day his wife said, "I would like to go and see my mother." "Well," he said, "you can go and see

her." She went out and found the lake and saw the camp, but she could not see anybody, or no signs, or no smoke in the camp. She went near and spoke. After a while some one tried to speak inside the camp and said, "We have eaten a fish of some kind and I am sure it was a big snake; we have all got to be snakes."

The young wife looked in and saw that her mother (the witch) was all snake except her head, and the rest of the family were the same way. She went home and told what she had seen but the rest did not go to see them for a long time. One day they went down to see what the others looked like. They looked in the camp but there was nobody home, then they went down to the lake and saw the others sunning themselves the same as other snakes. The two families all became big serpents.

No. 28.

THE INDIAN BOY WHO MARRIED A KING'S DAUGHTER.

Told by John York.

(A most curious blending of the old and the new. G. E. L.)

A good many years ago there were two brothers living in a camp away back in the woods where nobody else was to be seen. Their father and mother had died when they were little boys. The elder hunted all the time and got a lot of deer and other kinds of game. The younger was busy in looking after the venison, cutting it up and drying it. When he got it all dried he pounded it up very fine, same as corn meal, and put it away in bags for to use in the winter.

One time the younger tried to think of something that he ever did before. He thought there must be some people some place nearby. He thought, "this evening when my brother comes home I'll ask him about this." His brother came home at night and after supper the younger began to ask him if there were any Indians living nearby. "Well," the older boy said to his brother, "yes, there are some people living to the west who are called 'white men,' and some people living east of us, but it is a long way." The younger boy began to get lonesome thinking about these people whom he would like to see, so one day he asked his brother if he would let him go and see some of the white people. "Well," his brother said, "it will take you four days to get there; you go straight west all the time." "Well, I will go to-morrow and I will try and get back in a week," the younger said. He got ready the night before he started the journey. He left camp just about daylight and walked all day. When night came he made camp for the night. The next day he started early in the morning, the same as he did the first day. On the fourth day while walking he noticed somebody had been cutting some trees with a very sharp thing. He looked at the stumps for a long time. He never saw an axe before. He went on a little farther. He heard some one cutting something. He went on till he saw a man who was very white. He thought, "this must be a whiteman." He got to where this man was working and sat down close by. They began to speak to each other. The white man asked him where did he come from. The Indian told him where he came from and said, "I just came to see the people and I am going to camp near the city." The white man said, "I have got a little shanty here in the bush and if you like to stay in it you are welcome." The Indian said, "I don't know what you call a shanty till I see it." The white man said, "I will show you the shanty. You come along," and they both went up to where the shanty was. The white man showed the Indian all the "rigging," such as dishes and pans, the like of which the Indian never saw before. The white man gave him some meat, bread, tea, and sugar, things this Indian never ate before.

The Indian would like to go to town one day and see the place. He went out and looked around. He picked up some rags and made a very nice quilt. He sold this quilt for \$25.00. He made a lot of them and sold them all at \$25.00 each.

One day a nice-looking, young man came up to see him and told him that there was going to be a big feast on Wednesday at the big hall up town. He went down to it with this young man. The feast was a French one. The King wanted to find a good cook, and every time the King had a feast there was a different cook. When the hour came to eat they all sat down and the King came out and also sat down and started to eat. He just tasted and went away. This will show that he didn't like it. The cooks were all men. This King wanted to find a good cook for his only daughter. When the feast was over the King came out again and said to all the people, "Who will try again for next week's feast?" Some of the boys knew that the Indian boy was a good cook, and one of them went over to the Indian boy and asked him if he would try. Well, the Indian boy was a little shy at first, but he thought he would try. He went to his little shanty and thought about it all the time, and how he would make things look nice. The feast day came and he went over to the place and started in to cook. When he got ready about four o'clock in the evening he got some girls to help him with the tables. About six o'clock he called the people to "come in." All the boys and girls said to one another "This Indian man is going to get his for sure." The waiter called to the King that everything was ready. The King came in and saw everything was good, he started to eat and he ate a lot this time. He told the people that he had found a good cook at last. He called his daughter to come out; this girl was never seen only from a distance. She came out and stood by her father. The King called the Indian young man to come to where they were. The Indian came up and the King called a preacher and had the young couple married right there, and they stayed there at the King's house.

One day the people had an excursion out on the lake. There were about five hundred people on board. They went a long ways out on the lake. The Indian's wife did not like to go on this excursion so she did not go, but the Indian went, although his wife did not like him to go, but he wanted to go badly. One of the boys thought that this would be a good chance to kill the Indian, so three boys got together and made a plan to throw the Indian overboard. They got him to go to the back end of the steamboat and then grabbed him by the legs. Down he went into the water. Nobody saw him, only the boys that thrust him down. He swam around for a long time and then began to think about his wife and his brother. He could not see land any place. He heard some bird up in the air and on looking up he saw a hawk. He began to call the bird and the bird came down to him. He asked the bird if there was an island close by, and the bird said, "Yes, there is a rock not far from here." The Indian said, "I'd like to ask you if you could take me to the rock." "I will try," said the bird. "Take hold of my legs and I will take you to the rock." The bird got so big that it had no trouble in taking the Indian to the rock. When they got there the Indian sat on the rock not knowing where to eat. Well, he thought he would get the bird to go to the city and get him something to eat. So he called the bird and the bird came near. He told the bird to go to a big house with a big verandah. The bird flew away and she was away for two hours, then she came back with a nice little parcel of nice cakes which the Indian's wife had given to the bird. The Indian had a good lunch. The wife did not know where he was. There was a big reward to anybody that had seen him or had seen him killed.

The big bird came to the rock, where the Indian was, in the evening, and said to him, "Maybe I could take you home if you pay me what I want. I would like to get the first baby you see when you get home." (While the Indian was away there was a baby born at home.) "Well," the Indian said, "I will do that." They started to cross the big lake to get home. They got close to shore when the bird got tired and had to come down in the water about a hundred yards from shore. Anyway the Indian swam to shore and went home. When he got there he saw a little baby boy, for his wife had a child born. Well, he thought he had to give it to the bird, which he did, and his wife was glad that he went and gave up the boy to the big bird.

No. 29.

JOHN YORK'S OWN STORY.

When he was a young man the Mohawks were bad at that time. Nobody was allowed to go out alone anywhere. He wanted to hunt very badly so he and another young man went out one morning quite a long ways off the Reserve to hunt bear and duck. They got to Mud Lake (Carden Township) the next day about the middle of the afternoon. They shot about twenty-five duck that night. The next morning early they heard something across the narrows; they looked and saw a great, big, black bear. They got in their canoe and got near enough to shoot and kill the bear. While looking at the dead bear they heard another one coming down to drink, near where they were standing. They both shot and killed this one. They took the two bears in their canoe and started for home. After going down the lake a little way he looked up and saw three bears in a big oak tree. The two hunters got out of the canoe and went to the tree. He shot the big one but did not kill him outright, but had to shoot again. This left only one more shot ready for use, as they had one double and one single-barrel shot guns. The other two bears came down the tree. He shot one of these and killed it and the last bear had to come down when there was no shot ready for him. He (York) grabbed the bear by the legs till the other hunter got his gun loaded. The bear was a cub but fought like an old bear, tearing the clothes off the man. The hunters got the five bears and took them home. When they got home there was a big feast and everybody came and ate some bear meat, for their friends thought the hunters had been killed by the Mohawks.

Report 1914

The first of these following tales was told to me some eight or ten years ago by Ben Simcoe, an elderly Indian from the Rama Reserve, Ontario County, near Lake Couchiching, and is probably a modern version of an older tale, as it introduces the negro and white man. The word "He" in the story stands for "God" or the "Creator." I could not get definitely from the Simcoe who it did stand for. He seemingly did not know much about earlier Indian beliefs and conditions.

The remaining three stories were told to me this summer by Jonas George, Chippewa, of Rama Reserve, aged about sixty-four, professed Christian. His Indian name is Wash-a-ghe-zik, which means "A clear day."

G. E. LAIDLAW.

The sketch of the two little shiny men setting lightning at the tree, also the "Monster," were drawn by Wash-a-ghe-zik.

THE CREATION OF MAN.

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

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

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

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

THUNDERBOLT.

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

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

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

NIM-MAH-KIE.

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

MONSTERS.

These monsters, which are about twelve feet long and about one and one-half to two feet thick, and which have long jaws full of teeth, and look like half fish and half snake, live in hills near lakes. They have underground passages from the hills to the water, and can sometimes be seen early in the morning. In small lakes and bays of larger lakes they move around with great swiftness, forcing the weeds and floating sticks, etc., up high on the shore, similar to swirling your hand around in a wash basin. Sometimes they do this with so much force that they leave the small lakes partially dry. One of these monsters lives in the hill just north of where the old Indian portage from Lake Simcoe enters West Bay, Balsam Lake (now Portage Road). Another lives in the hill at Atherley, Rama Reserve, Lake Couchiching, and another lives up north in a lake the name of which is now forgotten. Thunder and lightning kill these monsters.