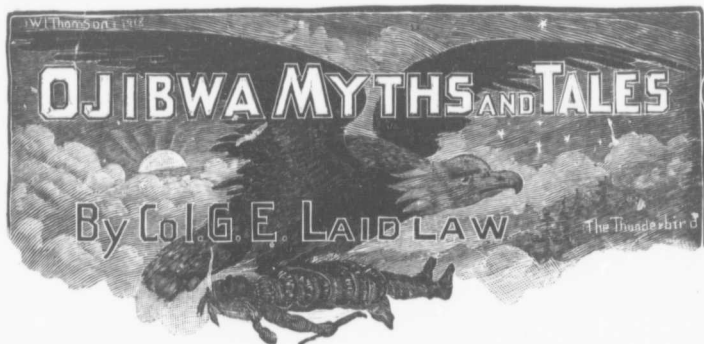


OJIBWA MYTHS AND TALES

BY
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(Fourth Paper).

In this paper I have taken in a wider scope of myths and tales, embracing those from the earliest times before the advent of the white man, and those of presumably the time of the French occupation of Canada down through modern times to the latter day life of the present-day Indians. This range of stories includes ancient beliefs (such as Nanbush, Thunder birds, and Wintigoes) witchcraft, incidents of cruelty in the Ojibwa-Mohawk warfare, modern life, conjugal infidelity, religion, Christians, giants and dwarfs, references to the devil, whiskey and drunkenness, automobiles, telephones, railway tracks and wire fences, which is indeed a wide range.

I have not attempted to classify these stories but have just written them down as I received them.

Present-day tales have, I fear, been influenced by local or current events, for instance, Nanbush with Flying Canoe (wings on his canoe) may be adapted from the aeroplane. And older tales told by present-day raconteurs may thus be modified. See Nos. 113 and 132 and 39. The expression "somewheres" or "some place" may be adapted from the phrase "somewheres in France." Indians are quick to adapt phrases.

The word "reserve" is used in some cases other than a regular reserve. It seems to have been adapted to include a settlement, community, a large permanent camp or other large camps of Indians, besides the regularly established Government Reserves for Indians.

A number of these stories were obtained by myself, and others were collected by Mrs. Lottie Marsden, Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll, and Mrs. Marjory St. Germain, all Ojibwa women of middle age (on the Rama Reserve) who collected them from the older Indians for me especially.

I have put these stories down as plainly and as simply as I could, adhering to the Indian's way of speaking and expression, and have written them down just as I got them.

One notices a certain individuality in these tales. Jonas George's are vague and mysterious, and have a local colouring to suit the expressions of the times such as "Somewheres in Canada" (No. 39). The tales of Peter York (now deceased) while more definite, precise and exact, are sometimes coloured with local colouring to suit (No. 28). His descriptions were sometimes suggested by what he noticed locally, therefore he occasionally adapted local colouring. The men though not

having a great variety of expression, are generally richer in expression and have more variety than the women. The women do not seem to have as large a range of ideas as the men, and are prone to confine themselves to a repetition of the same event.

Witchcraft is deeply rooted amongst these Ojibwa. Witches are male and female, and are believed to have practically an unlimited scope of power to cause death, illness, or trouble to those who offend them, through various agents, and using various disguises. Many of these stories, which come from Rama, Georgina Island and Lake Scugog, though seemingly insignificant, are given because they show certain traits of Indian character and belief, and also to show that the Indian possesses the attributes of joy, grief, sorrow, hate, envy, cruelty and superstition, the same as other people, and is not the stoical person at all times that he is often believed to be.

The writer is sorry to inform his readers that Peter York died at Rama in the summer of 1917.

Mrs. Lottie Marsden's Indian name is "Chicogquaw" the meaning of which was not obtained. Her grandfather's Indian name is "Joesa." Her grandmother's name is "Joesaquaw." "Quaw" is evidently another form of "kwee," a "woman." North-west Ojibway or Cree Indians use the word "squaw" or "squaw." Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll's Indian name is "Peadewamock" or abbreviated to "Peademock," which means "Hear the Thunder Coming" or "Thundering."

This paper introduces a new cycle of tales, namely, "Petit-Jean," no doubt introduced by the early French fur traders and voyageurs, and known locally in Rama as "Tinzhaw," and in other reserves (Crees in the North-west, and Ojibwa on the north shore of Lake Superior) as "Kicon," "Ticon" and "Tasha" (see Vol. XXIX, July-September, 1916. No. CXIII, *Journal of American Folklore*. "European Tales from the Plain Ojibwa," by Alanson Skinner. "Plain Cree Tales," by Alanson Skinner, and "Ojibwa Tales from North Shore, Lake Superior," Wm. Jones.)

"Tinzhaw" who is the younger of two brothers, is a mischievous character, generally in trouble. The Rama Indians do not know the meaning of the name. Some stories have been rejected as being of no ethnological value.

Some further variants of the name Nanbush and authorities as per following:
Mina Bozno.—The Great Rabbit, *Montreal Star*, 15th Oct., 1898. (Probably Misprint for Mina Bozho.—G. E. L.)

Nannabocho.—How he came to make this earth. An Ojibbeway Legend, by Charles Fenno Hoffman, New York, 1843. Vol. 1 and 2 in one book. Vol. 2, pp. 44-53.

Nannabush.—Ditto. From letter of Mr. Percy Van Epps, 23rd May, 1917, Glenville, N.Y.

Nanaboosh.—Rupert's Land Indians in the Olden Time, by James Stewart, late Hudson Bay Co., Ontario Archaeological Report, 1904, p. 94.

Nanibijou.—Legendary Lore Lake Superior, by Gay Page, p. 25, 7th Annual Report, Thunder Bay Historical Society, Fort William, Ont., 1916.

Winnebush } Letter 10th Nov., 1917, from Mrs. Laura Miller, St. Louis, Mo.,
Winnebozho } U.S.A., re Wisconsin Ojibways.

Wenabójo.—Chippewa Music, by Miss Dinsmore. Bulletin 45, p. 206, and Bulletin 53, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D.C. "Wenabójo and the Ducks Dance."

- Man-a'bo-sho } P. 27, p. 56 pp. 67 and 102, Vol. V, Minnesota Historical Society
 Man-ab o-sho } Collections, 1885.
 Man-ab-usho } History of the Ojibways, by W. M. A. Warren, written about
 1852-53, who says on p. 27. "The history of their eccentric
 grand incarnation—the great uncle of the Red Man—whom
 they term Man-abo-sho."
 P. 56 refers to the Flood Myth, see No. 74 in this paper. P. 67
 refers to the universal uncle of the Ojibways. P. 102 refers
 to hunting the great beaver on Lake Superior, see No. 33,
 Paper 2, No. 34, Paper 3 of this series.
- Nanna-Bijou.—A Summer Vacation on North Shore of Lake Superior, p. 12,
 etc., W. S. Piper, Fort William, Ontario, 1918.
- Nenabosho.—Ojibway Tales, Wm. Carson, p. 491, *Journal of American Folk Lore*,
 Vol. XXX, No. CXVIII, Oct.-Dec., 1917.
- Nänabushu.—Ojibwa Tales from North Shore of Lake Superior, Wm. Jones, p. 370,
Journal of American Folk Lore, Vol. XXIX, No. CXIII, July-Sept., 1916.
- Nänabucu } Ojibwa Texts, Wm. Jones, Vol. 7, Pt. 1, Publications of the
 (c like sh in she) } American Ethnological Society, 1917.
- N naboso, p. 80.—Indians of Greater New York, by Alanson Skinner, 1915.

No. 40.

ME SAH BA AND THE WINDIGO (No. 2).

Told by Jonas George (Wah-sa-ghe-zik).

This man (Windigo-giant) was around away up north to Hudson Bay, was around all the time, look for the Indians, if he could come across and kill them for his food to eat when they were cooked. He boiled them in hot water. The Indians all the time watch to see if he comes in the bush. This man did a lot of that kind of work. This man's name is Windigo. He is a big man.

Another man came soon to that country and watched all the time if he could come across the Windigo. One time he is on the sea shore and sat down to rest himself. His name was Me Sah ba. He was a good man with (or to) the Indians away up in the north country from here. He used them good, all like his children anywheres he saw them, and the Indians like this man. When he is coming on his camp on the shore of the lake, one time, Me Sah ba knew somebody was coming. He knew everything, and he knew in his mind and began to think about Windigo, who might come now. After a while he can hear something a long ways off (8 or 10 miles). In a little while he sees Windigo come towards him, a big man (almost 20 feet high or more) Me Sah ba began to think about fighting with Windigo. He gets ready. Windigo pulls one big maple (20 inches through) to hit this Me Sah ba. Those two men began to fight a great fight and use the big trees for clubs. They fight a long time and Windigo got beat and quite badly wounded.

Me Sah ba is stronger than Windigo, so Windigo goes away somewheres where he got better. The next time he came across Me Sah ba, Windigo got killed with a stone.

Me Sah ba is a great man for this world, used the people good all the time.

Note by G. E. L.—Me Sah ba or Mesaba same as Nanabush. See Report 1916, p. 85. Variants of Windigo, used in various Ojibwa reserves, are Wintigo, Wendigo, Wentigo, Windago and Windgoe, the two latter being used in Rama. Also Wehtigo used by the Crees, etc., in the North-west.

THE GREAT MAN AT THREE RIVERS (PROV. OF QUEBEC).

Told by Jonas George.

One time, over three hundred years ago, there were about 180 Indians living at the Lake of Two Mountains, near the St. Lawrence River. These were good Indians, but there was no preaching at that time, but this great nation know most anything just like a good reader. Those people know someone above. They believe and fear that someone is looking down on earth from above. One young man—and no others—one morning went down to the river to see the water, how fast it went down. He lay on the grass to take a rest. He heard some singer just on the tree, nice song. He sees a little bird sitting on the limb and singing and it sounds good. This man knows that hymn, and that the little bird is praising God. In a moment he began to hear different birds singing all over the place, and all kinds of birds were singing the same hymn.

This young man knows all kind of language on earth, knows everything. He can talk with deer and can speak to (with) any kind of beast or bird. Some birds are bad, just like persons, and use bad language and bad talk against God. Man is just the same. This man knows the weather and coming thunderstorms and all kinds of things on the earth. He gets what he wants on dry land or in the lake, gets fish any time because he believes all things from God. He lives well for a long time at that place on the St. Lawrence River, or Three Rivers. He was happy. This man then was a preacher for better living in this world. He never heard the gospel.

All his time he knows all, and sings. Sometimes people heard and were feared (afraid) and looked above at last.

Someone looked away east a great number of miles (1,000) across the sea, saying "Are you people white men, or we might say England." This man could see from here to England. Is the greatest man ever known.

Note by G. E. L.—Wah-sa-ghe-zik says this story is over 300 years old. That he knows some of it, but it is too long for him to remember it as he heard it. It probably refers to some person or teacher at the time of the early French period in Canada, but has some traces of Nanabush in it.

THE SICK INDIAN.

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden, Rama Reserve (Ojibwa).

One time there was a settlement of Indians camping by the lake shore. One of them took sick, and he wanted some one to pray for him, so all the rest of the "landing" of Indians went to have a prayer meeting. One of the best Christians got up and led them in prayer. They all thought he was a very good preacher. There was an old Indian woman sitting in bed, she got up and said to the rest, "I wouldn't listen to that man, he is nothing but a rogue and a drunkard." So he didn't speak another word. He just went out and said "Good-bye, I am going to the hotel to get a glass of rum."

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THE INDIAN WOMAN AND THE LION (I. E., AMERICAN PANTHER).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden, Ojibwa.

My great-grandmother lived in the woods, and one night she was left alone, she was awfully afraid. She knew somebody was coming to her house that night, of course the old Indians could tell if some one was coming to their homes about a week before. My poor great-grandmother went to her bed up-stairs and about midnight she heard someone walking around the house, sounded like a horse's footsteps, so she listens and first thing she knew it was a lion. He was trying to get in the house. He went round the house three or four times. He went to the window and looked at grandmother, and she had an axe and hit him and knocked him down. The lion laid there for some time then he went away. Next morning grandmother saw blood on the ground. Then that day she left that house for good. Poor grandmother passed away two years after. She was all the time troubled thinking of the narrow escape she had.

SKITTA-WAH-BOO OR KITCHE WAHBOO.

Told by Peter York (Pensacola).

My uncle was coming from Fenelon Falls one time a long while ago. He had been drinking Skitta-wah-boo (firewater). He fell asleep in his canoe and when he woke up he saw the lake was full of serpents with one eye. He tried to shove these one-eyed serpents away from his canoe, and got so very tired doing so, they were so many, that he fell asleep again. When he woke up the next time, he saw these one-eyed serpents had been changed into saw-logs. Ha! Ha!

Note by G. E. L.—This story illustrates the vagaries of the Indian mind.

THE MONSTER FISH IN LAKE SIMCOE.

Told by Peter York.

There is a monster fish living in Lake Simcoe. His tail is at Thorah Island and his head is at Shanty Bay. This monster fish eats all the sturgeon, and that is the reason there are no sturgeon in Lake Simcoe.

Note by G. E. L.—The distance between Thorah Island and Shanty Bay is about 15 miles.

WITCH STORY (No. 3.).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll (Ojibwa), Rama Reserve.

About four hundred years ago, there was an old woman who killed six people. She died, and upstairs where the window was there was a tree right

beside the window, and the people of the house after she died saw an owl sitting on the tree, and one time they saw the owl they found out it was the old woman who died, she was a witch, and had killed six people (caused them to die), so they cut down the tree and she never came back. This is a witch story. The end.

No. 47.

WITCH STORY (No. 4).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

Once there was an Indian and his wife and they had a baby, and a nurse who looked after the baby, and who stole the baby. Of course in the olden time the Indians used to put their babies on boards (Indian cradles) which were fixed up with beads and nice cloth. The old people (the two old couples, the man's parents and the wife's parents) and the young married man went away and left this young woman all alone, and she lived there alone. For a long time she waited, and one evening when she was sitting by the fire feeling so sad and lonely, her son that the nurse stole came back. She told her son "You were stolen from me when you were small." Of course her son did not know she was his mother. This baby had a little dog before he was stolen. She talked to her son and told him what to do, she said, "When you go back to the nurse who stole you, you pretend that you are sick, you tell her that you want the board that you were put on when you were small, she will give you one made of cedar, but you will say to her 'not that one, I want the one with the beads on.'" And the old nurse who stole him gives him the one with the beads on, and he said "I am well now."

He went back to his mother and she told him what to do again. "You will pretend you are sick again, she will ask you 'Why you are sick,' and you will say 'I want you to dance,' and she will. Tell her 'to lift her dress very high,' and you will see the spot where the dog bit her when she stole you away, and you will then believe she stole you and that I am your mother." The son did this.

He went back to his mother again and she told him what to do again. "You go back again to the old woman who stole you, and you will go out hunting and kill one deer, and you will tie it very tight (to a tree) so that she can't untie it. And while she is busy trying to untie the deer, you and I will go away and you will put an old strap beside the deer, that will answer her when she speaks to you. She will yell out saying 'are you there yet, my son?' and the strap will answer, and you and I before we leave will kill two of her children, and we will put them at her door and will put their livers in their mouths, and when she returns to the camp she will be awful mad (enraged) when she sees her two children killed." This was so, and the old witch when she returned put a piece of buckskin on the fire and burnt it. The boy and his mother ran away and the old witch ran after them, and as she got very close to them, the boy had a bow and arrow, and the mother told the boy "to put a mark on the ground and the ground will split, and she (the witch) will lift up her dress and try to jump over, and she will fall in where the ground is split." This was so, and the woman whose son was stolen said to the witch, "You will be called *Toad* forever. You are not allowed to live when you steal people. You will be called *Toad* forever." The end.

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Notes by G. E. L.—Burning the buckskin was probably part of her witchcraft to find out who killed her children.

The "toad woman" appears in *Ojibwa Stories*. See pp. 145, 263, 399, 431. Jones *Ojibwa Texts*, Publications American Ethnological Society, Vol. VII, Part 1, 1918, where she is sometimes defined as the "Mother Earth" and occurs in Nanabush stories.

See p. 35, *Memoir 71, Myths and Folk Lore of the Timiskaming, Algonquin and Timagami Ojibwa*. F. G. Speck, 1915, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Ont.

No. 48.

HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL.

Black Bear was walking along one day and met Fox. Fox had a string of nice fish and Bear asked him where he got them, and how? So Fox told him that he went fishing with his tail, and Bear wanted to know how he did it. So Fox told him to go to the lake and cut a hole in the ice and put his tail in for the fish to bite, and when Bear felt a bite he was to jump and pull the fish out on the ice, but Fox told Bear he mustn't jump at the first little bite he felt on his tail, because the fish would then be only nibbling, but to wait till he felt them biting good. Bear did so, and gave a jump and broke off his tail, which had become frozen in the ice.

Note by G. E. L.—This story I heard a good many years ago and have forgotten the authority.

No. 49.

ROBBING THE GRAVE.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

51

Once there was an Indian and his wife living. They had one daughter which they thought the world of. One day this daughter took sick, and she was that bad the doctor gave her up. Of course they were quite rich and had a hired man. The poor girl died. She had diamond rings, which weren't taken off her fingers and she was buried with them on.

The hired man made up his mind that he was going to dig up the grave and take the diamond rings off the dead girl's fingers.

He went about two nights after she was buried and dug up the grave. When he tried to take the rings off he could not, so he made up his mind to cut the fingers off. When he cut them the dead girl jerked her fingers and the hired man ran away, he was afraid he'd be arrested. The girl got out of the grave and knocked at her father's door. When the poor lonely old man opened the door he saw his daughter standing there. He said "I'd give many the thousand of dollars to the one who went to dig up the grave." The hired man told him that it was him. This young man was a nice Indian boy and was very kind to them. They always took him as their own son. They wanted him to marry the girl, but he didn't like to marry a person who died for four days.

THE STARVING HUSBAND.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Some time ago there were Indians camping, and they had a nice young daughter and she got married. Her husband was a good hunter and got all kinds of game. The old man got jealous of his son-in-law; he got his old medicine and bewitched the young man so that he couldn't kill anything. So the young man got very poor, and the old man would not let his daughter give him anything to eat. One night the young woman had a piece of meat, and she gave it to her man after they went to bed. The poor young man got to be a skeleton and was flying up in the air. Of course in the olden time if a person got hungry (i.e., starving) they'd fly up in the air, and if you burn oil, and if they smell it, they come to life again, and would be able to eat and able to work again, but it would be quite a while before they would be the same. The end.

(Compare with 116.)

THE BEWITCHED GIRL.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

On Snake island (in Lake Simcoe) some years ago Indians used to live. One girl took sick. The doctors did not know what was the matter with her. She had a sore knee, and they could not see anything on her knees. She was that sick she could not rest at nights. One morning they saw a blue head in the flesh, but they could not get it out. It went in farther all the time, until they could not see it at all, and when it disappeared the poor girl died. It was an old witch killed the poor girl. The end.

Note by G. E. L.—Snake Island belongs to the Rama reserve, and is in Ontario Co., Ontario Province.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK (No. 8).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One Indian in Rama told me this story himself. He said: "About forty years ago I was travelling one night, and I was afraid just like if there was some one after me, and I kept looking back all the time, and once when I looked back there was a stump alongside the road, and I saw a man looking at me, his face was all red and feathers on his head. I did not stop to look at him long, I only walked as fast as I could; I did not let him know that I was afraid of him. It was a Mohawk sneaking around. Maybe there were a lot of them and this fellow came ahead of the rest. That was what they all were to do. Just to find out who was near, and this fellow go to tell the rest, and they all come then with their bows and arrows." The end of my story.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK (No. 9).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago a young couple went out to hunt. They travelled for two days and got to their camping ground and made their camp that evening. The next day the man went to hunt and he got one deer. He went home to camp, and his wife was frying some of the meat. There was a little hole on top of the camp. The wife was looking and she saw a man—it was a Mohawk—watching them. The woman whispered to her husband, and the husband said to her: "I will show you how I killed the deer to-day." He was looking at the Mohawk and he made at shot at the hole, pretending that he was showing his wife how he killed the deer, and the Mohawk fell on the ground. They were afraid to stay there. They packed all their things and ran away. They travelled all night. Just when they got up to an Indian village, they looked behind and they saw about forty Mohawks after them. They killed about ten and the rest of the Mohawks ran away. If the couple had stayed where they were camped they would have got killed sure by the Mohawks. The end.

THE PREACHER.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One fall, on Georgina Island (Lake Simcoe), three or four families left to camp out all winter. One of them was a preacher, and in the evenings they have a prayer meeting, but the preacher was always afraid some white man might come along while he was preaching and make fun of him. One evening there was a sleigh-load of white people went to the camp, and as this old man was saying his prayers somebody heard the whites coming and told the old man, who yelled out: "White man! White man!" and all hid under the blankets. The end.

Note by G. E. L.—There is an Ojibwa Reserve on Georgina Island, Ontario Co., Ontario Province.

WITCH STORY (No. 5).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One winter, at Sturgeon Lake (Victoria County), the Indians were fishing through the ice, and one night one of the men had a dream: he was lame and he used a cane. He dreamt that there was an old woman after him and he hit her on the eye with his cane. The next day one of the men went to his home on Scugog Island; when he got there he found the old woman very sick. There was a big sliver taken out of her eye. That was the woman the old lame Indian dreamt of. She was an old witch. She killed quite a few people when she was living. This ends the story.

Note by G. E. L.—Scugog Island in Lake Scugog, Victoria County. Indian Reserve there.

THE TWO OLD MEN WITCHES (NO. 6).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One time there was an Indian hunting away back in the wild woods, and when he got far away he saw two old men witches sitting near a big log. On this log they had men drawn up. Those are the ones they are going to kill next. That's (to the log) where they draw the ones they are going to kill—men, women and children. When they saw the hunter they were afraid he'd tell on them, so they said to him, "Don't tell on us, and we will show how to be a witch; we will show you how to kill people like we do, and you will be a witch like us." But the hunter said "No" to them. He got his little axe and cut their heads off, and burnt their old medicine and went home. Everybody was proud of him and thanked him. The end.

Note by G. E. L.—Little axe—a tomahawk, or belt axe that hunters and trappers use, both Indians and whites. It is carried in the belt.

THE FOUR GIRLS AND THE BIG SNAKE (SNAKE STORY No. 1).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One time in the olden days there were four Indian girls in the woods looking for flowers. They saw a big log and one said, "Let us go there and play." One of the girls was a "dummy," and when they got to the log they saw a fish on it. The "dummy" spoke and pointed at the fish, but the other girls could not make out what she said. They got frightened at the fish; they thought it was a snake turned to a fish. They all ran away and went and told their mothers. They went back about an hour after and they saw a big snake there; he tried to fool the girls. I guess he thought they'd take the fish home and cook it and eat it. If they did so they might have all died or turned to snakes. This ends the story.

THE THREE INDIANS AND THE DEAD MAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Some years ago there were three Indians looking for work. They could not talk English, but one of them knew the word "yes." The second knew the words "us three," and the third the sentence "I thought so." As they were travelling in the woods they found a dead man, and as they stood there looking at him the police came and asked them, "Did you kill this man?" The first Indian said, "Yes." The second, "Us three." "Well you will be arrested and will be hanged," the police said to them, and the third Indian said, "I thought so." The end.

THE NICE BOY AND THE JEALOUS MAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

My grandmother is a very old lady, and she often tells me of olden days. One story she told me that there were quite a few of them in their family, and there was a nice Indian boy staying with them. One day there was an Indian man came and he stayed with them for a few days. He had a big knife with him and they were all afraid of him. One day the young man went out visiting. This one was very kind to the others and they all liked him. The other one with the big knife got jealous of him. The nice young man came back. The other went out and met him and killed him right there with his knife. After he had killed him he said to him, "Get up." My great-grand-folks sent this man (the killer) out of the house. Then he ran away and quite a few men followed him, but they could not catch up to him. But they saw the places where he had his lunches. He took a pail with him to make tea on the way. My great-grandfather could have caught him, but he was afraid of him. He (the fugitive) might have killed them all, but he just told them "To run away." The end.

No. 60.

THE OLD WITCH WHO DIED IN HER CANOE (No. 7).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

One time there was an old woman living alone. She was an old witch. One side in her house where she lived she had about ten people that she killed already. She went away to visit the chief in another village. She teased the chief. She said to the chief, "Have you five black dogs that you can give me?" The chief refused her; he said, "I haven't the black dogs you ask me." The old witch got mad (angry) at the chief, and got in her canoe and said to the chief, "You will lose five of your young people." The chief said to her, "It is not only you that can do anything, when you get between here and 'The Point' you will die, and when you float to the shore you will rot and you will be all bugs." When the old witch got half-way in her canoe she heard a bee humming, and it went in her ear. She yelled, "Whoo, whoo, whoo!" and blood ran out of her ears and nose and mouth. This was the end of the witch. She died in her canoe, and she killed no more people. This happened about two hundred years ago. The end of this story.

Note by G. E. L.—This is another version of No. 12.

No. 61.

WITCH STORY (No. 8).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

Once there was an old witch, living alone, who killed quite a few people. One took sick; she was a woman, and she knew it was this old witch trying to kill her. One day the old witch went to see the sick woman, and the sick woman said to her

"Why do you come here? For it is you that is trying to kill me. I can see the string (of little fingers) you have got around your neck." The old witch had a string (necklace) of little fingers of people that she had killed already, and the sick woman saw them. The old witch started to cry and went home crying all the way. When she got home she started to another person's. This person knew it was her again. This person was a man and he cut out a stick a foot long, and when the old witch came to him he pecked her on the arm with the stick, and the old witch fell and moaned there for a long time. She laid beside the log and she died. This happened about 200 years ago. The end.

No. 62.

MY OWN STORY (WITCH STORY No. 9).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

About fifteen years ago I was troubled about the witch. I was working in Victoria Harbour (Ont.), and I saw some very wild looking Indians there. I was afraid of them. I would never speak to them. One young man had his eye on me. His father was a witch, so I judged he thought I was going to be his son's wife. About two weeks after I saw these wild Indians (of course they weren't real wild Indians, but they looked quite a bit like it any way) my father received a letter asking him if he would give his daughter. After I read the letter I cried all night. I said to my father that "I would not marry that wild looking Indian, even if he had all the money that was in this land," and my father wrote back and told him that "he had not anything to say. My daughter is her own boss, and she says 'she will not marry you for all the money in this world.'" The young man's father tried to kill me then. There was a fire all the time at night around our house. So one night my father saw a cat outside of our house and he shot it, and I was troubled no more. The cat was the witch my father killed. The end.

No. 63.

THE INDIAN GIRL AND A "DEVIL."

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was a nice Indian girl. She was a farmer's daughter. She went about one mile to milk the cows. She never liked to go with anybody. She had a young man who came to help her to milk. She had nice rings that that young man gave her, so she kept on nearly all summer. One day she was going to scrub; she took off her rings and put them in a tumbler. The rings got on fire and the sideboard and all got burnt. This young man was a "devil" and he fooled her. All the family left there, they sold their farm and left that country. They were afraid of the "devil" who came and acted like a young man (who was a devil). So they went away and he never was known of, no more. The young Indian girl was ashamed of herself. She did not like to see anybody who lived near them. The end of this story.

No. 64.

WITCH STORY (No. 10).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

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

No. 65.

WITCH STORY (No. 11).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

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

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

No. 66.

SERPENT STORY (No 2).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

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

THE BAD INDIAN AND THE WHITE WOMAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One time an Indian was hunting. He was a bad man, too. He met a white woman who got lost, but *he* knew the way to get back, but he didn't want to take this white woman back. He thought to himself, "She be my wife." He made a camp that evening. He said to the white woman, "We sleep here to-night; I don't know the way to go back," but he did, of course. He knew this woman would stay whether she liked him or not, but she didn't like him very well. She wouldn't sleep with him. This Indian lay down and she went to the other side of the camp, but he didn't like that very well. He said to her, "Say, do you hear something. It's the wolves coming!" This white woman went near him, and he said, "Do you hear them again?" The woman went to him and hugged him; she was afraid of the wolves. He kept her there for a year, till she fell in love with this ugly looking Indian. The Indian did not hear anything at all. He knew the woman would go to him then. He was a bad Indian. The end.

SOCIAL LAWS.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

They say that in the olden days the Indians had this law: If anyone steals their wives or husbands, they get their nose cut off. That is for the first offence, and if caught a second time they get their right ear cut off, and the third time the left ear.

If the Indians had that law now, it would be awful to the people here in Rama. There wouldn't be very many that would have noses and ears. The end of this Indian law.

THE INDIAN GIRL AND THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG MAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Some time ago there was a real nice Indian girl. She had two fellows (admirers). One of them was about 45 years old, and the other one was very young. This old man, who was 45, was a witch, and the girl didn't know what to do, whether to marry the old fellow or the younger one. She was afraid that she wouldn't live long if she married the young fellow on account of the old fellow being a witch. So they got married (the old man and the girl). The old man tried to kill the young man. He was jealous of him. He thought the young man might run away with his wife. So that fall when they got married the young man went away to the camp. The young man was all the time troubled by a bumble-bee that was after him at night. He made up his mind that he was going to kill this bumble-bee, but he didn't quite kill it. The old witch was very sick all fall, and never tried to bewitch the young man, for he was very wild looking. Nobody would marry the likes of him. The end of the story.

SERPENT STORY (No. 3).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

Once there was a nice Indian girl. She dressed up in the evening, combed her hair nicely and put on the best clothes she had. Her folks didn't know where she was going to. She'd do that every night, and they began to take notice of her. One of the family followed her to see where she would go. She went to a marsh and there was a big patch of cat-tails there. That's where she went and sat down right in the middle. There was a big hole in the ground and a big serpent came out of there and went (coiled) around this nice girl; she had her hair all down. The next evening they followed her again, and took a rifle and shot this big serpent. She went again the next evening, but she didn't see the serpent again. The serpent did not say anything to the girl, only made love to her. Of course, serpents can't speak. The end of the serpent.

SERPENT STORY (No. 4).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

There was a portage. There was nobody allowed to portage here, because there was a big serpent right in the middle of the portage. One family wouldn't listen to the rest of the Indians, so they took this portage, and when they got half-way they heard someone behind them. It was the big serpent going round like a wheel (rolling). He jumped and fell right where those Indians were. The Indian boy had a bow and arrow. He just put the bow and arrow beside him, and the serpent split in many pieces. This was the end of him and he killed no more Indians. The portage was safe then. The end of the story.

WINDIGO AND THE INDIAN (No. 3).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

Once upon a time an Indian was in his canoe, and while paddling on the lake someone came and took the two paddles from him and he just floated on the lake. A big storm came up and one big wave came and drifted the canoe to the shore. He found himself on the ground, and he took a look round to see where he was. He came to a great big camp, and a man came out of the camp and said to him, "I would not do anything to you myself, but my brother is the one that kills all the Indians. I tell you what we'll do. We have a big dish and I will hide you under it. I will put it upside down." As soon as the Indian hid under this big dish the big Windigo came. His brother was outside the camp, he said to his brother, "You have a visitor." His brother said, "No." "Yes," the Windigo said, "There's somebody here. Now, I tell you what we'll do, we will have a wrestle, and if you put me down I will believe you, that there is nobody here."

They wrestled, and the kind-hearted man put this big Windigo (his brother) down, and the Windigo said, "I believe you now; there is no one here." So next morning he went away again to look for somebody that he'd kill to eat. He'd kill all the Indians and eat them. The kind-hearted man took the Indian to their village. He said to him, "You will go ahead and I will take the same steps you take, so my brother Windigo won't see your steps. If he knows you are here he will follow you till he gets you." This kind-hearted man took the Indian to his own home, and hurried back to the camp before the Windigo came back. The end of the story of the Windigo and the Indian.

No. 73.

NANABUSH (No. 10).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

True

Nanabush was camping alone and he made a big fire and stood against it and burnt his *anus*. He said to his *anus*, "You will yell 'Chee chee.' You didn't tell me you were burnt." Nanabush went out with his *anus* all blood. He went to the bush to look for those red whips (switches) as you can see them in the spring. The Indians use them to stretch rats (muskrat skins).¹ His guts (entrails) were hanging out of his *anus*. He went to a tree and found a (vine). You know this stick, that goes around (a tree) like a snake. He said, "These is my guts; my grandchildren will eat this in the later days." The end of this Nanabush story.

Note by G. E. L.—See pp. 111, 177, 413, W. Jones, Ojibwa Texts, Part I., Vol. VII. Publications American Ethnological Society.

No. 74.

(The Flood Myth.)

NANABUSH AND THE FLOOD (No. 11).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

True

Nanabush was living alone, camping, and a flood came. He made a big raft out of cedar, and when he finished the big raft he called for all creatures, birds and animals, and even the big serpents, snakes and lizards. The big serpents were lying on the raft, taking sun baths. Nanabush asked the loon to look for land, and the loon was away all night. He didn't find land at all. Nanabush thought he'd ask the night hawk to look for land, and the night hawk was away all night, too; he didn't find land either. Nanabush thought he'd ask the kingfisher to look for land, and the kingfisher was away all night, and about daylight came back with a green leaf in his bill. When Nanabush saw the kingfisher coming he called the rest of his children (birds, beasts, etc.) and said to them, "The kingfisher has got something." He thought a lot of this bird because he was the one that found land. Nanabush went to him and put all the feathers up on the kingfisher's head (made them into a crest), and put beads around his neck, as you can see the kingfisher now has something white around his neck; these are the beads Nanabush put round his neck. Nanabush asked the beaver to dive down in the water and see if he could find land, but the beaver found no land. Nanabush asked the otter to dive down

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in the water and look all over for land. The otter came back without finding any land. Nanbush asked the muskrat to look for land, and the muskrat didn't find any land. Nanbush told the muskrat to rest for a while. He petted the muskrat for a while and dried his hair. Nanbush told the muskrat to go again and look for land. The muskrat went away again, went all over under the water and returned to Nanbush. The muskrat was just about dead. Nanbush picked him up and took his little hand (paw) and found something there, a piece of land (earth or mud). Nanbush put this piece of land to dry, and took the muskrat and blew in its mouth and the muskrat came to life, Nanbush took the land that the muskrat brought and blew on it and said, "There will be islands and lands, and mountains and lakes and seas." The end of this Nanbush story.

Notes by G. E. L.—See "History of the Ojibway Indians," by Peter Jones (Kahkewaquaonaby), 1861, p. 33, as to one version of the origin of the flood. W. S. Piper, 1918, Fort William, Ontario, in "A Summer Vacation on North Shore of Lake Superior," pp. 16-17, gives another version. W. Jones, *Ojibway Texts*, 1917, gives other versions still, see pp. 111, 151, 261, 271, 405.

For other Ojibwa Flood Myths, see *Plain Cree Tales*, Alanson Skinner, p. 346, *Journal of American Folk Lore*, Vol. XXIX, No. CXIII. *Some Myths and Tales of the Ojibwa of South Eastern Ontario*, Paul Radin, *Memoir 48*, p. 23, Geological Survey, Ottawa, 1914. *Myths and Folk Lore of the Timiskaming, Algonquin, and Timagami Ojibwa*, F. G. Speck, p. 36, *Memoir 71*, Geological Survey, Ottawa, 1915.

Legendary Lore of Lake Superior, by Gay Page, p. 25. 7th Annual Report, Thunder Bay Historical Society, 1916.

No. 75.

THE SEVEN HEADS.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago an Indian and his wife were camping in the woods. It was winter time. The Indian would go fishing. He would make a hole in the ice and use a fishing line. At first he didn't kill hardly anything till about a week's time, then he began to have very good luck. One day he was taking a rest in his camp, his fish bait was hanging up over his head, and while he was looking at it he saw it shining like silver. When he went to sleep he had a dream. Some one came and told him, "I will tell you how to catch the whitefish. To-morrow you will catch one fish, but you won't eat the fish yourself, and the water you will use to clean the fish with you will put in a certain place and the scales in a certain place, and the bones in a certain place, and you will feed the fish to your horse and your dog and your wife." The Indian did all what he dreamed of, and that night his wife had two twin boys, and his dog had two nice little pups, and when he went to the stable where his horse was he found two little colts. He took a look around, and where he put the scales he found silver, and where he put the bones he found knives, guns, and swords there, and where he spilt the water which he cleaned the fish with he found a nice little pond there. These two twin boys grew up and each one of those boys owned one horse and one dog (the two colts and the two pups grew up too) and they used to go to this pond, where these boys made a garden apiece, to see which would have the nicest. They planted nice flowers, and in the evening they'd go on horseback (to their gardens) with their dogs, and had their swords too, what their father found where he spilt the fish bones.

One of the boys took a notion to go away, and he told his brother, "You will look after my garden, and if you see the flowers withered you will think 'My brother is killed.'" So he went away the next morning on horseback. He travelled all day through the woods, and towards evening came to a big city. He travelled the edge of the bush till he came to a little shanty. He rapped at the door and found an old woman living there alone. He stayed there that night and had his supper. The woman gave him a nice supper of corn soup. After supper the woman told him about this city. "There was someone living there that had seven heads and some one (person) has to go every day and he eats them. Tomorrow morning we will see a lady, 'the king's daughter,' go by here to give herself up to the one that eats people, 'The Seven Headed Man.' His Indian name is 'Nmidwainsh' (or Nmidwaish)." Next morning the young man went to the road where the young lady was going by, and shortly after he got there he saw the king's daughter coming crying. The young man said to her, "Where are you going?" The young lady said to him, "Well, I am going over there to give my body to that man that eats people." The young man said, "I will go with you." The girl said to the young man, "No, he will kill you too if you go with me," but the young man went with the girl. He wasn't afraid of the Seven Headed Man. When they got so far they saw the Seven Headed Man, who was very glad that he'd have two people to eat. When they got close the young man hit the heads with his sword. One of the heads said, "Wait awhile," and the young man didn't cut this head off. This head took the young man away down in the ground. They went through many doors, as soon as they went through one door there would be another door. The doors were all iron. There was another door to go through; the young man could feel the heat. It was very hot there. The young man said to the Head, "Look out, you are going to kill me." This young man thought of his dog, which he left with his horse and the young girl (the king's daughter). He called for his dog. The dog opened all the doors. His brother whom he left behind to keep watch on his garden, and the time the young man was taken away down in the ground, his brother saw the garden wither, so he thought to himself, "My brother is now killed."

When the young man came out of the ground he cut off all the tongues of the Seven Headed Man and took them with him. The young man took this girl (the king's daughter) as his wife. He went to sleep. The girl cut the young man's hair while he was asleep, and when the young man woke up he said to the girl, "You can go home now," and the young girl went to start for home. There was a blacksmith living along the road and he wouldn't let the girl go by. He sent her back because he was afraid the Seven Headed Man would kill them all. This young girl told him, "The Seven Headed Man is now killed," and the blacksmith went with this girl to where the Seven Headed Man was killed. The blacksmith took the heads which the young Indian man cut off and went with the king's daughter and told the king that he (the blacksmith) had killed the Seven Headed Man. He was singing on his way. The king was very glad and told the blacksmith to marry his daughter. They were to have a party. Just when they were having it the young Indian man came in, who had killed the Seven Headed Man. Of course the blacksmith told a lie to the king. The young Indian man said to the blacksmith, "Where are the tongues?" The blacksmith was kicked out of the house, because he told a lie, and all the stuff (food) they had on the table was thrown out, and some fresh stuff (food) got to have another party. This young Indian man married the king's daughter, and after they got married they stayed with the king. At night they had a room upstairs, and the

woman said to her husband, "You see that light over there. Don't you ever go there!" but the young man went just the same. An old woman was living there alone, and when this young man got there the old woman said to this young married man, "Tie your dog!" He was going to kill this old woman, but she said to him "Wait for a while," and the young man did. The old woman pulled off her hair and tied the three of them and they all died. The man, the horse, and the dog, because this man didn't listen to his wife. She told him never to go there.

This young man's brother saw that the garden (the dead man's) was withered again, so he went and came to the house where the king lived, and the king's daughter thought a lot of him. Of course she thought this was her husband, and at night they went upstairs to bed. The young man didn't like to sleep with this woman. He thought to himself, "This must be my brother's wife." The woman said to him, "Do you see that light there? Don't you ever go there!" He went the next morning and found his brother there. He cut the hair off where it was tied (on the horse, the dog, and the man), and they all came to life. He killed the old woman, and these two brothers went home. The one that got married first thought, "I bet he slept with my wife," so he cut the head of his brother with his sword. After he killed him he went to the old woman's place and looked for medicine. He thought rubbing oil on the man's neck would bring him to life. It was so, and the two boys went home (with the two dogs and the two horses). The end.

Notes by G. E. L.

See story of "Two Brothers," p. 330, Vol. XXIX, No. CXIII, *Journal of American Folk Lore*, July-Sept., 1916.

The blacksmith's name was "Nmidoheckobick," which means in English "God, Iron." "Nmido" is a variant of "Manitou" used in Rama.

The Seven Headed Man's name in Indian was "Nmidwainsh" or "Mnidwainsh," both forms being used, meaning not obtained. "Nmid" and "Mnid" being other Rama variants of Manitou.

For other variants of "Manitou" see the following:—

- Mineto } p. 1, Memoir 48, Some Myths and Tales of the Ojibwa of South-
Manito } Eastern Ontario. Paul Radin, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Ont.
Munideo.—1917 Ont. Archaeological Report, p. 55. Another Rama variant.
"Cahigue or Mitche-kun-ing." J. Hugh Hammond.
Mah ne do.—P. 144, Vol. 16, No. 4, Wisconsin Archaeologist.
Ma'nitu.—Memoir 71, p. 76, Myths and Folk Lore of the Timiskaming, Algon-
quin, and Timagami Ojibwa. F. G. Speck.
Sha minitou.—P. 22, A Summer Vacation on North Shore of Lake Superior,
W. S. Piper, Fort William, 1918.
Munedo.—Is sometimes used by Ojibwas.
Menutto }
Menetto } p. 38, Indians of Greater New York, by Alanson Skinner.
Manetto.—p. 43, No. 5 in The Little Histories of the U. S. Indians.

THE GROUND HOG STORY.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there were some Indians coming along, and they came to a ground hog's den. They noticed only the old ones, but there had been five little ones. This is the story: The she ground hog had five little young ones. She was always afraid someone would kill them, and every time she'd go out she would say to her children, "There is a big snow storm," but it was in the summer time, and so the little ones were afraid to go out then. One day she said to her children, "Look for my lice," and she went to sleep. The little ones were lousing her and looked at her teeth and could see green grass on them, so they went out while the mother was sleeping. A fisher came and killed all the little ones. Just when he had them all killed the old ground hog woke up and went out to look for her children. She saw they were all killed. She looked for the fisher's little ones and she found them and did the same. Killed them all. The fisher got mad (angry), but the ground hog said, "You killed mine first." The end of the story.

No. 77.

THE BIG DEN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Not very far from here there is a Big Den, I asked my mother "What is that? It couldn't be a ground hog's den." "Well," said mother, "Your great-grandfather found all kinds of bones in that Den, and horns too. They (the Indians) put stones in it (filled it up). They were afraid of the Den, but the creature that lived there is now dead. He lived there a good many years ago, but he might come back to look for his horns, from near the end of the world." This place where we live, they say, was a very wild place at that time. While my great-grandfather was living here then, and now it's all cleared, nothing to be afraid of, only witches. There are quite a few of them here yet. They think they are not known what they are, they pretend to be Christians. The end of this story.

No. 78.

THE YOUNG INDIAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This young Indian was all the time travelling. One summer he went away back North, and towards fall he began to think of going back home. He had to walk a good many miles before he could reach the station. He was alone, and it was getting on to evening. He travelled at nights, of course it was no use of him to be afraid. He looked ahead of him and he saw an old man. When he got up to him he said, "Good night!" The old man wouldn't speak to him: then he began to be afraid of the old man. There was an old gravel-pit there, and that's

where the old man went. Just before the old man went in (into the gravel pit) he showed the young Indian what he (the old man) was. The young Indian could see fire come out of the old man's mouth. But the old man didn't harm the Indian boy. The boy was a very nice boy and a good Christian. The old man lived in the gravel-pit. The end.

No. 79.

THE TWO BOYS AND THE OLD MAN WITCH (WITCH STORY No. 12).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There were two Indian boys out camping. It was in the month of August. The two boys would go out fishing, and one day when they were out they came to an island. They took a look around and saw a bark canoe, but there was nobody there. There was everything in the canoe, and one of the boys said, "We'll take these with us." The other said, "No! There might be a witch that owns these; or, the Old Boy." He meant the Devil. The little boy would not listen to the older one. He took a few of the things that were in the canoe, and they started off. Just when they landed where they camped they looked back. They saw a very ugly looking old man coming in his bark canoe. He said to the boys, "I want my things that you took." They gave him all his things, and he said to them, "You will see what I will do to you," but he never could do anything to these two boys. He was at them for one year. The boys watched for the witch all the time, and at last the witch got tired. He gave up then. This is the end of this old witch story.

No. 80.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There were two Indians from here (Rama) who left to go back North for the winter. They were two brothers, and were looking for work, so they travelled for some time till they came to a lumber camp, where they worked for a long time till one of them (the younger) took sick. The older one didn't know what to do. They were far away from home, and the older one thought to himself, "I will take my brother to an Indian village that is about 50 miles from here." So he hired a team to take his brother to the Indian village. When they got there it was just about sundown. They went to a house where an old woman was living and asked her if she would board them for a while till the younger brother got better. The old woman was very glad to keep them there, but the two brothers never had any sleep while they were there. This old woman was the worst kind of a witch. The brothers went to bed, but stayed just the same, could not sleep. On Sunday afternoon another old witch came in. She said to her mate, "I hear you got strangers here." "Yes," said the first old witch. Of course the two men were in bed and the two witches thought they were sleeping, so they talked there all afternoon. They talked about the ones they were going to kill next. The witch that came in said, "It won't take me one hour to kill all those. Watch these men, if they do any harm here before they leave, if they do so they will never be able to get home."

These two men were quite afraid then; they left that house the next morning. The sick man wasn't quite well. They used the old woman the best they could for fear she might kill them. When the two Indians reached Rama safe, they told this story. The end.

No. 81.

THE LION THAT STOLE A BABY.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was quite a few campers of Indians. It was a very wild place where they camped, as it looked like if wild beasts would live there, but the campers were not afraid. One woman had a little baby. She went out of her camp and when she returned the little baby was gone. They all hunted around. They didn't know where the baby went. They saw a big hole near where they camped, and they began to think it must be the lion's (American panther) den, and that the lion stole the baby. They were afraid to go in the den, and at last the lion came and put the baby out, but before he put it out he smashed (with his paw) the poor baby's head to pieces. The poor mother felt so awfully bad that she nearly died herself. They buried the poor baby. The end of the lion story.

Note by G. E. L.—See p. 18, Memoir 48, Geological Survey, Ottawa. "Some Myths and Tales of the Ojibwa, South-Eastern Ontario," Paul Radin, 1914. *Re* Lions Stealing Children.

No. 82.

THE YOUNG MAN OF RAMA.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Some time ago a young man left Rama to go visiting an Indian place called Moore's Point. When he got there he was very sorry such Indians were living. They never hear the word of God, nor do they believe in religion. They do nothing but drink all the time, children and all. They have about 25 bottles of whiskey every day for about a week. Sometimes they let their children go naked and with bare feet. Whenever they have money they never think of buying clothes for their children. They were all witches too, as this young man was saying. There was an old man there. He said to this young man, "You are the worst kind of people there in Rama." This young man didn't want to let on that he heard, as he was afraid of the old man, but the old man made him mad (annoyed) at last, and he said to the old man, "I never saw such people in my life as I do now." The old man says, "Don't you say anything to me! Do you know, if you shoot me you can't kill me!" The young man was afraid of him then. The old man said, "You will find out: I won't forget this." Shortly after the young man got back here in Rama, one night he had a dream that a blood-sucker was on his hand. He tried to get it off, but he couldn't; so he got a knife and scraped it off. The next morning the young man's hand was all swelled up, so that he wasn't able to work for some time. He asked one old man if he'd cure

his hand. This old man had some kind of medicine with which he could cure a person by putting the medicine on the hand. The young man got better, but he never goes back to the Moore Point. The end.

Note by G. E. L.—Moore's Point is near Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

No. 83.

THE STORY OF THE TWO BOYS PLAYING IN THE BUSH.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there were two Indian boys playing in the bush. Their names were Joe and Paul. Paul said to his brother, "You know what I think?" "No," said Joe. "Well, I will get up this tree and I'll be a porcupine, and you will cut the tree down when I am up there." "No," said Joe, "I wouldn't like to do that, but you can climb the tree, I won't cut it down; I am afraid you might hurt yourself." "No," said Paul, "I will say my prayers before I go up and I will be quite sure I won't get hurt." "Well! You can try it," said Joe, "But don't blame me for it if you get hurt." So Paul went up and Joe cut the tree down and Paul was badly hurt; had a big cut on his head. Joe took him home and told his folks that he didn't want to cut the tree down, but Paul coaxed him. For a long time poor Paul was very sick. They had to get a doctor to put in three stitches. He was laid up for two weeks. The end.

No. 84.

THE OLD COUPLE VISITED BY THE DEVIL.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This story was told to me some years ago. There is an Indian village on the Georgian Bay, and the Indians living there are not Christians. They do not believe in heaven or hell. One night all the young people were away to a dance where they play cards and do everything else. The old people were alone. It was in the wintertime, but there wasn't very much snow. The old man went out to see if the young folk were coming back. He heard some one coming which sounded like horses' feet on the rocks. He came in and told his wife. The old lady was afraid. They sat waiting to see who would come in, and after a while a young man came in. He was a stranger. They didn't know who he was. He seemed to know all their business. He said to them, "You are not to the dance?" They were surprised that he knew everything that went on in the village. He said to them, "I haven't known you for a long time." The old lady was sitting behind the stove. She didn't like to look at him. She began to know who he was then. He offered the old man his overcoat, and the old woman a pair of new shoes, but they didn't take them. He sat there for some time and said to them, "I can't beat (conquer) you." He went out, and the two old people began to be Christians, after the Devil's visit. He said before he went out, "I will come back again sometime." They were afraid all the time, and these two old people prayed all the time but the Devil never came back. The end.

THE INDIAN AND THE THUNDER.

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

One time there was an Indian hunting in his canoe. It came on a big thunderstorm, and the Indian went to the shore and stood against a big pine tree. The thunder struck the tree where the Indian was but did not kill him. The thunder came down and took the Indian up and told him that he (the Thunder) was sorry he struck him (the Indian). The Thunder put the Indian in his (the Indian's) canoe and took him home. When the Indian got home he died. The end of the story.

THE BIG THUNDER BIRD (NO. 4).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

A long time ago there was a bay, nobody was allowed to cross this bay towards evening. One Indian, he was an old man, went across towards evening, and when he got halfway on the ice, there came a big cloud. A big Thunder Bird came on the cloud and took the Indian away, and when he came to know where he was, he was on the end of a big mountain. He saw lots of young thunder birds, and one of them came close to him. This Indian killed this young thunder bird and cleaned (took the insides out) it all up, and went inside of this big bird. Before he went in he put it on the edge of the mountain, and the bird fell down. Where they fell it was an island, and the Indian got out of the bird and took a look around. He was wondering where he was. Someone came and spoke to him, and said "There's someone on this island that is going to kill you to-night, I will tell you what to do. You make lots of dolls of cedar, you will make ten of these and tie them so as they look like Indians, and towards night you will run around this island and you will take the dolls with you, and when he gets near you, you will throw one of these dolls back and he will fight with the doll for a long time and give you a chance to get far away from him, and when you see daybreak coming, you will think that you are beating this wild creature that's going to kill you." It came daylight and someone came and spoke to him again and told him "I will take you where the Indians are." So it took him away from that island and they came to an Indian who was making a leg. He put it on his leg to see if he had made it the right shape, and this Indian said, "I am making my leg." The end of the story.

(Compare with No. 4, Report, 1915, and No. 37, Report, 1916. G. E. L.)

THE INDIAN AND THE DIAMOND.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Four Indians started off to hunt and they all had very good luck. One of the Indians found a stone shining like fire. He threw it into the lake. He said to the rest, "That must be the Devil-stone." But it was a diamond he found.

He'd have been rich if he had only known that this was a diamond that he found. The very night that he threw the stone in the lake he had a dream, that he had found diamonds, that he was in his canoe, that he went under the water, that others took him down where everything was shining, and somebody told him while he was under the water, "That stone you threw into the lake would have made you rich, if you had known what it was. You would never have to do a day's work in your later days, but you will work hard all the days of your life. I am very sorry for you," said the one that spoke to him while he was under the water. This old man cried all the time till he died. He was sorry he threw that stone in the lake, it would have made him rich.

No. 88.

THE INDIAN GIRL AND THE BEAR.

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago an Indian girl got lost in the bush. She travelled farther away instead of going back. She went to the place where the wild beasts were, and she met a bear. The bear was glad to meet this girl. He didn't want to kill her, only made up his mind that he'd keep her there where he lived. It was a very nice place but the Indian girl didn't like it. She had to stay just the same. If she tried to go away the bear would have killed her. Well, she stayed with the bear till the spring, and one day while the bear was away the hunters came. This girl told them that she was lost in the fall, and she lived with the bear all winter. She had to eat bark off the trees. "Never mind," said the hunters, "we will kill this bear and we'll eat him up." They asked the girl "When will he be back?" "In the evening," she said. So they watched. "There he comes," said one of the Indians. The bear was coming as fast as he could. He intended to kill these Indians, but they killed him and took the poor girl away to their reserve. The girl would not eat the bear meat. Of course some Indians eat bears yet. The Indians in that reserve had a big feast of this bear. The Indian girl was ashamed of herself that she had lived with this bear. The end of the story.

No. 89.

THE WRECKED INDIANS AND THE WINDIGOES (No. 4).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Some time ago there was a reserve of Indians, and there were four families that left to go far away for the summer. The Indians made a big sail boat, and they all started for the trip. They travelled for a long time, and one time their boat got on a rock. It was near an island. The island was very big and the Indians went there. When they all got out of the boat, there came lots of Windigoes who intended to kill the Indians. But the Indians gave them gold rings and gold brooches. The Windigoes soon made friends with the Indians. They went to the bush and killed a deer and gave it to the Indians, and were surprised that the Indians would cook the meat before they eat it. The Windigoes would eat meat raw. Those Indians lived on that island for a long time, until

one day they saw a ship far away, they waved a flag and it came to the island after the Indians. The Windigoes were very sorry when the Indians left there. They wanted to go in the boat too, but the white men who were in the ship were afraid of them. Only for those gold rings and brooches the Windigoes would have killed the Indians. The end of the story.

No. 90.

THE MAN WHO COULD TURN TO A SNAKE.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

In Georgina Island, a long time ago, there was an Indian who could turn to a snake whenever he liked. He lived near the lake shore. When he would go out of his house, he'd go on his belly to the lake, and when he'd reach the water he'd dive down and go wherever he liked. He would go visiting the Indians on the other islands. Nobody would say anything to him. Everybody was afraid of him. His name was "Post" in English, but his Indian name was "Snake," because he was more of a snake than a person. He lived till he was very old.

The end of the story of Post who would turn to a snake whenever he liked.

No. 91.

THE INDIAN WOMAN LOST IN THE BUSH.

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

One time there was an Indian woman got lost in the bush. She didn't know what to do. Just when she was thinking, someone came and spoke to her and told her what to do, and what to eat. Told her to eat May flower roots and to lick the juice of wild onions (leeks). Well this woman lived quite awhile alone in the bush until one day a man who was hunting found her and took her home to his camp. He had a wife of his own but he made up his mind that he was going to have two wives. His first wife didn't like this, and one day while the Indian was away hunting the two women had a quarrel and one of them was killed. The other one was all right (not hurt). She buried the woman she killed and told her husband that the woman went away. The end of the story of the man who had two wives. (This was Nanbush who spoke to the woman and told her what to eat.)

No. 92.

THE LION AND THE TWO CHILDREN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Another story about the lion, some time ago an Indian and his wife were camping, they had two children. The Indian was cleaning fish and wasn't very far from where the babies were. When he had the fish cleaned he turned around to look for his two babies, they were gone. The parents searched around all over and found a place where the lion lived. About twenty-five Indians got ready to

dig this place where the lion lived. They dug quite a way and could hear the babies crying. All these Indians had swords made of cedar, one of these Indians was a Lynx. He went and dived down into the water, of course where the lion lived was on the edge of the sea-shore. The man saw a white dog first and the white dog spoke to the lion and told him to give the babies up, but before he gave them up he killed them, and those Indians killed the lion. They took the two dead babies and buried them. They say it was an awful looking place where the lion lived, but they killed the lion. The end of the lion story.

Note by G. E. L.—*Re* lions stealing children, see p. 18, Memoir 48, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Ont. Some Myths and Tales of the Ojibwa of South-eastern Ontario. Paul Radin, 1914.

No. 93.

THE TWO WOMEN WHO CROSSED THE BAY.

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

Did you ever hear of the Indian woman and her daughter, who crossed the bay where nobody was allowed to go across? Well, the woman and her daughter crossed this bay safely. The girl said to her mother, "We go across, I will make two paddles." They made the paddles and started to go across, when they got halfway somebody's hand got hold of the canoe, and the girl cut the hand off. It was a lion's hand, and he let go the canoe. The girl and her mother got to shore safe. Everybody was surprised that the girl and her mother reached the shore safely. The end of the story.

Notes by G. E. L.—The lion, or white lion, or white lynx, as he is sometimes spoken of, was a "manitou" who lived in lakes. See p. 95, "Ojibwa Texts," W. Jones, Vol. VII, Pt. 1, Publications of the American Ethnological Society, 1917, he is referred to as "Chief of the Great Lynxes, the great water monster of the sea, lakes and rivers," p. 145, as "Chief of the big lynxes," ditto, p. 255.

White-Lynx, see p. 345, Vol. XXIX, July-Sept., 1916, No. CXIII, *Journal of American Folk Lore*, "Plain Cree Tales," by Alanson Skinner.

Great Lynx upsetting women in a canoe, p. 387, ditto, Ojibwa Tales from North Shore, Lake Superior, Wm. Jones.

Pp. 20, 45, 82, Memoir 48, Geological Survey. Some Myths and Tales of the Ojibwa, South-eastern Ontario, Paul Radin, and p. 35, Memoir 71, Myths and Folk Lore of the Timiskaming, Algonquin and Timagami Ojibwa, F. G. Speck, refer to these lions.

No. 94.

THE TWINS AND THE TWO PUPS.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One time there was an Indian and he was part French. He worked for a rich man. There was an Indian squaw who worked for this man too. One night the rich man's wife had two twins, and the very same night there were two little pups born. The old squaw made up her mind that she was going

to steal these two twins and tell the rich man's wife that the pups are the ones she gave birth to. Well, she showed the pups to the woman and told her "These are your two children." The woman was well satisfied. The old squaw hid the two twins and kept them till they were quite big boys who didn't know the difference. They were very nice boys but their mother was a very ugly looking old lady. The Indian helped the squaw to steal the twins. The end of the story.

No. 95.

THE DWARFS (No. 1).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

Did you ever hear of the Indians telling the story that there are little Indians only two feet high, and persons are not allowed to see those little Indians only when something is going to happen, but a long time ago they saw these little Indians very often!

One very aged old woman was travelling alone on the bush road and she saw ahead of her a little child. She was very glad it disappeared right there, and there where the little Indian was she smelled all kinds of nice perfumed flowers, but she wasn't allowed to catch this little Indian. It was only two feet high. The poor Indian woman knew right away that somebody was going to die, and she lost her husband. The end of the aged old Indian woman story.

No. 96.

THE SCUGOG ISLAND WITCH (No. 13).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

On Scugog Island some time ago there was an old Indian woman. She had lots of children. She was an old witch. Even her children were afraid of her. One morning, it was in the winter time, she wanted a pair of new shoes. She said to one of her sons, "I want those shoes to-day, if I don't get them there won't be a soul (alive) in this house in four days." This young man was afraid then that she might kill him. Of course she was an old witch, so the young man got ready to go to the nearest town. He skated across, this was Christmas eve and the old witch wanted the pair of shoes for Christmas. She didn't know that people all around knew she was an old witch. The poor young man when he was coming back, went too near the river, the ice was thin there and he fell in, and people that lived near could hear him yelling for help. It was a very stormy night and they could not find out just where he was. The next morning, Christmas, they looked for him, they only found the pair of shoes on the ice, and the old witch had all the blame, but the people didn't say much to her, so she took sick and she yelled all the time "I am burning." She died very unhappy. Everybody was afraid of her. She was buried, and never was known no more of her witch business. The end of the story.

Note by G. E. L.—Reserve on Scugog Island, Lake Scugog, Victoria Co., Ont.

THE WITCH THAT DIED TWICE.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

In Georgina Island there was an old witch. She died for one day and one night, and everybody was afraid when she died and came to life again. She lived another month before she died the second time. She had to tell of all the people she killed, but that didn't save her soul. Well, when she died the second time they kept her body for nearly one week for fear that she'd come to life again, but she didn't. Well, this woman's name in English was "Post," and her Indian name was "Annaman." After she was buried nobody would go out of their houses alone at night. They were afraid of the old witch. The end of the witch story.

No. 98.

THE OWL WITCH (No. 14).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

My great grandfather told me this story. He had a sister who was a very nice looking girl. She took sick one day and died that night. They knew it was the witch that killed her. The doctor couldn't do anything for her. They say the witch would always come to the grave the first night the person is buried. Well, my grandfather said that he would watch the grave that night, and about 12 o'clock he saw a light coming, and it went right to the grave. This was an owl which opened the grave and went after the little fingers of the dead person. My grandfather stood there watching the old witch what he'd do. My grandfather had his shot gun and shot the owl. The next morning they heard that there was an old man died. This was the owl that went to the grave. That old man wasn't a bit sick the night before. If he hadn't went to the grave he would have been all right. This happened in Georgina Island some time ago. The end of the witch story.

No. 99.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S WITCH STORY (No. 15).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

An old bachelor told me this story, he said, "When I was young I had a nice young girl. I thought a lot of her and I used to go to see her every night. One night I went to see her, I said 'let's go for a walk.' So we took a walk on the track. We came back and sat down on the bank. We sat there for a long time, and when it got about midnight we saw a light coming just to where we were, and I got frightened, but my girl laughed at me. She says 'I am not afraid of that.' It was a cat. Fire came out of her mouth and it came closer to where I was myself. My girl said to me 'don't be afraid,' and here it was herself that was the witch. From that time I did my best to please her and went with her a long time but I knew she was a witch, and I was afraid I'd make her mad (angry) and she'd kill me. She took sick one summer and died. I tell you I wasn't sorry for her. I was safe then." The end of the story. The Bachelor is dead now.

THE INDIAN BOY AND THE BEAR.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Did you ever hear the story about the Indian boy who got lost while looking for the cows? This was about five years ago. The boy wasn't very far from his home, but he couldn't find the way just the same. Well, the day he got lost, it was in the morning and he travelled all day, and got tired in the evening and sat down to have a rest. A bear came along and took him into a big stub, where the bear lived, but the bear didn't do anything to the boy. He got strawberries for the boy to eat. The boy never saw the bear in the daytime, for the bear would go away in the morning and come back in the evening. The boy lived with the bear for ten days. The boy heard somebody calling him, but he wouldn't go. He soon got wild. When they found him they couldn't go near him, he'd bite them. It wasn't his own folks that found him first. They couldn't get him tamed for a long time. He acted like a wild beast and they couldn't get him to eat anything. He would only drink milk at first, and the poor boy wouldn't speak to his mother or father. They had to lock him up all the time. The end of the story.

Note by G. E. L.—Stub—a standing dead tree trunk.

THE TWO SQUAWS CANOEING.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there were two Indian women out canoeing. This was a wild place where nobody lived near. While they were canoeing they heard a sheep bawling (bleating) away up on the hill on the rocks. One of the women answered the sheep, she bawled (bleated) too. The other woman said "Don't, that's not a sheep, maybe its someone going to kill us." The other woman quit answering the sheep, and when they got far away on the river where they were paddling they heard something coming under the water, and it struck the woman's paddle, who answered the sheep. It sounded like a finger ring. The other woman said, "Now do you see, I told you not to answer that sheep. That wasn't a sheep at all. That's somebody that's going to kill us." Well, towards evening they got to the place they were going to camp, and the next night the woman had a dream. She dreamt that it was a man that yelled like a sheep, and if the ring had fallen into their canoe, this man would have owned these two Indian women. But the ring didn't fall into the canoe. The end of the two squaws and their canoe paddling.

THE LION WHO STOLE THE INDIAN GIRL.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago in Muskoka Lakes, there was an Indian and his wife camping. They had one daughter. This girl had a camp of her own, and sometimes they (the parents) wouldn't go to see her for two or three days. The Indian said to his wife "go and see our girl." The old squaw says "wait

till to-morrow." The next day she said the same words "wait till to-morrow." She went the next day and her daughter was gone. She came to the camp and told her husband that their daughter was gone. So they started off to look for her, and they found her, where she lived. The house was all gold inside. She told her parents. "This is where I am living now. When you want to see me, you can come here." She had one child, she said, "My husband has gone to the council where all the kings are having the council."

The old folks started for home, but they were never seen any place. Maybe the lion took the old folks away too. The end of this lion story.

Note by G. E. L.—*Re* lion stealing children, see p. 18, Memoir 48, Geological Survey.

No. 103.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWKS (No. 10).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Long time ago two Indian girls and their brother were camping together. The Indian boy would go hunting every day and one evening he didn't come back. The two girls kept waiting, and one of the girls got very lonesome for her brother, so she made up her mind that she'd go fasting for ten days, that she might know where her brother had gone. Her sister would bring her food but she wouldn't take it. On the tenth day she got very weak, and on the eleventh day she saw someone coming. It was a woman, and she said to the girl, "What do you do this for, you will starve yourself." "Well, I am sorry my brother has gone away." "Well I will tell you where your brother is. He is killed by the Mohawks, and I will tell you what we will do. You come with me and we will kill the Mohawks. When we get near to their settlement, you will shout and they will all faint, and we'll kill them all while they are fainted. Hit them on their heads with our swords." When they got near to the Mohawk villages all the Mohawks would get the fire ready and the Mohawk women would get the water ready to cook them, when they saw these two Indian women (Ojibwas) coming, but these Indian (Ojibwa) women would shout, and the Mohawks all fainted away, and were all killed. The two Ojibwa women just left two families. There was one big Mohawk woman they couldn't kill, so they took her with them. She was wild looking and had hair all on her body. They took her to a certain place to kill her. They cut her head off. She was still alive. They cut her legs and arms off, and cut the body to pieces and cooked it, but it was still moving. They then went home. The end of the two Indian girls and their brother story.

No. 104.

THE WINDIGO (No. 5).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One time long ago a big Windigo stole an Indian boy, but the boy was too thin, so the Windigo didn't eat him up right away, but he travelled with the Indian boy waiting for him till he'd get fat. The Windigo had a knife and

he'd cut the boy on the hand to see if he was fat enough to eat, but the boy didn't get fat. They travelled too much. One day they came to an Indian village and the Windigo sent the boy to the Indian village to get some things for him to eat. He just gave the boy so much time to go there and back. The boy told the Indians that the Windigo was near them, and showed them his hand where the Windigo cut him to see if he was fat enough to eat. They heard the Windigo calling the boy. He said to the boy "Hurry up. Don't tell lies to those Indians." All of these Indians went to where the Windigo was and cut off his legs. They went back again to see if he was dead. He wasn't dead. He was eating the juice (marrow) from the inside of the bones of his legs that were cut off. The Indians asked the Windigo if there was any fat on them. He said "You bet there is, I have eaten lots of Indians, no wonder they are fat." The Indians then killed him and cut him to pieces. The end of this Giant Windigo.

Note.—Compare with 133.

No. 105.

THE WINDIGO (No. 6).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago an Indian was hunting. He was in a very wild place where nobody would be near. He saw a foot track, very big foot track, and he followed the track for a long ways off till he came to a clearance. He saw a camp not far away, and he thought to himself, "I will go there and look for something to eat." So he went and rapped at the door. A woman came out and said to the hunter, "Why do you come here, for this is where the Windigo lives?" "Well, I am very hungry," said the hunter to the giant's wife. "Well, he will kill you for sure. Go away! He will soon be back now." "Well, give me something to eat right away, and I will hide under the chair when he comes so he won't see me." The Indian asked the Windigo's wife, "What does he generally ask you to do for him when he comes?" "Well, he always asks me to scratch him all over his body." "Well, you ask him where he's got the sorest spot." Well, the hunter hid under the chair and the Windigo came in. He said, "I smell some fresh meat." His wife says to him, "It must be the meat you've got with you. What did you bring to-day?" Well, the Windigo had his supper, and after his supper he asked his wife to scratch him all over his body again. She asked him, "Where had he the sorest spot?" He said "Between my shoulders." The Indian hunter got up and hit him where he had the sorest spot with his little axe. The Windigo's wife was very glad that the Windigo was killed, for she was always afraid of him herself. She then lived with the Indian hunter. They lived there for a long time. The end of the Giant Windigo.

No. 106.

NANABUSH AND THE YOUNG MAN AND WIFE (No. 11).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Once upon a time an Indian and his wife were camping. They had one son who got married, and shortly afterwards his wife took sick and died. The son felt awful bad. He was told that the soul will go away in three days time. He watched

his dead wife and he did see the soul go away. He followed it all day, but he never caught it. Towards evening she (the wife's soul) went into a big, long house. This young man saw an old man sitting there, and the old man asked him, "Who are you after?" The young man said, "I am after my wife." The old man told the young man, "You will never catch your wife's soul, but I will tell you what you can do. They always have a big dance when they have new souls in there; I will help you to catch your wife." In the evening they both went away and they saw a big bonfire, and these souls were dancing around the fire. That's what they always do when they have newcomers. They went near where these souls were dancing, and the young man could notice his wife, but she didn't like to go near them. They caught her and put her into a little box. The old man told the young man, "She will cry when you put her in the box, and will ask you to let her go, but don't you do it. Keep her in your pocket. Don't let her go if she asks you. You will see a big bonfire and you will jump right in the middle of it." The young man did so, stayed in the long house all winter, but he thought it was only one night, and when he woke up he felt awful tight, he was dead too, but he didn't know it. He came to life again and his wife was still in the box. He found some matches there and some corn. He made a fire and some corn soup. His wife came to life and they both felt all right. They stayed there a while and both went home to the old folks. The end of the story.

The "Old Man" was Nanbush. Compare with No. 18 Report, 1915. 477

No. 107.

THE PAIR OF WITCHES, LIKE BEARS; OR, THE DOG FIGHT STORY.
(WITCH STORY No. 16.)

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Once upon a time, years ago, there was an old Indian and his squaw, both of whom were witches. At night certain people saw them going round as a pair of bears.

One day the old man's son's dog got into a fight with another young fellow's dog. This young fellow threw a stone and killed the old witch's son's dog. A couple of days after this young fellow went crazy, as this witch was now witching (bewitching) him. So the young fellow's father picked up his tomahawk and went to the old witch's wigwam and told the old witch if he didn't quit making his son crazy that he'd kill him right there, so the old witch told this man that when he got home his son would be all right. When the man got home his boy was in his right senses again. The end of the witch story.

No. 108.

THE ROBBER INDIANS.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was a reserve of Indians. Of course in every reserve they have to have one Indian for a chief. Well, this chief had two daughters. One night the two girls were alone, and that night their sweethearts had promised that they would not come. Well, about midnight they heard a rap at the door.

Those girls had revolvers and one of the girls shot the car off one of the robbers, and the two men disappeared. Well, two nights after this happened, this girl's fellow came (the one that shot the car off the robber). He says to this girl, "We'll go for a drive." He didn't go into the house at all. He only told his girl to get ready and go for a drive. Well, the girl was very glad to go with her sweetheart, so she got ready and they started off. They travelled on the Bush Road, where this girl never went before, and she began to be afraid of her fellow. She asked him where they were going, and he said to her, "Oh, we soon go back now." About daylight they got to a big hill, and the man got off, and said to the girl, "Do you see my car, it's you that took that off." The girl said, "I didn't do that on purpose." He says to her, "You did; I'll fix you for this. Get off the rig." He caught hold of the girl and went to a place that looked like a root-house. When they got to the door, an old woman came out and said to her son, "You got her this time," and took the poor girl inside and took nearly all the clothes off her except a petticoat. They took her through about twenty doors, all made of iron. The poor girl saw piles of bones there in every room, all the people they have killed, and in the first big room she saw a big pot on the stove full of grease. That's where they put a person in. Have the grease boiling, but they didn't put this girl in right away. They put her in the back room, and as she sat there she thought of a little jack knife she had in her pocket, and she thought that if she'd put some of the bones on the floor and make a pile of them to stand on she could reach the ceiling and make a hole through which she might escape from the burning grease. So she did, and she hurried up and got out. As soon as she got out the young man came into the room where she had been, but he didn't know how she got out, so he blamed his mother. He said to her, "Why didn't you kill the girl while I was away? I have a notion to kill you yourself." He hurried and hitched up his horse and looked for the girl. The girl kept herself hid, but ran beside him to find her way back. He went as far as the girl lived and then went back. The girl got home safe and told her story. A lot of the Indians got ready and went where the robbers lived. They went with this girl, and they all took axes. When they got to the door the young man came out first. The girl said, "That's the man that tried to kill me," and they killed this young man first. They went in and told the old woman, "If you give us all the money you've got, we won't kill you." She kept on getting boxes full of bills and some silver. She said, "That's all there is." "Get some more," they said to her. She said, "That's all." "Get some more! If you don't get more, do you see these axes? We will kill you if you quit getting it." "This is all there is for sure this time," she said. She had her pot still boiling, full of grease, and they put her in the pot alive. They said to her, "We'll show you how the people suffered that you have killed in this pot." She yelled, but they didn't pity her. Well, after she died they took a look round. They found lots of jewellery of the people that were killed who were rich. There were piles of money yet what she was saying. They took all the money and divided it amongst themselves and left her in the pot. Those robbers were never known to have been living there until they took this poor girl there. The end of the story.

THE DWARFS, OR LITTLE INDIANS (No. 2).

Told by Mrs. Marjory St. Germain.

Once a long time ago lived an Indian with his wife and children. This Indian would go hunting every day, getting all kinds of game. So one day when out hunting he saw a wild Indian. This wild Indian was small, about two feet high. So they talked to each other for a long time, and they planned that they would live together. This wild Indian had also a wife and two children; one child was no bigger than six inches high, the other about one foot high. So this wild Indian and the other Indian and their wives and children lived together in a shack, which they built themselves out of poles and wood, as there was no lumber then.

So every day they went out hunting and the Indian would kill a deer and sometimes a bear, and the wild Indian would kill squirrels and rabbits. They had good luck every day, and when they would go home the wild Indian's wife would help him bring the squirrel in. Both of them could hardly lift it, and the Indian would pick up the squirrel and throw it on (the wild Indian's back). The Indian's wife would help her husband carrying the deer in. When they thought it was heavy the wild Indian would get hold of the deer and throw it on (the Indian's back). This little man had power to do anything he liked; also, if he wishes you good luck, you have always good luck. So each night they would cut up the meat and dry it. The wild Indian and his wife would hang up their meat to dry, which was only small bits, for they ate so little. It went on till spring; they had lots of dried meat. So again this wild Indian said to the Indian, "We are leaving now, and all I say is we had a fairly good time together all winter, I wish you good luck every day and be happy all your life." They disappeared and this Indian was happy and had good luck every day. This ends the story.

Note by G. E. L.—"Wild Indian" means non-reserve Indians or "bush" Indians in these stories.

No. 110.

AN INDIAN WOMAN, HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, AND THE KING.

Told by Mrs. Marjory St. Germain.

Once a long time ago lived an old Indian woman and her two sons. These men got married and lived in the same place together. Shortly afterwards one of the men died and the other died pretty near the same time, so these women felt bad; also this old woman's husband had died years ago, when she and her parents were living in some other settlement, before she got married; also these young women (the sons' wives) had lived in another settlement before they got married. So this old squaw said to these women, "I am going away to where my parents used to live." One young woman said, "I'll go with you," and the other one followed. So they walked a long time, one of them (the young women) parted with the others, and before they parted she said to the old woman, "This is where I used to live." The prettiest one of the two young women said to the old woman, "I am going with you, and if you die I die also." So they travelled a long time, till they came to a place where this old woman used to live. They camped near the village, and there was a big field of crop near where they camped, so the old woman sent

the younger to go and pick a few potatoes and corn to cook. The men who were working in the field wondered who this young woman was. The king came to the field and his men ran up to him and asked him who the young woman was. The king said, "It's the old woman's girl that went away years ago. She has come back again and this is her girl." The men went to work again and the king went home, and the young woman went home to her mother-in-law. In their camp they had all they wanted to eat, and every time the old woman saw the king coming she would send the young woman to pick corn. The king thought that she was rather nice-looking woman, but did not come so very close to her; he went home and asked the old folks (perhaps his parents) if they would allow him to marry a nice Indian girl. The old folks said, "All right," and he came to get her. The old woman followed behind. The king ordered some good clothes for this young woman and they got married and had a feast. After a while they had a baby boy born. This old Indian woman was so glad that she cared more for the baby than the young woman, she was that glad to see a baby, which she had never seen for a long time. This boy grew up to be a big man but he died, and the king and the young woman felt so bad that they died too. This ends the story.

No. 111.

AN INDIAN GIRL, THE BEAR SKIN, AND THE PRINCE.

Told by Mrs. Marjory St. Germain.

Once, a long time ago, lived an Indian woman and her daughter in a shanty, or a shack, near the woods. There was a town close by, and in that town lived a king and a prince who was the king's son. This prince planned to get married to the nicest girl in that town. He sent bills (notices) throughout the town that every girl can come on such a day. This Indian woman heard about this, and told her daughter to go too. When the day came the girls came all dressed so nice, and some girls were real pretty. As they came they sat in a row, so the prince can choose whichever he thinks is the best looking. This Indian girl did not go until she thought the girls were all there. She went and peeped into the palace. The prince was walking up and down, picking out the nicest girl. He saw the Indian girl peeping in. He went out and brought her in. The girls ordered her out, as she was not fit. They say this Indian girl had a bear skin on, but she was far better looking than any of the girls dressed in silks and satin, but she was not dressed so nice in the bear skin. The prince told her to take off the bear skin and she did. While she was taking the bear skin off you could see her nice clothes underneath. She laid it aside and she and the prince stood by each other. She was dressed so nice in pretty colored silk that glosses and shines when she moved. All the girls looked at their clothes; not one of them had a nicer dress than she wore. They all got jealous of her, but the prince married her. They had a big time after the marriage took place and the dinner was served. The prince had invited all the people to this party and dance. The prince and the bride went on their honeymoon. They went on a big steamer and travelled weeks and weeks on the ocean, where there was no land to be seen. While on the voyage the bride wore man's clothes till they came to the place where they were going to. She took off these clothes and put on her other ones when they were coming to shore, and every one wondered how the nice lady got on the boat, she was so pretty and wore such nice clothes.

They got off the boat and went to where the prince's relations were living. They were put upstairs and the next morning they did not come down, so one of the ladies went to see. They were both dead, and the lady fell downstairs she was so disappointed. This ends the story.

No. 112.

OJIBWAS AND MOHAWKS (No. 11).

Told by Mrs. Marjory St. Germain.

Once a long time ago lived an Indian, his wife and child, in a camp in the woods. This man would go hunting for a living and would get all kinds of game. Once while out hunting he heard the Mohawks coming towards him, but he did not see them. He ran as fast as he could, though quietly, so the Mohawks would not hear him. He got home and told his wife to get ready and take the child away, that the Mohawks were coming, and that he would do his best, or else give his life to serve (save) his wife and child; also he had a little dog, and he told her to take the little dog with her. She got ready and they bade each other good-bye. She ran as fast as she could to the village, which was quite a long distance from their camp. After a while she heard the Mohawks following her; as the Mohawks heard the bushes crackling, so they followed. This Indian woman went on faster, and at last she got so tired carrying the baby that she said to one of the big trees, "Take care of my baby," and she told the little dog not to bark. She put the baby on the other side of the big tree, with the dog, losing no time. She went on faster and these Mohawks went around the other side of the big tree, not seeing the baby; also the dog did not bark. This Indian woman soon got to the village and told the Indians that the Mohawks were following her, and they got ready with their swords. Soon the Mohawks struck the village and the Indians went right after them and killed them all, though there were not so many Mohawks as the Indians in that village. The woman rested a little, she was so glad the Mohawks were killed. She went back where she left her child. It was still alive, and the dog. She said to the tree, "Thank you for taking care of my baby," but trees do not talk and gave her no answer. She went to their camp, the man was still alive, for the Mohawks did not go near the camp at all. They went back to the village and lived with the Indians in that village. This ends the story.

No. 113.

OJIBWAS AND MOHAWKS (No. 12).

Told by Mrs. Marjory St. Germain.

Once, a long time ago, lived quite a lot of Indians and their women in a camp. This was quite a large settlement of Indians, though they were just camping there.

One time one of the old women went to gather wood to burn, and she saw one young Mohawk. She was ready to give a yell (an alarm). This man said to her, "Don't tell any of your folks that you have seen me; I'll marry you, and we won't kill you." He gave her a partridge, and the Indian woman was so glad that she'd get married that she did not tell anyone that she saw a Mohawk. She took

her partridge home, and the rest asked her "Where she got it?" She said, "I killed it with a stick." The rest winked at each other, for they saw the blood mark on the partridge's neck.

She went to bed quite early and these Indians found out that something was going to happen. They knew that she could not have killed the partridge, and they got ready to go away leaving the old woman asleep in the camp. The Mohawks soon came to the camp at night, seeing no one but the old woman sleeping, so they killed her, just made fun of her. Nailed her on the door. Heels up and head nailed down. After a while they went on searching again, but seeing no one they went away. A week after the Indians came back to see how the old woman turned out. They saw her nailed to the door and they just laughed at her, saying, "That's what she got," and went home again. There was an Indian with the Mohawks (a captive). He did all the work for them. Of course they made him do so. One night, while the Mohawks were sleeping, this Indian burnt up the camp, but got out himself. All the rest were burned to death. He struck the place where the Indians were living and told them all about the old woman and what the Mohawk said to her, and this is how they found out what the Mohawk said to the Indian woman one evening while gathering wood. This Indian that was captured by the Mohawks was an Ojibwa, and told them also about what he did to the Mohawk camp. This ends the story.

No. 114.

PE-ZE-KEY, or UH-WAH-KUN.

Told by Jonas George—Wah-sa-ghe-zik.

This story is very old of about four hundred years ago. No white man here about that time in Canada. It is wonderful to know and to remember about the Indians, how they lived at that time.

He (Pe-ze-key) knew better (more) than any people in this world. This one man travelled all over the Dominion to see everything in this world. He stood at the east end of this country and looked over to England. He saw everything, or people. He was good on earth. He was feared (liked) from above. He knew about God, because he brought out God's power. So he knew about it and travelled in the air with a cloud, and thunder and lightning was around it. He was a powerful man to know about this way (of travelling).

He was a good man with Indians all over the earth, using good to all peoples here.

He sometimes walked on water and looked at the bottom under the water. He saw most all things. He knows anything quickly, almost just like the telephone. He tells anything this way (too). He is a good-looking man, with a big body.

He told about the second heaven, which is a country not like this earth, but is bright and has no change, and is all the time shining.

This man looked above most of the time, and thought about God, and one time told about this world being miserable, and would be for some time, as people are bad, sinful, and wicked. Now war is going on. This man believed it as he knew it. This story is true about four hundred years old. This man is named Pe-ze-key and Uh-wah-kun. This is all.

No. 115.

WITCH STORY (No. 17).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

My grandmother told me this story. When she first came to this country she said "There were quite a few witches. One time I was cutting hay, helping my husband, and we saw an old woman passing near us. There was a big stump there and that is to where she went. She had a little basket with her, which she hid behind the stump. We didn't let on that we saw her, we went on with our work, and she went away and left the little basket there, which she thought we didn't see. We went about two hours after and we saw the little basket, hidden behind the stump. My husband and myself picked up the little basket, and we saw all kinds of beads, and little fingers of babies, and hair of all colours, and little dolls, which the old witch used to kill people with. We took the basket and we made a little fire and we burnt everything. Then we went back to our work. We saw the old woman coming back, but we didn't let on that we saw her. She went to the stump and looked for her little basket. She couldn't find it, so she came to where we were and asked us "If we had seen any person go by there?" We told her "That we saw an old man go by there. We didn't know who he was; we guessed he was a stranger in Rama." The old lady was awful mad (angry). We didn't let on that we knew what she was made about. She went back to the stump again, and went round where she put the basket. She came back to where we were and said, "I believe it is you that took the basket, and you will find out (what will happen to you)." They told her if anything would happen to them that they would just go to her house and kill her, but this old witch didn't do anything to my grandmother or grandfather. She died shortly after, and they were safe then. This is the end of the story.

Explanatory Notes by Lottie Marsden. See letter, April 19th, 1918.

(The witch sends the dolls to kill people. She uses them the same as she uses the turkey skin (?). The beads, she puts them on a person and the beads would keep going further in the flesh and no one could take them out. The little fingers, she cuts them off people after she kills them. She keeps the little fingers. She uses hair sometimes. When a person is witched they use some kind of Indian medicine which they put on the sore spot, and they find hair there in (or on) the poultice. That's the way the old witch uses the hair.)

See letter May 15th, 1918.

(The witch uses the dolls to go to the person she is going to kill. The dolls are small and wouldn't be known (noticed or seen). The witch puts the hair on the person's (victim's) body, any place on the leg, or on the side some times. The hair goes into the body, causes death and sore sports. Sweet hay (sweet grass) is used the same way, so are beads. Some Indian doctors who know how to take these hairs, beads, or sweet hay out, put their poultices on the sore spots, and whatever the witch uses the poultice draws it out, sometimes.)

(The witch uses turkey skins to cover herself, so she won't be known that she's a witch. When she goes near a house she'll be sometimes taken as a turkey.)

Note by G. E. L.—The little fingers are kept as mementoes or tallies, and are hung in strings in the witches' camp, or worn as a necklace under their clothes. Fire is used sometimes as an agent or accomplice of witches.

A long time ago there was an Indian woman who died, and at nights they could see her making fancy work of porcupine quills. You know the Indians never bury anybody. They put up four big poles and put the coffin on the top, so no one could reach it. There was a fox who was living with his grandmother. He had it in his mind that he was going to steal this woman who died. (The night he saw her making the fancy work. Of course she had a light of some kind. He went to her and said, "What did you die for?" "Well," she said, "I wanted a cool skin." "Well, I got one at home," he said, "You come with me." He lived with this woman. They all got mad (angry) at him. A lot of the wild creatures made up their minds that they were going to take away that woman from the fox. They sent little cattle, and one morning the old fox saw a lot of little steers coming. He said, "There's one white one." He and the woman went out of the camp and watched the steers coming. They were coming right to where the fox and the woman were. The white steer took this woman on his horns, and the old fox cried for a long time. He said to himself, "Why do I cry for, I'll go and get my wife" (the woman). But he was not forgiven for stealing this woman. The wild creatures had a council to see what they were going to do to this fox again. One of them, the bear, went to the fox's camp and told him that there was to be a feast, and that he was invited to it. "Well, I will go," he said to his grandmother. She said, "Don't go, may be they are going to kill you." "Oh, no!" he said, and in the evening he got ready. He said to his grandmother, "Where's my garters?" They were made of beaded bark. So he started off, and when he got to the camp where he was invited to they had a big fire in the middle, and somebody said, "Fox, come and sit here." They went on like that till they caught him, and then they threw him in the middle of the big fire, but he escaped from the fire and ran out. You see his feet are a little black. That's where he got burnt. He went home and told his

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

WHY THE FOXES FEET ARE BLACK.

No. 117.

Compare with No. 50.

them all. He didn't even save his wife, only his dog. The end of the story. To live and then went to the place where he was starved. Then he went and killed years, till one day he came to an Indian camp and he smelled oil. He began to come went up in the air and became a skeleton. He travelled up in the air for many day and wouldn't get anything at all. He was starving and the old man wouldn't let his daughter give her husband anything to eat, so at night she'd hide something day and wouldn't get anything at all. The poor young man would go out every married. They all went away camping for the winter. The old man got jealous of the young man getting lots of game, so he got his old medicine and used it so

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.
THE STARVING HUSBAND (No. 2).

No. 116.

grandmother what they did to him. "Well, I told you not to go," she said to him. He listened to his granny after that. The end of the fox story.

Explanatory note by Lottie Marsden. Letter 19th April, 1918.—He was burnt, too, on the face, the tips of his ears and the tip of his tail.

Note by G. E. L.—Evidently an imported story from the Western Indians.

No. 118.

WINDIGO STORY (No. 7).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One day an Indian was hunting; he came to a very big camp. There was no one in it. He made up his mind that's where he would put up for the night. He went out that afternoon and returned in the evening. When he got to the camp there was no one there. He had his supper and made his bed. When he got to bed he heard some one coming. This was the Windigo, who was saying, "I got him now. He's in bed." The Indian got up and got ready. He sat beside the door, and as soon as the Windigo stepped in the camp the Indian cut the head off him. The Indian didn't know what to do after he killed the Windigo. He got ready to leave the camp. He heard someone coming, this was the Windigo's wife. She came in the camp and was very glad that the Indian had killed the Windigo. "You will be my husband," she said, but the Indian didn't like to live with her after being the Windigo's wife. Well, the Indian made up his mind that he was going to run away from her, but he couldn't for a long time. At last he thought to kill her, but he didn't. They went away till they came to an Indian village, where they made camp and lived there for a long time. Nobody would come near them because they were afraid of the Windigo's wife.

The end of the story.

No. 119.

THE STORY ABOUT THE SICK WOMAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There was an Indian and his wife camping near the river, and this Indian woman took sick. Of course at that time there were no doctors. The Indians had their own medicines. This Indian felt awfully bad that his wife took sick and didn't seem to get any better at all. This Indian had a dream that some one came to speak to him, and told him, "Is your wife sick?" "Yes," he said. This was an old woman he dreamt of, and she said to him, "I will tell you what to do, and your wife will get better for sure. Well, to-morrow morning you get up but don't wash your face, and don't eat anything, or drink anything, and you go down this river and by noon you will come to a little house. There is no one living there, and you will find a little basket in the corner of the little house, and what is in it you take out and you come back and put them in a pot to boil and let them boil for two days and two nights, and, 'Mind you,' don't eat anything yourself, nor drink, for two days, and don't speak to your wife. If she asks you for a drink, or some thing to eat, don't give it to her till the two days and two nights are up. After this is boiled you will find a little root down in the bottom of the pot. You wrap this up and bury it four feet under the ground, and you go back to your camp and drink two pails of water, put a little salt in the water and you will vomit the

water up. You will notice something that looks like a little string of beads. You eat as much as you can, and the beads you put them round your neck, but don't let your wife see them. If you do she won't get better." Well, this Indian did all what this old woman told him and it took him two days and two nights. Well, this Indian's wife got better and she got stronger all the time, but she wasn't able to go hunting with her husband; she stayed in the camp alone all day drying wild meat for the summer. The end of the sick woman story.

No. 120.

WINDIGO STORY (No. 8).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

A good many years ago there was a reserve of Indians. There was over two hundred camps made of bark. One day one of the Indians went out hunting rabbits. It was in the month of December, and he saw a foot track which he thought couldn't be any of the Indians at the camp, but this was a Windigo track. He saw this Windigo go to the reserve of Indians and kill them all, only left one woman which he thought would be his wife, but the woman didn't live very long, she died the next day. Of course she was not the giant's wife, her husband was Indian and the giant (Windigo) killed him. The Windigo didn't eat all the Indians that he killed in that reserve, he put them away for the winter, but the hunter who saw the Windigo tracks killed the Windigo. When the hunter went to the reserve there was no one there. This giant was asleep, and the woman that he left (didn't kill) told the hunter "to hurry and kill the giant, that he was asleep," and the hunter killed him, and the woman which the giant left and whom he thought would be his wife, died the next day. Of course the old (term of reproach or contempt in this case) Windigo used her very badly after he killed the rest of the people in that Reserve. This poor (term of compassion in this case) hunter lived there for a long time till he got very old, and one day a woman came to visit him. This woman was living alone, too, not far from there. The Indian asked her, "Why are you alone on that reserve?" "Well," she said, "The Windigo came there some years ago and killed the rest of them but me, and he heard of another reserve not far from where we lived, and he was going there to kill the Indians and he never came back, and I was alone from that time. I was glad that he was killed, I didn't want to live with the Windigo." This Indian said, "It was me that killed him. Will you be my wife? My wife is killed and so is your husband, and we both will live here happy. This Indian woman was very glad she found her mate. The end of the story.

No. 121.

WITCH STORY (No. 18).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

One time there was an old witch. She'd go round amongst the Indians pretty often. She was good friends to them all. She'd go from one house to another and in every house she'd ask for something, tobacco in one, and in the next house tea and sugar, everything like that, till she was well loaded with stuff what they gave her. They were afraid of her and they'd run around for something to give her

when she'd come around, and if any person wouldn't give her anything, then she'd kill them. She'd use her medicines. One time she went to a house and asked for something, which the woman did not have. The witch said, "Never mind, you will lose a hundred times more than it's worth." The woman left the house and went to the store, and caught up to the witch and gave her what she wanted, thus the woman saved her life and her children's lives. The old witch came back two weeks after and asked for some things and the woman gave them to her, and the witch left that house very happy. She just said, "I come again some day." The end of the witch story.

No. 122.

WITCH STORY (No. 19).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

One time there was a nice Indian girl on one of the islands in Georgian Bay. The girl went out camping with her folks and one day they saw a very ugly looking Indian, who asked this nice Indian girl to marry him, she told him, "I could not marry you, you've got a mouth like a frog." This young girl went home then with her parents after camping out, and when they got home she began to feel kind of out of her mind, and at night she could see a bumble bee around her, but she couldn't hear it. She told her father but he wouldn't believe it. Some of the Indians said to the girl's father that it was a witch that was after the girl. The witch came every other night. The girl's father and another Indian watched for the witch the second night. They heard a crow coming and they kept watching, they still heard the crow, later on they saw a cat on the fence, which was the crow turned to a cat. The other old man said to the girl's father, "That's the witch." This other old man knew a lot about witches. This old man shot the cat, and when he shot it, the cat turned to a black bird and flew away. The girl began to feel better then, and they heard that the ugly Indian is dead. His folks said that he got sun-struck, but that was him the old man shot. He used the crow (form) to go to the island, and he'd use the cat and bee and bird (forms) too. The girl got better then.

No. 123.

WITCH STORY (No. 20).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

Here in Rama some years ago there was an Indian girl, and she was talked about all over that she was a nice girl. She used to get letters from all over, and one time she got a letter from a young man who she never saw. It read, "I'll meet you at the camp meeting on one of the reserves." This girl had never seen the young man. Well, they went to the camp meeting and when the young man got there he had "bag" moccasins on (i.e., made out of bags) and was dressed very poorly. This girl made up her mind that she wouldn't speak to him for anything. The young man went to speak to her, but she wouldn't speak to him till the camp meeting was over. The girl came home to Rama and began to feel very sick. She had a sore leg, the doctors didn't know what was wrong with her. It was this young man that was witching her. She was

sick all winter and died in the spring. They found everything on her leg, sweet hay, and beads of all colors. Witches are not known now much, but there's quite a few yet. They keep telling each other their medicines. The end of the story.

No. 121.

THE TWO OJIBWA PREACHERS.

Told by Marjory St. Germain.

Once there were two Ojibwa Indians who were very good Christians. They would go from place to place preaching. One of these Ojibwas knew what was going to happen, and when they were going to see anything, or when a giant was after them. They went up the river once, they were going to some other Indian settlement to preach. They travelled on the water a long while, perhaps a day, till they got to a big lake and this one of the Ojibwas said to his companion when they were in the middle of the lake paddling in a canoe. "A giant is after us, and he sees us now, too, we will go to the other side of the lake, it will be in the morning before he reaches where we are." So they went to the other side of the lake. They did not pull their canoe up on the shore, they were ready to pull out when the giant reaches there. This man told his companion to sleep, that he would watch. So the other Indian laid down to sleep, but could not sleep at all. Towards morning they heard the giant coming, so they got in their canoe again and went to the other side again. The portaged their canoe to some other lake which was quite away. One of them had to carry the canoe and the other got the things that had with them. They had to run nearly all the way, and they just got to the other lake in time. The giant was just about getting there nearly the same time as they did, so they got in their canoe and paddled for all their worth. They were a long ways ahead as the giant had to go along the shore to get after them. On towards noon this Ojibwa said to his companion "The giant let us off now. He isn't after us any more." They camped on the shore to rest awhile and to get their meals. He said, "Something is going to scare us," and after a while a flock of ducks came flying over their heads and scared them. They did not even have time to shoot any of the ducks. They went on again till they got to where they were going to preach, where they stayed for a while. Then they came back home to their own settlement and told their story about the giant. This ends the story.

(The giant was a windigo.)

No. 122.

LITTLE WILD INDIAN DWARFS (No. 2).

Told by Marjory St. Germain.

Once a long time ago two Indians were out to get some ginseng root in the woods some place. They camped, and one time they ran short of food. They just had enough to cook a meal, and one had to go to the nearest village store to get some food. The other stayed in camp to get the meal ready for the man when he returns, after the first man was out quite a long time, by the time he should be home, the second man started to get the meal ready. He made a big fire and fried some bacon and cooked something else. When he

looked up and turned around he saw a little wild Indian just a bit higher than two feet, he was so small that it scared him. He forgot his cooking and left it and ran away as fast as he could. He met his companion near the village and told him about it. When they came back to camp no one was to be seen and his cooking was not a bit burnt, also the bacon was not a bit burnt. This gave them a big surprise. But this little wild Indian took care of the Ojibwa's cooking while he was away frightened. These little Indians cannot be seen very often now, and they always wish you good luck every time they see you. This ends the story.

No. 126.

INDIANS HUNTING MUSKRATS.

Told by Marjory St. Germain.

One time two Indians, an old man and a young man were out hunting muskrats. They were spearing them. The old man said, "The one that gets the most will have nothing to carry." The young man said, "Alright, just as you say." This young man was wise. He didn't let the other know how many he killed. He let on that he didn't kill very many, so the old man thought that he got more than the young fellow. But the young man had been hiding them some place. When they began to gather up and count their muskrats the young fellow had more than the old man, so the young fellow said, "I guess you will have to carry them all. That was what you said." The old fellow carried them all home. The rest of the people were watching out. They thought it would be the young fellow that had to carry the muskrats. This ends the story.

No. 127.

XANBUSH (HIS DEATH) (No. 127).

Told by Marjory St. Germain.

Once upon a time lived Xanbush all by himself, and once he was invited by all the wild animals to a feast. He would not go at all, unless they brought him the nicest girl, so all the animals chose the best that they thought. They brought the girl to him. This one didn't suit Xanbush, he still wanted a prettier girl. The animals went to all the places where other animals lived and yet they could not find one, so they came and told Xanbush that they could not get one. Xanbush made up his mind that he would not go to the feast. The animals had the feast and after a while Xanbush thought he would go. As soon as he got there, he was noticed and all the animals came to him and told him to sit down to the table. Perhaps their table was not like our tables that we use now. Everything that they had to eat was spread on the smooth green moss. Xanbush sat down but did not eat anything. He sat there a long time and then he was called up above the clouds. He said he would not go unless they brought him the best singer, so they tested everyone to see who is the best. They sent the best singer, and still Xanbush wanted a better one yet. Another came, and another, till the fourth. Still Xanbush wasn't suited. They left him sitting on the moss and he sat there all the time till he was starved to death. The animals were all jealous of Xanbush because he had good times, and they intended to kill him, though he starved to death. This ends the story.

No. 128.

THE OJIBWAS AND THE LITTLE WILD INDIANS (DWARFS). (No. 4).

Told by Marjory St. Germain.

Once upon a time some Ojibwas lived in the woods near a shore. They camped there a long time, hunting, and one day while they were near the shore they heard someone yelling and shouting. The Ojibwas watched to see who it was, and there came along six little wild Indians paddling in their small canoe. They came to this shore and pulled their canoe up. The Ojibwas came to them and they chatted to each other a long time. These little Indians said to the Ojibwas, "We are always amongst our own Indian friends, and they don't bother their heads about us." The Ojibwas could hardly see them they were so small. They went on talking. The little wild Indians said to the Ojibwas, "we have some intoxicating liquor with us," and gave them a drink. Their cups were no bigger than women's thimbles. The Ojibwas laughed at their small cups; so it went on towards evening. These little wild Indians put up their little tent. In the morning the Ojibwas got up to see their friends, but the ground was bare. They had left, but these Ojibwas were happy all their lives. This ends the story.

No. 129.

THE INDIAN SOLDIER KING.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was an Indian soldier king. He got in a big boat ready to go. And he had quite a few soldiers ready too, so they sailed away. When they got far off on the seas he got frightened. He got the rest of the soldiers to put him in a big box, which they did, and shortly afterwards the boat went all to pieces, and the Indian soldier king was safe. He drifted on the seas for many days and nights, till he heard the waves just like as if it was near the shore. He had a jackknife, so he cut a hole just large enough to crawl out of. He looked and saw that he was on the shore. He got out and he saw a little foot track of a little child. It was nice and sandy on the shore. He saw an Indian coming, who came and spoke to him and asked him "This is where you are travelling?" He said "Yes." The Indian said to him, "I live just a little ways from here, you come with me." And so he did. It was a big house where the Indian lived, and there were lots of all kinds of irons, and he could hear the whip cracking, and he could see men drawing iron. There were no horses. He stayed there for two days. There was a man sitting there and he said to this Indian soldier king, "If you like I can take you away, so they went out of the door and the man said to the king, "Get on my back." They went up in the air all day and came back to the house where they were before. The Indian soldier king did not like this. He didn't want to go back to that house again. He stayed there for two days more. This wasn't a man's house it was the devil's house, and this man was the devil but he looked like a man. He said to the king, "I won't take you away any more but if you like you can go away yourself and I will show you the road to take." So he pointed out the road and the Indian soldier king started off. He travelled for a long

time till he came to a place where they were picking berries. He saw a woman all dressed in white, she pretended that she didn't see the king. They were picking big round white berries, which the king didn't know. There were lots of them, but he didn't pick them up. They were on the ground like strawberries. The Indian soldier king went on till he came to an old log house. He thought to himself, "I'll stay here to-night." Then he changed his mind that he wouldn't stay there, so he started off and he came to another old log house. There was no one living in it, but he heard a cowbell ringing some place. He stopped to listen, but he didn't hear it again. So he started off again, and again he heard the bell ringing and he could hear dogs barking. He looked behind him and he saw a man coming who caught up to him, and he talked to this man for a long time. The Indian said to the Indian soldier king, "The first house you came to, that's where I lived first, and the second one, too. I didn't like either of them. I couldn't live in them. I live just a little ways from here. You can come and stay overnight with me." So he did and the next day the Indian hitched his horses up, and the Indian soldier king helped him, for he was going to take wheat to some town. You know this was the devil, too, and he had two black horses. They had the load of wheat on the wagon, they started off and travelled over three hours, they met a man in a buggy with a white horse. The king asked him "Where are you going?" "Well, I am going to the wedding," he said, but it was to the king's place where he was going. "Will you give me a ride?" said the king. "Yes," said the man. They started off and came to the place where the king lived, before he went on the boat. He was back to his home again. His wife didn't know him. She wouldn't believe it was her husband. He had left a trunk full of clothes. He opened his trunk, put on these clothes, had a shave, and then she believed it was her husband. The rest of the soldiers were drowned. The end of the Indian soldier king story.

No. 130.

A STORY OF NANBUSH WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN (No. 13).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

One day he went out fishing, he fished for half a day, but didn't catch any. He heard some one coming, so he went to the shore and got out of his bark canoe, and hid behind the bushes. There was an Indian and his wife coming for to bathe. Nanbush thought to himself, "I bet I am going to have that man's wife for a while anyway." He got out of the bushes and said to the Indian, "You can have my bark canoe for a while. Lots of fish here. You don't have to go very far. You can catch many fish in a short time." The Indian was very glad. He said to his wife, "You can stay here with Nanbush. Get dinner ready and when I come back we'll have dinner together." The Indian got in the canoe and started off. He wasn't very far off and the woman started to make a fire. Nanbush said to her, "I want to tell you something." "Well tell me it," she said. He said, "Come here and I will tell you," but she didn't like to go near him. She said, "Wait till my husband is far off." Of course Nanbush was very glad when she said this, and when the Indian was far off she went to Nanbush and said, "What is it." Nanbush put his arms around her neck and kissed her. He said to her, "We'll go away, we'll leave your husband." And the woman was well satisfied. He said to her, "But we'll have lots of fun before we leave here, but you mustn't yell, your husband might

hear you." She says to him, "Why should I yell, for I am here for good times, not for bathing, I'd rather have you than my husband." They went away and lived together for years, I guess they are out for *good times* yet. The end of Nanbush story.

No. 131.

NANBUSH (No. 14).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

Nanbush made a boat and he put wings on it so that he could go up in the air as well as on the water. He said to his wife, "The girls will all like me when I finish this boat." "Well, alright," said Nanbush's wife, "I will make something too, so the boys will all like me." He said to his wife, "I won't let you." "Well, I won't let you finish your boat either," she said. "Well, I'll tell you I won't take any girls out, only boys," he said. Nanbush's wife was well pleased then but one night he waited till she went to sleep, then he got up, put his clothes on, went out and took girls out for a boat ride up in the air, and went back to his camp again before his wife would know that he was away some place. He went on like this for a long time. He went away every night till one night she woke up. Nanbush wasn't there, she got up and looked for her husband. She didn't find him, though she looked in every camp. She went back home and to bed, about an hour after Nanbush came in very quietly. His wife didn't let on that she was awake, so Nanbush woke her up but she wouldn't speak to him. She got up and went out to look for his boat, she found it hidden behind the bushes, she set fire to it and burnt it. Nanbush got up in the morning and looked for his boat, it was all in ashes. He came back to the camp and told his wife that someone had burnt his boat. She was very sorry but it was herself that burnt it. "Never mind," said Nanbush, "I will make another," but she wouldn't let him. This is the end of Nanbush story.

No. 132.

GANGOL, THE DRUNKARD.

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

Not very long ago there was an Indian woman, called Gangol, here in Rama, who was a drunkard. Some of the Christians would talk to her and try to save her soul, but she wouldn't listen to anybody. She kept on drinking for many years. Her husband was a nice man. He never said anything to her. Sometimes she'd be away for a week, drunk with lots of men. One time she was drunk and some bad man left her lying beside the road. When she woke up it was daylight, she lay there till she got better. Just when she was getting up she saw an automobile coming. She never saw one before, she thought to herself, "Now the devil is after me. I was told long ago to leave the whiskey alone, and now the devil has got me." She got up and tried to get over a wire fence, but her skirt caught on the wire and she hung there till the automobile came up. The man who was driving the car got off and took her off the wires. She said to him, "I am drunk and I thought you were the devil." He said, "I am the minister, but leave whiskey alone." He took her in his car to where she camped. Her husband was waiting for her. The end of old Gangol story.

No. 133.

WINDIGO STORY (No. 9).

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

One time there was a Windigo and his wife. They took an Indian boy for their lunch, this boy was alive, and every time they camped they took a knife and cut the boy to see if he was fat enough to eat. They came to an Indian camp, just one family, but the Windigo and his wife didn't go near. They just sent this little boy, but the boy didn't come back. He called the boy and said, "Hurry up, you are telling lies to the Indians." The boy told the Indians "The Windigo will kill you sure." The Indian and his wife got ready. They put a lot of snow at the door of the camp, and put water on the snow so that it would be slippery. They sat on each side of the door with their axes. The Windigo came and as soon as he got to the door he slipped and fell. They cut off his head. They heard the Windigo's wife calling. She says, "I crack it, I have cracked it," but she couldn't get no answer. On her ears she wore the Windigo's testicles for ear-rings. She said "Crack! crack!" but they didn't reach. She got mad (angry) and went to the Indian camp. She slipped on the ice like the Windigo did, and they cut her head off, too. The end of the Windigo and his wife.

Compare with 104.

No. 134.

A RABBIT STORY.

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

"Rabbit, why are your eyes so big?" "Well, I was looking for a moose to see if I could see him walking some place" (somewheres). "Rabbit, why are your ears so stuck up?" "Well, I was listening for the moose, if I could hear his footsteps some place." "Rabbit, why are your shoulders so close together?" "Well, I had two women (wives) and they were on each side of me." "Rabbit, why are your feet so yellow?" "Well, I was tobaccoing (bathing them in tobacco water)." "Rabbit, why is your mouth so wrinkled?" "Well, I was chewing (or licking) the string off the bow and arrow." "Rabbit, why is your anus so shaky?" "Well, I had a bad disease." The end of the rabbit story.

No. 135.

THE INDIAN WHO WAS A DRUNKARD.

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

One time there was an Indian who was a drunkard. He had his jug under his bed. He was a very old man and he'd get up very early in the morning to get to work. He'd wash his face and sing some hymns, wake all the rest who were asleep. He would yell out that he was saved, but at the same time he was dead drunk. He'd say to the rest, "Get up! You are all going to hell. The pidgeon looks for something to eat early in the morning."

No. 136.

THE WHITE WOMAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

I will tell you the story about the white woman. Indians ran after her while she was in the bush picking berries. About fifteen years after, her family was five daughters. One of them was very dark, looked like an Indian girl, who didn't like that she was darker than the rest of her sisters. She was called "squaw" all the time. She asked her mother, "Why am I so much darker than the rest of my sisters?" "Well," her mother said, "I was picking berries in the bush and an Indian ran after me." The girl said, "I guess he caught you too, and that's the reason that I am so dark."

Note by G. E. L.—An Indian variety of humor at the expense of the white people.

No. 137.

THE INDIAN SINGERS AND THE CORN FEAST.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

An Indian and his family started off one fall. He had two daughters. One big son, and one little boy. This old Indian and his son were great singers, and at night they were never home. They were asked to a good many different places to sing. Well, one evening they were asked to go to a corn feast. They got ready to go to the feast, and when they got there the camp was full of people. The young man didn't like to go in, but the old man coaxed him, and at last got him to go in. Everybody was glad to see them there. Well, as soon as they went in everybody says to them, "We want you to sing first, and then we'll give you some corn soup." The old Indian says to them, "Well, I am not very particular about the corn soup, as I have lots of that at home." He found out that everybody was whispering to each other, and after a while a grey-haired old woman came in and grabbed the young man and kissed him and put her arms around his neck. The young man's father laughed at him and he didn't like it. This old woman said, "I am going to marry this young man." "Well, you won't get me," said the nice young man. This old woman was very old and ugly and had no teeth. The old Indian and his son got ready to leave that place, but they couldn't. The others went to the door. They had little axes, and said to the old man, "If you don't let that son of yours marry this old woman we will kill the two of you right here, now!" but the old Indian had a revolver in his pocket, and he said to them, "I've got something worse than that. I can kill you all at once." They all got afraid of him and yelled and said, "All right, we'll let you go, but do you know of any young man who would like to marry this nice woman?" The woman was a very ugly-looking old squaw. Nobody would ever marry the likes of her, but anyway she wanted to get married right away. "Well, I know an old man that lives near us, just about your age," said the old man to her. "Well," she said, "I don't want an old man, I want a young man." She was a very ugly old squaw, but didn't know it. The old Indian and his son went home and told the rest what a narrow escape they had had. "Well," said his wife, "I told you something was going to happen you if you went to that feast." The end of the story.

No. 138.

THE MOONSHINE MOCCASINS.

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

There was an Indian and his wife living. The woman took sick. She said to her husband, "If I had moonshine moccasins I would get better, even if I only saw them I would get better." The Indian went all over looking for the moccasins, but he couldn't find them anywhere. His sister went next to look for the moonshine moccasins. She went to the lake shore and saw a kingfisher sitting on the end of a log. The girl said to the kingfisher, "What are you doing here," and the kingfisher said, "Well, I am looking for something to eat." Then she asked the kingfisher "If he had moonshine moccasins" but the kingfisher didn't know anything about them. The girl saw a muskrat sitting on the log, and she said to the muskrat, "What are you doing here" "Well, I am looking for something to eat," said the muskrat. The girl then said, "Do you know where I could get moonshine moccasins?" "Why do you want them?" said the rat. "Well," my sister-in-law is sick, and she says if she had moonshine moccasins she would get better right away, or if she just saw them she would get better." "I have a pair," said the rat to the girl. "If you wait I will go and get them for you." So he did, and the girl took them right away to the sickwoman and gave them to her. The sick woman got better right away and was no more sick when she saw the moonshine moccasins and put them on. The end of the story.

No. 139.

SNAKE STORY (No. 2).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

An Indian and his son were fishing. They heard some one coming behind them. They looked back and saw a big snake coming. So they paddled away for all their worth, but the snake came closer and caught up to them. The old man killed it with his paddle, but before he killed it the big snake tried his best to get into the canoe to bite them; he had his mouth open and his teeth out (ready). they were very glad that they killed this big snake. They started off and caught a big catfish, which made them very glad. They said, "We'll have this for dinner." They started to clean it, and they found a big snake inside of the big catfish and the snake was alive yet. It got mad (angry) at them, and got up and jumped at them and tried to bite them, but they didn't give it a chance, they killed it right away. But they didn't eat the catfish after seeing the big snake inside of it. They went shooting ducks and got one, and when cleaning the duck the same thing happened again. There was a snake inside. The young man said to his father, "What will we eat? We can't get anything without snakes in the inside." "Well, my dear son, we will go to another lake," said the old man. Well, they paddled all day without eating or drinking till they came to a little island. They landed and put up their tent and went to hunt ducks again; they got about four and cleaned them. There were no snakes inside of these. They were very glad, and the young man eat two and the old man the other two. Well, they were very tired and went to sleep very early. The old man had a dream. Somebody was going to kill them

before they got any farther. "Well, I don't believe in dreams," he said to his son the next morning. "Well, father," the boy said, "Did you have a bad dream?" "The woman I dreamt of is now dead, and I don't suppose she can do anything yet (now). I dreamt of that old witch that died long ago. She came and told me that someone was going to kill us before we got any farther." "Father, don't you believe in dreams." "Well, we'll start off again. Get ready," said the old man. So they had very good luck after the dream didn't come true.

No. 140.

THE TWO HUNTERS.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A young Indian and his uncle went out one fall to hunt, up the Georgian Bay. They started one morning to hunt and came to a wild duck, but couldn't get close enough to shoot it. The young Indian got mad (angry) at it, and said to his uncle, "We won't let it go. Maybe it's a witch, and that's the reason why we can't kill it." But they shot it and put it in their canoe. They got off at a landing place, lit a fire and made some tea and fried fish. They had a good dinner and a little rest and went to sleep. When they woke they were surprised to find the duck was gone. A long ways off they could see an old Indian woman coming and they were afraid. The young Indian said to his uncle, "Maybe the duck I shot is a witch." "Well, I told you to let it go." The old woman was still coming near, and when she got to the place where the two Indians were she said, "Why did you kill my duck?" The young man said, "I didn't kill it." "Well, you did," said the old woman, "and you will see after this you won't catch any more ducks, or anything else." The old woman said to the older man, "Have you no brains at all, that you let him kill my duck?" "Well," he said to her, "You know these ducks are wild and anybody can kill them; nobody owns them, or you either." "Well, you will see what I own and what I am," she said. "Well, we'll kill you right here," the old man said, "If you are going to be so mean we can be mean too." "Well," she said, "I tell you what we can do, I will go with you hunting and I will help you hunt. You see I have nobody to live with now after you killed my duck." "Well, how did you know we killed it?" said the old man. "Well, it came home and told me you killed it, and before it died it spoke to me and sent me here to kill you, but I won't do such a thing. My duck killed quite a few Indians. I used this duck to kill Indians, and I never killed anybody myself yet, but I have all the blame for it. I guess it's because I sent the duck. I tell you if you let me go with you, you will kill lots more ducks and other game—wolves, minks, rats, bears, and beaver." "Well, I am afraid of you," said the old man, "I wouldn't like to live with anybody that talks like you do, but you can come for a few days and we'll see how you act." They didn't know what to do, whether to start off that afternoon, or stay there over night, but they didn't go away that afternoon. They put up their tent, and after that the old man and his new wife went for a canoe ride. The young man stayed home to get supper ready. The old man and the old woman got two big fish, and the old woman said to the old man, "I bet you these two fishes can talk to me, if I like." The old man said, "If you talk to the fish I will surely put you in the water head first." They went to the camp and the young man had supper ready. They got ready

for bed. This old woman went out when she thought everybody was asleep, but the old man wasn't; he woke up the young man and told him that they had to go away right away; that he was afraid of the old woman. They got the canoe ready and pulled down the tent and put everything into the canoe and started off. Just when they were leaving the old woman came crying, "Wait for me," she said, but they never let on they heard her. Left her there alone, they were glad they got rid of her. The end of the story.

No. 141.

THE STORY ABOUT THE WINDIGO WHO WOULD EAT A DOZEN MEN AT ONCE.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Once, a long time ago, this Windigo went to a reserve, and there were quite a few Indians living there. He had a knife and he cut them to see if they were fat enough to eat. He stayed in that reserve and waited for them all to get fat. Every day he'd pick up one to eat, and again the next day he'd do the same, and nobody dare say anything to him. They were afraid of him. He'd eat the children two at a time. He kept on like this every day until he eat quite a few of the women and children. One day he went to another reserve to see the Indians living there. All these Indians got their axes ready, and at night they waited till the Windigo went to sleep, and they all at once hit him on the head. He jumped up and grabbed some of them, he was very strong yet. They hit him again on the head with five or six axes. He still could hang on to some of them, but got weaker all the time till he fell down. Then they hit him again and he died. They were all happy then, but he killed quite a few of the Indians. This was the end of the giant who killed quite a few Indians.

No. 142.

SNAKE STORY (No. 3).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago an Indian was fishing. He landed on the lake shore and went into the bush. He went back to the shore to get to his camp as it was getting towards evening. He saw a big snake, and not very far from there he saw a big round ball. When the snake heard the Indian coming he struck this ball, which was all little snakes rolled up. The big snake opened his mouth and all the little snakes went in his mouth. The big snake went into the little bushes, but the Indian kept on till he found the big snake. He was a lot bigger than he was before the little ones went in his mouth. The Indian killed the big snake, but had quite a time before he could do so. After he killed it he counted about fifty little ones inside it. The Indian was surprised how the big snake knew what to do to save her little ones. You wouldn't think a snake would know enough to do that. This is the end.

No. 143.

THE BALA MOHAWKS.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Near Bala there is a reserve of Indians, these are Mohawks, and some of them don't like the Ojibwas. They don't forget the time when they had the big battle, and they are very dangerous. One Mohawk said to his chum, "When you die I am going to marry your wife." This poor Indian only laughed, so he chummed with this man for a long time. One time they went away for a hunting trip, and they both took canoes. When this Mohawk came back, he came alone and he was asked where his chum was. He said, "Didn't he come home yet? Well, he left me about three days ago." Well they kept waiting for a long time but this Indian never came back and his body was found. They understood that this Mohawk might have drowned his chum to get the chance of the woman. Afterwards he looked quite a bit like a murderer, but he didn't know it himself. His big eyes were almost on the top of his head. This is the end of the Mohawk story.

No. 144.

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS BURIED NEAR THE LAKE SHORE.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There was a young Indian man who took sick. At night he wouldn't let anybody go near him after midnight. He all the time talked about the place where he wanted to be buried. It was on the lake shore, where nobody would ever think of burying a person. They thought that the big serpent must have fooled this young man when he was all right. The young man died and was buried where he wanted to be buried. They put a nice big stone there, and all the time they saw a big snake there, and that's the reason they thought maybe, the serpent saw the young man all the time there before he took sick. The rest of the family felt awful badly and left the island. They didn't like to live there very long after the burial. I saw the stone myself, and I was surprised to see the stone so near the water. I asked my friends, "Why is that stone so near the water?" and they told me all about it. Not very far from there, there was a big bush, and they could see a woman there just about dark. They tried to go near her, but could never get close. The end of the story.

No. 145.

THE CARELESS WIFE AND THE LOST BABY.

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

A long time ago there were Indians camping. An old woman who lived with her married son and daughter-in-law who had quite a few little ones (children).

One day they lost their little baby, and the young man got mad (angry) and told his mother, "We go away, we leave this bad woman (his wife) here. If she had minded the baby, no one would have taken it, we'll leave her here alone and we'll go and camp some place else." So they got ready to leave the camp, and they took all the clothes off this woman (his wife) and tied her with a basswood string (rope) so that she couldn't move. The old woman (the grandmother) didn't like this very well, so she dug a hole in the middle of the camp in a hurry so the man wouldn't see her, and told the woman (the wife), "You will find fire in the bottom of the hole." When they got out of the camp, the young man called the hawks and told them, "I feed you that woman we left there, go and eat her." And when they were far off the hawks went into the camp. The woman said to them, "Don't you bother to eat me, just cut the strings off, which I am tied with, and how would this earth grow if we kill each other?" So they cut the strings off, and she looked in that hole where the old woman told her, and she found fire and warmed herself. She sent the hawks to look for old clothes and they came back with big pieces of rags, and again she sent to look for a needle and made herself a dress. She said, "These people that left me here like this will all be snakes." She went with the hawks to where these people went to camp after they had left her. They didn't see anybody there only cat tails (bulrushes) and snakes, that were these Indians all turned to snakes. The end of the story.

No. 146.

THE BABY THAT WAS HALF SERPENT. (Serpent Story No. 5.)

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.

Once upon a time there were Indians camping, an Indian, his wife and one child, a girl about ten years old. One day the girl went away, she never was known anywhere for about twenty years. The old folks still lived there, and one day the girl came back, but her folks didn't know her then. She said, "Do you know me, I am the girl you lost a long time ago." The old folks were very glad, but they noticed that she was going to have a baby. She went away again and told her folks, "I will come back to see you again some time." They waited for a long time and one time she came back again. She had a baby with her, she gave the baby to her mother to pet it. Her mother took it and noticed the child was half serpent. She gave back the baby to her daughter. She didn't like to pet it on account of it being half serpent. The young woman didn't like this, she wanted her mother to pet her baby, so she got ready to go away. She said to her mother, "I won't come any more because you don't pet my child. If you want to see me you will have to come to see me," and told her where to find her on the lake shore. They went to see her a long time after, and they did see her sitting on the lake shore with her baby but they didn't see the serpent (father). He must have hid. The end of the story.

THE OLD SQUAW AND THE SERPENT. (Serpent Story No. 6.)

Told by Lottie Marsden.

In Georgian Bay there is a reserve of Indians, where an old man and his wife and married sons and daughters lived. The old woman was a cripple and every day she would send one of her sons to town after whiskey. She'd have wild times with all her sons and daughters and grandchildren. These Indians did not believe in Christianity. One day this old woman went away and they could not find her anywhere. There was nobody living nearby where she could go to. They went in a big swamp to look for her and they saw a little camp there, and there was fire yet like if someone was in the camp, early in the morning. It was two of her sons who found the camp and they said, "We will stay here till evening, maybe mother lives here now with another man or with some wild creature." Well, they stayed there till that evening and just about dark they heard someone coming. They looked out of the camp. "Yes, it's mother," said one of the Indians to his brother, "she is with a man but I don't know who he is. I have never seen him before." Well, this man who was coming up with the old squaw knew that they (the sons) were there and he disappeared right there. They could not find him anywhere. They coaxed their mother to go home but she would not go with her sons. She said to her sons, "I have a better home here and I have all I want to eat, and to drink, too, but at home I never got anything, I worked for nothing," but she never did anything at home. They left her there and they saw a little lake just about dark and they saw a big serpent in it, which they claimed was the one that was with their mother. The serpent hid under the water. One of the Indians had a gun and they stayed there for a long time watching for the serpent, but they saw no signs of it any more. They went back to their mother, and again they saw this man that they had seen before, but he disappeared again like he did before. They coaxed their mother to go home again, but she wouldn't. These two Indians cried and bid their mother goodbye, and went home and didn't bother with her any more. They let her live with the serpent. The end of the story.

THE OWL WITCH STORY (No. 21).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was a family of Indians camping. They had quite a few children. Some big boys, some of them were small, and some girls, too. One day one of the little girls took sick, and she died that night. They were told that this girl was witched. The next night after they buried this girl one old man told the eldest brother "To-night the witch will come to the grave and we'll take the gun and watch for him." Well, they did go, this young man went with the old man and they did hear the witch coming, it was an owl coming. Well, this young man fainted and the owl heard them and turned back. "Well," the old man said to the young man, "to-morrow night I will give you medicine so you won't faint." So he did, and they went and sat near the grave till mid-

night. Well, the owl came then and he went and sat on top of the grave and got down again and went all round the grave. The owl had all his feathers up just like if he was mad (angry). "Well," the old man said to the young man, "you shoot him now," and he did, but before he shot the owl they could hear the coffin going to burst. The owl was just going after his medicine. After they shot him he yelled like an Indian and not like an owl. The next day they heard that an old man (the witch) died. The end of the story.

(Note by G. E. L. The owl witch was preparing to go into the grave after the coffin burst to recover his "medicine" what he had used on the girl to cause her death.)

No. 149.

THE BOY WHO WAS WITCHED. (Witch Story No. 22.)

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Quite a few years ago, here in Rama, there was a family of Indians and they had three children. The youngest boy took sick. He was four years old. He was very sick. The doctor couldn't do anything for him and gave him up. He said to the parents, "I can't do anything. If you think you can give him some Indian medicine you can try it." The Indian and his wife sent for the Indian who knew when a person was witched, and he did come and he told the parents that the child was witched. He told them, "To-morrow morning about daylight that old woman (the witch) will come in here with her daughter and she will ask you, 'How is your child?' and before noon her husband will come to see the child, and your dog will almost bite him, but don't stop your dog from biting him. You will say to him, 'It's you that is witching my child, even the dog knows you,' and he will say 'Oh! How the dog hates me. Every time I go by here he's after me.'" Well, the next night they were watching for this old woman and her daughter to come in. Well, about daylight they did come in and the old woman said, "How is your child?" And the mother said to her, "Well, he is asleep just now." The old woman got mad (angry) and went out with her daughter. The parents waited towards noon. The old man was coming then and the dog was after him. He said, "I don't see how your dog hates me so bad." The woman who owned the child said to him, "Go away from here! It's you and your wife that's witching my boy," and he did go away. The child was so sick that his soul went away. This Indian doctor who was an old man could cure persons who were witched, he sent two wild birds to go after the boy's soul and he put it in a cap box (gun caps), but they daren't open this box. They could hear something in the box for a long time, and one time it disappeared. I guess it was the time the boy was getting better. The Indian doctor said to the parents, "These two old witches will be very good friends of yours afterwards," and they were, too. The Indian doctor asked them, "Why did you want to kill the child?" "Well," the witches said, "one time they had lots to eat and they wouldn't give us any." That was only the reason why they wanted to kill that boy. This ends the story.

No. 150.

WITCH STORY (No. 23).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This story was told by my great grandmother. My great grandmother was a very old woman. She told me that in her young days she was troubled very much by the witch. She said, "One evening I was all alone in the house, a big dog came in and barked at me. The dog was so big I was afraid to hit him. The dog went out and I looked where he was a long ways off. I saw a man standing beside the big dog, so I came in and locked the door. It was getting very dark and that man came to the door next and I asked him what he wanted. He wouldn't speak to me at all, so I looked and opened the door. It was the dog standing there again so I shut the door. He started to bark again at me and he kept on barking while he was outside. I got tired of the dog barking at me at the door, so I went and jumped through the window. I went to my nearest neighbor and borrowed his shot gun. I came in again through the window and went to the door and opened it and I shot the dog. After I shot him he talked so I shot him again. He talked like a man. Not very far from where we lived there was an old Indian, who was one of the biggest witches on the North Shore (Lake Huron). Next morning we heard that that old man was dead." My great grandmother said she never could rest because she killed that old witch, but it wasn't her fault. He killed quite a few people. This old witch did. This is the end of this witch story.

No. 151.

SERPENT STORY (No. 6).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago an Indian was hunting, of course in the olden days they did nothing but hunt. Well, this Indian went away in the bush and about noon he found a camp what some Indians made a long time ago. Well, he made up his mind that he was going to come back there that night. Well, he went out hunting all afternoon, and went back to the camp in the evening. He got his supper and went out and got lots of cedar and made a soft bed for himself. It wasn't quite dark when he laid down to rest. About dark he heard someone come in, so he laid as quiet as he could all night. This was a big serpent that came in and the serpent laid down to rest. The Indian laid as quiet as he could all night and early in the morning the serpent went out. The Indian looked at his hair and it was as white as snow. The Indian was young, only nineteen years, but he suffered so much that night, that it made his hair white. The Indian went out of the Big Bush that day. He didn't see any more of the serpent. This ends the story.

No. 152.

WITCH STORY (No. 24).

Told by Mrs. Lottie Marsden.

Away back north there was an old witch who was known all over among the Indians. This old witch would go to visit every house in all the reserves. One day he went to a reserve and went to the chief's house and asked the chief, "If he had any daughters." "Yes," the Chief said, "but I wouldn't let any of my girls go (with you) for all the money" (there is). The witch said, "Allright, you won't see your daughters very long with you." The Indian Chief said to the old witch, "If anything will happen to any of my daughters I will come and kill you." The old witch said I won't beg of you any more to let me see your daughters, they might like me yet. Do you say you wouldn't let them?" This old witch was very ugly looking, he had long hair, no one would like him but he killed quite a few girls like this asking them to marry him. No one liked him and he witched them. "Well," he told the Chief again, "I am going now, what do you say about your daughters?" "Well," said the Chief, "I am not going to let you have any of them. If anything happens to any of my girls I will come to kill you." But the Chief's daughters were allright for a long time until one night one girl took sick, and the Chief knew it was the old witch was after his daughter. He went outside and he could see fire in the bush not far from where they lived. He watched for it to come near the house. His daughter was very sick. The chief went in the house and found his daughter nearly dead. He went out again and saw a turkey near the house. He went in the house, got his gun and shot the turkey. When he shot it he could hear it talking till it was dead. It talked just like the old witch. The chief went in the house and found his daughter was allright. The next morning they heard this old witch was dead. This was the end of the old witch, he was known no more.

No. 153.

THE HUNTER AND THE STONE POT.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A certain Indian would go hunting every fall, just himself, nobody with him. He met one Indian stranger somewhere on his way, who told him what to do. "When you get near the hunting ground you will look for a big pot of stone, this pot is on the Big Rock in one of the best hunting grounds." This Indian from Rama did find the pot, and the strange Indian he met had told him, "If you find the pot and if you see anything in the pot, that shows you are going to get lots of game." Well, he did find something in the pot. He went further on and saw lots of wild animals. He saw everything and had very good luck. But if there was nothing in the pot this hunter would have had no game at all. The Indians in the olden days knew many things what some don't know now. This was about 60 years ago. This Indian hunter was away about a month and a half, and had lots of game. Only for the pot and meeting the strange Indian he would have had no game. The end of the story.

(Note by G. E. L. The stone pot on top of a rock was evidently a mortar. The writer has observed them in several localities in this section.)

No. 154,

REAL WILD INDIANS.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

In Georgina Island there are big rocks, and people see men there with hair all over their bodies. These hairy men have canoes, too, but the Indians on Georgina Island could never find where they lived. One evening the Indians set nets in the lake. It was near where those big rocks are. The Indians watched their nets and they heard someone paddling. It was those Indians with hair trying to steal the nets. The Indians got in their canoes and went for those Indians with hair on their bodies that were after the nets. The Indians tried to catch them but couldn't. The Indians with hair on their bodies could paddle faster than anybody else, and they struck the rocks and went right in, canoes and all. The Georgina Indians claim that these hairy Indians are the real wild Indians. They eat everything raw. They never cook anything, and no one could ever get near them. The Georgina Indians had pasture near there where these wild Indians lived and who would kill cows, and horses, too, and eat them. The Indians didn't know where the cows went and they didn't know the wild Indians were there. These Indians and the wild Indians would never kill each other. The end of the story.

(Note by G. E. L. Compare with page 82, Memoir 71, Geol. Survey, McMegeve's Is., or dwarflike creatures who stole fish from nets and disappeared into the rocks. These dwarfs were ugly and had hair growing all over their bodies.)

No. 155.

THUNDERBIRDS (No. 5).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This story I was told by my grandmother. "When it's stormy the thunderbirds tell their young ones, 'Be careful, you will scare the Indians. You will go very easy when you see the Indian reserves or campers.' Well, the young thunderbirds went very easy where they saw Indians camping, but there was one camp, there were two Indians in it who were afraid of thunder. Well, the young thunderbirds struck that camp and set it on fire, and those two Indians, of course, were burnt with the lightning, but the rest of the campers were all right. If the young thunderbirds know anyone afraid of them, those are the ones they go after. There was one young Indian girl among these camps, and she had no rest when she saw a thunderstorm coming. She'd go from camp to camp. She left her own camp and went to another camp till the thunderstorm was over. When she went back to her camp it wasn't there, it was all to pieces. If she had stayed quiet nothing would have happened her camp." This ends the story.

No. 156.

THUNDER STORY.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Quite a few years ago there were Indians camping on the lake shore and a big thunderstorm came. They looked on the lake and they saw a big serpent going up, it went up in the clouds and the Indians watched for the serpent to come down, but it didn't. You know the thunder kills the serpents. After the thunderstorm was over they saw no more of the serpent, it went *up*. They only saw trees go *down*. The lightning was so fierce there that the Indians had to move, some of their camps went down. They saw dark clouds and they thought another thunderstorm was coming that night. An Indian came to visit them that night, they never saw him before. He told those Indians that they had to go away from there if they wanted to live, that someone was coming to kill them. These Indians had nothing, no canoes to go away with so they hurried and made birch bark canoes and moved away. They were safe then. They had nobody to bother them. The end of the story.

(Note by G. E. L. This "serpent" was evidently a "water spout" which sometimes occur on these lakes. The writer has seen several.)

No. 157.

WINDIGO STORY (No. 11).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago lived a reserve of Indians, they were very happy, had everything they wanted and lots to eat. One day one Indian went out to hunt, but he didn't go very far. He heard someone shouting. He wondered who would that be, it sounded very loud and there was no Indian that could shout so loud, so he turned and went back to camp. When he got there he saw two Windigos who had killed quite a few Indians, one of the Windigos was after the Indians (chasing them) while the other was killing the rest of them on the reserve. They didn't eat the Indians all at once. The hunter wasn't killed, they used him very badly, these two Windigos. They wouldn't let him drink nor eat anything only every two days, they just gave him so much raw meat to eat. He wanted to cook it but they would not let him. This poor Indian tried to get away but they wouldn't let him go. They told him that they were going to burn him alive. One day the two Windigos went away far in the bush, and this poor Indian had a chance to escape. He went very far and he heard the Windigos coming on the way back to their camp, so he hid under the bushes. These two Windigos were coming nearer and one of them said, "Stop! I smell something, maybe the Indian got away from us." Now the poor Indian was still hiding under the bushes. His heart was beating like footsteps. The other Windigo said "Never mind, we'll let him go, we've got enough to eat anyway for a couple of weeks, and when we eat them all we'll look for another reserve. Then we might find quite a few more Indians some place," but they were still standing there and (after a while) they went away. When they got a long ways off this Indian

went off until he came to a reserve. He told the Indians there to leave as soon as they could. They all got ready and one of them said to the rest, "We don't need to go away from here and leave our good homes, we go there to-night all of us men, and while the Windigoes are asleep we'll kill them." "You will show us where they are?" he said to the visitor. They went and killed the two Windigoes. The end of the Windigoes story.

No. 158.

THE HALF MOOSE, HALF HORSE STORY.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There was an Indian in Manitoulin Islands. He had a mare and the mare would be away in the bush all the time. One day the Indian went in the bush to look for his mare and when he found her the moose was with her, and the next summer his mare had a colt half moose which the Indian raised. The colt wasn't very good looking, but it was very smart. A lot of people didn't know that it was half moose as it had a head like a horse. This colt could understand nearly everything what the Indian said to him. The colt grew up and in about three years' time the Indian would go to horse races. He never was beaten. He went to quite a few horse races, but the people didn't know the Indian had a horse that was half moose. When the Indian would enter the racing ground the people would laugh at him because his horse was ugly, but the Indian didn't care. He beat them every time, though his horse was ugly. They'd go five times around the race track and the last round the Indian would talk Indian to his horse and tell him "This is the last round. Beat them now." He'd say this in Indian so the others wouldn't understand. This Indian won the prizes every time, and men wanted to buy this horse from him, but he wouldn't sell. One day a white man came to this Indian and asked him to take him (the white man) to a certain place. So this Indian did. They went 30 miles across the lake (on the ice), when they got to that town where the white man wanted to go, this whiteman asked the Indian to let him have the horse, "I will give you five dollars," he said to the Indian, "I am just going to take a drive around this town," so the Indian let him have the horse. This Indian was looking around the town when he met another Indian who told him, "Are you going to the racing grounds?" "No, I didn't know there were races on to-day," the Indian owner of the horse said. "Well, I was there and I saw your horse there," the other Indian replied. This Indian hurried to the grounds to tell the white man that he wanted his horse back right away. The white man said to him, "I won't let you have him. You let me have the horse for the day." "But I didn't let you have him to run races with," said the Indian. "No, I won't let you have him," said the white man. The Indian went to the police and the police said "Just take your horse." The white man had a nice racing cart, and nice harness on the horse. The Indian took them off and hitched his horse in his own sleigh and got ready to race. The rest, all laughing at him, but he won the race just the same. The Indian kept this horse till he was very old. The white people wanted to buy it off him but he wouldn't sell. This ends the story.

THE TWO BROTHERS.—PETIT JEAN, OR TINZHAW STORY (No. 1).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This happened a long, long time ago, somewhere among the Indian reserves. I heard the old people telling the story, which is about two young Indian boys. Their father went to church one Sunday morning, and their mother was in bed. She had a baby, and the father told the boys to "Take good care of their mother." The goose was setting. "Don't let the goose leave the eggs!" their father said before he left for church. "Don't let the flies get on the baby's face, and when your mother asks for a drink give her warm water, but be sure you don't have it too hot!" "All right," these two Indian boys said. Well, they went to see the baby; his face was full of (covered with) flies. The boys got a big rubber boot and threw it on the baby's face and killed the baby. Their mother asked for a drink. They gave her boiling water and she scalded her throat. The goose that was setting, they chased it away.

When their father came home, he said, "Where are you?" One of them said, "I am here. I am sitting on these eggs myself, the goose got away from us." Their father got mad (angry). They said to each other, "We'll go away. Father will kill us." They had a nice door and the boys took that with them. They got so far when they saw robbers coming on horseback. The boys said, "Let us go up this big tree," which they did, with the big door. One of them said to his brother, "You leave this door down here," but the brother wouldn't, so they took it up the tree. The robbers stopped under the tree to have a lunch and count their money. One of the boys said to his brother, "I want to defecate." The other said, "Wait till the robbers go away," but he couldn't, and the faces fell on the ground, where the robbers were eating. The robbers were glad, they said, "God is giving us mustard to eat," but it wasn't mustard, it was something else. At last the brothers dropped the door and the robbers ran away and left every thing they had—lunch and money. These two Indian boys shared up with the money and ran away then. This ends the story.

Note by G. E. L.—Compare with 170.

THE RAMA INDIAN AND THE LITTLE CURRENT INDIAN WHO MARRIED A WHITE WOMAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There was an Indian who left here (Rama) for Little Current (in Ontario), and when he got there he didn't like the place very well. The Indian reserve was full of whites. He said there were lots of very ugly looking people there. Very ugly old squaws who married nice young white men. Of course, if the white men don't marry them the squaws witch them. The Indian who went there said: "I was sitting outside one day when I saw a very ugly Indian coming with a nice white woman who was his wife. I was surprised, she was such a nice woman and he was so ugly, and had long hair too. He couldn't understand a bit of English.

I was talking to his wife, and I asked her, 'Why did you marry this wild-looking Indian?' She said to me, 'Just to save my life. I met this Indian in the raspberry patch and he asked me to marry him. I told him, no! He told me right there that he would witch me if I didn't marry him.' This white woman could understand Indian, I talked in Indian and English both. She told me to leave that reserve as soon as I could or some one would be after me. 'I am very sorry you came here,' she said to me, 'but if you leave right away you might pull through all right.' The Indian got jealous of my talking to her and began to talk so loud that they could hear him all over the reserve. What we didn't want him to hear us saying we talked in English, and when we talked in English he got awfully mad (angry) and said, 'No more of this, now. If you had a wife you wouldn't let me talk to her what you didn't understand.'" The Rama Indian said to him, "I wouldn't care if you talked to my wife." "Stop this right away," the other Indian said to the Rama Indian. "I advise you to leave this reserve, we don't want any of your tricks here. It's the women you are after, not for work. If you don't leave here to-day you will find out you won't walk to your home, you will be in your coffin." "Well, if I go away now I bid you good-bye. I don't mean to take your wife away from you, but I am surprised you married such a good-looking white woman," said the Rama Indian. "Well, if she wouldn't marry me she'd have been in her grave now, and the same with you if you don't leave here," said the other. "Well, I am going now. I leave here as a good friend. If anything happens me I will blame you for it. You mind and be careful. I know about this sort of thing myself," said the Rama Indian. "What you know you can just keep quiet too, and I will also," the other said. This ugly Indian never bothered the Rama Indian. This ends my story.

No. 161.

THE GRANDMOTHER WHO WAS WITCHED (No. 25).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

I must tell this story about my grandmother, who lived on Georgina Island. My grandmother was quite well off. They had everything they needed, had plenty of good stock (live stock), had a nice big house, and nice furniture. In the fall they'd set their nets and would pack about two barrels of fish. There was one Indian woman who got kind of jealous of them. One fall my grandmother took sick. It was during the night when she first took sick. That night they saw a fire not very far from their house. There were two young men who went by the house who were the ones that saw the fire. My grandmother sent for the doctor the next morning, but he didn't know what was the matter with her. She was sick all winter, until in the spring she got one of the Indian women to poultice her. She had a sore spot on her head, and the woman poulticed this place. One morning when she was taking the poultice off she found sweet hay (sweet grass) on the poultice, that's what the old witch used to witch her with. My grandmother was well for a long time and the old witch tried another kind of medicine, and my grandmother died right away, but she was well for along time after the sweet hay was taken out of her head. This ends my story. (The old witch was the jealous woman.)

No. 162.

A TALE OF INDIANS OF LONG AGO.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

I am telling you a story about the Indians a long, long time ago. There was an old couple and sometimes they would go out fishing. One day as they were fishing someone caught hold of their canoe. They kept paddling as hard as they could, but they couldn't get their canoe to start; at last they got their canoe to go, but noticed water in their canoe, that some one caught hold of the canoe. This some one had finger nails like a lion, and was the lion, too. This old couple hurried for the lake shore to get some gum to fix their canoe. They went in the bush to look for the gum, and when they returned to the lake shore their canoe was gone and all their things what they had, and all the stuff they had to eat was gone. They made (came to) an old camp and hunted for something to eat. The first thing they caught was a porcupine, which they killed and cleaned and buried in hot coals. It was very nice to eat. They lived there a long time. They had nothing to cover them, nor quilts either. They had only cedar bark to keep them warm. One day as they were camping there they heard someone coming. "What shall we do now?" said the old man to his wife. "Some one is coming to kill us." "Don't be afraid," said the old woman, "I will pull one of my hairs out and burn it, and that beast won't come near us," but it was coming very close to them, and the old lady pulled one of her hairs and burnt it, and that beast didn't come very near them. It went back when it smelled the hair. "Well," said the old man to his wife, "I can't stay here much longer, we have to leave this place now. I can't stay here another night. I tell you that we are going to die both of us, if we stay here." The old woman said to her husband, "I will go and see, maybe our canoe might be at the lake shore now." When she went there the canoe was there. Nothing was wrong with it. It was the Lion that took their canoe at first and brought it back just in time for them to return home. This ends this story.

Note by G. E. L.—The Lion mentioned here is probably the "White Lion," or "White Lynx," that appears in other Ojibwa tales, and who lives in lakes,

No. 163.

THE FAITHLESS CHUM.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

The story about the two Indians who were living together for a long time. One of them thought to himself, "It would be better for me to get married and I will have my chum for a hired man," and so he did.

"I will go hunting," he said to his chum, "but remember, you take good care of my wife, and mind that you don't go near her at nights while I am away. If you do I will know it anyway." "Oh! no!" said his chum, but he had it in his mind that he was going to take the old squaw away as soon as the Indian left the camp. Well, this married man got ready to leave for a week's trip. He wasn't very far when his chum said to the woman, "Well, you and I will have to sleep together now." "No," said the woman. "Well, somebody will kill you

if you don't sleep with me," said the chum, "But you needn't be afraid of me, you know that I am a lot younger than your old man." "Well, I don't care," said the woman. She hurried to the lake shore and yelled to her husband. He heard her yelling, and went back and found his wife standing there crying. He asked her, "What is the matter with you?" and she told him everything. "Well, when I get to the camp," he said, "I'll go and kill him right away, where is my axe?" When he got to the camp his chum wasn't there, but before he (the chum) left he had burnt everything and told all the wild animals to go and kill the married couple, but the married Indian knew everything, it would take a lot to kill him, and one bird told him that his chum, before he left the camp, had put all the sharp things on the ground, so if the Indian and his wife would walk on them they would die, but they didn't go near where the camp was. They left that place for good. This is the end of these two Indians.

No. 164.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWKS (No. 13).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This story I was told by my grandmother. She said, "When I first got married this place was a very wild place. I'd never go picking berries alone, but one day I happened to go alone. I heard someone coming among the bushes; I had my dog with me and I set him on the person that was coming. I hid and I saw a Mohawk coming. He had feathers on the top of his head, but he didn't see me. I tell you my heart was beating like a clock. I hid under those bushes till he was a long ways off, then I called my little dog and hurried for home. I never went out picking berries alone after that. When I got home there was nobody home yet at my place, and I waited for my husband. It kept getting later and later and I heard the dog barking. I got up and peeked through the window and saw two Mohawks standing at the gate, and I could hear the stones falling on the ground that the Mohawks were hitting my little dog with. I was sitting in the house alone. Nobody near me, my husband was coming then. He saw those two Mohawks running for the bushes. He came in and we took the gun out, and watched for these two Mohawks all night. The next day I went to the place where the dog was barking and I found one of the feathers that the Mohawk had on the top of his head. I didn't know why he left it there. Maybe he left it so I might pick it up. I just set a match to it and burnt it up. We cleared all our land around the house. I worked like a man to help my man so as to keep the Mohawks away from my house, so I could see them a long ways off. I didn't want them to be watching me during the day and come to my house at nights. It kept getting better all the time. All the Mohawks were chased away from our reserve, and we were safe then." This ends this story that my grandmother told me.

Note by G. E. L.—In answer to the following queries, "Why did the Mohawk leave the feather there, and what would happen to your grandmother if she picked it up, and why did she burn the feather?" Mrs. Lottie Marsden replied: Letter of June 19th, 1918: "The feather that the Mohawk left was a piece of one of the feathers which must have broken off when the Mohawks hid in the bushes. That's what granny thought, and the reason why she burnt it was, she thought

'Maybe the Mohawk might have left the feather there on purpose and might have put something on the feather,' and if granny picked it up it might have killed her. She didn't want the feather to be there at all" (it was a menace). This was probably one of the feathers worn as a headdress or ornament in the hair, and may have been fixed up in conjunction with paint or other accessories.

No. 165.

WINDIGO STORY (No. 12).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long, long time ago, as I heard old people tell, the Windigo went to a reserve of Indians once and told them to eat all they could, but the Indians didn't know why he told them this, but he had it in his mind that when they got fat enough to eat that he'd kill them one by one. There was one big Indian, he was that fat he could hardly breathe. Well, the Windigo killed this man the first, and the rest of the Indians dare not say anything to him. He kept killing them one by one, and one day there was a strange Indian who came to this reserve, and they told the Indian, "Why do you come here?" for we are all getting killed here one by one. The strange Indian said, "Oh, I am not afraid of Windigos. We killed one in our reserve a few years ago." The rest of the Indians wanted the strange Indian to kill the Windigo for them, and the strange Indian was very glad to do so. He said, "When he (the Windigo) comes here where I am, he will notice that I am a stranger. Supposing he knows I don't belong to this reserve he will smell me, and when he comes I will hide behind the door and when he turns to shut the door I will hit him in the face with my axe." They soon saw the Big Windigo coming, he came to the door and said, "You have got a stranger here?" "No," said the Indians. "Yes," said the Windigo, "I must see if he is fat enough to eat." So the Windigo went in the door where the strange Indian was, and, as the Indian said, he hit him in the face with his axe and downed him right there, but the big Windigo didn't die right there. He lived for quite awhile, but they didn't kill him, they looked at him suffering, as he had been doing so himself killing the poor Indians. They let the rest of the Indians look at him, and then they cut him to pieces and burnt him. That was the end of the Windigo.

No. 166.

WITCH STORY (No. 26).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There was always one or two witches in every Indian reserve, and in this (Rama) reserve there was one witch. She'd go around visiting the Indians just to see if they would say anything to her. She'd ask for something, and if they didn't happen to have what she wanted, then she'd witch them. She went to one other Indian-reserve, and was great friends with one woman there. She'd go every day to visit this woman who had sore eyes. It was the old witch witching her. One night the woman who had sore eyes went outdoors with one of her boys to get a pail of water. It was the winter time, and the woman saw a turkey sitting

near the well. It was that close that she nearly caught it. The turkey didn't go away, and it had eyes just like the old witch had. The woman and the boy saw that the turkey looked quite a bit like the old witch, and in the morning they could see a turkey track on the doorstep, where the turkey was sitting during the night. This old witch would come again the next day to visit them. She'd ask the woman how her eyes were, and the woman would tell her that they were very sore yet. Again at night they would watch the turkey. It would come again, around the house all the time, and at last the old witch died. This woman never had sore eyes after that, and all her family grew up. They knew it was the old witch doing all this. This ends this story.

No. 167.

THE NICE INDIAN GIRL AND THE DEVIL.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This story I was told by an old Indian squaw some years ago. She was very old, her hair was white as snow. She heard an old man telling this story about a nice Indian girl who was going with a nice young white man. This was not a white man or Indian either. It was the man that doesn't live on earth. Well, about this Indian girl. There were a couple of old folks living back north who had only one child—a daughter. They thought a lot of her. Every night she'd go away and stay out nearly all night, and the folks thought that she was going with some nice white man that was respected. This white man gave this Indian girl lots of money all the time, but she never told her parents. One day one of her chums came to visit her, and in the evening she and her chum went for a walk. She told her chum about the young man she was going with, and that he had given her quite a bit of money, two trunks full. She coaxed her chum to go with her and see this young man. When they got to the place it was a big hill, and she went right in that hill. Her chum couldn't see the place where she went in. Well, before she went in that big hill, she told her chum, "I won't be very long." Well, she wasn't very long going in that big hill, and when she came out she looked a lot different to what she was when she went in, and her chum was afraid of her. She told her chum never to tell anybody about her going with the nice young man. The other Indian girl couldn't keep this, she went to tell the girl's parents. The old folks cried. They said, "The devil has got our daughter now." They opened the two trunks and found they were full of chips and clay. It wasn't money that the devil had been giving the girl. One time the girl disappeared. She wasn't sick and died like everybody else did. The old folks knew that this would happen to her. She was taken by the devil. Her parents died, they were that worried about their daughter. This is the end.

No. 168.

NANBUSH (No. 15.)

Told by Marjorie St. Germain.

Once upon a time lived Nanbush. He had killed a lot of ducks. He put them all in a pot, after cleaning them, to cook, and now he must take a nap wondering who would watch the ducks. However, he took a nap, and along came some

Taine

Indians who ate all Nanbush's ducks. They just left the feet of the ducks in the cinders for fun. When Nanbush woke up, he found that his ducks had been eaten. He got so mad (angry), that he made up his mind to do away with himself. He made a big fire to burn himself, and so he did. He got so burnt that he couldn't stand the pains. He walked away. There were some willows near by, and he went there and made the willows bloody from his burns. He said, "These will be called 'red willows,' my grand and great-grandchildren will make use of them as medicine." This ends the story.

Explanatory note by M. St. Germain.—I don't know myself what they are good for, but it would almost kill anyone to drink the medicine. I have drank it to see. Also they say they (the red willows) are the grandest remedy for diarrhoea.

No. 169.

NANBUSH (HIAWATHA) (No. 16).

Told by Marjorie St. Germain.

Nanbush lived all by himself near the woods. One day he thought he would go to the bush and took the path to the bush. While Nanbush travelled along the path he saw a big bear going in the same direction. The bear always gets so cross and quarrelsome. Nanbush, although he never was used to wild animals, foolishly thought that it would be nice to have company anyway, so he asked the bear to travel together with him. The bear seemed to be more mad (angry) than usual but said "Alright," so they went on to a thicker forest. At last they found themselves in a village. The bear was not willing to journey peaceably through there, he growled and howled. The people came out with clubs and sticks and beat the bear. What about Nanbush? He escaped fortunately while they were killing the bear. This ends the story.

No. 170.

TINZHAW (PETIT-JEAN) (No. 2).

Told by Mrs. Marjorie St. Germain.

Once upon a time lived a man and woman. They had three boys, one was a baby about a few months old, the other two were older boys. They had their home quite a distance from the village. They had one goose. The man died and rest felt so bad that the eldest boy thought that he would go away for a few days to try his luck. He told his youngest brother (whose name was Tinzhaw, an Indian name which is not known how to say in English), "Tinzhaw you stay at home while I am away for a few days and take good care of mother, always warm the milk for her whenever she wants a drink; and our little brother, always fan him so the flies won't bother him so much, and don't forget the goose, feed her as soon as she's up off her eggs so the eggs won't get cold." (The goose was sitting at that time.) Tinzhaw promised that he would do everything alright, so the oldest boy went off. His mother wanted a drink in a hurry, so Tinzhaw went to warm the milk. He got the milk too hot and scalded his mother's throat so she died. He hurried to his baby brother to fan him, the flies were so thick that Tinzhaw got so mad (angry) he took off his shoes and hit the flies with them, hit the baby's face and the baby died. Tinzhaw thought about the goose, the goose had got up, and the eggs got chilled. Tinzhaw kept wondering and

wondering what his oldest brother would say to him when he returned. The oldest brother returned and found his mother and baby brother dead. He hurried to the goose and found that the eggs were chilled. He saw his brother Tinzhaw and scolded him for not doing as he had told him. He said to his brother Tinzhaw, "You come on with me." Tinzhaw pulled the hen-house door off and took it along with him. The oldest boy told him, "Never mind the door, what are you going to do with it?" Tinzhaw never let on, he took it along with him anyway. They travelled till noon and saw two men coming, who were robbers. The boys said "Let us hide, we'll climb up a tree." The eldest boy went up first, then Tinzhaw who took the door up too. The robbers rested under the tree that the brothers were up, and had their dinner, and afterwards counted their money. Tinzhaw let his door fall down and it fell right between the robbers who thought the sky was falling and fled. The boys came down. The robbers had left all their money on the ground which the boys picked up and went away and the following day they came to a king's castle and asked for work. They did get work. In the evening at supper Tinzhaw said to his brother, "Now, don't eat too much. I'll poke you if I think you are eating too much. Just then as they were starting to eat a big dog walked through under the table and jerked the older brother which made him quit eating. At night they slept together and the oldest brother said to Tinzhaw, "I did not have enough to eat. Why did you jerk me as I was starting?" Tinzhaw said "I saw where the maids put the things so I will go down quietly and bring you something." So he got into a pantry and took some preserves out of a jar and took them up to his brother in his hands, no dish or anything. The first time he went he got back to their room alright. On the second trip he went into where the princess was sleeping and said to her, he thought it was his brother, "Here is some more," and as she didn't take the preserves he said, "Here take it, don't you hear me," and threw the preserves in the girl's face. He went down again and thought he would take a whole lot this time. He put both hands in the jar and got them both stuck and couldn't get them out, so he thought that he would look for a stone to break the jar on, as he went out he saw a big rock near the shore, he went close to it and smashed the jar on it. It was the princess washing her face. She screamed and yelled. The other boy came to see if Tinzhaw was in trouble and they both ran away before the king knew what had happened to the princess. This ends the story.

Notes by G. E. L.

Tinzhaw, Ojibwa—Petit-Jean, French—Little John, English.

The touch of a passing dog as a warning to stop eating. See pp. 386-387, Vol. XXIX, No. CXIII, *Journal of American Folk Lore*, Ojibwa Tales from North Shore Lake Superior, Wm. Jones, No. 45 (II).

Compare with 159, this series.

No. 171.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was a reserve (band) of Indians camping. There was one family that had five children, of whom two boys and one girl went away one day to pick berries. These Indian children got lost, but soon found out what to do. "We'll make a camp," said the oldest boy, "we'll get six long

poles and tie them together at the top, and we'll put cedar on top of these poles." So they got the poles and made the camp. "What will we do for food?" said the girl to her brothers. "We will look for it," said the youngest brother. You know in the olden times the Indians eat meat raw, and they never used salt, like the Windigo, now he eats the Indians raw, and he eats guts (entrails) and all the insides of the Indians, these three Indian children did the same. These poor Indian children found a big dead snake, they had never seen a snake before, and they thought it was something good to eat, so the boys eat this snake, but the girl didn't. She told her brothers not to eat the snake. The next morning these two boys had turned to snakes. When the girl looked at her brothers she couldn't make out what they were, but they could talk like they did before. The girl said to them, "I told you not to eat that snake and now you look like snakes, and I don't know what I will do, I can't live here with you when you look like snakes." One of the boys said, "To-night you will have a dream, and the one you will dream of will tell you what to give us to eat, so we will look like real Indians again." Well, that night the girl was very glad to get ready for bed, she wanted to know what this dream would be. Well, she went to bed and had this dream. She dreamt that a man came and said to her, "Your brothers look like snakes now." She said "Yes." "Well, I will tell you what to do and your brothers will look like real Indians again," said the man. "I will be very glad," said the girl. "To-morrow morning you will get up very early and you will take this path and you will travel for two hours, and you will see a big tree near a pond and you will sit there for some time until you hear the birds singing. They will keep coming nearer to you, and they will even sit on the top of your head, but don't you chase them away, if you do your brothers will surely die, and you will be alone here," said the man. Well, the next morning the girl got up and started for this path, she saw the big tree and she sat under it, she soon heard the birds singing, and they came to her and spoke to her, and one told her "I will go and get you two leaves, and these two leaves when you get home to your camp, you will boil them in a stone kettle (pot). Be sure you boil these leaves for three hours, and you will drain the water off and you will find two little stones in the pot, and these two little stones you will throw them as far as you can, and shut your eyes, and when you open your eyes your brothers will look like real Indians again." So the girl did all what this bird told her and she found everything came true, and her brothers looked like real Indians again. She was very glad. The end of the story.

No. 172.

SERPENT STORY (No. 7).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

The story about a serpent who tried to charm an Indian girl. This girl was about fifteen years old and there wasn't a night but that she'd go away and stay away all night. Her folks thought a lot of her, she was the only child they had. One day her parents asked her "Where do you go every night, that you can't stay in one night, you have to tell us where you go. What you are doing and with whom you are going with, we can't put up with this any longer." "I'll never tell you who I am going with and I will leave you first before I'll tell you. I am going with a young man," she said to her father. The Indian made up his mind what he was going to do that evening, he was going to watch

his daughter. Towards evening she got ready again, put on the best she had and combed her hair the best she could, and started off. The Indian said to his wife, "We'll watch our child this evening and see what she's doing and with whom she's going." The girl went out and her parents had their eyes on her but they couldn't get a chance to watch her, for she disappeared right there as soon as she left the camp. Every night they tried to watch her, but she'd disappear every time. One night she didn't come back and her folks felt awfully bad and kept waiting for her. One day she came back and told her parents she got married. "Well, why didn't you bring your husband," said her mother. The girl said "My dear mother, if you saw my husband you'd never like him." "Well, what does he look like?" said the mother. "He doesn't look like a man," said the girl. "Well you must come with him," said the mother. "No, I will never let you see him or any of my children," their daughter said. "Well, what do they look like?" said her mother. "Well, my dear mother I won't tell you, I must go, my baby will cry," the daughter replied. The poor woman, it was the big serpent that charmed her and made a fool of her. She thought a lot of the serpent, as she went out she told her parents "I will come back some day to see you." The end of the story.

No. 173.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK (No. 11).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was an Indian who went out to hunt. He took quite a bit of stuff with him as he expected to be away for a long time, perhaps all winter. This Indian was a single man, he lived by himself, and he had a big dog who could understand whatever this Indian said. So this hunter started off. He had a birch bark canoe and travelled for two days when he got to the place where he was going to camp. The Indian put the camp up, his big dog laying there watching him. The Indian hunted every day and had quite a lot of wild meat to sell, when he'd return to the camp where he was living on the reserve. One morning his dog looked at him and barked. The Indian wondered what was up, the dog kept on barking. The Indian could understand the dog just like if it said "Mohawks." The dog said "Naduays" which means Mohawk in Ojibwa. Then the Indian got ready, got his gun and watched around his camp, and the dog quit barking, too, when he knew the Indian understood what he was saying. The Indian didn't like staying there. He lay down to rest and made up his mind that he wasn't going to sleep a wink that night, but was going to watch for the Mohawks. Soon after dark he heard somebody walking around camp, so he got up and went out. He heard the Mohawks running away. It was a moonlight night and he could see the Mohawks lying on the ground. They thought this Indian would go to sleep, and they'd go and kill him then, but he watched for the Mohawks. They were around that camp all night. The Indian let his dog out and it was getting on pretty late. There were about six Mohawks, and this Indian only himself and his dog. The Mohawks didn't have the nerve to come inside the camp. Of course they only had bows and arrows and axes, but the Ojibwa had two or three guns. It was getting towards the break of day when the Mohawks went away back in the bush and the Ojibwa hunter got

ready and went home to his reserve. He didn't see any more of these Mohawks. This ends this story.

Note.—The name "Nadunys" in this story is a variant of "Nodoways" which was the Ojibwa name for the Iroquois, see p. 44 Ontario Historical Society Report 1907, Vol. VIII, "Notawasaga River Route." See also *Mall & Emper* Newspaper, Toronto, issue of Nov. 16th, p. 19. Place names in Canada IX Paper, by E. M. Chadwick, "Nodawans or Nodoways an Iroquois band or tribe who formerly dwell in the vicinity of the Notawasaga River." The word "Nodoways" still survives as "Notawa" Post Office, Ont.—G. E. L.

No. 171.

TINZHAW AND HIS BROTHER (PETT-JEANS) (No. 3).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One day Tinzhaw said to his brother, "Let's go and fish, and whoever will catch the smallest fish will carry everything we take with us." "That's not fair," said his brother, "you carry half and I'll carry half." Tinzhaw soon found out what he was going to do. "I will put all the things in the basket that you will carry," he said to his brother, and he put stones down in the bottom of the basket, and his brother had the heaviest load. They travelled all day and they got to the place where they were going to fish and Tinzhaw said to his brother, "I hear you, look down in the bottom of the basket you will find something there good to eat, and Tinzhaw's brother looked and found the stones that Tinzhaw put in the basket. "Tinzhaw laughed at his brother and said, "I beat you, you have to catch the biggest fish." "How can I help it if I catch only small ones," said his brother. "The next morning they started to fish and Tinzhaw got all small ones and his brother all big ones. Tinzhaw didn't like this very well. "Well," his brother said, "you made this law and you have to take it as it comes. You thought you would get all the biggest fish and now you have to carry all the fish when we go back." "No, I won't," said Tinzhaw, "I will throw all the fish back in the lake before I'll carry them all." "Well, you *have* to," said his brother, "I didn't say anything when you put the stones in my basket, my tongue was as long as a dog's sweating when you put the stones made me carry those stones for nothing." So Tinzhaw's brother got his fish ready and went back to their camp and left Tinzhaw there still fishing for the biggest fish, and Tinzhaw got an eel. He says to himself, "Now, I beat my brother I've got the biggest fish." He went to the camp and said to his brother, "Now, I beat you, see this big fish I caught." "That is not a fish that's a snake," said his brother. Tinzhaw got mad (angry) at his brother and said, "We'll eat this fish in the morning." "No, I don't want to eat snakes," said his brother. Tinzhaw said to himself, "I will get up very early and I will cook that fish (or eel) and I will tell him it's the fish he caught." So Tinzhaw got up and cooked the eel, and said to his brother, "Get up, I've got everything ready," and they both eat the eel, but his brother didn't care. The end of this Tinzhaw story.

No. 175.

TINZHAW (PETIT-JEAN No. 4).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Tinzhaw was a very bad boy. He was all the time doing tricks. His brother had a nice suit of clothes and Tinzhaw stole the suit from his brother and went away for a long time. His brother felt awful badly about it. One night Tinzhaw came back, the clothes that he stole were all torn. His brother said to him, "Why did you take my clothes?" "Well, those are mine, I didn't take your clothes at all," said Tinzhaw. "You did," said his brother, "and I will fix you, we go to that big island to-day," and he thought that he would leave Tinzhaw on the island and he'd starve there. When they got to the island, Tinzhaw's brother said to him, "You go that way and I will go this way." Tinzhaw did not know what his brother was going to do to him so he went a long ways in the bush, and Tinzhaw's brother got in the boat and left him on the island as a reward for stealing his clothes. When Tinzhaw got to the shore he found that his brother had gone and left him alone, so he made a raft and went across and when he got home there was nobody at the camp, all were away, so Tinzhaw camped there alone for a good many years. This ends this Tinzhaw story.

No. 176.

TINZHAW (PETIT-JEAN No. 5).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One hot summer day Tinzhaw felt awfully uncomfortable. He was mad (angry) because it was so hot. His brother said to him, "You shouldn't say anything about the weather. God is our Judge and not yourself. But Tinzhaw seemed to know more about it than his brother. He said to his brother, "If it is as hot as this to-morrow I am going to hang myself." Well, the next day it was hotter than the day before and Tinzhaw said to his brother, "Let's do this, hang ourselves." "I don't want to do such a thing," said his brother, "I want to meet my God, but you can hang yourself if you think it's fun to do it." Well, Tinzhaw got ready to hang himself, but his brother cut the rope with his little axe, and Tinzhaw got awfully mad (angry) and had a notion to kill his brother. His brother told their mother about Tinzhaw wanting to hang himself and wanting to kill him (his brother). The mother told Tinzhaw "You will be in the dark for a few days." So they dug a hole in the ground and made a place like a root house, and locked Tinzhaw there for a few days. His mother said "That's the only way we take the badness out of his head." Tinzhaw cried all the time while he was in the root house, he said, "I'll be a good boy now mother, I won't hang myself nor kill my brother," so he was good for a long time. This ends this Tinzhaw story.

No. 177.

TINZHAW (PETIT-JEAN No. 6).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Tinzhaw one day was very hungry. He had nothing to eat and his father wouldn't let him eat anything that was in the house because Tinzhaw was a bad boy. He was all the time doing tricks on his father. If his father would go hunting, Tinzhaw would never do anything but eat, and that's the reason his father didn't like him, so he sat there crying. He was so hungry that he ate his shirt, and after that he went out and killed two hens and went away in the bush where his father couldn't find him, made a fire, cleaned the two hens and buried them under the hot coals and ashes. When they were cooked and he had them eat, he put the bones in a basket and took them home and gave them to his father and said, "Here, you can eat these bones, I stole two hens from you." His father was awfully mad (angry) but he didn't want to let on for fear that Tinzhaw might do something worse. Tinzhaw said "You wouldn't let me eat anything that is in the house, and if you keep using me like this you won't have any hens or anything else." His father felt sorry for Tinzhaw for using him mean. The end.

No. 178.

TINZHAW (PETIT-JEAN No. 7).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One day Tinzhaw thought to himself, "I wonder where I could find a woman to live with for a month, but I wouldn't marry her." Tinzhaw went to a reserve where he wasn't known and acted like a nice man. The Indians in that reserve used him very well, they even fed him with a spoon. One day all the Indians went to hunt, and Tinzhaw was left alone with all the women. There was one that he liked so well that he said to her, "We'll go picking berries," and the old squaw was glad to go. She liked Tinzhaw too, better than her own husband. They got ready and when they got a little ways in the bush Tinzhaw started to hug and kiss this woman. He said to her, "Go back to your camp and get all your things, we'll run away from your husband," so they did and they travelled a good many miles that day. That evening the Indians returned and the Indian missed his wife, but he did not look for her, he thought she was in some of the camps. It was getting later that night yet his wife was still away. He waited till morning and then went to every camp to see if his wife was in any of them. The Indians missed Tinzhaw and they soon found out what happened. That Tinzhaw and the woman both went away. The Indian that lost his wife got six more Indians to help him to look for her, so they all got ready and started off. They travelled all day but saw no signs of Tinzhaw and the squaw. As they were all tired they got their lunches and laid down to rest. The next morning they started again to look for Tinzhaw. They smelled smoke and soon found them, when Tinzhaw told a lie that this woman ran after him when he was going home. The Indian blamed his wife for all this.

He nearly killed her. The rest of the Indians took her home away from him altogether. He was left alone then, and Tinzhaw went home too. The end of this story.

No. 179.

NANBUSH (No. 17).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One day Nanbush went in bathing and someone came and stole his clothes. He didn't know what to do, so he peeled some birch bark and got some balsam gum and made pants for himself, but he didn't like to go home without a shirt, so he got those big burdock leaves and made a shirt for himself, and got ready to go home. He thought, "I will lay down here for a while and have a little rest before I go." So he did. When he woke up he was all over frogs and little snakes and crabs (crawfish) he felt awfully bad. These snakes and frogs and crabs had stuck on the gum that had made his clothes. Nanbush yelled and called for the Thunderbird to come and chase these creatures that were on him. It soon came a big thunderstorm and Nanbush could notice the creatures leaving him. When the thunderstorm was over there was nothing on him, either creatures or clothes (the pants he made or the shirt) so he stayed another day, but he didn't make pants or shirt again till the next morning, he was afraid the same thing might happen him again if he made these gummed clothes and slept in them, so he made them the next morning and went home. The end of this Nanbush story.

No. 180.

THE KING WHO WANTED TO GET MARRIED.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There was an Indian who was the king. He wanted to get married, but he wanted to marry a woman who was already in the family way. One old squaw heard about this and soon found out what to do. She put a butter tray on her belly, so the king would think she was in the family way. The king heard about this woman and went to her place and asked her to marry him, telling her, "You are just the woman I want." They got married. She didn't want to sleep with the king and the king did not like this, and one night made her sleep with him. He found out about the butter tray, so he got up and made the woman get up and he kicked her out of the house. He kicked her on the belly and broke the butter tray in two, after that he put the law to her, and she was in prison for a good many years just for fooling the king, who did not look for another wife after he was fooled like this. The end of the story.

(Note by G. E. L. Butter trays or bowls, made out of wood by the Indians used to be peddled around the settlements. Some were of large size.)