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Respecting the Mental Characteristics of the North American
Indians, Vol. 2 of 2
Indian Tales and Legends**

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ALGIC RESEARCHES,

COMPRISING

INQUIRIES RESPECTING THE MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

FIRST SERIES.

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BY HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.

Author of a Narrative Journal of Travels to the Sources of the Mississippi;
Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley;
An Expedition to Itasca Lake, &c.

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THE RED SWAN

FROM THE ALGIC.

Three brothers were left destitute, by the death of their parents, at an early age. The eldest was not yet able to provide fully for their support, but did all he could in hunting, and with his aid, and the stock of provisions left by their father, they were preserved and kept alive, rather, it seems, by miraculous interposition, than the adequacy

of their own exertions. For the father had been a hermit,[1] having removed far away from the body of the tribe, so that when he and his wife died they left their children without neighbours and friends, and the lads had no idea that there was a human being near them. They did not even know who their parents had been, for the eldest was too young, at the time of their death, to remember it. Forlorn as they were, they did not, however, give up to despondency, but made use of every exertion they could, and in process of time, learned the art of hunting and killing animals. The eldest soon became an expert hunter, and was very successful in procuring food. He was noted for his skill in killing buffalo, elk, and moose, and he instructed his brothers in the arts of the forest as soon as they become old enough to follow him. After they had become able to hunt and take care of themselves, the elder proposed to leave them, and go in search of habitations, promising to return as soon as he could procure them wives. In this project he was overruled by his brothers, who said they could not part with him. Maujeekewis, the second eldest, was loud in his disapproval, saying, "What will you do with *those you propose to get*—we have lived so long without them, and we can still do without them." His words prevailed, and the three brothers continued together for a time.

One day they agreed to kill each, a male of those kind of animals each was most expert in hunting, for the purpose of making quivers from their skins. They did so, and immediately commenced making arrows to fill their quivers, that they might be prepared for any emergency. Soon after, they hunted on a wager, to see who should come in first with game, and prepare it so as to regale the others. They were to shoot no other animal, but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways; Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived, but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake, sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would, now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow shot, and pulling the arrow from the bow-string up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brothers' arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine sack, but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and drawing it up with vigour, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off toward the

sinking of the sun.[2] Odjibwa was disappointed; he knew that his brothers would be displeased with him; he rushed into the water and rescued the two magic arrows, the third was carried off by the swan; but he thought that it could not fly very far with it, and let the consequences be what they might, he was bent on following it.

Off he started on the run; he was noted for speed, for he would shoot an arrow, and then run so fast that the arrow always fell behind him. I can run fast, he thought, and I can get up with the swan some time or other. He thus ran over hills and prairies, toward the west, till near night, and was only going to take one more run, and then seek a place to sleep for the night, when suddenly he heard noises at a distance, which he knew were from people; for some were cutting trees, and the strokes of their axes echoed through the woods. When he emerged from the forest, the sun was just falling below the horizon, and he felt pleased to find a place to sleep in, and get something to eat, as he had left home without a mouthful. All these circumstances could not damp his ardour for the accomplishment of his object, and he felt that if he only persevered, he would succeed. At a distance, on a rising piece of ground, he could see an extensive town. He went toward it, but soon heard the watchman, Mudjee-Kokokoho, who was placed on some height, to overlook the place, and give notice of the approach of friends or foes—crying out, "We are visited;" and a loud holla indicated that they all heard it. The young man advanced, and was pointed by the watchman to the lodge of the chief. "It is there you must go in," he said, and left him. "Come in, come in," said the chief, "take a seat there," pointing to the side where his daughter sat. "It is there you must sit." Soon they gave him something to eat, and very few questions were asked him, being a stranger. It was only when he spoke, that the others answered him. "Daughter," said the chief, after dark, "take our son-in-law's mockasins, and see if they be torn; if so, mend them for him, and bring in his bundle." The young man thought it strange that he should be so warmly received, and married instantly, without his wishing it, although the young girl was pretty. It was some time before she would take his mockasins, which he had taken off. It displeased him to see her so reluctant to do so, and when she did reach them, he snatched them out of her hand and hung them up himself. He laid down and thought of the swan, and made up his mind to be off by dawn. He awoke early, and spoke to the young woman, but she gave no answer. He slightly touched her. "What do you want?" she said, and turned her back toward him. "Tell me," he said, "what time the swan passed. I am following it, and come out and point the direction." "Do you think you can catch up to it?" she said. "Yes," he answered. "Naubesah," (foolishness) she said. She, however, went out and pointed in the direction he should go. The young man went slowly till the sun arose, when he commenced traveling at his accustomed speed. He passed the day in running, and when night came, he was unexpectedly pleased to find himself near another town; and when at a distance, he heard the watchman crying out, "We are visited;" and soon the men of the village stood out to see the stranger. He was again told to enter the lodge of the chief, and his reception was, in every respect, the same as he met the previous night; only that the young woman was more beautiful, and received him very kindly, and although urged to stay, his mind was fixed on the object of his journey. Before daylight he asked the young woman what time the Red Swan passed, and to point out the way. She did so, and said it passed yesterday when the sun was between midday and *pungishemoo*—its falling place. He again set out rather slowly, but when the sun had arisen he tried his speed by shooting an arrow ahead, and running after it; but it fell behind him. Nothing remarkable happened

in the course of the day, and he went on leisurely. Toward night, he came to the lodge of an old man. Some time after dark he saw a light emitted from a small low lodge. He went up to it very slyly, and peeping through the door, saw an old man alone, warming his back before the fire, with his head down on his breast. He thought the old man did not know that he was standing near the door, but in this he was disappointed; for so soon as he looked in, "Walk in, Nosis,"[3] he said, "take a seat opposite to me, and take off your things and dry them, for you must be fatigued; and I will prepare you something to eat." Odjibwa did as he was requested. The old man, whom he perceived to be a magician, then said; "My kettle with water stands near the fire;" and immediately a small earthen or a kind of metallic pot with legs appeared by the fire. He then took one grain of corn, also one whortleberry, and put them in the pot. As the young man was very hungry, he thought that his chance for a supper was but small. Not a word or a look, however, revealed his feelings. The pot soon boiled, when the old man spoke, commanding it to stand some distance from the fire; "Nosis," said he, "feed yourself," and he handed him a dish and ladle made out of the same metal as the pot. The young man helped himself to all that was in the pot; he felt ashamed to think of his having done so, but before he could speak, the old man said, "Nosis, eat, eat;" and soon after he again said, "help yourself from the pot." Odjibwa was surprised on looking into it to see it full, he kept on taking *all out*, and as soon as it was done, it was again filled, till he had amply satisfied his hunger. The magician then spoke, and the pot occupied its accustomed place in one part of the lodge. The young man then leisurely reclined back, and listened to the predictions of his entertainer who told him to keep on, and he would obtain his object. "To tell you more," said he, "I am not permitted; but go on as you have commenced, and you will not be disappointed; to-morrow you will again reach one of my fellow old men; but the one you will see after him will tell you all, and the manner in which you will proceed to accomplish your journey. Often has this Red Swan passed, and those who have followed it have never returned: but you must be firm in your resolution, and be prepared for all events." "So will it be," answered Odjibwa, and they both laid down to sleep. Early in the morning, the old man had his magic kettle prepared, so that his guest should eat before leaving. When leaving, the old man gave him his parting advice.

Odjibwa set out in better spirits than he had done since leaving home. Night again found him in company with an old man, who received him kindly, and directed him on his way in the morning. He travelled with a light heart, expecting to meet the one who was to give him directions how to proceed to get the Red Swan. Toward night fall, he reached the third old man's lodge. Before coming to the door, he heard him saying, "Nosis, come in," and going in immediately, he felt quite at home. The old man prepared him something to eat, acting as the other magicians had done, and his kettle was of the same dimensions and material. The old man waited till he had done eating, when he commenced addressing him. "Young man, the errand you are on is very difficult. Numbers of young men have passed with the same purpose, but never returned. Be careful, and if your guardian spirits are powerful, you may succeed. This Red Swan you are following, is the daughter of a magician, who has plenty of every thing, but he values his daughter but little less than wampum. He wore a cap of wampum, which was attached to his scalp; but powerful Indians—warriors of a distant chief, came and told him, that their chief's daughter was on the brink of the grave, and she herself requested his scalp of wampum to effect a cure. If I can only see it, I will recover, she said, and it was for this

reason they came, and after long urging the magician, he at last consented to part with it, only from the idea of restoring the young woman to health; although when he took it off, it left his head bare and bloody. Several years have passed since, and it has not healed. The warriors' coming for it, was only a cheat, and they are now constantly making sport of it, dancing it about from village to village; and on every insult it receives the old man groans from pain. Those Indians are too powerful for the magician, and numbers have sacrificed themselves to recover it for him, but without success. The Red Swan has enticed many a young man, as she has done you, in order to get them to procure it, and whoever is the fortunate one that succeeds, will receive the Red Swan as his reward. In the morning you will proceed on your way, and toward evening you will come to the magician's lodge, but before you enter you will hear his groans; he will immediately ask you in, and you will see no one but himself; he will make inquiries of you, as regards your dreams, and the powers of your guardian spirits; he will then ask you to attempt the recovery of his scalp; he will show you the direction, and if you feel inclined, as I dare say you do, go forward, my son, with a strong heart, persevere, and I have a presentiment you will succeed." The young man answered, "I will try." Early next morning after having eaten from the magic kettle, he started off on his journey. Toward evening he came to the lodge as he was told, and soon heard the groans of the magician. "Come in," he said, even before the young man reached the door. On entering he saw his head all bloody, and he was groaning most terribly. "Sit down, sit down," he said, "while I prepare you something to eat," at the same time doing as the other magicians had done, in preparing food—"You see," he said, "how poor I am; I have to attend to all my wants." He said this to conceal the fact that the Red Swan was there, but Odjibwa perceived that the lodge was partitioned, and he heard a rustling noise, now and then, in that quarter, which satisfied him that it was occupied. After having taken his leggings and mockasins off, and eaten, the old magician commenced telling him how he had lost his scalp—the insults it was receiving—the pain he was suffering in consequence—his wishes to regain it—the unsuccessful attempts that had already been made, and the numbers and power of those who detained it; stated the best and most probable way of getting it; touching the young man on his pride and ambition, by the proposed adventure, and last, he spoke of such things as would make an Indian rich. He would interrupt his discourse by now and then groaning, and saying, "Oh, how shamefully they are treating it." Odjibwa listened with solemn attention. The old man then asked him about his dreams. His dreams, (or as *he saw when asleep*,[4]) at the particular time he had fasted and blackened his face to procure guardian spirits.

The young man then told him one dream; the magician groaned; "No, that is not it," he said. The young man told him another. He groaned again; "That is not it," he said. The young man told him of two or three others. The magician groaned at each recital, and said, rather peevishly, "No, those are not them." The young man then thought to himself, Who are you? you may groan as much as you please; I am inclined not to tell you any more dreams. The magician then spoke in rather a supplicating tone. "Have you no more dreams of another kind?" "Yes," said the young man, and told him one. "That is it, that is it," he cried; "you will cause me to live. That was what I was wishing you to say;" and he rejoiced greatly. "Will you then go and see if you cannot procure my scalp?" "Yes," said the young man. "I will go; and the day after to-morrow,[5] when you hear the cries of the Kakak,[6] you will know, by this sign, that I am successful, and you must prepare your

head, and lean it out through the door, so that the moment I arrive, I may place your scalp on." "Yes, yes," said the magician; "as you say, it will be done." Early next morning, he set out on his perilous adventure, and about the time that the sun hangs toward home, (afternoon) he heard the shouts of a great many people. He was in a wood at the time, and saw, as he thought, only a few men; but the farther he went, the more numerous they appeared. On emerging into a plain, their heads appeared like the hanging leaves for number. In the centre he perceived a post, and something waving on it, which was the scalp. Now and then the air was rent with the *Sau-sau-quan*, for they were dancing the war dance around it. Before he could be perceived, he turned himself into a No-noskau-see, (humming bird) and flew toward the scalp.

As he passed some of those who were standing by, he flew close to their ears, making the humming noise which this bird does when it flies. They jumped on one side and asked each other what it could be. By this time he had nearly reached the scalp, but fearing he should be perceived while untying it, he changed himself into a Me-sau-be-wau-aun, (the down of anything that floats lightly on the air,) and then floated slowly and lightly on to the scalp. He untied it, and moved off slowly, as the weight was almost too great. It was as much as he could do to keep it up, and prevent the Indians from snatching it away. The moment they saw it was moving, they filled the air with their cries of "It is taken from us; it is taken from us." He continued moving a few feet above them: the rush and hum of the people was like the dead beating surges after a storm. He soon gained on them, and they gave up the pursuit. After going a little farther he changed himself into a Kakak, and flew off with his prize, making that peculiar noise which this bird makes.

In the meantime, the magician had followed his instructions, placing his head outside of the lodge, as soon as he heard the cry of the Kakak, and soon after he heard the rustling of its wings. In a moment Odjibwa stood before him. He immediately gave the magician a severe blow on the head with the wampum scalp: his limbs extended and quivered in agony from the effects of the blow: the scalp adhered, and the young man walked in and sat down, feeling perfectly at home. The magician was so long in recovering from the stunning blow, that the young man feared he had killed him. He was however pleased to see him show signs of life; he first commenced moving, and soon sat up. But how surprised was Odjibwa to see, not an aged man, far in years and decrepitude, but one of the handsomest young men he ever saw stand up before him.

"Thank you, my *friend*," he said; "you see that your kindness and bravery has restored me to my former shape. It was so ordained, and you have now accomplished the victory." The young magician urged the stay of his deliverer for a few days; and they soon formed a warm attachment for each other. The magician never alluded to the Red Swan in their conversations.

At last, the day arrived when Odjibwa made preparations to return. The young magician amply repaid him, for his kindness and bravery, by various kinds of wampum, robes, and all such things as he had need of to make him an influential man. But though the young man's curiosity was at its height about the Red Swan, he controlled his feelings, and never so much as even hinted of her; feeling that he would surrender a point of propriety in so doing; while the one he had rendered such service to, whose hospitality he was now enjoying, and who had richly rewarded him, had never so much as even mentioned anything about her, but studiously concealed her.

Odjibwa's pack for travelling was ready, and he was taking his farewell smoke, when the young magician thus addressed him: "Friend, you know for what cause you came thus far. You have accomplished your object, and conferred a lasting obligation on me. Your perseverance shall not go unrewarded; and if you undertake other things with the same spirit you have this, you will never fail to accomplish them. My duty renders it necessary for me to remain where I am, although I should feel happy to go with you. I have given you all you will need as long as you live; but I see you feel backward to speak about the Red Swan. I vowed that whoever procured me my scalp, should be rewarded by possessing the Red Swan." He then spoke, and knocked on the partition. The door immediately opened, and the Red Swan met his eager gaze. She was a most beautiful female, and as she stood majestically before him, it would be impossible to describe her charms, for she looked as if she did not belong to earth. "Take her," the young magician said; "she is my sister, treat her well; she is worthy of you, and what you have done for me merits more. She is ready to go with you to your kindred and friends, and has been so ever since your arrival, and my good wishes go with you both." She then looked very kindly on her husband, who now bid farewell to his friend indeed, and accompanied by the object of his wishes, he commenced retracing his footsteps.

They travelled slowly, and after two or three days reached the lodge of the third old man, who had fed him from his small magic pot. He was very kind, and said, "You see what your perseverance has procured you; do so always and you will succeed in all things you undertake."

On the following morning when they were going to start, he pulled from the side of the lodge a bag, which he presented to the young man, saying, "Nosis, I give you this; it contains a present for you; and I hope you will live happily till old age." They then bid farewell to him and proceeded on.

They soon reached the second old man's lodge. Their reception there was the same as at the first; he also gave them a present, with the old man's wishes that they would be happy. They went on and reached the first town, which the young man had passed in his pursuit. The watchman gave notice, and he was shown into the chief's lodge. "Sit down there, son-in-law," said the chief, pointing to a place near his daughter. "And you also," he said to the Red Swan.

The young woman of the lodge was busy in making something, but she tried to show her indifference about what was taking place, for she did not even raise her head to see who was come. Soon the chief said, "Let some one bring in the bundle of our son-in-law." When it was brought in, the young man opened one of the bags, which he had received from one of the old men; it contained wampum, robes, and various other articles; he presented them to his father-in-law, and all expressed their surprise at the value and richness of the gift. The chief's daughter then only stole a glance at the present, then at Odjibwa and his beautiful wife; she stopped working, and remained silent and thoughtful all the evening. They conversed about his adventures; after this the chief told him that he should take his daughter along with him in the morning;—the young man said "Yes." The chief then spoke out, saying, "Daughter, be ready to go with him in the morning."

There was a Maujeekewis in the lodge, who thought to have got the young woman to wife; he jumped up, saying, "Who is he (meaning the young man), that he should take her for a few presents. I will kill him," and he raised a knife which he had in

his hand. But he only waited till some one held him back, and then sat down, for he was too great a coward to do as he had threatened. Early they took their departure, amid the greetings of their new friends, and toward evening reached the other town. The watchman gave the signal, and numbers of men, women, and children stood out to see them. They were again shown into the chief's lodge, who welcomed them by saying, "Son-in-law, you are welcome," and requested him to take a seat by his daughter; and the two women did the same.

After the usual formalities of smoking and eating, the chief requested the young man to relate his travels in the hearing of all the inmates of the lodge, and those who came to see. They looked with admiration and astonishment at the Red Swan, for she was so beautiful. Odjibwa gave them his whole history. The chief then told him that his brothers had been to their town in search of him, but had returned, and given up all hopes of ever seeing him again. He concluded by saying that since he had been so fortunate and so manly, he should take his daughter with him; "For although your brothers," said he, "were here, they were too timid to enter any of our lodges, and merely inquired for you and returned. You will take my daughter, treat her well, and that will bind us more closely together."

It is always the case in towns, that some one in it is foolish or clownish. It happened to be so here; for a Maujeekewis was in the lodge; and after the young man had given his father-in-law presents, as he did to the first, this Maujeekewis jumped up in a passion, saying, "Who is this stranger, that he should have her? I want her myself." The chief told him to be quiet, and not to disturb or quarrel with one who was enjoying their hospitality. "No, no," he boisterously cried, and made an attempt to strike the stranger. Odjibwa was above fearing his threats, and paid no attention to him. He cried the louder, "I will have her; I will have her." In an instant he was laid flat on the ground from a blow of a war club given by the chief. After he came to himself, the chief upbraided him for his foolishness, and told him to go out and tell stories to the old women.

Their arrangements were then made, and the stranger invited a number of families to go and visit their hunting grounds, as there was plenty of game. They consented, and in the morning a large party were assembled to accompany the young man; and the chief with a large party of warriors escorted them a long distance. When ready to return the chief made a speech, and invoked the blessing of the great good Spirit on his son-in-law and party.

After a number of days' travel, Odjibwa and his party came in sight of his home. The party rested while he went alone in advance to see his brothers. When he entered the lodge he found it all dirty and covered with ashes: on one side was his eldest brother, with his face blackened, and sitting amid ashes, crying aloud. On the other side was Maujeekewis, his other brother; his face was also blackened, but his head was covered with feathers and swan's down; he looked so odd, that the young man could not keep from laughing, for he appeared and pretended to be so absorbed with grief that he did not notice his brother's arrival. The eldest jumped up and shook hands with him and kissed him, and felt very happy to see him again.

Odjibwa, after seeing all things put to rights, told them that he had brought each of them a wife. When Maujeekewis heard about the wife, he jumped up and said, "Why, is it just now that you have come?" and made for the door and peeped out to see the women. He then commenced jumping and laughing, saying, "Women! women!" That

was the only reception he gave his brother. Odjibwa then told them to wash themselves and prepare, for he would go and fetch them in. Maujeekewis jumped and washed himself, but would every now and then go and peep out to see the women. When they came near he said, I will have this one, and that one, he did not exactly know which—he would go and sit down for an instant, and then go and peep and laugh; he acted like a madman.

As soon as order was restored, and all seated, Odjibwa presented one of the women to his eldest brother, saying, "These women were given to me; I now give one to each; I intended so from the first." Maujeekewis spoke, and said, "I think three wives would have been *enough* for you." The young man led one to Maujeekewis, saying, "My brother, here is one for you, and live happily." Maujeekewis hung down his head as if he was ashamed, but would every now and then steal a glance at his wife, and also at the other women. By and by he turned toward his wife, and acted as if he had been married for years. "Wife," he said, "I will go and hunt," and off he started.

All lived peaceably for some time, and their town prospered, the inhabitants increased, and everything was abundant among them. One day dissatisfaction was manifested in the conduct of the two elder brothers, on account of Odjibwa's having taken their deceased father's magic arrows: they upbraided and urged him to procure others if he could. Their object was to get him away, so that one of them might afterward get his wife. One day, after listening to them, he told them he would go. Maujeekewis and himself went together into a sweating lodge to purify themselves. Even there, although it was held sacred, Maujeekewis upbraided him for the arrows. He told him again he would go; and next day, true to his word, he left them. After travelling a long way he came to an opening in the earth, and descending, it led him to the abode of departed spirits. The country appeared beautiful, the extent of it was lost in the distance: he saw animals of various kinds in abundance. The first he came near to were buffalo; his surprise was great when these animals addressed him as human beings. They asked him what he came for, how he descended, why he was so bold as to visit the abode of the dead. He told them he was in search of magic arrows to appease his brothers. "Very well," said the leader of the buffaloes, whose whole form was nothing but bone. "Yes, we know it," and he and his followers moved off a little space as if they were afraid of him. "You have come," resumed the Buffalo Spirit, "to a place where a living man has never before been. You will return immediately to your tribe, for your brothers are trying to dishonour your wife; and you will live to a very old age, and live and die happily; you can go no farther in these abodes of ours." Odjibwa looked, as he thought, to the west, and saw a bright light, as if the sun was shining in its splendour, but he saw no sun. "What light is that I see yonder," he asked. The all-boned buffalo answered, "It is the place where those who were good dwell." "And that dark cloud," Odjibwa again asked. "Mudjee-izzhi-wabezewin," (wickedness) answered the buffalo. He asked no more questions, and with the aid of his guardian spirits, again stood on this earth and saw the sun giving light as usual, and breathed the pure air. All else he saw in the abodes of the dead and his travels and actions previous to his return, are unknown. After wandering a long time in quest of information to make his people happy, he one evening drew near to his village or town, passing all the other lodges and coming to his own, he heard his brothers at high words with each other; they were quarrelling for the possession of his wife. She had, however, remained constant and mourned the absence and probable loss of her husband; but she had mourned him

with the dignity of virtue. The noble youth listened till he was satisfied of the base principles of his brothers. He then entered the lodge, with the stern air and conscious dignity of a brave and honest man. He spoke not a word, but placing the magic arrows to his bow, drew them to their length and laid the brothers dead at his feet. Thus ended the contest between the hermit's sons, and a firm and happy union was consummated between Odjibwa,[7] or him of the primitive or gathered voice, and the Red Swan.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Pai-gwud-aw-diz-zid.

[2] Pungish-e-moo, falling or sinking to a position of repose.

[3] My grandchild.

[4] Enaw-bandum.

[5] The Indian expression is, Awuss-Waubung—the day *beyond* to-morrow.

[6] A species of hawk.

[7] This word may to be a derivative from Ojebik, a root, &c. and maidwa, voice, or from odjoebwuh, to gather, v. a.

AGGO DAH GAUDA,

OR

THE MAN WITH HIS LEG TIED UP.

Aggo Dah Gauda had one leg looped up to his thigh, so that he was obliged to get along by hopping. He had a beautiful daughter, and his chief care was to secure her from being carried off by the king of the buffaloes. It was a peculiarity in which he differed from other Indians, that he lived in a log house, and he advised his daughter to keep in doors and never go out into the neighbourhood for fear of being stolen away.

One sunny morning Aggo Dah Gauda prepared to go out a fishing, but before he left the lodge reminded his daughter of her strange and persecuting lover. "My daughter," said he, "I am going out to fish, and as the day will be a pleasant one, you must recollect that we have an enemy near, who is constantly going about, and do not expose yourself out of the lodge." When he had reached his fishing ground, he heard a voice singing at a distance the following strains, in derision of him.

Aggo Dah Gauda

Aggo Dah Gauda

Ke anne po—po—

Ko no gun a.

Aggo Dah Gauda

Aggo Dah Gauda

Ke anne po—po—
Ko gau da.

Man with the leg tied up,
Man with the leg tied up,
Broken hip—hip—
Hipped.

Man with the leg tied up,
Man with the leg tied up,
Broken leg—leg—
Legged.

He saw no one, but suspecting it to come from his enemies the buffaloes, he hastened his return.

Let us now see what happened to the daughter. Her father had not been long absent from the lodge, when she thought in her mind, [*ke in ain dum*] it is hard to be thus for ever kept in doors. The spring is now coming on, and the days are so sunny and warm, that it would be very pleasant to sit out doors. But my father says it would be dangerous. I know what I will do. I will get on the top of the house, and there I can comb and dress my hair. She accordingly got up on the roof of the small house, and busied herself in untying and combing her beautiful hair. For her hair was not only of a fine glossy quality, but was so long that it reached down on the ground, and hung over the eaves of the house, as she sat dressing it. She was so intent upon this, that she forgot all ideas of danger, till it was too late to escape. For, all of a sudden, the king[8] of the buffaloes came dashing on, with his herd of followers, and taking her between his horns, away he cantered over the plains, plunged into a river that bounded his land, and carried her safely to his lodge, on the other side. Here he paid every attention to gain her affections, but all to no purpose, for she sat pensively and disconsolate in the lodge among the other females, and scarcely ever spoke, and took no part in the domestic cares of her lover the king. He, on the contrary did every thing he could think of to please her and win her affections. He told the others in his lodge to give her every thing she wanted, and to be careful not to displease her. They set before her the choicest food. They gave her the seat of honour in the lodge. The king himself went out hunting to obtain the most dainty bits of meat, both of animals and wild fowl. And not content with these proofs of his attachment he fasted himself, and would often take his pib be gwun,[9] and sit near the lodge indulging his mind in repeating a few pensive notes.

Ne ne moo sha
Ne ne moo sha
We ya.

Ma kow
We au nin
We yea.

Azhe—azhe

Sau gee naun ih
We yea.

Ka-go ka-go
Dush ween e
Shing gain—
E me she kain
We yea.

My sweetheart,
My sweetheart,
Ah me!

When I think of you,
When I think of you,
Ah me!

How I love you,
How I love you,
Ah me!

Do not hate me,
Do not hate me,
Ah me!

In the mean time Aggo Dah Gauda came home, and finding his daughter had been stolen, determined to get her back. For this purpose he immediately set out. He could easily track the king, until he came to the banks of the river, and saw that he had plunged in and swam over. But there had been a frosty night or two since, and the water was so covered with thin ice, so that he could not walk on it. He determined to encamp till it became solid, and then crossed over and pursued the trail. As he went along he saw branches broken off and strewed behind, for these had been purposely cast along by the daughter, that the way might be found. And the manner in which she had accomplished it, was this. Her hair was all untied when she was caught up, and being very long, it caught on the branches as they darted along, and it was these twigs that she broke off for signs to her father. When he came to the king's lodge it was evening. Carefully approaching it, he peeped through the sides and saw his daughter sitting disconsolately. She immediately caught his eye, and knowing that it was her father come for her; she all at once appeared to relent in her heart, and asking for the dipper, said to the king, "I will go and get you a drink of water." This token of submission delighted him, and he waited with impatience for her return. At last he went out with his followers, but nothing could be seen or heard of the captive daughter. They sallied out in the plains, but had not gone far, by the light of the moon, when a party of hunters, headed by the father-in-law of Aggo Dah Gauda, set up their yells in their rear, and a shower of arrows was poured in upon them. Many of their numbers fell, but the king being stronger and swifter than the rest, fled toward the west, and never again appeared in that part of the country.

While all this was passing Aggo Dah Gauda, who had met his daughter the moment she came out of the lodge, and being helped by his guardian spirit, took her on his shoulders and hopped off, a hundred steps in one, till he reached the stream, crossed it, and brought back his daughter in triumph to his lodge.

FOOTNOTES:

[8] In our Indian languages the highest terms for men in power are Kosinaun, our father, and Ogimau, chief. Both admit of a prefixed adjective to indicate great, and of a diminutive inflection to denote inferiority in size, power, or excellence. The term "king" is retained here, from the verbal narration of the interpreters.

[9] Indian flute.

IOSCO,

OR

A VISIT TO THE SUN AND MOON.

A TALE OF INDIAN COSMOGONY, FROM THE OTTOWA.

One day five young men and a boy of about ten years of age, went out a shooting with their bows and arrows. They left their lodges with the first appearance of daylight, and having passed through a long reach of woods, had ascended a lofty eminence before the sun arose. While standing there in a group, the sun suddenly burst forth in all the effulgence of a summer's morning. It appeared to them to be at no great distance from the position they occupied. "How very near it is," they all said. "It cannot be far," said Iosco, the eldest, "and if you will accompany me, we will see if we cannot reach it." "I will go! I will go!" burst from every lip. Even the boy said he would also go. They told him he was too young; but he replied, "If you do not permit me to go with you, I will mention your design to each of your parents." They then said to him, "you shall also go with us, so be quiet."

They then fell upon the following arrangement. It was resolved that each one should obtain from his parents as many pair of moccasins as he could, and also new clothing of leather. They fixed on a spot where they would conceal all their articles, until they were ready to start on their journey, and which would serve, in the meantime, as a place of rendezvous, where they might secretly meet and consult. This being arranged, they returned home.

A long time passed before they could put their plans into execution. But they kept it a profound secret, even to the boy. They frequently met at the appointed place, and discussed the subject. At length every thing was in readiness, and they decided on a day to set out. That morning the boy shed tears for a pair of new leather leggings. "Don't you see," said he to his parents, "how my companions are drest?" This appeal to their pride and envy prevailed. He obtained the leggings. Artifices were also resorted to by the others, under the plea of going out on a special hunt. They said to one another, but in a

tone that they might be overheard, "we will see who will bring in the most game." They went out in different directions, but soon met at the appointed place, where they had hid the articles for their journey, and as many arrows as they had time to make. Each one took something on his back, and they began their march. They travelled day after day, through a thick forest, but the sun was always at the same distance. "We must," said they, "travel toward Waupunong,[10] and we shall get to the object, some time or other." No one was discouraged, although winter overtook them. They built a lodge and hunted, till they obtained as much dried meat as they could carry, and then continued on. This they did several times; season followed season. More than one winter overtook them. Yet none of them became discouraged, or expressed dissatisfaction.

One day the travellers came to the banks of a river, whose waters ran toward Waupunong. They followed it down many days. As they were walking, one day, they came to rising grounds, from which they saw something white or clear through the trees. They encamped on this elevation. Next morning they came, suddenly, in view of an immense body of water. No land could be seen as far as the eye could reach. One or two of them laid down on the beach to drink. As soon as they got the water into their mouths, they spit it out, and exclaimed with surprise, Shewetagon awbo! [salt water.] It was the sea. While looking on the water, the sun arose as if from the deep, and went on in its steady course through the heavens, enlivening the scene with his cheering and animating beams. They stood in fixed admiration, but the object appeared to be as distant from them as ever. They thought it best to encamp, and consult whether it were advisable to go on, or return. "We see," said the leader, "that the sun is still on the opposite side of this great water, but let us not be disheartened. We can walk around the shore." To this they all assented.

Next morning they took the northerly shore, to walk around it, but had only gone a short distance when they came to a large river. They again encamped, and while sitting before the fire, the question was put, whether any one of them had ever dreamed of water, or of walking on it. After a long silence, the eldest said he had. Soon after they laid down to sleep. When they arose the following morning, the eldest addressed them: "We have done wrong in coming north. Last night my spirit appeared to me, and told me to go south, and that but a short distance beyond the spot we left yesterday, we should come to a river with high banks. That by looking off its mouth, we should see an island, which would approach to us. He directed that we should all get on it. He then told me to cast my eyes toward the water. I did so, and I saw all he had declared. He then informed me that we must return south, and wait at the river until the day after to-morrow. I believe all that was revealed to me in this dream, and that we shall do well to follow it."

The party immediately retraced their footsteps in exact obedience to these intimations. Toward the evening they came to the borders of the indicated river. It had high banks, behind which they encamped, and here they patiently awaited the fulfilment of the dream. The appointed day arrived. They said, we will see if that which has been said will be seen. Midday is the promised time. Early in the morning two had gone to the shore to keep a look out. They waited anxiously for the middle of the day, straining their eyes to see if they could discover any thing. Suddenly they raised a shout. Ewaddee suh neen! There it is! There it is! On rushing to the spot they beheld something like an *island* steadily advancing toward the shore. As it approached, they could discover that something was moving on it in various directions. They said it is a Manito, let us be off

into the woods. No, no, cried the eldest, let us stay and watch. It now became stationary, and lost much of its imagined height. They could only see *three* trees, as they thought, resembling trees in a pinery that had been burnt. The wind, which had been off the sea, now died away into a perfect calm. They saw something leaving the fancied island and approaching the shore, throwing and flapping its wings, like a loon when he attempts to fly in calm weather. It entered the mouth of the river. They were on the point of running away, but the eldest dissuaded them. Let us hide in this hollow, he said, and we will see what it can be. They did so. They soon heard the sounds of chopping, and quickly after they heard the falling of trees. Suddenly a man came up to their place of concealment. He stood still and gazed at them. They did the same in utter amazement. After looking at them for some time, the person advanced and extended his hand toward them. The eldest took it, and they shook hands. He then spoke, but they could not understand each other. He then cried out for his comrades. They came, and examined very minutely their dresses. They again tried to converse. Finding it impossible, the strangers then motioned to the Naubequon, and to the Naubequon-ais,[11] wishing them to embark. They consulted with each other for a short time. The eldest then motioned that they should go on board. They embarked on board the boat, which they found to be loaded with wood. When they reached the side of the supposed island, they were surprised to see a great number of people, who all came to the side and looked at them with open mouths. One spoke out, above the others, and appeared to be the leader. He motioned them to get on board. He looked and examined them, and took them down into the cabin, and set things before them to eat. He treated them very kindly.

When they came on deck again all the sails were spread, and they were fast losing sight of land. In the course of the night and the following day they were sick at the stomach, but soon recovered. When they had been out at sea ten days, they became sorrowful, as they could not converse with those who had hats on.[12]

The following night Iosco dreamed that his spirit appeared to him. He told him not to be discouraged, that he would open his ears, so as to be able to understand the people with hats. I will not permit you to understand much, said he, only sufficient to reveal your wants, and to know what is said to you. He repeated this dream to his friends, and they were satisfied and encouraged by it. When they had been out about thirty days, the master of the ship told them, and motioned them to change their dresses of leather, for such as his people wore; for if they did not, his master would be displeased. It was on this occasion that the elder first understood a few words of the language. The first phrase he comprehended was *La que notte*, and from one word to another he was soon able to speak it.

One day the men cried out, land! and soon after they heard a noise resembling thunder, in repeated peals. When they had got over their fears, they were shown the large guns which made this noise. Soon after they saw a vessel smaller than their own, sailing out of a bay, in the direction toward them. She had flags on her masts, and when she came near she fired a gun. The large vessel also hoisted her flags, and the boat came alongside. The master told the person who came in it, to tell his master or king, that he had six strangers on board, such as had never been seen before, and that they were coming to visit him. It was some time after the departure of this messenger before the vessel got up to the town. It was then dark, but they could see people, and horses, and

odawbons[13] ashore. They were landed, and placed in a covered vehicle, and driven off. When they stopped, they were taken into a large and splendid room. They were here told that the great chief wished to see them. They were shown into another large room, filled with men and women. All the room was Shonean-cauda.[14] The chief asked them their business, and the object of their journey. They told him where they were from, and where they were going, and the nature of the enterprise which they had undertaken. He tried to dissuade them from its execution, telling them of the many trials and difficulties they would have to undergo: that so many days' march from his country dwelt a bad spirit, or Manito, who foreknew and foretold the existence and arrival of all who entered into his country. It is impossible, he said, my children, for you ever to arrive at the object you are in search of.

Iosco replied; "Nosa,"[15] and they could see the chief blush in being called *father*, "we have come so far on our way, and we will continue it: we have resolved firmly that we will do so. We think our lives are of no value, for we have given them up for this object. Nosa," he repeated, "do not then prevent us from going on our journey." The chief then dismissed them with valuable presents, after having appointed the next day to speak to them again, and provided every thing that they needed or wished for.

Next day they were again summoned to appear before the king. He again tried to dissuade them. He said he would send them back to their country in one of his vessels: but all he said had no effect. "Well," said he, "if you will go, I will furnish you all that is needed for your journey." He had every thing provided accordingly. He told them, that three days before they reached the Bad Spirit he had warned them of, they would hear his Shéshégwun.[16] He cautioned them to be wise, for he felt that he should never see them all again.

They resumed their journey, and travelled sometimes through villages, but they soon left them behind and passed over a region of forests and plains, without inhabitants. They found all the productions of a new country: trees, animals, birds, were entirely different from those they were accustomed to, on the other side of the great waters. They travelled, and travelled, till they wore out all of the clothing that had been given to them, and had to take to their leather clothing again.

The three days the chief spoke of meant three years, for it was only at the end of the third year, that they came within the sight of the spirit's shéshégwun. The sound appeared to be near, but they continued walking on, day after day, without apparently getting any nearer to it. Suddenly they came to a very extensive plain; they could see the blue ridges of distant mountains rising on the horizon beyond it: they pushed on, thinking to get over the plain before night, but they were overtaken by darkness: they were now on a stony part of the plain, covered by about a foot's depth of water: they were weary and fatigued: some of them said, let us lie down; no, no, said the others, let us push on. Soon, they stood on firm ground, but it was as much as they could do to stand, for they were very weary. They, however, made an effort to encamp, lighted up a fire, and refreshed themselves by eating. They then commenced conversing about the sound of the spirit's shéshégwun, which they had heard for several days. Suddenly the instrument commenced; it sounded as if it was subterraneous, and it shook the ground: they tied up their bundles and went toward the spot. They soon came to a large building, which was illuminated. As soon as they came to the door, they were met by a rather elderly man. "How do ye do,"

said he, "my grandsons? Walk in, walk in; I am glad to see you: I knew when you started: I saw you encamp this evening: sit down, and tell me the news of the country you left, for I feel interested in it." They complied with his wishes, and when they had concluded, each one presented him with a piece of tobacco. He then revealed to them things that would happen in their journey, and predicted its successful accomplishment. "I do not say that all of you," said he, "will successfully go through it. You have passed over three-fourths of your way, and I will tell you how to proceed after you get to the edge of the earth. Soon after you leave this place, you will hear a deafening sound: it is the sky descending on the edge, but it keeps moving up and down; you will watch, and when it moves up, you will see a vacant space between it and the earth. You must not be afraid. A chasm of awful depth is there, which separates the unknown from this earth, and a veil of darkness conceals it. Fear not. You must leap through; and if you succeed you will find yourselves on a beautiful plain, and in a soft and mild light emitted by the moon." They thanked him for his advice. A pause ensued.

"I have told you the way," he said; "now tell me again of the country you have left; for I committed dreadful ravages while I was there: does not the country show marks of it? and do not the inhabitants tell of me to their children? I came to this place to mourn over my bad actions, and am trying, by my present course of life, to relieve my mind of the load that is on it." They told him that their fathers spoke often of a celebrated personage called Manabozho, who performed great exploits. "I am he," said the Spirit. They gazed with astonishment and fear. "Do you see this pointed house?" said he, pointing to one that resembled a sugar-loaf; "you can now each speak your wishes and will be answered from that house. Speak out, and ask what each wants, and it shall be granted." One of them, who was vain, asked with presumption, that he might live for ever, and never be in want. He was answered, "Your wish shall be granted." The second made the same request, and received the same answer. The third asked to live longer than common people, and to be always successful in his war excursions, never losing any of his young men. He was told, "Your wishes are granted." The fourth joined in the same request, and received the same reply. The fifth made an humble request, asking to live as long as men generally do, and that he might be crowned with such success in hunting as to be able to provide for his parents and relatives. The sixth made the same request, and it was granted to both, in pleasing tones, from the pointed house.

After hearing these responses they prepared to depart. They were told by Manabozho, that they had been with him but one day, but they afterward found that they had remained there upward of a year. When they were on the point of setting out, Manabozho exclaimed, "Stop! you two, who asked me for eternal life, will receive the boon you wish immediately." He spake, and one was turned into a stone called Shingaubawossin,^[17] and the other into a cedar-tree. "Now," said he to the others, "you can go." They left him in fear, saying, we were fortunate to escape so, for the king told us he was wicked, and that we should not probably escape from him. They had not proceeded far, when they began to hear the sound of the beating sky. It appeared to be near at hand, but they had a long interval to travel before they came near, and the sound was then stunning to their senses; for when the sky came down, its pressure would force gusts of wind from the opening, so strong that it was with difficulty they could keep their feet, and the sun passed but a short distance above their heads. They, however, approached boldly, but had to wait some time before they could muster courage enough

to leap through the dark veil that covered the passage. The sky would come down with violence, but it would rise slowly and gradually. The two who had made the humble request, stood near the edge, and with no little exertion, succeeded, one after the other, in leaping through, and gaining a firm foothold. The remaining two were fearful and undecided: the others spoke to them through the darkness, saying, "leap! leap! the sky is on its way down." These two looked up and saw it descending, but fear paralyzed their efforts; they made but a feeble attempt, so as to reach the opposite side with their hands; but the sky at the same time struck on the earth with great violence and a terrible sound, and forced them into the dreadful black chasm.

The two successful adventurers found themselves in a beautiful country, lighted by the moon, which shed around a mild and pleasant light. They could see the moon approaching as if it were from behind a hill. They advanced, and an aged woman spoke to them; she had a white face and pleasing air, and looked rather old, though she spoke to them very kindly: they knew from her first appearance that she was the moon: she asked them several questions: she told them that she knew of their coming, and was happy to see them: she informed them that they were half way to her brother's, and that from the earth to her abode was half the distance. "I will, by and by, have leisure," said she, "and will go and conduct you to my brother, for he is now absent on his daily course: you will succeed in your object, and return in safety to your country and friends, with the good wishes, I am sure, of my brother." While the travellers were with her, they received every attention. When the proper time arrived, she said to them, "My brother is now rising from below, and we shall see his light as he comes over the distant edge: come," said she, "I will lead you up." They went forward, but in some mysterious way, they hardly knew how: they rose almost directly up, as if they had ascended steps. They then came upon an immense plain, declining in the direction of the sun's approach. When he came near, the moon spake—"I have brought you these persons, whom we knew were coming;" and with this she disappeared. The sun motioned with his hand for them to follow him. They did so, but found it rather difficult, as the way was steep: they found it particularly so from the edge of the earth till they got halfway between that point and midday: when they reached this spot, the sun stopped, and sat down to rest. "What, my children," said he, "has brought you here? I could not speak to you before: I could not stop at any place but this, for this is my first resting-place—then at the centre, which is at midday, and then halfway from that to the western edge." [18] "Tell me," he continued, "the object of your undertaking this journey and all the circumstances which have happened to you on the way." They complied. Iosco told him their main object was to see him. They had lost four of their friends on the way, and they wished to know whether they could return in safety to the earth, that they might inform their friends and relatives of all that had befallen them. They concluded by requesting him to grant their wishes. He replied, "Yes, you shall certainly return in safety; but your companions were vain and presumptuous in their demands. They were Gug-ge-baw-diz-ze-wug. [19] They aspired to what Manitoes only could enjoy. But you two, as I said, shall get back to your country, and become as happy as the hunter's life can make you. You shall never be in want of the necessaries of life, as long as you are permitted to live; and you will have the satisfaction of relating your journey to your friends, and also of telling them of me. Follow me, follow me," he said, commencing his course again. The ascent was now gradual, and they soon came to a level plain. After travelling some time he again sat down to rest, for we had arrived at

Nau-we-qua.[20] "You see," said he, "it is level at this place, but a short distance onwards, my way descends gradually to my last resting place, from which there is an abrupt descent." He repeated his assurance that they should be shielded from danger, if they relied firmly on his power. "Come here quickly," he said, placing something before them on which they could descend; "keep firm," said he, as they resumed the descent. They went downward as if they had been let down by ropes.

In the meantime the parents of these two young men dreamed that their sons were returning, and that they should soon see them. They placed the fullest confidence in their dreams. Early in the morning they left their lodges for a remote point in the forest, where they expected to meet them. They were not long at the place before they saw the adventurers returning, for they had descended not far from that place. The young men knew they were their fathers. They met, and were happy. They related all that had befallen them. They did not conceal any thing; and they expressed their gratitude to the different Manitoes who had preserved them, by feasting and gifts, and particularly to the sun and moon, who had received them as their children.

[The foregoing tale was related by Chusco, an Ottawa chief, converted to Christianity a few years ago. He was born at L'arbre Croche, in Michigan, some years after the taking of Fort Mackinac, in 1763,—an event of such notoriety in Indian tradition, that it is generally referred to by them as an era. He was present at the treaty of Greenville, in 1793, and received an annuity during the last few years of his life in consequence of a promise understood to have been made to him by General Wayne.]

Chusco was a man of small stature; he appears to have possessed great bodily activity in his youth, united to a mind of quick observation. He embraced, at an early period of his life, the profession of a seer, and practised it with the approbation of his tribe till within a few years. About 1827 his mind was arrested by the truths of revelation, which were first brought to his notice by his wife, who had been instructed at a mission on the island of Mackinac. He made a profession of religion within a year or two after, renounced his idolatry, gave up the use of ardent spirits and every species of fermented drink, and exhibited a consistent Christian life, to the period of his death, in 1837. He is buried at Round Island, in lake Huron, where a neat paling has been placed over his grave. The story itself, so far as respects the object, is calculated to remind the reader of South American history, of the alleged descent of Manco Capac and the Children of the Sun. But I am not prepared to say, that an examination of the traditional history of the Algics will sustain the comparison.

The tale does not appear to be of great comparative antiquity. The introduction of ships, and guns, and axes, is sufficient to indicate this. It is interesting, however, as revealing their notions of cosmogony, the division of the day into quartads, and their impressions of general geography. It would appear that they believe the earth to be *globular*; they speak of but a single sea. The tradition of Manabozho is attested, and he is here represented, as in all other known instances, to be a Bad, and not a Good Spirit, and there is no countenance given to the verbal opinion, sometimes expressed, that this personage partakes of any of the characters of a Saviour.

The moral bearing of the story is, perhaps, to indicate the danger of ambition. Ambition and presumption, in human wishes, are very clearly rebuked by the results of the oracular response, and by the immediate fulfilment of the predictions.

FOOTNOTES:

[10] The East—i. e. place of light.

[11] Ship and boat. These terms exhibit the simple and the diminutive forms of the name for ship or vessel. It is also the term for a woman's needlework, and seems to imply a tangled thready mass, and was perhaps transferred in allusion to a ship's ropes.

[12] Wewaquonidjig, a term early and extensively applied to whiteman, by our Indians, and still frequently used.

[13] Odawbon comprehends all vehicles between a dog train and a coach, whether on wheels or runners. The term is nearest allied to vehicle.

[14] Massive silver.

[15] My father.

[16] A rattle.

[17] A hard primitive stone, frequently found along the borders of the lakes and water-courses, generally fretted into image shapes. Hardness and indestructibility are regarded as its characteristics by the Indians. It is often granite.

[18] This computation of time separates the day into four portions of six hours each—two of which, from 1 to 6, and from 6 to 12, A. M. compose the *morning*, and the other two, from 1 to 6, and from 6 to 12, P. M. compose the *evening*.

[19] This is a verbal form, plural number, of the transitive adjective—foolish.

[20] Midday, or middle line.

THE TWO JEEBI-UG,[21]

OR

A TRIAL OF FEELING.

FROM THE ODJIBWA.

There lived a hunter in the north who had a wife and one child. His lodge stood far off in the forest, several days' journey from any other. He spent his days in hunting, and his evenings in relating to his wife the incidents that had befallen him. As game was very abundant he found no difficulty in killing as much as they wanted. Just in all his acts, he lived a peaceful and happy life.

One evening during the winter season, it chanced that he remained out later than usual, and his wife began to feel uneasy, for fear some accident had befallen him. It was already dark. She listened attentively and at last heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Not doubting it was her husband, she went to the door and beheld two strange females. She bade them enter, and invited them to remain.

She observed that they were total strangers in the country. There was something so peculiar in their looks, air, and manner, that she was uneasy in their company. They would not come near the fire; they sat in a remote part of the lodge, were shy and taciturn, and drew their garments about them in such a manner as nearly to hide their faces. So far as she could judge, they were pale, hollow-eyed, and long-visaged, very thin and emaciated. There was but little light in the lodge, as the fire was low, and served by its fitful flashes, rather to increase than dispel their fears. "Merciful spirit!" cried a voice from the opposite part of the lodge, "there are two corpses clothed with garments." The hunter's wife turned around, but seeing nobody, she concluded the sounds were but gusts of wind. She trembled, and was ready to sink to the earth.

Her husband at this moment entered and dispelled her fears. He threw down the carcass of a large fat deer. "Behold what a fine and fat animal," cried the mysterious females, and they immediately ran and pulled off pieces of the whitest fat,[22] which they ate with greediness. The hunter and his wife looked on with astonishment, but remained silent. They supposed their guests might have been famished. Next day, however, the same unusual conduct was repeated. The strange females tore off the fat and devoured it with eagerness. The third day the hunter thought he would anticipate their wants by tying up a portion of the fattest pieces for them, which he placed on the top of his load. They accepted it, but still appeared dissatisfied, and went to the wife's portion and tore off more. The man and his wife felt surprised at such rude and unaccountable conduct, but they remained silent, for they respected their guests, and had observed that they had been attended with marked good luck during the residence of these mysterious visitors.

In other respects the deportment of the females was strictly unexceptionable. They were modest, distant, and silent. They never uttered a word during the day. At night they would occupy themselves in procuring wood, which they carried to the lodge, and then returning the implements exactly to the places in which they had found them, resume their places without speaking. They were never known to stay out until daylight. They never laughed or jested.

The winter had nearly passed away, without anything uncommon happening, when, one evening the hunter staid out very late. The moment he entered and laid down his day's hunt as usual before his wife, the two females began to tear off the fat, in so unceremonious a way, that her anger was excited. She constrained herself, however, in a measure, but did not conceal her feelings, although she said but little. The guests observed the excited state of her mind, and became unusually reserved and uneasy. The good hunter saw the change, and carefully inquired into the cause, but his wife denied having used any hard words. They retired to their couches, and he tried to compose himself to sleep, but could not, for the sobs and sighs of the two females were incessant. He arose on his couch and addressed them as follows:

"Tell me," said he, "what is it that gives you pain of mind, and causes you to utter those sighs. Has my wife given you offence, or trespassed on the rights of hospitality?"

They replied in the negative. "We have been treated by you with kindness and affection. It is not for any slight we have received, that we weep. Our mission is not to you only. We come from the land of the dead to test mankind, and to try the sincerity of the living. Often we have heard the bereaved by death say that if the dead could be restored, they would devote their lives to make them happy. We have been moved by the bitter lamentations which have reached the place of the dead, and have come to make

proof of the sincerity of those who have lost friends. Three moons were allotted us by the Master of life to make the trial. More than half the time had been successfully past, when the angry feelings of your wife indicated the irksomeness you felt at our presence, and has made us resolve on our departure."

They continued to talk to the hunter and his wife, gave them instructions as to a future life, and pronounced a blessing upon them.

"There is one point," they added, "of which we wish to speak. You have thought our conduct very strange in rudely possessing ourselves of the choicest parts of your hunt. *That* was the point of trial selected to put you to. It is the wife's peculiar privilege. For another to usurp it, we knew to be the severest trial of her, and consequently of your temper and feelings. We know your manners and customs, but we came to prove you, not by a compliance with them, but a violation of them. Pardon us. We are the agents of him who sent us. Peace to your dwelling, adieu!"

When they ceased total darkness filled the lodge. No object could be seen. The inmates heard the door open and shut, but they never saw more of the two Jeebi-ug.

The hunter found the success which they had promised. He became celebrated in the chase, and never wanted for any thing. He had many children, all of whom grew up to manhood, and health, peace, and long life were the rewards of his hospitality.

FOOTNOTES:

[21] Ghosts.

[22] The fat of animals is esteemed by the N. A. Indians among the choicest parts.

PAH-HAH-UNDOOTAH,

OR

THE RED HEAD.

A SIOUX TALE.

As spring approaches, the Indians return from their wintering grounds to their villages, engage in feasting, soon exhaust their stock of provisions, and begin to suffer for the want of food. Such of the hunters as are of an active and enterprising cast of character, take the occasion to separate from the mass of the population, and remove to some neighbouring locality in the forest, which promises the means of subsistence during this season of general lassitude and enjoyment.

Among the families who thus separated themselves, on a certain occasion, there was a man called Odshedoph Waucheentongah, or the Child of Strong Desires, who had a wife and one son. After a day's travel he reached an ample wood with his family, which

was thought to be a suitable place to encamp. The wife fixed the lodge, while the husband went out to hunt. Early in the evening he returned with a deer. Being tired and thirsty he asked his son to go to the river for some water. The son replied that it was dark and he was afraid. He urged him to go, saying that his mother, as well as himself, was tired, and the distance to the water was very short. But no persuasion was of any avail. He refused to go. "Ah, my son," said the father, at last, "if you are afraid to go to the river you will never kill the Red Head."

The boy was deeply mortified by this observation. It seemed to call up all his latent energies. He mused in silence. He refused to eat, and made no reply when spoken to.

The next day he asked his mother to dress the skin of the deer, and make it into moccasins for him, while he busied himself in preparing a bow and arrows. As soon as these things were done, he left the lodge one morning at sunrise, without saying a word to his father or mother. He fired one of his arrows into the air, which fell westward. He took that course, and at night coming to the spot where the arrow had fallen, was rejoiced to find it piercing the heart of a deer. He refreshed himself with a meal of the venison, and the next morning fired another arrow. After travelling all day, he found it also in another deer. In this manner he fired four arrows, and every evening found that he had killed a deer. What was very singular, however, was, that he left the arrows sticking in the carcasses, and passed on without withdrawing them. In consequence of this, he had no arrow for the fifth day, and was in great distress at night for the want of food. At last he threw himself upon the ground in despair, concluding that he might as well perish there as go farther. But he had not lain long before he heard a hollow, rumbling noise, in the ground beneath him. He sprang up, and discovered at a distance the figure of a human being, walking with a stick. He looked attentively and saw that the figure was walking in a wide beaten path, in a prairie, leading from a lodge to a lake. To his surprise this lodge was at no great distance. He approached a little nearer and concealed himself. He soon discovered that the figure was no other than that of the terrible witch, Wok-on-kahtohn-zooeyah pee-kah-haitchee, or the little old woman who makes war. Her path to the lake was perfectly smooth and solid, and the noise our adventurer had heard, was caused by the striking of her walking staff upon the ground. The top of this staff was decorated with a string of the toes and bills of birds of every kind, who at every stroke of the stick, fluttered and sung their various notes in concert.

She entered her lodge and laid off her mantle, which was entirely composed of the scalps of women. Before folding it, she shook it several times, and at every shake the scalps uttered loud shouts of laughter, in which the old hag joined. Nothing could have frightened him more than this horrific exhibition. After laying by the cloak she came directly to him. She informed him that she had known him from the time he left his father's lodge, and watched his movements. She told him not to fear or despair, for she would be his friend and protector. She invited him into her lodge, and gave him a supper. During the repast, she inquired of him his motives for visiting her. He related his history, stated the manner in which he had been disgraced, and the difficulties he laboured under. She cheered him with the assurance of her friendship, and told him he would be a brave man yet.

She then commenced the exercise of her power upon him. His hair being very short she took a large leaden comb, and after drawing it through his hair several times, it

became of a handsome feminine length. She then proceeded to dress him as a female, furnishing him with the necessary garments, and decorated his face with paints of the most beautiful dye. She gave him a bowl of shining metal. She directed him to put in his girdle a blade of scented sword-grass, and to proceed the next morning to the banks of the lake, which was no other than that over which the Red Head reigned. Now Pah-hah-undootah, or the Red Head, was a most powerful sorcerer and the terror of all the country, living upon an island in the centre of the lake.

She informed him that there would be many Indians on the island, who as soon as they saw him use the shining bowl to drink with, would come and solicit him to be their wife, and to take him over to the island. These offers he was to refuse, and say that he had come a great distance to be the wife of the Red Head, and that if the chief could not come for her in his own canoe, she should return to her village. She said that as soon as the Red Head heard of this, he would come for her in his own canoe, in which she must embark. On reaching the island he must consent to be his wife, and in the evening induce him to take a walk out of the village, when he was to take the first opportunity to cut off his head with the blade of grass. She also gave him general advice how he was to conduct himself to sustain his assumed character of a woman. His fear would scarcely permit him to accede to this plan, but the recollection of his father's words and looks decided him.

Early in the morning, he left the witch's lodge, and took the hard beaten path to the banks of the lake. He reached the water at a point directly opposite the Red Head's village. It was a beautiful day. The heavens were clear, and the sun shone out in the greatest effulgence. He had not been long there, having sauntered along the beach, when he displayed the glittering bowl, by dipping water from the lake. Very soon a number of canoes came off from the island. The men admired his dress, and were charmed with his beauty, and a great number made proposals of marriage. These he promptly declined, agreeably to the concerted plan. When the facts were reported to the Red Head, he ordered his canoe to be put in the water by his chosen men, and crossed over to see this wonderful girl. As he came near the shore, he saw that the ribs of the sorcerer's canoe were formed of living rattlesnakes, whose heads pointed outward to guard him from enemies. Our adventurer had no sooner stepped into the canoe than they began to hiss and rattle, which put him in a great fright. But the magician spoke to them, after which they became pacified and quiet, and all at once they were at the landing upon the island. The marriage immediately took place, and the bride made presents of various valuables which had been furnished by the old witch.

As they were sitting in the lodge surrounded by friends and relatives, the mother of the Red Head regarded the face of her new daughter-in-law for a long time with fixed attention. From this scrutiny she was convinced that this singular and hasty marriage augured no good to her son. She drew her husband aside and disclosed to him her suspicions: This can be no female, said she, the figure and manners, the countenance, and more especially the expression of the eyes, are, beyond a doubt, those of a man. Her husband immediately rejected her suspicions, and rebuked her severely for the indignity offered to her daughter-in-law. He became so angry, that seizing the first thing that came to hand, which happened to be his pipe stem, he beat her unmercifully. This act requiring to be explained, to the spectators, the mock bride immediately rose up, and assuming an air of offended dignity, told the Red Head that after receiving so gross an insult from his relatives, he could not think of remaining with him as his wife, but should forthwith

return to his village and friends. He left the lodge followed by the Red Head, and walked until he came upon the beach of the island, near the spot where they had first landed. Red Head entreated him to remain. He pressed him by every motive which he thought might have weight, but they were all rejected. During this conference they had seated themselves upon the ground, and Red Head, in great affliction, reclined his head upon his fancied wife's lap. This was the opportunity ardently sought for, and it was improved to the best advantage. Every means was taken to lull him to sleep, and partly by a soothing manner, and partly by a seeming compliance with his request, the object was at last attained. Red Head fell into a sound sleep. Our aspirant, for the glory of a brave man, then drew his blade of grass, and drawing it once across the neck of the Red Head completely severed the head from the body.

He immediately stripped off his dress, seized the bleeding head, and plunging into the lake, swam safely over to the main shore. He had scarcely reached it, when looking back he saw amid the darkness, the torches of persons come out in search of the new-married couple. He listened till they had found the headless body, and he heard their piercing shrieks of sorrow, as he took his way to the lodge of his kind adviser.

She received him with rejoicing. She admired his prudence, and told him his bravery could never be questioned again. Lifting up the head, she said he need only have brought the scalp. She cut off a small piece for herself, and told him he might now return with the head, which would be evidence of an achievement that would cause the Indians to respect him. In your way home, she said, you will meet with but one difficulty. Maunkah Keesh Woccaung, or the Spirit of the Earth, requires an offering from those who perform extraordinary achievements. As you walk along in a prairie, there will be an earthquake. The earth will open and divide the prairie in the middle. Take this partridge and throw it into the opening, and instantly spring over it. All this happened precisely as it had been foretold. He cast the partridge into the crevice and leapt over it. He then proceeded without obstruction to a place near his village, where he secreted his trophy. On entering the village he found his parents had returned from the place of their spring encampment, and were in great sorrow for their son, whom they supposed to be lost. One and another of the young men had presented themselves to the disconsolate parents, and said, "Look up, I am your son." Having been often deceived in this manner, when their own son actually presented himself, they sat with their heads down, and with their eyes nearly blinded with weeping. It was some time before they could be prevailed upon to bestow a glance upon him. It was still longer before they recognised him for their son; when he recounted his adventures they believed him mad. The young men laughed at him. He left the lodge and soon returned with his trophy. It was soon recognised. All doubts of the reality of his adventures now vanished. He was greeted with joy and placed among the first warriors of the nation. He finally became a chief, and his family were ever after respected and esteemed.

LEELINAU,

OR

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

AN ODJIBWA TALE.

Leelinau was the favourite daughter of an able hunter who lived near the base of the lofty highlands called Kaug Wudjoo, on the shore of Lake Superior. From her earliest youth she was observed to be pensive and timid, and to spend much of her time in solitude and fasting. Whenever she could leave her father's lodge she would fly to remote haunts and recesses in the woods, or sit upon some high promontory of rock overlooking the lake. In such places she was supposed to invoke her guardian spirit. But amid all the sylvan haunts, so numerous in a highly picturesque section of country, none had so great attractions for her mind as a forest of pines, on the open shore, called Manitowok, or the Sacred Grove. It was one of those consecrated places which are supposed to be the residence of the Puk Wudj Ininee, or little wild men of the woods, and Mishen Imokinakog, or turtle-spirits, two classes of minor spirits or fairies who love romantic scenes. Owing to this notion, it was seldom visited by Indians, who attribute to these imaginary beings a mischievous agency. And whenever they were compelled by stress of weather to make a landing on this part of the coast, they never failed to leave an offering of tobacco, or some other article.

To this fearful spot Leelinau had made her way at an early age, gathering strange flowers or plants, which she would bring home to her parents, and relate to them all the little incidents that had occurred in her rambles. Although they discountenanced her visits to the place, they were unable to restrain them, for they did not wish to lay any violent commands upon her. Her attachment to the spot, therefore, increased with her age. If she wished to propitiate her spirits to procure pleasant dreams, or any other favour, she repaired to the Manitowok. If her father remained out later than usual, and it was feared he had been overwhelmed by the tempest, or met with some other accident, she offered up her prayers at the Manitowok. It was there that she fasted, supplicated, and strolled. And she spent so much of her time there, that her parents began to suspect some bad spirit had enticed her to its haunts, and thrown a charm around her which she was unable to resist. This conjecture was confirmed by her mother (who had secretly followed her) overhearing her repeat sentiments like these.

Spirit of the dancing leaves

Hear a throbbing heart that grieves,
Not for joys this world can give,
But the life that spirits live:
Spirit of the foaming billow,
Visit thou my nightly pillow,
Shedding o'er it silver dreams,
Of the mountain brooks and streams,
Sunny glades, and golden hours,
Such as suit thy buoyant powers:
Spirit of the starry night,

Pencil out thy fleecy light,
That my footprints still may lead
To the blush-let Miscodeed,[23]
Or the flower to passion true
Yielding free its carmine hue:
Spirit of the morning dawn,
Waft thy fleecy columns on,
Snowy white, or tender blue
Such as brave men love to view.
Spirit of the green wood plume
Shed around thy leaf perfume
Such as spring from buds of gold
Which thy tiny hands unfold.
Spirits hither quick repair,
Hear a maiden's evening prayer.

The effect of these visits was to render the daughter dissatisfied with the realities of life, and to disqualify her for an active and useful participation in its duties. She became melancholy and taciturn. She had permitted her mind to dwell so much on imaginary scenes, that she at last mistook them for realities, and sighed for an existence inconsistent with the accidents of mortality. The consequence was, a disrelish for all the ordinary sources of amusement and employment, which engaged her equals in years. When the girls of the neighbouring lodges assembled to play at the favourite game of pappus-e-kowaun,[24] before the lodge door, Leelinau would sit vacantly by, or enter so feebly into the spirit of the play, as to show plainly that it was irksome to her. Again, in the evening, when the youths and girls formed a social ring around the lodge, and the piepeendjigun[25] passed rapidly from hand to hand, she either handed it along without attempting to play, or if she played, it was with no effort to swell her count. Her parents saw that she was a prey to some secret power, and attempted to divert her in every way they could. They favoured the attentions paid to her by a man much her senior in years, but who had the reputation of great activity, and was the eldest son of a neighbouring chief. But she could not be persuaded to listen to the proposal. Supposing her aversion merely the result of natural timidity, her objections were not deemed of a serious character; and in a state of society where matches are left very much in the hands of the parents, they proceeded to make the customary arrangements for the union. The young man was informed, through his parents, that his offer had been favourably received. The day was fixed for the marriage visit to the lodge, and the persons who were to be present were invited. As the favourable expression of the will of the parents had been explicitly given, and compliance was as certainly expected, she saw no means of frustrating the object, but by a firm declaration of her sentiments. She told her parents that she could never consent to the match, and that her mind was unalterably made up.

It had been her custom to pass many of her hours in her favourite place of retirement, under a low, broad-topped young pine, whose leaves whispered in the wind. Thither she now went, and while leaning pensively against its trunk, she fancied she heard articulate sounds. Very soon they became more distinct, and appeared to address her.

Maiden, think me not a tree
But thine own dear lover free,
Tall and youthful in my bloom
With the bright green nodding plume.
Thou art leaning on my breast,
Lean for ever there, and rest!
Fly from man, that bloody race,
Pards, assassins, bold and base;
Quit their din, and false parade
For the quiet lonely shade.
Leave the windy birchen cot
For my own, light happy lot,
O'er thee I my veil will fling.
Light as beetle's silken wing;
I will breathe perfume of flowers,
O'er thy happy evening hours;
I will in my shell canoe
Waft thee o'er the waters blue;
I will deck thy mantle fold,
With the sun's last rays of gold.
Come, and on the mountain free
Rove a fairy bright with me.

Her fancy confirmed all she heard as the words of sober truth. She needed nothing more to settle her purpose.

On the evening preceding the day fixed for her marriage, she dressed herself in her best garments. She arranged her hair according to the fashion of her tribe, and put on the ornaments she possessed. Thus robed, she assumed an air of unwonted gayety, as she presented herself before her parents. I am going, said she, to meet my little lover, the chieftain of the green plume, who is waiting for me at the Spirit Grove; and her countenance expressed a buoyant delight, which she had seldom evinced. They were quite pleased with these evidences of restored cheerfulness, supposing she was going to act some harmless freak. "I am going," said she, to her mother, as she left the lodge, "from one who has watched my infancy, and guarded my youth. Who has given me medicine when I was sick, and prepared me food when I was well. I am going from a father who has ranged the forest to procure the choicest skins for my dress, and kept his lodge supplied with the best food of the chase. I am going from a lodge which has been my shelter from the storms of winter, and my shield from the heats of summer. Adieu! adieu!" she cried as she skipped lightly over the plain.

So saying she hastened to the confines of the fairy haunted grove. As it was her common resort, no alarm was entertained, and the parents confidently waited her return with the sunset hour. But as she did not arrive, they began to feel uneasy. Darkness approached, and no daughter returned. They now lighted torches of pine wood, and proceeded to the gloomy forest of pines, but were wholly unsuccessful in the search. They called aloud upon her name, but the echo was their only reply. Next day the search was renewed, but with no better success. Suns rose and set, but they rose and set upon a

bereaved father and mother, who were never afterward permitted to behold a daughter whose manners and habits they had not sufficiently guarded, and whose inclinations they had, in the end, too violently thwarted.

One night a party of fishermen, who were spearing fish near the Spirit Grove, descried something resembling a female figure standing on the shore. As the evening was mild, and the waters calm, they cautiously paddled their canoe ashore, but the slight ripple of the water excited alarm. The figure fled, but they recognised, in the shape and dress, as she ascended the bank, the lost daughter, and they saw the green plumes of her lover waving over his forehead, as he glided lightly through the forest of young pines.

FOOTNOTES:

[23] *Claytonia Virginica*.

[24] A game played with sticks and two small blocks on a string by females.

[25] A game played with a piece of perforated leather and a bone.

PUCK WUDJ ININEE

AN ODJIBWA TALE.

There was a time when all the inhabitants of the earth had died, excepting two helpless children, a baby boy, and a little girl. When their parents died, these children were asleep. The little girl, who was the elder, was the first to awake. She looked around her, but seeing nobody besides her little brother, who lay asleep, she quietly resumed her bed. At the end of ten days her brother moved without opening his eyes. At the end of ten days, more he changed his position, lying on the other side.

The girl soon grew up to woman's estate, but the boy increased in stature very slowly. It was a long time before he could even creep. When he was able to walk, his sister made him a little bow and arrows, and suspended around his neck a small shell, saying, you shall be called *Wa-Dais-Ais-Imid*, or He of the Little Shell. Every day he would go out with his little bow shooting at the small birds. The first bird he killed was a tomtit. His sister was highly pleased when he took it to her. She carefully skinned and stuffed it, and put it away for him. The next day he killed a red squirrel. His sister preserved this too. The third day he killed a partridge (*Pe éna*), which she stuffed and set up. After this, he acquired more courage, and would venture some distance from home. His skill and success as a hunter daily increased, and he killed the deer, bear, moose, and other large animals inhabiting the forest. In fine he became a great hunter.

He had now arrived to maturity of years, but remained a perfect infant in stature. One day walking about he came to a small lake. It was in the winter season. He saw a man on the ice killing beavers. He appeared to be a giant. Comparing himself to this great man he appeared no bigger than an insect. He seated himself on the shore, and watched his movements. When the large man had killed many beavers, he put them on a hand sled, which he had, and pursued his way home. When he saw him retire, he followed him, and wielding his magic shell, cut off the tail of one of the beavers, and ran home with his trophy. When the tall stranger reached his lodge, with his sled load of beavers, he was surprised to find the tail of one of them gone, for he had not observed the movements of the little hero of the shell.

The next day *Wa-Dais-Ais-Imid*, went to the same lake. The man had already fixed his load of beavers on his *odaw bon* or sled, and commenced his return. But he nimbly ran forward, and overtaking him, succeeded, by the same means, in securing another of the beaver's tails. When the man saw that he had lost another of this most esteemed part of the animal, he was very angry. I wonder, said he, what dog it is, that has

thus cheated me. Could I meet him, I would make his flesh quiver at the point of my lance. Next day he pursued his hunting at the beaver dam near the lake, and was followed again by the little man of the shell. On this occasion the hunter had used so much expedition, that he had accomplished his object, and nearly reached his home, before our tiny hero could overtake him. He nimbly drew his shell and cut off another beaver's tail. In all these pranks, he availed himself of his power of invisibility, and thus escaped observation. When the man saw that the trick had been so often repeated, his anger was greater than ever. He gave vent to his feelings in words. He looked carefully around to see whether he could discover any tracks. But he could find none. His unknown visiter had stepped so lightly as to leave no track.

Next day he resolved to disappoint him by going to his beaver pond very early. When Wa-Dais-Ais-Imid reached the place, he found the fresh traces of his work, but he had already returned. He followed his tracks, but failed to overtake him. When he came in sight of the lodge the stranger was in front of it, employed in skinning his beavers. As he stood looking at him, he thought, I will let him see me. Presently the man, who proved to be no less a personage than Manabozho, looked up and saw him. After regarding him with attention, "who are you, little man," said Manabozho. "I have a mind to kill you." The little hero of the shell replied, "If you were to try to kill me you could not do it."

When he returned home he told his sister that they must separate. "I must go away," said he, "it is my fate. You too," he added, "must go away soon. Tell me where you would wish to dwell." She said, "I would like to go to the place of the breaking of daylight. I have always loved the east. The earliest glimpses of light are from that quarter, and it is, to my mind, the most beautiful part of the heavens. After I get there, my brother, whenever you see the clouds in that direction of various colours, you may think that your sister is painting her face."

"And I," said he, "my sister, shall live on the mountains and rocks. There I can see you at the earliest hour, and there the streams of water are clear, and the air pure. And I shall ever be called Puck Wudj Ininee, or the little wild man of the mountains."

"But," he resumed, "before we part for ever, I must go and try to find some Manitoes." He left her and travelled over the surface of the globe, and then went far down into the earth. He had been treated well wherever he went. At last he found a giant Manito, who had a large kettle, which was for ever boiling. The giant regarded him with a stern look, and then took him up in his hand, and threw him unceremoniously into the kettle. But by the protection of his personal spirit, he was shielded from harm, and with much ado got out of it and escaped. He returned to his sister, and related his roving and misadventures. He finished his story by addressing her thus: "My sister, there is a Manito, at each of the four corners of the earth.[26] There is also one above them, far in the sky, and last," continued he, "there is another, and wicked one, who lives deep down in the earth. We must now separate. When the winds blow from the four corners of the earth you must then go. They will carry you to the place you wish. I go to the rocks and mountains, where my kindred will ever delight to dwell." He then took his ball stick, and commenced running up a high mountain, whooping as he went. Presently the winds blew, and as he predicted, his sister was borne by them to the eastern sky, where she has ever since been, and her name is the Morning Star.

Blow, winds, blow! my sister lingers
For her dwelling in the sky,

Where the morn, with rosy fingers,
Shall her cheeks, with vermil dye.

There, my earliest views directed,
Shall from her their colour take,
And her smiles, through clouds reflected,
Guide me on, by wood or lake.

While I range the highest mountains,
Sport in valleys green and low,
Or beside our Indian fountains
Raise my tiny hip holla.

FOOTNOTES:

[26] The opinion that the earth is a square and level plain, and that the winds blow from its four corners, is a very ancient eastern opinion.

MISHOSHA,

OR

THE MAGICIAN OF THE LAKES.

In an early age of the world, when there were fewer inhabitants than there now are, there lived an Indian, in a remote place, who had a wife and two children. They seldom saw any one out of the circle of their own lodge. Animals were abundant in so secluded a situation, and the man found no difficulty in supplying his family with food.

In this way they lived in peace and happiness, which might have continued if the hunter had not found cause to suspect his wife. She secretly cherished an attachment for a young man whom she accidentally met one day in the woods. She even planned the death of her husband for his sake, for she knew if she did not kill her husband, her husband, the moment he detected her crime, would kill her.

The husband, however, eluded her project by his readiness and decision. He narrowly watched her movements. One day he secretly followed her footsteps into the forest, and having concealed himself behind a tree, he soon beheld a tall young man approach and lead away his wife. His arrows were in his hands, but he did not use them. He thought he would kill her the moment she returned.

Meantime, he went home and sat down to think. At last he came to the determination of quitting her for ever, thinking that her own conscience would punish her sufficiently, and relying on her maternal feelings to take care of the two children, who

were boys, he immediately took up his arms and departed.

When the wife returned she was disappointed in not finding her husband, for she had now concerted her plan, and intended to have despatched him. She waited several days, thinking he might have been led away by the chase, but finding he did not return, she suspected the true cause. Leaving her two children in the lodge, she told them she was going a short distance and would return. She then fled to her paramour and came back no more.

The children thus abandoned, soon made way with the food left in the lodge, and were compelled to quit it in search of more. The eldest boy, who was of an intrepid temper, was strongly attached to his brother, frequently carrying him when he became weary, and gathering all the wild fruit he saw. They wandered deeper and deeper into the forest, losing all traces of their former habitation, until they were completely lost in its mazes.

The eldest boy had a knife, with which he made a bow and arrows, and was thus enabled to kill a few birds for himself and brother. In this manner they continued to pass on, from one piece of forest to another, not knowing whither they were going. At length they saw an opening through the woods, and were shortly afterward delighted to find themselves on the borders of a large lake. Here the elder brother busied himself in picking the seed pods of the wild rose, which he preserved as food. In the meantime, the younger brother amused himself by shooting arrows in the sand, one of which happened to fall into the lake. Panigwun,[27] the elder brother, not willing to lose the arrow, waded in the water to reach it. Just as he was about to grasp the arrow, a canoe passed up to him with great rapidity. An old man, sitting in the centre, seized the affrighted youth and placed him in the canoe. In vain the boy addressed him—"My grandfather, (a term of respect for old people,) pray take my little brother also. Alone, I cannot go with you; he will starve if I leave him." Mishosha, (the old man,) only laughed at him. Then uttering the charm, Chemaun Poll, and giving his canoe a slap, it glided through the water with inconceivable swiftness. In a few moments they reached the habitation of the magician, standing on an island in the centre of the lake. Here he lived with his two daughters, who managed the affairs of his household. Leading the young man up to the lodge, he addressed his eldest daughter. "Here," said he, "my daughter, I have brought a young man to be your husband." Husband! thought the young woman; rather another victim of your bad arts, and your insatiate enmity to the human race. But she made no reply, seeming thereby to acquiesce in her father's will.

The young man thought he saw surprise depicted in the eyes of the daughter, during the scene of this introduction, and determined to watch events narrowly. In the evening he overheard the two daughters in conversation. "There," said the eldest daughter, "I told you he would not be satisfied with his last sacrifice. He has brought another victim, under the pretence of providing me a husband. Husband, indeed! the poor youth will be in some horrible predicament before another sun has set. When shall we be spared the scenes of vice and wickedness which are daily taking place before our eyes."

Panigwun took the first opportunity of acquainting the daughters how he had been carried off, and been compelled to leave his little brother on the shore. They told him to wait until their father was asleep, then to get up and take his canoe, and using the charm he had obtained, it would carry him quickly to his brother. That he could carry him food, prepare a lodge for him, and be back before daybreak. He did, in every respect, as he had

been directed—the canoe obeyed the charm, and carried him safely over, and after providing for the subsistence of his brother, told him that in a short time he should come for him. Then returning to the enchanted island, he resumed his place in the lodge, before the magician awoke. Once, during the night, Mishosha awoke, and not seeing his destined son-in-law, asked his daughter what had become of him. She replied that he had merely stepped out, and would be back soon. This satisfied him. In the morning, finding the young man in the lodge, his suspicions were completely lulled. "I see, my daughter," said he, "you have told the truth."

As soon as the sun arose, Mishosha thus addressed the young man. "Come, my son, I have a mind to gather gulls' eggs. I know an island where there are great quantities, and I wish your aid in getting them." The young man saw no reasonable excuse; and getting into the canoe, the magician gave it a slap, and uttering a command, they were in an instant at the island. They found the shores strown with gulls' eggs, and the island full of birds of this species. "Go, my son," said the old man, "and gather the eggs, while I remain in the canoe."

But Panigwun had no sooner got ashore, than Mishosha pushed his canoe a little from the land, and exclaimed—"Listen, ye gulls! you have long expected an offering from me. I now give you a victim. Fly down and devour him." Then striking his canoe, he left the young man to his fate.

The birds immediately came in clouds around their victim, darkening the air with their numbers. But the youth seizing the first that came near him, and drawing his knife, cut off its head. He immediately skinned the bird, and hung the feathers as a trophy on his breast. "Thus," he exclaimed, "will I treat every one of you who approaches me. Forbear, therefore, and listen to my words. It is not for you to eat human flesh. You have been given by the Great Spirit as food for man. Neither is it in the power of that old magician to do you any good. Take me on your backs and carry me to his lodge, and you shall see that I am not ungrateful." The gulls obeyed; collecting in a cloud for him to rest upon, and quickly flew to the lodge, where they arrived before the magician. The daughters were surprised at his return, but Mishosha, on entering the lodge, conducted himself as if nothing extraordinary had taken place.

The next day he again addressed the youth:—"Come, my son," said he, "I will take you to an island covered with the most beautiful stones and pebbles, looking like silver. I wish you to assist me in gathering some of them. They will make handsome ornaments, and possess great medicinal virtues." Entering the canoe, the magician made use of his charm, and they were carried in a few moments to a solitary bay in an island, where there was a smooth sandy beach. The young man went ashore as usual, and began to search. "A little farther, a little farther," cried the old man. "Upon that rock you will get some fine ones." Then pushing his canoe from land—"Come, thou great king of fishes," cried the old man; "you have long expected an offering from me. Come, and eat the stranger whom I have just put ashore on your island." So saying, he commanded his canoe to return, and it was soon out of sight.

Immediately, a monstrous fish thrust his long snout from the water, crawling partially on the beach, and opening wide his jaws to receive his victim. "When!" exclaimed the young man, drawing his knife and putting himself in a threatening attitude, "when did you ever taste human flesh? Have a care of yourself. You were given by the Great Spirit to man, and if you, or any of your tribe eat human flesh, you will fall sick

and die. Listen not to the words of that wicked man, but carry me back to his island, in return for which I will present you a piece of red cloth." The fish complied, raising his back out of the water, to allow the young man to get on. Then taking his way through the lake, he landed his charge safely on the island before the return of the magician. The daughters were still more surprised to see that he had escaped the arts of their father the second time. But the old man on his return maintained his taciturnity and self-composure. He could not, however, help saying to himself—"What manner of boy is this, who is ever escaping from my power. But his spirit shall not save him. I will entrap him to-morrow. Ha, ha, ha!"

Next day the magician addressed the young man as follows: "Come, my son," said he, "you must go with me to procure some young eagles. I wish to tame them. I have discovered an island where they are in great abundance." When they had reached the island, Mishosha led him inland until they came to the foot of a tall pine, upon which the nests were. "Now, my son," said he, "climb up this tree and bring down the birds." The young man obeyed. When he had with great difficulty got near the nest, "Now," exclaimed the magician, addressing the tree, "stretch yourself up and be very tall." The tree rose up at the command. "Listen, ye eagles," continued the old man, "you have long expected a gift from me. I now present you this boy, who has had the presumption to molest your young. Stretch forth your claws and seize him." So saying he left the young man to his fate, and returned.

But the intrepid youth drawing his knife, and cutting off the head of the first eagle that menaced him, raised his voice and exclaimed, "Thus will I deal with all who come near me. What right have you, ye ravenous birds, who were made to feed on beasts, to eat human flesh? Is it because that cowardly old canoe-man has bid you do so? He is an old woman. He can neither do you good nor harm. See, I have already slain one of your number. Respect my bravery, and carry me back that I may show you how I shall treat you."

The eagles, pleased with his spirit, assented, and clustering thick around him formed a seat with their backs, and flew toward the enchanted island. As they crossed the water they passed over the magician, lying half asleep in his canoe.

The return of the young man was hailed with joy by the daughters, who now plainly saw that he was under the guidance of a strong spirit. But the ire of the old man was excited, although he kept his temper under subjection. He taxed his wits for some new mode of ridding himself of the youth, who had so successfully baffled his skill. He next invited him to go a hunting.

Taking his canoe, they proceeded to an island and built a lodge to shelter themselves during the night. In the mean while the magician caused a deep fall of snow, with a storm of wind and severe cold. According to custom, the young man pulled off his moccasins and leggings and hung them before the fire to dry. After he had gone to sleep the magician, watching his opportunity, got up, and taking one moccasin and one legging, threw them into the fire. He then went to sleep. In the morning, stretching himself as he arose and uttering an exclamation of surprise, "My son," said he, "what has become of your moccasin and legging? I believe this is the moon in which fire attracts, and I fear they have been drawn in." The young man suspected the true cause of his loss, and rightly attributed it to a design of the magician to freeze him to death on the march. But he maintained the strictest silence, and drawing his conaus over his head thus communed

with himself: "I have full faith in the Manito who has preserved me thus far, I do not fear that he will forsake me in this cruel and emergency. Great is his power, and I invoke it now that he may enable me to prevail over this wicked enemy of mankind."

He then drew on the remaining moccasin and legging, and taking a dead coal from the fireplace, invoked his spirit to give it efficacy, and blackened his foot and leg as far as the lost garment usually reached. He then got up and announced himself ready for the march. In vain Mishosha led him through snows and over morasses, hoping to see the lad sink at every moment. But in this he was disappointed, and for the first time they returned home together.

Taking courage from this success, the young man now determined to try his own power, having previously consulted with the daughters. They all agreed that the life the old man led was detestable, and that whoever would rid the world of him, would entitle himself to the thanks of the human race.

On the following day the young man thus addressed his hoary captor. "My grandfather, I have often gone with you on perilous excursions and never murmured. I must now request that you will accompany me. I wish to visit my little brother, and to bring him home with me." They accordingly went on a visit to the main land, and found the little lad in the spot where he had been left. After taking him into the canoe, the young man again addressed the magician: "My grandfather, will you go and cut me a few of those red willows on the bank, I wish to prepare some smoking mixture." "Certainly, my son," replied the old man, "what you wish is not very hard. Ha, ha, ha! do you think me too old to get up there?" No sooner was Mishosha ashore, than the young man, placing himself in the proper position struck the canoe with his hand, and pronouncing the charm, N'chimaun Poll, the canoe immediately flew through the water on its return to the island. It was evening when the two brothers arrived, and carried the canoe ashore. But the elder daughter informed the young man that unless he sat up and watched the canoe, and kept his hand upon it, such was the power of their father, it would slip off and return to him. Panigwun watched faithfully till near the dawn of day, when he could no longer resist the drowsiness which oppressed him, and he fell into a short doze. In the meantime the canoe slipped off and sought its master, who soon returned in high glee. "Ha, ha, ha! my son," said he; "you thought to play me a trick. It was very clever. But you see I am too old for you."

A short time after, the youth again addressed the magician. "My grandfather, I wish to try my skill in hunting. It is said there is plenty of game on an island not far off, and I have to request that you will take me there in your canoe." They accordingly went to the island and spent the day in hunting. Night coming on they put up a temporary lodge. When the magician had sunk into a profound sleep, the young man got up, and taking one of Mishosha's leggings and moccasins from the place where they hung, threw them into the fire, thus retaliating the artifice before played upon himself. He had discovered that the foot and leg were the only vulnerable parts of the magician's body. Having committed these articles to the fire, he besought his Manito that he would raise a great storm of snow, wind, and hail, and then laid himself down beside the old man. Consternation was depicted on the countenance of the latter, when he awoke in the morning and found his moccasin and legging missing. "I believe, my grandfather," said the young man, "that this is the moon in which fire attracts, and I fear your foot and leg garments have been drawn in." Then rising and bidding the old man follow him, he began the morning's hunt,

frequently turning to see how Mishosha kept up. He saw him faltering at every step, and almost benumbed with cold, but encouraged him to follow, saying, we shall soon get through and reach the shore; although he took pains, at the same time, to lead him in roundabout ways, so as to let the frost take complete effect. At length the old man reached the brink of the island where the woods are succeeded by a border of smooth sand. But he could go no farther; his legs became stiff and refused motion, and he found himself fixed to the spot. But he still kept stretching out his arms and swinging his body to and fro. Every moment he found the numbness creeping higher. He felt his legs growing downward like roots, the feathers of his head turned to leaves, and in a few seconds he stood a tall and stiff sycamore, leaning toward the water.

Panigwun leaped into the canoe, and pronouncing the charm, was soon transported to the island, where he related his victory to the daughters. They applauded the deed, agreed to put on mortal shapes, become wives to the two young men, and for ever quit the enchanted island. And passing immediately over to the main land, they lived lives of happiness and peace.

FOOTNOTES:

[27] The end wing feather.

THE WEENDIGOES.[28]

A SAGINAW STORY.

Once there lived in a lonely forest, a man and his wife, who had a son. The father went out every day, according to the custom of the Indians, to hunt for food, to support his family. One day while he was absent, his wife, on going out of the lodge, looked toward the lake that was near, and saw a very large man walking on the water, and coming fast toward the lodge. He had already advanced so near that flight was useless. She thought to herself, what shall I say to the monster that will please him. As he came near, she ran in, and taking the hand of her son, a boy of three or four years old, led him out. Speaking very loud, "See, my son," said she, "your grandfather," and then added in a conciliatory tone, "he will have pity on us." The giant advanced, and said sneeringly, "Yes, my son." And then addressing the woman said, "Have you anything to eat." Fortunately the lodge was filled with meal of various kinds. The woman thought to please him by handing him some cooked meat, but he pushed it away in a dissatisfied manner, and took up the raw carcass of a deer, which he *glutted* up, sucking the bones, and drinking the blood.

When the hunter came home, he was surprised to see the monster, for he looked very frightful. He had again brought home the whole carcass of a deer, which he had no sooner put down than the cannibal seized it, tore it to pieces, and devoured it, as if it had been a mere mouthful. The hunter looked at him with fear and astonishment, telling his wife that he was afraid for their lives, as this monster was one whom Indians call

Weendigo. He did not even dare to speak to him, nor did the cannibal say a word, but as soon as he had finished his meal, he laid himself down and fell asleep.

Early next morning he told the hunter that he should also go out hunting, and they went together. Toward evening they returned, the man bringing a deer, but the Weendigo brought home the bodies of two Indians, whom he had killed. He very composedly sat down and commenced tearing the limbs apart, breaking the bones with his teeth, and despatching them as easily as if they had been soft pieces of flesh. He was not even satisfied with that, but again took up the deer which the hunter had brought, to finish his supper, while the hunter and his family had to live on their dried meat.

In this manner the hunter and the Weendigo lived for some time, and it is remarkable that the monster never made an attempt on their lives, although the ground outside the lodge was white with the human bones he had cast out. He was always still and gloomy, and seldom spoke to them. One evening he told the hunter that the time had now arrived for him to take his leave, but before doing so he would give him a charm, that would always make him successful in killing moose. This charm consisted of two arrows, and after giving them to the hunter he thanked him and his wife for their kindness, and departed, saying that he had all the world to travel over.

The hunter and his wife felt happy when freed from his presence, for they had expected, at every moment, to have been devoured by him. He tried the virtues of his arrows, and never failed to be successful in their use. They had lived in this manner for a year, when a great evil befell them. The hunter was absent one day when his wife, on going out of the lodge, saw something like a black cloud approaching. She looked till it came near, when she perceived that it was another Weendigo. She apprehended no danger, thinking he would treat them as the first one had done. In this she was wholly mistaken. Unluckily they had but a small portion of moose meat in the lodge. The Weendigo looked around for something to eat, and being disappointed he took the lodge and threw it to the winds. He hardly seemed to notice the woman, for she was but a morsel for him. However, he grasped her by the waist. Her cries and entreaties, with those of her son, had no effect—the monster tore out her entrails, and taking her body at one mouthful, started off without noticing the boy, probably thinking it was not worth his while to take half a mouthful.

When the hunter returned from the forest, he did not know what to think. His lodge was gone, and he saw his son sitting near the spot where it had stood, shedding tears. On a nearer approach he saw a few remains of his wife, and his son related all the circumstances of her death. The man blackened his face and vowed in his heart he would have revenge. He built another lodge, and collecting the remains of his wife, placed them in the hollow part of a dry tree. He left his boy to take care of the lodge while he was absent, hunting, and would roam about from place to place, trying to forget his misfortune. He made a bow and arrows for his son, and did every thing in his power to please him.

One day, while he was absent, his son shot his arrows out, through the top of the lodge, but when he went out to look for them he could not find them. His father made him some more, and when he was again left alone, he shot one of them out, but although he paid particular attention to the spot where it fell, he could not find it. He shot another, and immediately ran out of the lodge to see where it fell. He was surprised to see a beautiful boy, just in the act of taking it up, and running with it toward a large tree, where

he disappeared. He followed, and having come to the tree, he beheld the face of the boy, looking out through an opening in the hollow part. Nha-ha[29] (oh dear,) he said, my friend, come out and play with me. And he urged him till he consented. They played and shot their arrows by turns. Suddenly the younger boy said, "your father is coming. We must stop. Promise me that you will not tell him." The elder promised, and the other disappeared in the tree. The elder boy then went home, and when his father returned from the chase, sat demurely by the fire. In the course of the evening he asked his father to make him a new bow. To an inquiry of his father as to the use he meant to make of two bows, he replied, that one might break, or get lost; he then consented. Next day, after his father had gone, he went to his friend, and invited him to come out and play, and at the same time presented him the new bow. They went and played in the lodge together, and raised the ashes all over it. Suddenly again the youngest said, "your father is coming, I must leave." He again exacted a promise of secrecy, and went back to his tree. The eldest took his seat near the fire. When the hunter came in, he was surprised to see the ashes scattered about. "Why, my son," said he, "you must have played very hard to day, to raise such a dust, all alone." "Yes," said the boy, "I was lonesome, and ran round and round—*that* is the cause of it."

Next day the hunter made ready for the chase as usual. The boy said, "Father, try and hunt all day, and see what you can kill." As soon as he had gone, the boy called his friend, and they played and chased each other round the lodge. The man was returning and came to a rising piece of ground, when he heard his son laughing and making a noise, but the sounds appeared as if they arose from *two* persons playing. At the same instant the young boy of the tree stopped, and after saying, "your father is coming," ran off to the tree, which stood near the lodge. The hunter, on entering found his son sitting near the fire, very quiet, but he was much surprised to see all the articles of the lodge lying in various directions. "Why, my son," said he, "you must play *very* hard, every day, and what do you do, all alone to throw about all our things in this manner, and cause the ashes to spread about the lodge." The boy again made excuse. "Father," said he, "I play in *this* manner—I chase and drag my coat around the lodge, and that is the reason you see ashes spread about." The hunter was not satisfied until he saw his son play with the coat, which he did so adroitly as to deceive him. Next day the boy repeated his request that the father would be absent all day, and see if he could not kill *two* deer. He thought it strange for his son to make such a request, and rather suspected something. He, however, went into the forest, and when out of sight, his son went for his young companion to the tree, and they resumed their sports. The father, on coming home at evening, when he reached the rising ground, which almost overlooked the lodge, heard again the sounds of laughing and playing, and could not be mistaken; he was now certain there were two voices. The boy from the tree had barely time to escape, when he entered and found his son, sitting as usual, near the fire. When he was seated and cast his eyes around, he saw the lodge was in worse confusion than before. "My son," said he, "you must be very foolish, when alone, to play so. But tell me—I heard two voices I am certain," and he looked closely on the prints of the footsteps in the ashes. "True," he said, "here is the print of a foot that is smaller than my son's," which satisfied him that his suspicions were well founded, and that some very young person had played with his son. The boy, at this time, thought best to tell his father all that had been done. "Why, father," said he, "I found a boy in the hollow of the tree, near the lodge, where you put my mother's bones." Strange thoughts

came over the man; he thought that this little boy might have been created from the remains of his deceased wife. But as Indians are generally fearful of disturbing the dead, he did not dare to go near the place where he had placed her remains. He thought best to tell his son, and make him promise, that he would entice his friend to a dead tree, that was near their lodge, by telling him that they could kill many flying squirrels by setting fire to it. He said he would conceal himself near by, and take the boy. Next day the hunter went into the woods, and his son went and insisted on his friend's going with him to kill the squirrels. He objected that his father was near, but was, at length, persuaded to go, and, after they had set fire to the tree, and while they were busy in killing the squirrels, the father suddenly made his appearance and clasped the boy in his arms. He cried out, Kago! Kago! (don't, don't) you will tear my clothes—which appeared to have been made of a fine transparent skin. The father tried to reassure him by every means in his power. By long-continued kindness, he, at last, succeeded, and the boy was reconciled to his new situation; but it was owing principally to the society of his friend. The father now knew that it was the Great Spirit who had thus miraculously raised him a son from the remains of his wife; and he felt persuaded that the boy would, in time, become a great man, and aid him in his revenge on the Weendigoes.

The hunter was now more reconciled to the loss of his wife, and spent as much time as he could spare from the chase, in attending to his sons. But what was very remarkable, both his sons retained their low stature, although they were well formed and beautiful.

One day he advised his sons not to go near a certain lake, which, he said, was inhabited by foul birds, who were vicious and dangerous. In the course of one of their rambles, the boys had wandered near it, and they came out and stood on its banks. They saw, on one side, a mountain, rising precipitously from the water, and reaching apparently to the sky. They stood and looked for some time with astonishment at the sight. The youngest spoke and said, "I see no harm in climbing the rock to see what is to be discovered on its top." They ascended, and had got up, with difficulty, half way, when the rumbling noise of thunder was heard, and lightning began to play near them. But they were undaunted, and reached the top, where they beheld an enormous bird's nest, and in it two very large young birds. Although they had only the soft down, as yet, on their bodies, they appeared to be monsters, and when the young men put a stick near their eyes, which they opened and shut very quick, the flashes they emitted broke the stick in pieces. They, however, took the young birds, and with great difficulty reached the lodge with them. When their father came home, they told him what fine birds they had, and requested him to tame them, and bring them up as pets, "for," said they, "when we took them we intended them for you." They told him where they had procured them, saying, that he need not have given them the caution respecting the dangers of the lake. The father was now convinced that both his sons were gifted with supernatural powers. He, however, advised them not to go near another lake he told them of, which was inhabited by *Mishe-genabigoes*.^[30] When he was again absent, the boys wandered near that lake, and as they were talking, they heard some one ordering them away, and telling them not to make so much noise. "Who are you?" they answered. "I am Mishegenabig," cried the same voice; "and who are you that dare to disobey me?" The youngest boy told his brother to sing some magic words, while he went in search of the one who had so insultingly spoken to them; and while he waded into the water, the other sang these

words:

O pau neence
In de go wish
Se nau bun
Opunai sun
Mau moke e sagin.

Literal translation.

Little slave—
Bad monster—
I spy him—
His diminutive liver—
Peeping out (as a mushroom
suddenly shooting out of the ground, or a thing appearing from
beneath the water, and applied generally to a person, or noun
animate, unexpectedly appearing as a mushroom, &c.)

He continued singing as he was directed, and he soon saw pieces of liver floating on the water. Soon after his brother returned from under the water with a mishegenabig, whom he dragged by his horns. "Brother," said he, "this is the one who was so insolent to us. We will now go home and make a pet of him." When they reached home they told their father that they had brought him another pet. Their father was thoughtful. He was surprised to see his son overcome all manner of monsters; he, however, kept silent, and rejoiced in spirit to think that his sons were so fortunate in commencing life.

One day, after musing for a long time, he told his sons that his time was come, and that he should have to follow his forefathers to the land of the west. "But," he continued, "before I leave this earth, my sons, listen to my advice." He proceeded to speak to them, and when he had done, the youngest said, "Father, you must remember the Weendigoes, and the misery they brought on you. You will now leave earth, with your two feathered favourites; but first we will feed them with the flesh of the mishegenabig." They did so, and their father departed amid thunder and lightnings, for the two birds were the offspring of thunder. He fixed his residence as directed by the Great Manito in the sky toward the north, and he retains his name to the present day, which is, The Thunder commencing in the north, and going south.[31]

[This story exhibits the mind of the Saginaws in a characteristic light. This tribe are emphatically the Seminoles of the North, consisting originally of individuals who were refugees from the great Odjibwa family. Their origin, as a distinct band, is comparatively recent, dating no farther back than the time of the flight of the Sauks from the district of country which is now, in allusion to them, denominated Saginaw. The principal town of that adventurous and warlike tribe, was, and is still, called by the natives Saukinong (i. e. Sauk-town), and the Chippewa refugees who succeeded, took their denomination of Saginaws from the term. Without farther allusion to their history, it may be observed, that the Saginaws have never made the least advances in education or religion. Cruelty, deception, intemperance, and a blind adherence to the idolatrous customs and superstitions of the nation from which they sprang, have been their

characteristics. Up to this day, there is not a school, or teacher, or preacher, among them. There is not one individual of unmixed blood in the tribe, who can read, or has any pretence to the knowledge of Christianity. Most of their lore is of murders and thefts committed, or vicious adventures of some sort. They have been, emphatically, a band of plunderers. They bore a conspicuous part in the depredations committed on the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, during the revolutionary, and Wayne's war. Their late leader and head chief, Kishkako, was a perfect Abællino in purpose, who spent a long life in iniquities, private and public, and would, at last, have paid the forfeit of his life on the gallows, had he not committed suicide in jail.

The tales of this tribe, of which there are three specimens furnished, partake strongly of the character of the tribe. They have less originality, less moral, and less adherence to the ancient manners and customs of the original stock, than any other of the traditionary fictions yet examined. There is also less purity of language in the original, and a strong dash of vulgarity, which it has required some care to keep out of the translation.]

FOOTNOTES:

[28] The radix of this word is not apparent. The term is used to signify cannibal, giant, monster. The plural termination in *es* is in accordance with the rule of number in English orthography, applied to originally foreign substantives ending in *o*, as in potatoes, mulattoes, &c., and previously applied in relation to Indian words, in Winnebagoes, Otoes, &c.

[29] This phrase is peculiar to boys and girls, and is sung repeating it several times.

[30] Monstrous serpents.

[31] Thunder from this part of the heavens is called, by the Indians, the autumnal thunder. It is the last generally heard for the season, and they say, speaking of it in the plural, that "they are hollaing on their way home."

THE RACCOON AND CRAWFISH.

A FABLE.

FROM THE ODJIBWA.

The Raccoon searches the margins of streams for shell-fish, where he is generally sure of finding the as-shog-aish-i, or crawfish. Indian story says, that the enmity between these two species, and the consequent wariness of each for the other, was such, that the poor raccoon, with all his stealthiness, was at last put to great straits for a meal. The crawfish would no longer venture near the shore, and the raccoon was on the point of starvation. At length he fixed on this expedient to decoy his enemy.

Knowing the crawfish to feed on worms, he procured a quantity of old rotten wood (filled with these worms) and stuffing it in his mouth and ears, and powdering it over his body, he lay down by the water's edge, to induce the belief that he was dead.

An old crawfish came out warily from the water, and crawled around and over his apparently deceased enemy. He rejoiced to find an end put to his murderous career, and cried out to his fellows, "Come up my brothers and sisters, Aissibun[32] is dead, come up and eat him." When a great multitude had gathered around, the raccoon suddenly sprang up, and set to killing and devouring them in such a way that not one was left alive.

While he was still engaged with the broken limbs, a little female crawfish, carrying her infant sister on her back, came up, seeking her relations. Finding they had all been devoured by the Raccoon, she resolved not to survive the destruction of her kindred, but went boldly up to the enemy and said, "Here, Aissibun, you behold me and my little sister. We are all alone. You have eaten up our parents, and all our friends, eat us too." And she continued plaintively singing her chant.

Racoon, racoon, monster thin!
You have murdered all my kin:
Leave not one to pine alone
On those shores so late our own.
You have glutted not a few,
Stealthy monster, eat us too—
Let the work be finished soon,
Aissibun amoon.[33]

Here, behold us! linger not,
Sad and lone is now my lot:
One poor sister, young and small,
Now makes up my little all—
She a baby—faint and weak,
Who cannot yet "mother" speak—
Come, you monster, eat us soon,
Aissibun amoon.

Once my people, lodge and band,
Stretched their numbers through the land;
Roving brooks and limpid streams,
By the moon's benignant beams.
First in revel, dance, and play,
Now, alas! ah! where are they?
Clutch us, monster,—eat us soon,
Aissibun amoon.

The Racoon felt reproached by this act of courage and magnanimity. "No," said he, "I have banqueted on the largest and the fattest,—I will not dishonour myself by such little prey."

At this moment Manabozho happened to pass by seeing how things were. "Tyau!" said he to the Racoon, "thou art a thief and an unmerciful dog. Get thee up into trees, lest I change thee into one of these same worm-fish, for thou wast thyself originally a shell, and bearest in thy name the influence of my transforming hand." [34]

He then took up the little supplicant crawfish and her infant sister and cast them into the stream. "There," said he, "you may dwell. Hide yourselves under the stones, and hereafter you shall be playthings for little children."

FOOTNOTES:

[32] The Racoon.

[33] Racoon, eat us.

[34] The name of the racoon in the Chippewa language, appears to be a derivation from *Ais* a shell, with the inflection for the perfect past tense (bun) united with the copulative vowel *i*. But no tale of such transformation as is here alluded to, has been met with.

LA POUDRE,

OR

THE STORM-FOOL.

FROM THE ODJIBWA.

The vernal equinox in America, north of the 44 ° of north latitude, generally takes place while the ground is covered with snow, and winter still wears a polar aspect. Storms of wind and light drifting snow, expressively called *poudre* by the French of the upper Lakes, fill the atmosphere, and render it impossible to distinguish objects at a short distance. The fine powdery flakes of snow are driven into the smallest crannies of buildings and fixtures, and seem to be endowed with a subtle power of insinuation, which renders northern joinerwork but a poor defence. It is not uncommon for the sleeper on waking up in the morning, to find heaps of snow, where he had supposed himself quite secure on lying down.

Such seasons are, almost invariably, times of scarcity and hunger with the Indians, for the light snows have buried up the traps of the hunters, and the fishermen are deterred from exercising their customary skill in decoying fish through the ice. They are often reduced to the greatest straits, and compelled to exercise their utmost ingenuity to keep their children from starving. Abstinence, on the part of the elder members of the family, is regarded both as a duty and a merit. Every effort is made to satisfy the importunity of the little ones for food, and if there be a story-teller in the lodge, he is sure to draw upon his cabin lore, to amuse their minds, and beguile the time.

In these storms, when each inmate of the lodge has his *conaus*, or wrapper, tightly drawn around him, and all are cowering around the cabin fire, should some sudden puff of wind drive a volume of light snow into the lodge, it would scarcely happen, but that some one of the group would cry out "Ah, Pauppukeewiss is now gathering his harvest," an expression which has the effect to put them all into good humour.

Pauppukeewiss, was a crazy brain, who played many queer tricks, but took care, nevertheless, to supply his family and children with food. But, in this, he was not always successful. Many winters have passed since he was overtaken; at this very season of the year, with great want, and he, with his whole family, was on the point of starvation. Every resource seemed to have failed. The snow was so deep, and the storm continued so long, that he could not even find a partridge or a hare. And his usual resource of fish had entirely failed. His lodge stood in a point of woods, not far back from the shores of the Gitchiguma, or great water, where the autumnal storms had piled up the ice into high pinnacles, resembling castles.

"I will go," said he to his family one morning, "to these castles, and solicit the pity

of the spirits, who inhabit them, for I know that they are the residence of some of the spirits of Kabiboonoka." He did so, and found that his petition was not disregarded. They told him to fill his mushkemoots, or sacks, with the ice and snow, and pass on toward his lodge, without looking back, until he came to a certain hill. He must then drop his sacks, and leave them till morning, when he would find them filled with fish.

They cautioned him, that he must by no means look back, although he would hear a great many voices crying out to him, in abusive terms, for these voices were nothing but the wind playing through the branches of the trees. He faithfully obeyed the injunction, although he found it hard to avoid turning round, to see who was calling out to him. And when he visited his sacks in the morning, he found them filled with fish.

It chanced that Manabozho visited him on the morning that he brought home the sacks of fish. He was invited to partake of a feast, which Pauppukeewiss ordered to be prepared for him. While they were eating, Manabozho could not help asking him, by what means he had procured such an abundance of food, at a time when they were all in a state of starvation.

Pauppukeewiss frankly told him the secret, and repeated the precautions which were necessary to ensure success. Manabozho determined to profit by his information, and as soon as he could, he set out to visit the icy castles. All things happened as he had been told. The spirits seemed propitious, and told him to fill and carry. He accordingly filled his sacks with ice and snow, and proceeded rapidly toward the hill of transmutation. But as he ran he heard voices calling out behind him, "thief!" "thief! He has stolen fish from Kabiboonoka," cried one. "Mukumik! mukumik! Take it away! Take it away!" cried another.

In fine his ears were so assailed by all manner of opprobrious terms, that he could not avoid turning his head, to see who it was that thus abused him. But his curiosity dissolved the charm. When he came to visit his bags next morning, he found them filled with ice and snow.

In consequence, he is condemned every year, during the month of March, to run over the hills, with Pauppukeewiss following him, with the cries of mukumik! mukumik!

[Note. This trick seems put, with allegoric justice, on Manabozho, on account of his vain-glorious boasting, and imitation of others; for there was nothing done by any one, which he did not deem himself adequate to, and immediately set about to perform. Story-tellers say, he was once rebuked for this spirit, by a little child, who picking up his foot put his great toe in his mouth, which Manabozho tried, but could not do. The Odjibwas apply the term Peewun to the kind of finely granulated snow-storm, above alluded to.]

GIT-CHEE-GAU-ZINEE,

OR

THE TRANCE.

[The following story is related by the Odjibwas, as semi-traditionary. Without attaching importance to it, in that light, it may be regarded as indicating Indian opinion on the temporary suspension of nervous action in trance, and on the (to them) great unknown void of a future state. The individual, whose name it bears, is vouched to have been an actual personage living on the shores of Lake Superior, where he exercised the authority of a village chief.

In former times, it is averred, the Chippewas followed the custom of interring many articles with the dead, including, if the deceased was a male, his gun, trap, pipe, kettle, war club, clothes, wampum, ornaments, and even a portion of food. This practice has been gradually falling into disuse, until at present, it is rare to see the Indians deposit any articles of value with adults. What effect tales like the following may have had, in bringing this ancient pagan custom into discredit, we will not undertake to decide. Much of the change of opinion which has supervened, within the last century, may be fairly attributable to the intercourse of the Indians with white men, and in some situations, to the gradual and almost imperceptible influence of Christianity on their external manners and customs. Still, more is probably due to the keen observation of a people, who have very little property, and may be naturally judged to have ascertained the folly of burying any valuable portion of it with the dead.]

Git-Chee-Gau-Zinee, after a few days' illness, suddenly expired in the presence of his friends, by whom he was beloved and lamented. He had been an expert hunter, and left, among other things, a fine gun, which he had requested might be buried with his body. There were some who thought his death a suspension and not an extinction of the animal functions, and that he would again be restored. His widow was among the number, and she carefully watched the body for the space of four days. She thought that by laying her hand upon his breast she could discover remaining indications of vitality. Twenty-four hours had elapsed, and nearly every vestige of hope had departed, when the man came to life. He gave the following narration to his friends:

"After death, my Jeebi travelled in the broad road of the dead toward the happy land, which is the Indian paradise. I passed on many days without meeting with any thing of an extraordinary nature. Plains of large extent, and luxuriant herbage, began to pass before my eyes. I saw many beautiful groves, and heard the songs of innumerable birds. At length I began to suffer for the want of food. I reached the summit of an elevation. My eyes caught the glimpse of the city of the dead. But it appeared to be distant, and the intervening space, partly veiled in silvery mists, was spangled with glittering lakes and streams. At this spot I came in sight of numerous herds of stately deer, moose, and other animals, which walked near my path, and appeared to have lost their natural timidity. But having no gun I was unable to kill them. I thought of the request I had made to my friends, to put my gun in my grave, and resolved to go back and seek for it.

"I found I had the free use of my limbs and faculties, and I had no sooner made this resolution, than I turned back. But I now beheld an immense number of men, women, and children, travelling toward the city of the dead, every one of whom I had to face in going back. I saw, in this throng, persons of every age, from the little infant—the sweet and lovely *Penaisee*,^[35] to the feeble gray-headed man, stooping with the weight of years. All whom I met, however, were heavily laden with implements, guns, pipes, kettles, meats, and other articles. One man stopped me and complained of the great burdens he had to carry. He offered me his gun, which I however refused, having made

up my mind to procure my own. Another offered me a kettle. I saw women who were carrying their basket work and painted paddles, and little boys, with their ornamented war clubs and bows and arrows—the presents of their friends.

"After encountering this thron for two days and nights, I came to the place where I had died. But I could see nothing but a great fire, the flames of which rose up before me, and spread around me. Whichever way I turned to avoid them, the flames still barred my advance. I was in the utmost perplexity, and knew not what to do. At length I determined to make a desperate leap, thinking my friends were on the other side, and in this effort, I awoke from my trance." Here the chief paused, and after a few moments concluded his story with the following admonitory remarks:

"My chiefs and friends," said he, "I will tell you of one practice, in which our forefathers have been wrong. They have been accustomed to deposit too many things with the dead. These implements are burthensome to them. It requires a longer time for them to reach the peace of repose, and almost every one I have conversed with, complained bitterly to me of the evil. It would be wiser to put such things only, in the grave, as the deceased was particularly attached to, or made a formal request to have deposited with him. If he has been successful in the chase, and has abundance of things in his lodge, it would be better that they should remain for his family, or for division among his friends and relatives."

Advice which comes in this pleasing form of story and allegory, can give offence to no one. And it is probably the mode which the northern Indians have employed, from the earliest times, to rebuke faults and instil instruction. The old men, upon whom the duty of giving advice uniformly falls, may have found this the most efficacious means of moulding opinion and forming character.

FOOTNOTES:

[35] The term of endearment for a young son.

WASSAMO,

OR

THE FIRE PLUME.

FROM THE OTTOWA.

Wassamo was living with his parents on the shores of a large bay on the east coast of Lake Michigan. It was at a period when nature spontaneously furnished everything that was wanted, when the Indian used skins for clothing, and flints for arrow heads. It was long before the time that the flag of the white man had been first seen in these lakes, or

the sound of an iron axe had been heard. The skill of our people supplied them with weapons to kill game, and instruments to procure bark for their canoes, and to dress and cook their victuals.

One day, when the season had commenced for fish to be plenty near the shore of the lake, Wassamo's mother said to him, "My son, I wish you would go to yonder point, and see if you cannot procure me some fish, and ask your cousin to accompany you." He did so. They set out, and in the course of the afternoon arrived at the fishing ground. His cousin attended to the nets, for he was grown up to manhood, but Wassamo had not quite reached that age. They put their nets in the water and encamped near them, using only a few pieces of birch bark for a lodge to shelter them at night. They lit up a fire, and while they sat conversing with each other, the moon arose. Not a breath of wind disturbed the smooth and bright surface of the lake. Not a cloud was seen. Wassamo looked out on the water toward their nets, and saw that almost all the floats had disappeared. "Cousin," he said, "let us visit our nets, perhaps we are fortunate." They did so, and were rejoiced, as they drew them up, to see the meshes white, here and there, with fish. They landed in fine spirits, and put away their canoe in safety from the winds. "Wassamo," said his cousin, "you cook, that we may eat." He set about it immediately, and soon got his kettle on the fire, while his cousin was lying at his ease on the opposite side of the fire. "Cousin," said Wassamo, "tell me stories, or sing me some love songs." The other obeyed and sung his plaintive songs. He would frequently break off, and tell parts of stories, and then sing again, as suited his feelings or fancy. While thus employed, he unconsciously fell asleep. Wassamo had scarcely noticed it, in his care to watch the kettle, and when the fish were done, he took the kettle off. He spoke to his cousin, but received no answer. He took the wooden ladle and skimmed off the oil, for the fish were very fat. He had a flambeau of twisted bark in one hand to give light, but when he came to take out the fish he did not know how to manage to hold the light. He took off his garters and tied them around his head, and then placed the lighted flambeau above his forehead, so that it was firmly held by the bandage, and threw its light brilliantly around him. Having both hands thus at liberty, he began to take out the fish, every now and then moving his head, as he blew off the oil from the broth. He again spoke to his cousin, but he now perceived by his breathing, that he was asleep. He hastened to finish the removal of the fish, and while he blew over the broth repeatedly, the plume of fire over his forehead waved brilliantly in the air. Suddenly he heard a laugh. There appeared to be one or two persons, at no great distance. "Cousin," he said, to the sleeping boy, "some person is near us. I hear a laugh; awake and let us look out." But his cousin was in a profound sleep. Again he heard the laughing. Looking out as far as the reflection of the fire threw light, he beheld two beautiful young females smiling on him. Their countenances appeared to be perfectly white, and were exceedingly beautiful. He crouched down and pushed his cousin, saying, in a low voice, "awake! awake! here are two young women." But he received no answer. His cousin seemed locked up in one of the deepest slumbers. He started up alone, and went toward the females. He was charmed with their looks, but just as he was about to speak to them, he suddenly fell senseless, and both he and they vanished together.

Some short time afterward the cousin awoke. He saw the kettle near him. Some of the fish were in the bowl. The fire still cast its glare faintly around, but he could discover no person. He waited and waited, but Wassamo did not appear. Perhaps, thought he, he is gone out again to visit the nets. He looked, but the canoe was still in the place where it

had been left. He searched and found his footsteps on the ashes. He became uneasy—Netawis! Netawis! (cousin, cousin,) he cried out, but there was no answer. He cried out louder and louder, Netawis, Netawis, where are you gone? but still no answer. He started for the edge of the woods, crying Netawis, Netawis. He ran in various directions repeating the same words. The dark woods echoed Netawis, Netawis. He burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

He returned to the fire and sat down, but he had no heart to eat. Various conjectures passed in his mind respecting his cousin. He thought he may have been playing me a trick. No, impossible! or he may have become deranged and ran into the woods. He hoped the morning would bring with it some discovery. But he was oppressed by the thought that the Indians would consider him the murderer of the lost man. "Although," reasoned he, "his parents are my relations, and they know that we are inseparable friends, they will not believe me, if I go home with a report that he is lost. They will say I killed him, and will require blood for blood."

These thoughts weighed upon his mind. He could not sleep. Early in the morning he got up and took in the nets, and set out on foot for the village, running all the way. When they saw him coming, they said, "some accident has happened." When he got in, he told them how his cousin had disappeared. He stated all the circumstances. He kept back nothing. He declared all he knew. Some said, "he has killed him treacherously." Others said, "it is impossible, they were like brothers; sooner than do that they would have given up their lives for each other." He asserted his innocence, and asked them to go and look at the spot of their encampment. Many of the men accordingly went, and found all as he had stated. No footsteps showed that any scuffle had taken place. There were no signs of blood. They came to the conclusion that the young man had got deranged, and strayed away, and was lost. With this belief they returned to the village. But the parents still waited and hoped he would return. Spring came on and the Indians assembled from various quarters. Among them was Wassamo's cousin. He continued to say that he had done nothing to hurt his friends. Anxiety and fear had, however, produced a visible change in his features. He was pale and emaciated. The idea of the blood of his friend and relation being laid to his charge, caused a continual pain of mind.

The parents of Wassamo now demanded the life of Netawis. The village was in an uproar. Some sided with the parents, some with the young man. All showed anxiety in the affair. They at last, however, decided to give the young man's life to the parents. They said they had waited long enough for the return of their son. A day was appointed on which the young man should give his life for his friend's. He still went at large. He said he was not afraid to die, for he had never committed what they laid to his charge. A day or two before the time set to take his life, he wandered in a melancholy mood from the village, following the beach. His feelings were wrought to such a pitch, that he thought once or twice to throw himself into the lake. But he reflected, they will say I was guilty, or I would not have done so. "No, I will not, I would prefer dying under their hands." He walked on, thinking of his coming fate, till he reached the sand banks, a short distance from the village. Here we will dismiss him for the present.

When Wassamo fell senseless before the two young women, it must have been some minutes before he recovered, for when he came to himself, he did not know where he was, and had been removed to a distant scene. On recovering his senses he heard persons conversing. One spoke in a tone of authority, saying, "You foolish girls, is this

the way you go about at nights, without our knowing it? Put that person you brought on that bed of yours, and let him not lie on the ground." After this Wassamo fell himself moved and placed on a bed. Some time after he opened his eyes fully, and was surprised to find himself in a spacious and superb lodge, extending as far as the eye could reach. One spoke to him, saying, "Stranger, awake, and take something to eat." He arose and sat up. On each side of the lodge he beheld rows of people sitting in regular order. At a distance he could see two prominent persons who looked rather older than the rest, and who appeared to command obedience from all around them. One of them, the Old Spirit man, addressed him. "My son," said he, "those foolish girls brought you here. They saw you at the fishing ground. When you attempted to approach them, you fell senseless, and they conveyed you underground to this place. But be satisfied. We will make your stay with us pleasant. I am the guardian Spirit of Nagow Wudjoo.[36] I have wished frequently to get one of your race to intermarry with us. If you can make up your mind to remain, I will give you one of my daughters—the one who brought you away from your parents and friends." [37] The young man dropped his head and made no answer. His silence they construed into an assent to their wishes.

"Your wants," continued the Old Spirit, "will all be supplied, only be careful not to stray away far from this. I am afraid of that Spirit who rules all islands lying in the Lakes. For he demanded my daughter in marriage, and I refused him: when he hears that you are my guest, it may be an inducement for him to harm you. There is my daughter, (he pointed.) Take her, she shall be your wife." And forthwith they sat near each other in the lodge, and were considered as married.

"Son-in-law," said the Old Spirit, "I am in want of tobacco. You shall return to visit your parents, and can make known my wishes. For it is very seldom that those few who pass these Sand Hills, offer a piece of tobacco. When they do it, it immediately comes to me. Just so," he added, putting his hand out of the side of the lodge, and drawing in several pieces of tobacco, which some one at that moment happened to offer to the Spirit, for a smooth lake and prosperous voyage. "You see," he said, "every thing offered me on earth, comes immediately to the side of my lodge." Wassamo saw the women also putting their hands to the side of the lodge, and then handing something around, of which all partook. This he found to be offerings of food made by mortals on earth.

"Daughter," said the Old Spirit Woman, Nauonguisk[38] cannot eat what we eat, so you can procure him what he is accustomed to. "Yes," she replied, and immediately pushed her hand through the side of the lodge, and took a white fish out of the lake, which she prepared for him. She daily followed the same practice, giving every variety of fish he expressed a wish for. Sometimes it was trout, pike, sturgeon, or any other fish the lake furnished. She did the same with regard to meats, or the flesh of any animal or fowl he asked for. For the animals walked over the roof of the lodge, the birds sat upon its poles, and the waters came so near to its side, that the Spirits had only to extend their hands to the outside to procure whatever they wanted.

One day the Old Spirit said, (although it was perpetual day with them) "son-in-law, you must not be surprised at what you will see, for since you have been with us, you have never seen us go to sleep. It was on account of its being summer, which is constant daylight with us. But now what you call winter is approaching. It is six months night with us, you will soon see us lie down, and we shall not get up, but for a moment,

throughout the whole winter. Take my advice. Leave not the lodge, but try and amuse yourself. You will find all you wish there," raising his arm slowly and pointing. Wassamo said he would obey, and act as he recommended.

On another occasion a thunder storm came on, when every spirit instantly disappeared. When the storm was over, they all again re-entered the lodge. This scene was repeated during every tempest. "You are surprised," said the Old Spirit, "to see us disappear whenever it thunders. The reason is this. A greater Spirit, who lives above, makes those thunders sound and sends his fire. We are afraid, and hide ourselves."

The season of sleep approached, and they, one after another, laid themselves down to their long sleep. In the mean time Wassamo amused himself in the best way he could. His relations got up but once during the whole winter, and they then said it was midnight, and laid down again. "Son-in-law," said the Old Spirit, "you can now, in a few days, start with your wife to visit your relations. You can be absent one year, but after that time you must return. When you get to the village you must first go in alone. Leave your wife a short distance from the lodge, and when you are welcome then send for her.[39] When there, do not be surprised at her disappearance whenever you hear it thunder. You will also prosper in all things, for she is very industrious. All the time that you pass in sleep she will be at work. The distance is short to your village. A road leads directly to it, and when you get there do not forget my wants, as I stated to you before."

Wassamo promised obedience to their directions, and then set out in company with his wife. They travelled in a good road, his wife leading the way, till they got to a rising ground. At the highest point of this, she said, we will soon get to your country. After reaching the summit, they passed, for a short distance, under the lake, and emerged from the water at certain sand banks on the bay of Wekuadong.[40]

Wassamo left his wife concealed in a thicket, while he went toward the village alone. On turning the first point of land, who should he meet but his cousin. "Oh Netawis, Netawis," said his cousin, "you have just come in time to save me. They accuse me of having killed you." Words cannot express their joy. The cousin ran off in haste for the village and entered the lodge where Wassamo's mother was. "Hear me," he said, "I have seen him whom you accuse me of having killed. He will be here in a few moments." The village was in instant commotion. All were anxious to see him whom they had thought dead. While the excitement was at its height Wassamo entered the lodge of his parents. All was joy at the happy meeting. He related all that had happened to him from the moment of his leaving their temporary night lodge with the flame on his head. He told them where he had been, and that he was married. As soon as the excitement of his reception had abated, he told his mother that he had left his wife a short distance from the village. She went immediately in search of her, and soon found her. All the women of the village conducted her to the lodge of her relations. They were astonished at her beauty, at the whiteness of her skin, and more so, at her being able to converse with them in their own language. All was joy in the village; nothing but feasting could be seen while they had the means of doing so. The Indians came from different quarters, to offer them welcome, and to present their tobacco to the Spirit's daughter.

Thus passed the summer and the fall, and Wassamo's parents and relations, and the Indians around were prospered in all things. But his cousin would never leave him, he was constantly near him, and asking him questions. They took notice that at every thunder storm his wife disappeared, and that at night, as well as during the day, she was

never idle. Winter was drawing on, and she told her husband to prepare a lodge for her to pass the season in, and to inform the Indians beforehand of her father's request. He did so, and all now began to move off to their winter quarters. Wassamo also prepared for the season. He gave one half of his lodge to his wife. Before lying down, she said, no one but yourself must pass on the side of the lodge I am on. Winter passed slowly away, and when the sap of the maple began to run, she awoke and commenced her duties as before. She also helped to make sugar. It was never known before or since that so much sugar was made during the season. As soon as the Indians had finished their sugar-making, they left the woods and encamped at their village. They offered tobacco profusely at the lodge of Wassamo, asking for the usual length of life, for success as hunters, and for a plentiful supply of food. Wassamo replied, that he would mention each of their requests to his father-in-law. So much tobacco had been offered, that they were obliged to procure two sacks, made of dressed moose skin, to hold it. On the outside of these skins the different totems[41] of the Indians, who had given the tobacco, were painted and marked, and also those of all persons who had made any request.

When the time arrived for their departure, they told their relatives not to follow them, or see how they disappeared. They then took the two sacks of mooseskin filled with tobacco, and bade adieu to all but Netawis. He insisted on going with them a distance, and when they got to the sand banks he expressed the strongest wish to proceed with them on their journey. Wassamo told him it was impossible, that it was only spirits who could exert the necessary power. They then took an affectionate leave of each other. The young man saw them go into the water and disappear. He returned home and told his friends that he had witnessed their disappearance.

Wassamo and his wife soon reached their home at the grand Sand Hills. The Old Spirit was delighted to see them, and hailed their return with open arms. They presented him with the tobacco, and told him all the requests of the people above. He replied that he would attend to all, but he must first invite his friends to smoke with him. He then sent his Mezhinawwa,[42] to invite his friends the Spirits, and named the time for their reception. Before the time arrived he spoke to his son-in-law. "My son," said he, "some of those Manitoes I have invited are very wicked, and I warn you particularly of the one who wished to marry my daughter. Some of them you will, however, find to be friendly. Take my advice, and when they come in, sit close to your wife—so close you must touch her. If you do not you will be lost, for those who are expected to come in are so powerful, that they will draw you from your seat. You have only to observe my words closely, and all will be well." Wassamo said he would obey.

About midday they commenced coming in. There were spirits from all parts of the country. One entered who smiled on him. He was the guardian Spirit of the Ottowas, and he lived near the present Gitchy Wekuadong.[43] Soon after, he heard the sounds of the roaring and foaming of waters. Presently they rushed in, and passed through the lodge like a raging tempest. Tremendous pieces of rocks, whole trees, logs, and stumps rolled past, and were borne away by the strong current, with the noise and foaming of some mighty cataract in the spring. It was the guardian spirit of Water-Falls. Again, they heard the roaring of waves, as if beating against a rocky shore. The sounds came rapidly on. In a few moments in rolled the waves of Lake Superior. They were mountain high, and covered with silver-sparkling foam. Wassamo felt their pressure and with difficulty clung to his seat, for they were of frightful appearance, and each one seemed as if it would

overwhelm them. This was the last spirit who entered. It was the guardian of Islands in the surrounding lake.

Soon after, the Old Spirit arose and addressed the assembly. "Brothers," he said, "I have invited you to partake with me of the offerings made by the mortals on earth, which have been brought by our relative (pointing to Wassamo). Brothers, you see their wishes and desires, (pointing to the figured mooseskins). Brothers, the offering is worthy of our consideration. Brothers, I see nothing on my part to prevent our granting their requests; they do not appear to be unreasonable. Brothers, the offering is gratifying. Our wants for this article are urgent. Shall we grant their requests? One thing more I would say—Brothers, it is this. There is my son-in-law; he is a mortal. I wish to detain him with me, and it is with us jointly to make him one of us." "Hoke! Hoke!" ran through the whole company of Spirits.[44]

The tobacco was then divided equally among them all. They decided to grant the requests of the people on earth, and also respecting the spirit's son-in-law. When the Spirit of Islands passed Wassamo, he looked angrily at him. The guardian spirit of the Ottawa bands said, "it is very strange that he can never appear anywhere without showing his bad disposition."

When the company was dispersed, the Old Spirit told Wassamo that he should once more visit his parents and relatives, and then it should be only for a short time. "It is merely to go and tell them that their wishes are granted, and then to bid them farewell for ever." Sometime after Wassamo and his wife made this visit. Having delivered his message, he said, "I must now bid you all farewell for ever." His parents and friends raised their voices in loud lamentation. They accompanied him to the Sand Banks, where they all seated themselves to see them make their final departure. The day was mild; the sky clear; not a cloud appeared, nor a breath of wind to disturb the bright surface of the water. The most perfect silence reigned throughout the company. They gazed intently on Wassamo and his wife as they waded out into the water, waving their hands. They saw them go into deeper and deeper water. They saw the waves close over their heads. All at once they raised a loud and piercing wail. They looked again, a red flame, as if the sun had glanced on a billow, marked the spot for an instant, but the Feather of Flames and his wife had disappeared for ever.

[The preceding tale opens a chapter in Indian demonology, which was narrated by the late chief Chusco, an Ottawa. This individual had performed the office of a seer and necromancer for his tribe for a long series of years, and had acquired notoriety and power among them from the successful display of these arts. The story was related after his conversion to Christianity, but he continued to affirm to the last, that his power as a Jossakeed, or juggler, was derived from a *direct energy* communicated by the Great Evil Spirit.]

FOOTNOTES:

[36] Sand mountains, usually called *La Grandes Sables*, a noted range of Sand Downs, of oceanic formation, on the south shores of Lake Superior.

[37] This speech was commenced by throwing the blame of his captivity upon the daughters. But the Spirit soon reveals, that he had long wished for such an event, and

leaves it to be inferred that it was brought about by his direct agency. This subterfuge, to call it by its lightest name, shows that plain truth is not a point of character most strenuously sought after by the Old Spirit.

[38] This is a term applied by women to a son-in-law, &c.

[39] This is the present ceremonious custom of visiting among the northern Indians, for strangers of their own, or other tribes Friends proceed directly to the lodges, but it is the privilege of relations only to enter them without invitation at the door.

[40] Little Traverse Bay of Lake Michigan.

[41] Family marks, or arms. This institution has been noticed among the Algonquin tribes from an early day. It is a link in the genealogical chain by which the bands are held together—and a curious trait, whether it be regarded of ancient or modern usage. It has no reference to personal names, but indicates the family or tribal name. All the individuals of a particular family, as the deer, crane, beaver, &c. when called upon for their signature, affix their respective family mark, without regard to specific names. And it is precisely analogous to the existing feudal institutions of coats of arms. *Totame*, or *totem* is the term, and it is a word appealed to by them with pride, and as furnishing evidence of blood relationship. Whatever the institution may be derived from, it is certain that a Benjaminite or an Ephraimite, could not appeal to his tribal appellation with more emphasis and dogmatism than do our northern Indians to their *totems*.

[42] This is an official personage, standing in the light of an aid, or office help, to the chiefs. He carves at feasts, and lights the pipe at councils or ceremonial occasions. He is the verbal messenger of state messages, but not a messenger in the common acceptation of the term. He is an important functionary in all formal business, or negotiations with the chiefs.

[43] Grand Traverse Bay of Lake Michigan.

[44] The interjection Hob! is used by these tribes to imply approbation and assent. The change in the word here indicated, is to be regarded as one of the points of invention, in their tales of demonology.

OSSEO,

OR

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

AN ALGONQUIN TALE.

There once lived an Indian in the north, who had ten daughters, all of whom grew up to womanhood. They were noted for their beauty, but especially Oweenee, the youngest, who was very independent in her way of thinking. She was a great admirer of romantic places, and paid very little attention to the numerous young men who came to

her father's lodge for the purpose of seeing her. Her elder sisters were all solicited in marriage from their parents, and one after another, went off to dwell in the lodges of their husbands, or mothers-in-law, but she would listen to no proposals of the kind. At last she married an old man called Osseo, who was scarcely able to walk, and was too poor to have things like others. They jeered and laughed at her, on all sides, but she seemed to be quite happy, and said to them, "It is my choice, and you will see in the end, who has acted the wisest." Soon after, the sisters and their husbands and their parents were all invited to a feast, and as they walked along the path, they could not help pitying their young and handsome sister, who had such an unsuitable mate. Osseo often stopped and gazed upwards, but they could perceive nothing in the direction he looked, unless it was the faint glimmering of the evening star. They heard him muttering to himself as they went along, and one of the elder sisters caught the words, "Sho-wain-ne-me-shinnosa." [45] "Poor old man," said she, "he is talking to his father, what a pity it is, that he would not fall and break his neck, that our sister might have a handsome young husband." Presently they passed a large hollow log, lying with one end toward the path. The moment Osseo, who was of the turtle totem, came to it, he stopped short, uttered a loud and peculiar yell, and then dashing into one end of the log, he came out at the other, a most beautiful young man, and springing back to the road, he led off the party with steps as light as the reindeer. [46] But on turning round to look for his wife, behold, she had been changed into an old, decrepit woman, who was bent almost double, and walked with a cane. The husband, however, treated her very kindly, as she had done him during the time of his enchantment, and constantly addressed her by the term of ne-ne-moosh-a, or my sweetheart.

When they came to the hunter's lodge with whom they were to feast, they found the feast ready prepared, and as soon as their entertainer had finished his harangue, (in which he told them his feasting was in honour of the Evening, or Woman's Star,) they began to partake of the portion dealt out, according to age and character, to each one. The food was very delicious, and they were all happy but Osseo, who looked at his wife and then gazed upward, as if he was looking into the substance of the sky. Sounds were soon heard, as if from far-off voices in the air, and they became plainer and plainer, till he could clearly distinguish some of the words.

"My son—my son," said the voice, "I have seen your afflictions and pity your wants. I come to call you away from a scene that is stained with blood and tears. The earth is full of sorrows. Giants and sorcerers, the enemies of mankind, walk abroad in it, and are scattered throughout its length. Every night they are lifting their voices to the Power of Evil, and every day they make themselves busy in casting evil in the hunter's path. You have long been their victim, but shall be their victim no more. The spell you were under is broken. Your evil genius is overcome. I have cast him down by my superior strength, and it is this strength I now exert for your happiness. Ascend, my son—ascend into the skies, and partake of the feast I have prepared for you in the stars, and bring with you those you love.

"The food set before you is enchanted and blessed. Fear not to partake of it. It is endowed with magic power to give immortality to mortals, and to change men to spirits. Your bowls and kettles shall be no longer wood and earth. The one shall become silver, and the other wampum. They shall shine like fire, and glisten like the most beautiful scarlet. Every female shall also change her state and looks, and no longer be doomed to

laborious tasks. She shall put on the beauty of the starlight, and become a shining bird of the air, clothed with shining feathers. She shall dance and not work—she shall sing and not cry."

"My beams," continued the voice, "shine faintly on your lodge, but they have a power to transform it into the lightness of the skies, and decorate it with the colours of the clouds. Come, Osseo, my son, and dwell no longer on earth. Think strongly on my words, and look steadfastly at my beams. My power is now at its height. Doubt not—delay not. It is the voice of the Spirit of the stars that calls you away to happiness and celestial rest."

The words were intelligible to Osseo, but his companions thought them some far-off sounds of music, or birds singing in the woods. Very soon the lodge began to shake and tremble, and they felt it rising into the air. It was too late to run out, for they were already as high as the tops of the trees. Osseo looked around him as the lodge passed through the topmost boughs, and behold! their wooden dishes were changed into shells of a scarlet colour, the poles of the lodge to glittering wires of silver, and the bark that covered them into the gorgeous wings of insects. A moment more, and his brothers and sisters, and their parents and friends, were transformed into birds of various plumage. Some were jays, some partridges and pigeons, and others gay singing birds, who hopped about displaying their glittering feathers, and singing their songs. But Oweenee still kept her earthly garb, and exhibited all the indications of extreme age. He again cast his eyes in the direction of the clouds, and uttered that peculiar yell, which had given him the victory at the hollow log. In a moment the youth and beauty of his wife returned; her dingy garments assumed the shining appearance of green silk, and her cane was changed into a silver feather. The lodge again shook and trembled, for they were now passing through the uppermost clouds, and they immediately after found themselves in the Evening Star, the residence of Osseo's father.

"My son," said the old man, "hang that cage of birds, which you have brought along in your hand, at the door, and I will inform you why you and your wife have been sent for." Osseo obeyed the directions, and then took his seat in the lodge. "Pity was shown to you," resumed the king of the star, "on account of the contempt of your wife's sister, who laughed at her ill fortune, and ridiculed you while you were under the power of that wicked spirit, whom you overcame at the log. That spirit lives in the next lodge, being a small star you see on the left of mine, and he has always felt envious of my family, because we had greater power than he had, and especially on account of our having had the care committed to us of the female world. He failed in several attempts to destroy your brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, but succeeded at last in transforming yourself and your wife into decrepit old persons. You must be careful and not let the light of his beams fall on you, while you are here, for therein is the power of his enchantment: a ray of light is the bow and arrows he uses."

Osseo lived happy and contented in the parental lodge, and in due time his wife presented him with a son, who grew up rapidly, and was the image of his father. He was very quick and ready in learning every thing that was done in his grandfather's dominions, but he wished also to learn the art of hunting, for he had heard that this was a favourite pursuit below. To gratify him his father made him a bow and arrows, and he then let the birds out of the cage that he might practise in shooting. He soon became expert, and the very first day brought down a bird, but when he went to pick it up, to his amazement, it was a beautiful young woman with the arrow sticking in her breast. It was one of his

younger *aunts*. The moment her blood fell upon the surface of that pure and spotless planet, the charm was dissolved. The boy immediately found himself sinking, but was partly upheld, by something like wings, till he passed through the lower clouds, and he then suddenly dropped upon a high, romantic island in a large lake. He was pleased on looking up, to see all his aunts and uncles following him in the form of birds, and he soon discovered the silver lodge, with his father and mother, descending with its waving barks looking like so many insects' gilded wings. It rested on the highest cliffs of the island, and here they fixed their residence. They all resumed their natural *shapes*, but were diminished to the *size* of fairies, and as a mark of homage to the King of the Evening Star, they never failed, on every pleasant evening, during the summer season, to join hands, and dance upon the top of the rocks. These rocks were quickly observed by the Indians to be covered, in moonlight evenings, with a larger sort of Puk Wudj Ininees, or little men, and were called Mish-in-e-mok-in-ok-ong, or turtle spirits, and the island is named from them to this day.[47] Their shining lodge can be seen in the summer evenings when the moon shines strongly on the pinnacles of the rocks, and the fishermen, who go near those high cliffs at night, have even heard the voices of the happy little dancers.

FOOTNOTES:

[45] Pity me, my father.

[46] The C. Sylvestris inhabits North America, north of latitude 46°.

[47] Michilimackinac, the term alluded to, is the original French orthography of mish en i mok in ono, the *local* form (sing. and plu.), of Turtle Spirits.

KWASIND,

OR

THE FEARFULLY STRONG MAN.

Pauwating[48] was a village where the young men amused themselves very much in ancient times, in sports and ball-playing.

One day as they were engaged in their sports, one of the strongest and most active, at the moment he was about to succeed in a trial of lifting, slipped and fell upon his back. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried the lookers on, "you will never rival Kwasind." He was deeply mortified, and when the sport was over, these words came to his mind. He could not recollect any man of this name. He thought he would ask the old man, the story-teller of the village, the next time he came to the lodge. The opportunity soon occurred.

"My grandfather," said he, "who was Kwasind? I am very anxious to know what he could do."

Kwasind, the old man replied, was a listless idle boy. He would not play when the other boys played, and his parents could never get him to do any kind of labour. He was always making excuses. His parents took notice, however, that he fasted for days together, but they could not learn what spirit he supplicated, or had chosen as the guardian spirit to attend him through life. He was so inattentive to his parents' requests, that he, at last, became a subject of reproach.

"Ah," said his mother to him one day, "is there any young man of your age, in all the village, who does so little for his parents? You neither hunt nor fish. You take no interest in any thing, whether labour or amusement, which engages the attention of your equals in years. I have often set my nets[49] in the coldest days of winter, without any assistance from you. And I have taken them up again, while you remained inactive at the lodge fire. Are you not ashamed of such idleness? Go, I bid you, and wring out that net, which I have just taken from the water."

Kwasind saw that there was a determination to make him obey. He did not therefore make any excuses, but went out and took up the net. He carefully folded it, doubled and redoubled it, forming it into a roll, and then with an easy twist of his hands wrung it short off, with as much ease as if every twine had been a thin brittle fibre. Here,

they at once saw, the secret of his reluctance. He possessed supernatural strength.

After this, the young men were playing one day on the plain, where there was lying one of those large, heavy, black pieces of rock, which Manabozho is said to have cast at his father. Kwasind took it up with much ease, and threw it into the river. After this, he accompanied his father on a hunting excursion into a remote forest. They came to a place where the wind had thrown a great many trees into a narrow pass. "We must go the other way," said the old man, "it is impossible to get the burdens through this place." He sat down to rest himself, took out his smoking apparatus, and gave a short time to reflection. When he had finished, Kwasind had lifted away the largest pine trees, and pulled them out of the path.

Sailing one day in his canoe, Kwasind saw a large furred animal, which he immediately recognised to be the king of beavers. He plunged into the water in pursuit of it. His companions were in the greatest astonishment and alarm, supposing he would perish. He often dove down and remained a long time under water, pursuing the animal from island to island; and at last returned with the kingly prize. After this, his fame spread far and wide, and no hunter would presume to compete with him.

He performed so many feats of strength and skill, that he excited the envy of the Puck-wudj In-in-ee-sug, or fairies, who conspired against his life. "For," said they, "if this man is suffered to go on, in his career of strength and exploits, we shall presently have no work to perform. Our agency in the affairs of men must cease. He will undermine our power, and drive us, at last, into the water, where we must all perish, or be devoured by the wicked Neebanawbaig." [50]

The strength of Kwasind was all concentrated in the crown of his head. This was, at the same time, the only vulnerable part of his body; and there was but one species of weapon which could be successfully employed in making any impression upon it. The fairies carefully hunted through the woods to find this weapon. It was the burr or seed vessel of the white pine. They gathered a quantity of this article, and waylaid Kwasind at a point on the river, where the red rocks jut into the water, forming rude castles—a point which he was accustomed to pass in his canoe. They waited a long time, making merry upon these rocks, for it was a highly romantic spot. At last the wished-for object appeared, Kwasind came floating calmly down the stream, on the afternoon of a summer's day, languid with the heat of the weather, and almost asleep. When his canoe came directly beneath the cliff, the tallest and stoutest fairy began the attack. Others followed his example. It was a long time before they could hit the vulnerable part, but success at length crowned their efforts, and Kwasind sunk, never to rise more.

Ever since this victory, the Puck Wudj Ininee have made that point of rock a favourite resort. The hunters often hear them laugh, and see their little plumes shake as they pass this scene on light summer evenings.

"My son," continued the old man, "take care that you do not imitate the faults of Kwasind. If he had not so often exerted his strength merely for the sake of *boasting*, he would not, perhaps, have made the fairies feel jealous of him. It is better to use the strength you have, in a quiet useful way, than to sigh after the possession of a giant's power. For if you run, or wrestle, or jump, or fire at a mark, only as well as your equals in years, nobody will envy you. But if you would needs be a Kwasind, you must expect a Kwasind's fate."

FOOTNOTES:

[48] i.e. Place of shallow cataract, named *Sault de Ste Marie* on the arrival of the French. This is the *local* form of the word, the substantive proper terminates in eeg.

[49] Nets are set in winter, in high northern latitudes, through orifices cut in the ice.

[50] A kind of water spirits.

MUDJEE MONEDO AND MINNO MONEDO,

OR

THE SPIRIT OF EVIL AND THE SPIRIT OF GOOD.

A SAGINAW TALE.

In a beautiful portion of the country, which was part forest and part prairie, there lived a bloodthirsty Manito in the guise of an Indian, who made use of all his arts to decoy men into his power for the purpose of killing them. Although the country yielded an abundance of game, and every other production to satisfy his wants, yet it was the study of his life to destroy human beings, and subsist upon their blood. The country had once been thickly populated, but he had thinned it off by his wickedness, and his lodge was surrounded by the bleached bones of his victims.

The secret of his success lay in his great speed. He had the power to assume the shape of any quadruped, and it was his custom to challenge persons to run with him. He had a beaten path on which he ran, leading around a large lake, and he always ran around this circle, so that the starting and winning point were the same. At this point stood a post, having a sharp and shining knife tied to it, and whoever lost the race lost his life. The winner immediately took up the knife and cut off his competitor's head. No man was ever known to beat this evil Manito in the race, although he ran every day; for whenever he was pressed hard, he changed himself into a fox, wolf, or deer, or other swift-footed animal, and thus left his competitor behind.

The whole country was in dread of him, and yet, such was the folly and rashness of the young men, that they were continually running with him; for if they refused, he called them cowards, which was a taunt they could not bear. They would rather die than be called cowards. In other respects, the Manito had pleasing manners, and visited the lodges around the country, like others; but his secret object in these visits was to see whether the young boys were getting to be old enough to run with him, and he was careful to keep a watch upon their growth, and never failed to challenge them to run on his race ground. There was no family which had not lost some of its most active members in this way, and the Manito was execrated by all the Indian mothers in the country.

There lived near him a widow, whose husband and ten sons he had killed in this way, and she was now left with an only daughter and a son of ten or twelve years old, named Monedowa. She was very poor and feeble, and suffered so much for the want of food, that she would have been glad to die, had it not been for her daughter and her little son, who was not yet able to hunt. The Manito had already visited her lodge to see whether the boy was not sufficiently grown to challenge him. And the mother saw there was a great probability that he would be decoyed and killed as his father and brothers had been. Still, she hoped a better fate would attend him, and strove, in the best way she could, to instruct him in the maxims of a hunter's and a warrior's life. To the daughter she also taught all that could make her useful as a wife, and instructed her in the arts of working with porcupine quills on leather, and various other things, which the Indian females regard as accomplishments. She was also neat and tasteful in arranging her dress according to their customs, and possessing a tall and graceful person, she displayed her national costume to great advantage. She was kind and obedient to her mother, and never neglected to perform her appropriate domestic duties. Her mother's lodge stood on an elevation on the banks of a lake, which gave them a fine prospect of the country for many miles around, the interior of which was diversified with groves and prairies. It was in this quarter that they daily procured their fuel. One day the daughter had gone out to these open groves to pick up dry limbs for their fire, and while admiring the scenery, she strolled farther than usual, and was suddenly startled by the appearance of a young man near her. She would have fled, but was arrested by his pleasing smile, and by hearing herself addressed in her own language. The questions he asked were trivial, relating to her place of residence and family, and were answered with timidity. It could not be concealed, however, that they were mutually pleased with each other, and before parting, he asked her to get her mother's consent to their marriage. She returned home later than usual, but was too timid to say anything to her mother on the subject. The meetings, however, with her admirer on the borders of the prairie, were frequent, and he every time requested her to speak to her mother on the subject of their marriage, which, however, she could not muster the resolution to do. At last the widow suspected something of the kind, from the tardiness of her daughter in coming in, and from the scanty quantity of fuel she sometimes brought. In answer to inquiries, she revealed the circumstance of her meeting the young man, and of his request. After reflecting upon her lonely and destitute situation, the mother gave her consent. The daughter went with a light step to communicate the answer, which her lover heard with delight, and after saying that he would come to the lodge at sunset, they separated. He was punctual to his engagement, and came at the precise time, dressed out as a warrior with every customary decoration, and approached the lodge with a mild and pleasing, yet manly air and commanding step. On entering it, he spoke affectionately to his mother-in-law, whom he called (contrary to the usage,) Neejee, or *friend*.^[51] She directed him to sit down beside her daughter, and from this moment they were regarded as man and wife.

Early the following morning, he asked for the bow and arrows of those who had been slain by the Manito, and went out a hunting. As soon as he had got out of sight of the lodge, he transformed himself into a Pe éna, or partridge, and took his flight in the air. Where or how he procured his food, is unknown; but he returned at evening with the carcasses of two deer. This continued to be his daily practice, and it was not long before the scaffolds near the lodge were loaded with meat. It was observed, however, that he ate

but little himself, and that of a peculiar kind of meat, which added to some other particulars, convinced the family of his mysterious character. In a few days his mother-in-law told him that the Manito would come to pay them a visit, to see how the young man prospered. He told her that he should be away that day purposely, but would return the moment the visiter left them. On the day named he flew upon a tall tree, overlooking the lodge, and took his stand there to observe the movement of the Manito. This wicked spirit soon appeared, and as he passed the scaffolds of meat, cast suspicious glances toward them. He had no sooner entered the lodge, stopping first to look, before he went in, than he said—"Why, woman, who is it that is furnishing you meat so plentifully?" "No one," she answered, "but my son—he is just beginning to kill deer." "No, no," said he, "some one is living with you." "Kaween,"[52] said the old woman, dissembling again, "You are only jesting on my destitute situation. Who do you think would come and trouble themselves about *me*?" "Very well," replied the Manito, "I will go; but on such a day, I will again visit you, and see who it is that furnishes the meat, and whether it is your son or not." He had no sooner left the lodge and got out of sight, than the son-in-law made his appearance with two more deer. On being told of the particulars of the visit, "Very well," said he, "I will be at home next time and see him." They remonstrated against this, telling him of his cruelties, and the barbarous murders he had committed. "No matter," said he, "if he invites me to the race ground, I will not be backward. The result will teach him to show pity on the vanquished, and not to trample on the widow, and those who are without fathers." When the day of the expected visit arrived, he told his wife to prepare certain pieces of meat, which he pointed out and handed to her, together with two or three buds of the birch-tree which he requested her to put in the pot; and he directed that nothing should be wanting to show the usual hospitality to their guest, although he knew that his only object was to kill him. He then dressed himself as a warrior, putting tints of red on his visage and dress, to show that he was prepared for either war or peace.

As soon as the Manito arrived, he eyed this, to him, strange warrior, but dissembled his feelings, and spoke laughingly to the old woman, saying, "Did I not tell you that some one was staying with you, for I knew your son was too young to hunt!" She turned it off by saying that she did not think it necessary to tell him, as he was a Manito and knew before asking. He then conversed with the son-in-law on different topics, and finished by inviting him to the race ground, saying it was a manly amusement—that it would give him an opportunity of seeing other men, and he should himself be pleased to run with him. The young man said he knew nothing of running. "Why," he replied, "don't you see how old I look, while you are young and active. We must at least run to amuse others." "Be it so, then," replied the young man, "I will go in the morning." Pleased with his success, the Manito now wished to return, but he was pressed to remain and partake of the customary hospitalities, although he endeavoured to excuse himself. The meal was immediately spread. But one dish was used. The young man partook of it first, to show his guest that he need not fear to partake, and saying at the same time to him, "It is a feast, and as we seldom meet, we must eat all that is placed on the dish, as a mark of gratitude to the Great Spirit for permitting me to kill the animals, and for the pleasure of seeing you, and partaking of it with you." They ate and conversed until they had eaten nearly all, when the Manito took up the dish and drank the broth. On setting it down, he immediately turned his head and commenced coughing violently,

having, as the young man expected, swallowed a grain of the birch tops, which had lodged in his windpipe. He coughed incessantly, and found his situation so unpleasant, that he had to leave, saying, as he quit the lodge, that he should expect the young man at the race ground in the morning.

Monedowa prepared himself early in the morning by oiling his limbs, and decorating himself so as to appear to advantage, and having procured leave for his brother to attend him, they repaired to the Manito's race ground. The Manito's lodge stood on an eminence, and a row of other lodges stood near it, and as soon as the young man and his companion came near it, the inmates cried out, "We are visited." At this cry he came out, and descended with them to the starting post on a plain. From this, the course could be seen, as it wound around the lake, and as soon as the people assembled, he began to speak of the race, then belted himself up, and pointed to the knife which hung on the post, and said it was to be used by the winner. "But before we start," said the old man, "I wish it to be understood, that when men run with me, I make a bet, and expect them to abide by it. Life against life." He then gave a yell, casting a triumphant glance on the piles of human bones that were scattered about the stake. "I am ready," replied the stranger, as he was called, (for no one knew the widow's son-in-law,) and they all admired the symmetry and beauty of his limbs, and the fine and bold air which he assumed before his grim antagonist. The shout was given, and they went off with surprising speed, and were soon out of sight. The old man began to show his power by changing himself into a fox, and passing the stranger with great ease, went leisurely along. Monedowa now exerted his magic powers by assuming the shape of a partridge, and lighting a distance ahead of his antagonist, resumed his former shape. When the Manito spied his opponent ahead, "Whoa! whoa!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "this is strange," and immediately changed himself into a wolf, and repassed him. As he went by, he heard a whistling noise in the Manito's throat. He again took flight as a partridge, ascending some distance into the air, and then suddenly coming down with great velocity, as partridges do, lit in the path far ahead. As he passed the wolf, he addressed him thus: "My friend, is this the extent of your speed." The Manito began to have strong forebodings, for, on looking ahead, he saw the stranger in his natural shape, running along very leisurely. He then assumed alternately the shapes of various animals noted for speed. He again passed the stranger in the shape of a reindeer.[53] They had now got round the circle of the lake, and were approaching the point of starting, when the stranger again took his flight as a partridge, and lit some distance in advance. To overtake him, the Manito at last assumed the shape of a buffalo, and again got ahead; but it appears this was the last form he could assume, and it was that, in which he had most commonly conquered. The stranger again took his flight as a partridge, and in the act of passing his competitor saw his tongue hanging out from fatigue. "My friend," said he, "is this all your speed?" The Manito answered not. The stranger had now got within a flight of the winning post, when the fiend had nearly caught up to him. "Bakah! bakah! neejee," he vociferated. "Stop, my friend, I wish to talk to you," for he felt that he should be defeated and lose his life, and it was his purpose to beg for it. The stranger laughed, as he replied, "I will speak to you at the starting post. When men run with me, I make a bet, and expect them to abide by it. Life against life." And immediately taking his flight, alighted so near to the goal, that he could easily reach it in his natural form. The Manito saw the movement, and was paralyzed. The people at the stake shouted. The stranger ran with his natural speed, his

limbs displaying to great advantage, and the war eagle's feathers waving on his head. The shouts were redoubled, hope added to his speed, and amid the din, he leaped to the post, and grasping the shining blade, stood ready to despatch his adversary the moment of his arrival. The Manito came, with fear and cowardice depicted in his face. "My friend," said he, "spare my life," and then added in a low voice, as if he did not wish others to hear it, "give me to live," and began to move off, as if the request was granted. "As you have done to others," replied the noble youth, "so shall it be done to you;" and his bleeding head rolled down the sloping hill. The spectators then drew their knives, and cut his body into numberless pieces. The conqueror then asked to be led to the Manito's lodge, the interior of which had never been seen. Few had ever dared even to ascend the eminence on which it stood. On entering, they saw that it consisted of several apartments. The first was arranged and furnished as Indian lodges usually are. But horror struck upon his mind as they entered the second,—it was entirely surrounded by a wall of human skulls and bones, with pieces of human flesh scattered about. Upon a scaffold, the dead bodies of two human beings were hanging, cut open, for the purpose of drying the flesh. The third apartment had its sides beautifully decorated, but horrid to behold, two monsters in the form of black snakes, lay coiled up, one on each side of the lodge. It appears that one of them was the wife, and the other the child of the Manito. They were Mishegenabikoos, or Devils. This was also the natural shape of the Manito, but he had assumed the human form only to deceive. The orifice by which they had originally come out of the earth was closed, and escape for them was impossible. The magic knife still glittered in the stranger's hand, and without a moment's delay, he severed both their heads. He then commanded the people to bring together combustibles, which they set fire to, and consumed their remains. When the fire reached their carcasses, a dark smoke, ascended from the lodge, and the hideous forms of fiery serpents were seen curling amid the flames.

The mysterious stranger, who had thus proved their deliverer, then commanded them to bring together all the human bones scattered around, and after making due preparations, he chose three magic arrows, and shooting the first into the air, cried, "Arise!" He then shot the second, repeating the cry, and immediately shot the third, uttering aloud, "Arise!" And the bones arose, and stood up covered with flesh, in their natural forms. And they instantly raised a loud and joyous shout of thanks to their deliverer.

The Genius of Benevolence (for such we must now regard him), motioned to all the people to keep silence, and addressed them as follows; "My friends, the Great Spirit who lives above the skies, seeing the cruelties of the Manito I have destroyed, was moved with pity for you, and determined to rid the earth of such a monster. I am the creation of His thinking mind, and therein first appeared, and he gave me such power, that when the word was spoken, it was done. When I wished to have the swiftness of a bird, I flew, and whatever power I wanted was given me. You are witnesses of it, and have seen the Mudjee Monedo killed and burned, and the bones of his victims get up and shout. This is as nothing with Him. It was done to restore your friends. And this will be the way when the earth has an end, for all people will arise again, and friends unite in going to the happy hunting grounds, when they will see who directs all things. My stay with you will be short, for I must return whence I came. During this brief time, I will, however, instruct you, and teach you to live happy."

The whole multitude then followed him to the widow's lodge, where he taught them what to do. They built their lodges around him, forming a very large town. They dug up the earth and planted—they built large houses, and learned many new arts, and were happy. Not as it is now—for all the Indians have forgotten it. Having done this, he ascended into the clouds, leaving his wife the future mother of a son, to whom he referred the people assembled to witness his departure, for subsequent counsel.

Note.—How much of the present fiction is due to ideas communicated to the Indian mind, since the discovery of America, it would be impossible to determine.

It has been found by the examination of the skull of a Saginaw, [made by Mr. J. Toulmin, Smith,] that the organ of destructiveness is very largely developed, exceeding by an inch, in the posterior breadth of the head, that of exhibited specimens of the Caucasian race. This skull, however, exhibited benevolence strongly marked, and the entire groups of the anterior organs, exceeded as 6 to 5-1/2 those of the posterior groups, indicating, so far as the theory is followed, that favourable effects might be anticipated to result from education.

FOOTNOTES:

[51] The term Neejee, is restricted in its use by males to males, and cannot, with propriety, be applied by males to females, or by females to males.

[52] No indeed!

[53] The *Cervus Sylvestris*, or American species of Reindeer, is confined in its range, north of Lake Huron. No traces of it have been observed south of the parallel of the straits of Michilimackinac, although it is found in the peninsular area between those straits and the south shores of Lake Superior. This animal is called Adick by the Algonic race, and is the Caraboo of the Canadian.

THE PIGEON HAWK AND TORTOISE.

FROM THE ODJIBWA.

The pigeon hawk bantered the tortoise for a race, but the tortoise declined it, unless he would consent to run several days' journey. The hawk very quickly consented, and they immediately set out. The tortoise knew, that if he obtained the victory it must be by great diligence, so he went down into the earth, and taking a straight line, stopped for nothing. The hawk, on the contrary, knowing that he could easily beat his competitor, kept carelessly flying this way and that way in the air, stopping now to visit one, and then another, till so much time had been lost, that when he came in sight of the winning point, the tortoise had just come up out of the earth, and gained the prize.

THE CHARMED ARROW.

FROM THE OTTOWA.

[This tale is separated from a mass of traditionary matter, relating to the origin and wars of the northern Indians, with which, however, it appears to have no historical connexion beyond the existence of a few actual proper names of men and places.]

Sagimau had performed great feats against the enemies of his tribe. He had entirely routed and driven off one of the original tribes from the lakes, and came back to his residence on Lake Huron a conqueror. He was also regarded as a Manito. But, he could not feel easy while he heard of the fame and exploits of Kaubina, a great Chippewa chief and Manito in the north. Kaubina lived on a large island in Lake Superior, and was not only versed in magic himself, but had an aged female coadjutor who was a witch, and went under the name of his grandmother. She lived under Lake Superior, and took care to inform him of every thing that threatened him.

Sagimau determined to measure strength with him. He accordingly thought much about him. One night he dreamed that there was a certain head of a lance, which, if it could be procured, would give him sway over other tribes. This treasure was in the possession of a certain beautiful and majestic eagle, to whom all other birds owed obedience, and who, in consequence of having this weapon, was acknowledged king of birds. The lance was, however, seldom seen, even by those most intimate with the owner. The seer of the village dreamed the same dream. It was much talked about, and made much noise. Sagimau determined to seek for it, as it would make him the greatest hero in the world. He thought he would first go and see Kaubina, and endeavour to deceive him, or try his skill in necromancy. But he resolved to proceed by stratagem. After several days' travel he crossed the neck of land separating the two great waters, and reached the banks of Lake Superior, opposite a large island, which is now called Grand Island. Here Kaubina lived. Some days before this visit, the witch came into Kaubina's lodge and requested some tobacco. But he happened to be in an ill humour, and refused her, telling her he had none. "Very well," said she, "you will see the time when you may wish you had given me some."

Meantime Sagimau was plotting against him. He resolved to carry off his youngest wife. Having no canoe to cross to the island, he asked his companions whether any of them had ever dreamed of walking in the water. One of the men answered yes. He was therefore selected to accompany him. They went into the water until it came breast high. "You must not have the least doubt," said he to the young man, "but resolve that you can walk under water. If you doubt, you will fail." They both thought strong of it,[54] and disappeared. When about half way through the strait, they met two monsters, who looked as long as pine trees, and had glistening eyes. But they appeased them by giving them tobacco, and went on. On getting near the island, Sagimau said to his friend, you must turn yourself into a white stone on the shore, near the path where the women come to dip water. I will assume the shape of a black log of driftwood, and be floating, and thumping on the shore near by.

Kaubina had attended a feast that day, and after he got home to his lodge, complained of thirst. He requested his old wife to get him some water. "My! My!" said she, "it is dark, and why not let that one go, whom you think so much of." He then spoke

to the youngest, who immediately got a flambeau, and prepared to go, having first asked the elder wife to accompany her. She declined. Dark as it was, and alone, she pursued the path to the edge of the water. She noticed the white stone, and the wood near it, and thought she had never seen them before; but if I return, thought she to herself, with such a story, without the water, they will laugh at me. She made a quick motion to dip the water, but was instantly seized by Sagimau and his companion. They drew her under the water, carried her to the main land, and proceeded one day's journey homeward, when they encamped. Meantime Kaubina waited for his expected drink of water. He at last got up and searched for her on the shore, and in the lodges, but could get no intelligence. He was distressed, and could not rest. Next morning he renewed his search, but in vain. He invoked the name of his grandmother, with due ceremony, making the customary present of tobacco. At length she appeared, and after reminding him of his neglect of her, in her last application for the sacred weed, she revealed to him the whole plot, and also told him the means he must use to recover his lost wife. If you follow my advice, said she, you will get her back in a friendly way, and without bloodshed. Kaubina obeyed the injunctions of the witch. He carried with him a number of young men, and overtook Sagimau at his first night's encampment. When the latter saw him, he assumed a smiling aspect, and came forward and offered his hand. It was accepted. They then sat down and smoked. After this Kaubina said, why did you take my wife. It was only, Sagimau replied, to see how great a Manito you were. Here she is—take her. Now that I know your qualities, we will live in peace. Each concealed the deep hostility he entertained for the other. They parted in peace.

After the interview, Sagimau sent his warriors home to Lake Michigan. He determined to remain in the country and seek the charmed arrow. For this purpose he retired to a remote wood, and transformed himself into a dead moose, which appeared as if the carcass had lain a long period, for worms were in its eyes and nostrils. Very soon eagles, hawks, crows, and other birds of prey, flocked to the carcass. But the skin was so hard and tough that they could not penetrate it with their bills. At length they said, let us go and call Waub We Nonga to come and cut a hole for us with his lance. Ze Ghe Nhiew offered to go, but having been told that the dead moose was Sagimau, flew back affrighted. The birds renewed their attempt to pierce the hide, but without success. They then repeated their request to the white vulture-eagle. The latter returned the same wary reply, fearful it was the stratagem of the Manito Sagimau; but when appealed to the third time, with the assurance that worms were in the eyes and nostrils of the carcass, he consented. All the birds were seated around the carcass, eager for the feast. When they heard the sweeping noise of the wings of Waub-we-nonga, the king of the birds, they made a cry of joy. He viewed the carcass from a distance. Two birds older than the rest, screamed out to him to come and cut the skin. He advanced cautiously, and gave a blow, but to no effect, the lance bounded back from the tough hide. The birds set up a loud scream, desiring that he would renew the effort. He did so, and drove the lance in, about a foot. Sagimau immediately caught hold of it and wrenched it from the bird. He instantly resumed his human form and commenced his return to his country. The great bird followed him, entreating him to give it back, and promising, on compliance, that he would grant him any thing that he might desire. Sagimau sternly refused. He knew that it contained magic virtues by which he could accomplish all his purposes, one of the first of which was, to overthrow Kaubina. This resolution he firmly maintained, although the

bird followed him all the way back, flying from tree to tree, and renewing its solicitations.

Sagimau had no sooner reached his village with this trophy, than he commenced gathering all the tobacco he could, as presents to the different spirits of the land, whom he deemed it necessary to appease, in consequence of the deception he had used in wrongfully getting possession of the arrow. This sacred offering he carefully put up in cedar bags, and then commenced a journey to such places as he knew they inhabited, to leave his offering, and to obtain the permission of the Manitoes to retain his trophy. He travelled the whole circuit of Lake Michigan, and then went across to Lake Huron, visiting every high place and waterfall, celebrated as the residence of spirits. But he was unfavorably received. None of the spirits would accept his offerings. Every spirit he asked replied, "Waub-we-nonga has passed before you with his complaints, accusing you of a theft, and requesting that the arrow be returned to its lawful owner. We cannot, therefore, hear you. He who has stolen shall again be stolen from." The very same words were used by each. The last spirit he applied to lived in a cleft, on a high point of rock, surrounded by woods, on the summit of the island called Mishinimakinong. He added this sentence. "Hlox has cursed you." Thus foiled at every point, he returned home with all his tobacco. He called all his *jossakeeds*, and medicine-men, and jugglers together, and laid the gift before them, requesting their advice in this emergency. He asked each one to tell him whether his skill could designate the spirit which was meant by that outlandish word uttered on the island. One of the oldest men said, "It has been revealed to me, by my guardian spirit, in a dream. It is the name of a witch living in the bottom of Lake Superior; she is a relative of Waub-we-nonga." Not another word was uttered in the council. Silently they smoked out their pipes, and silently they returned to their lodges.

We must now return to Kaubina. When he had recovered his wife, he went back directly to his lodge on the island, and with due ceremony invoked the counsel and aid of his grandmother. For this purpose he erected a *pointed* lodge,[55] and covered it close around with bark. He took nothing in with him but his drum, medicine sack, and rattles. After singing for some time, he heard a noise under ground, and the woman appeared. "My grandson," said she, "I am made acquainted with your wishes. Your enemy seeks your blood. Sagimau has obtained the great war bird's arrow, and is preparing the sacred gift of our country[56] to appease the spirits, and obtain their permission to use it. If he obtains his wishes, he will prevail. But I will use all my power to circumvent him. I have a firm friend among the guardian spirits of our nation, who lives on an island toward the south. Waub-we-nonga himself is my relation. You may rely upon my power. In nine days I shall reappear." At the end of that time she fulfilled her promise, and told him to watch, and that at such a time his enemy would come against him with a large war party in canoes.

In the meantime Sagimau had visited the spirits, and failed in his design. He would have remained at home, after the result of his council with the old men and sages, had he not continued to hear of the exploits of Kaubina, who was making excursions toward the southwest, and driving back all the tribes who lived on the great lake. He was not only goaded on by envy of his fame, but he thought him the cause of the spirits not accepting his tobacco, and thus rendering useless in his hands the sacred arrow. He mustered a large war party and set off in canoes for the north, for the purpose of attacking the Odjibwas. His old men tried to dissuade him from this expedition, but were not

heeded. When the party reached the Great Sand Dunes, Sagimau dreamed that he saw Kaubina on an island, and took him prisoner. He was, therefore, assured of success, and went boldly on. They crossed over to the island to watch the movements of Kaubina, who, at this time, had his village on the main land. This was revealed to the latter by his grandmother, who declared the bloody intentions of the enemy. Kaubina appeared in a moment to forget this advice, for he said to his wife, "Come, let us go over to the island for basswood bark." "Why," said she, "have you not just told me that Sagimau was watching there?" "Well," said he, "I am not afraid. I would have gone if I had not heard this account, and I will go now." While crossing the bay in his canoe, he directed his wife to land him alone, and push out her canoe from the shore, and rest there, so that if any accident occurred, she might immediately cross and arouse the warriors. He directed her, the moment she reached his lodge, to take out his medicine sack, and his fighting skin, (which was made out of a large bear skin,) and to spread out the latter ready for him, when he arrived, so that he could slip it on in an instant, as he relied on its magic virtues to ensure him an easy victory. Shortly after landing him, while resting on her paddles, she heard the sa-sa-kwan, or war whoop. She immediately paddled for the village, and gave the alarm.

It turned out that when Kaubina landed from the canoe, he stepped ashore near the ambush of Sagimau's party, who arose to a man and instantly made him a prisoner. They immediately tied him to a tree, and pushed over to the main land to secure the village before the alarm spread. They landed very expeditiously, and getting behind the village, approached from that part. The fight had but just commenced when Kaubina appeared. He had been released by Hlox, and invoking his spirit, flew to the rescue of his people. He found his fighting skin ready, and slipping it on hastily, he now felt himself invulnerable. He then cried out to his adversary and challenged him to single combat. Sagimau did not decline. "Here am I," said he. "I defy you." They closed instantly. Blow was answered with blow, without any apparent advantage to either, till about midday, when Sagimau began to give out. He appealed to Kaubina, saying, "My elder brother, it is enough!" (nesia me-a-me-nik.) No answer was returned, but the reinvigorated blows of his rival and adversary. Kaubina fought with the rage of a demon, and soon after the scalp of Sagimau was flying in the air. Nearly the whole Ottawa party fell with him. It is said the arrow which Sagimau either forgot to use, or was mysteriously withheld from using, was lost in this combat, and returned to the spirit of the King of the Birds who owned it.

FOOTNOTES:

[54] This phraseology is peculiar to the Indian language, and is in accordance with the Indian plan of thought. To think strong of a thing, implies resolution to the enterprising, and confidence to the doubting.

[55] A high pointed pyramidal lodge is appropriated to the Indian priesthood or magicians.

[56] Tobacco.

ADDIK KUM MAIG,[57]

OR

THE ORIGIN OF THE WHITE FISH.

A long time ago, there lived a famous hunter in a remote part of the north. He had a handsome wife and two sons, who were left in the lodge every day, while he went out in quest of the animals, upon whose flesh they subsisted. Game was very abundant in those days, and his exertions in the chase were well rewarded. The skins of animals furnished them with clothing, and their flesh with food. They lived a long distance from any other lodge, and very seldom saw any one. The two sons were still too young to follow their father to the chase, and usually diverted themselves within a short distance of the lodge. They noticed that a young man visited the lodge during their father's absence, and these visits were frequently repeated. At length the elder of the two said to his mother; "my mother, who is this tall young man that comes here so often during our father's absence?"

"Does he wish to see him? Shall I tell him when he comes back this evening?" "Bad boy," said the mother, pettishly, "mind your bow and arrows, and do not be afraid to enter the forest in search of birds and squirrels, with your little brother. It is not manly to be ever about the lodge. Nor will you become a warrior if you tell all the little things you see and hear to your father. Say not a word to him on the subject." The boys obeyed, but as they grew older, and still saw the visits of this mysterious stranger, they resolved to speak again to their mother, and told her that they meant to inform their father of all they had observed, for they frequently saw this young man passing through the woods, and he did not walk in the path, nor did he carry any thing to eat. If he had any message to deliver, they had observed that messages were always addressed to the men, and not to the women. At this, the mother flew into a rage. "I will kill you," said she, "if you speak of it." They were again intimidated to hold their peace. But observing the continuance of an improper intercourse, kept up by stealth, as it were, they resolved at last to disclose the whole matter to their father. They did so. The result was such as might have been anticipated. The father, being satisfied of the infidelity of his wife, watched a suitable occasion, when she was separated from the children, that they might not have their feelings excited, and with a single blow of his war club despatched her. He then buried her under the ashes of his fire, took down the lodge, and removed, with his two sons, to a distant position.

But the spirit of the woman haunted the children, who were now grown up to the estate of young men. She appeared to them as they returned from hunting in the evening. They were also terrified in their dreams, which they attributed to her. She harassed their imaginations wherever they went. Life became a scene of perpetual terrors. They resolved, together with their father, to leave the country, and commenced a journey toward the south. After travelling many days along the shores of Lake Superior, they passed around a high promontory of rock where a large river issued out of the lake, and soon after came to a place called Pauwateeg.[58]

They had no sooner come in sight of these falls, than they beheld the skull of the

woman rolling along the beach. They were in the utmost fear, and knew not how to elude her. At this moment one of them looked out, and saw a stately crane sitting on a rock in the middle of the rapids. They called out to the bird. "See, grandfather, we are persecuted by a spirit. Come and take us across the falls, so that we may escape her."

This crane was a bird of extraordinary size and great age. When first descried by the two sons, he sat in a state of stupour, in the midst of the most violent eddies. When he heard himself addressed he stretched forth his neck with great deliberation, and lifting himself by his wings, flew across to their assistance. "Be careful," said the crane, "that you do not touch the back part of my head. It is sore, and should you press against it, I shall not be able to avoid throwing you both into the rapids." They were, however, attentive on this point, and were safely landed on the south shore of the river.

The crane then resumed his former position in the rapids. But the skull now cried out. "Come, my grandfather, and carry me over, for I have lost my children, and am sorely distressed." The aged bird flew to her assistance. He carefully repeated the injunction that she must by no means touch the back part of his head, which had been hurt, and was not yet healed. She promised to obey, but soon felt a curiosity to know where the head of her carrier had been hurt, and how so aged a bird could have received so bad a wound. She thought it strange, and before they were half way over the rapids, could not resist the inclination she felt to touch the affected part. Instantly the crane threw her into the rapids. "There," said he, "you have been of no use during your life, you shall now be changed into something for the benefit of your people, and it shall be called Addik Kum Maig." As the skull floated from rock to rock, the brains were strewed in the water, in a form resembling roes, which soon assumed the shape of a new species of fish, possessing a whiteness of colour, and peculiar flavour, which have caused it, ever since, to be in great repute with the Indians.

The family of this man, in gratitude for their deliverance, adopted the crane as their totem, or mark; and this continues to be the distinguishing tribal sign of the band to this day.

FOOTNOTES:

[57] This term appears to be a derivative from *addik*, the reindeer, and the plural form of the generic *gumee water*, implying deer of the waters. To facilitate the reading of this, and other compound derivatives, a capital letter is placed at the head of syllables.

[58] Sault Ste Marie.

OWASSO AND WAYOOND.

OR

THE MANITO FOILED.

A SAGINAW TALE.

Owasso and Wayoond were sons of the Thunder that rules in the northern hemisphere.[59] Their father had left them at an early age, after having suffered greatly from the power of some horrid Weendigoes, or man-eaters, against whom he prevailed at last. Wayoond was the youngest of the two, and was but a mere boy when his father left them, and ascended into the skies; but he was intrusted to the care of his elder brother. And he left them his parting advice. They lived in a large country, where there were lakes and open fields, and often amused themselves in playing ball. Game was very plenty at that time, and they had no difficulty in killing as many animals and birds as they wanted. For their father had been a great medicine man, and had given them powerful spirits to aid them in all they undertook.

Some time after the father's ascent, the young men went to amuse themselves by playing ball near the shores of a beautiful lake. They played and laughed with great spirit, and the ball was seldom allowed to touch the ground. In this lake happened to be a wicked old Manito, who looked at them playing, and was very much pleased with their beauty and activity. He thought to himself, what shall I do to get them to accompany me—he willed that one of them should hit the ball sideways, and that it should fall into his canoe. It so happened. When the boys saw the old man they were surprised, as they had not noticed him before. "Bring the ball to us," they both cried out, "come to the shore." "No," answered the old man. He, however, came near enough for either of them to wade out to him. "Come, come," he said, "come and get your ball." They insisted on his coming ashore, but he would not consent. "Very well," said the eldest, "I will go and get it," and he jumped into the water and approached the old man. "Hand it to me," he said, touching the canoe. "Ha," answered the old man, "reach over and get it yourself." The young man did so, and as he was in the act of reaching, the old Manito pushed him into the canoe, and uttering the words, *maujaun chemaun!* off they flew, cutting the water

so fast, that the spray fell over them. In a short time they reached the old man's lodge.

He then took the young man by the arm and led him to his lodge. "My daughter," he said, to his eldest, as they entered the lodge, "I have brought you a husband." The young woman smiled, for she soon saw what a fine looking young man he was. The old man told him to take his seat near her, and the ceremony was soon ended that made them man and wife.

The young man felt for his poor brother, but it was out of his power, at that time, to render him any assistance. He remained very happy with his wife, and they were blessed with a son. She told him that her father was a magician, and had a magic canoe, and was wicked. He, one day, asked his son-in-law to go out a fishing with him. They started, for the magician had only to speak, and off went the canoe. They reached a rocky island and fished round it. The young man had fastened his spear in a very large sturgeon, who was making violent efforts to extricate himself from the barbs. The old man thought this a very favourable opportunity to drown his son-in-law, and by aiding the canoe as it rocked outwards, plunged the young man head foremost into the lake. He then spoke to his canoe, and in a very few moments was out of sight. The young man knew that this would happen, but being gifted with limited magic powers, he knew also how to relieve himself. He spoke to the fish and told him to swim toward the lodge, while he carried him along, which he did with great velocity. Once he told the sturgeon to rise near the surface of the water, so that he might catch a glimpse of the magician. He did so, and the young man saw him busy, in another direction, fishing. He proceeded and reached the beach, near the magician's lodge, in advance of him. He then spoke to the fish, not to be angry for his having speared him, as he was created to be meat for man. He then drew the fish on shore, and went up and told his wife to dress it and pull out the gristly part and cook it immediately. She did so, and when it was cooked the magician arrived. "Your grandfather is arrived," said the woman to her son, "go and see what he brings, and eat this as you go," handing him some of the gristle. The boy went, and the magician immediately asked him, "What are you eating? and who brought it?" He replied, "My father brought it." The magician had his doubts and felt perplexed; he, however, put on a grave face, and entering the lodge, acted as if nothing unusual had transpired.

Some days elapsed when he again requested his son-in-law to accompany him. The young man said, "Yes!" His wife had then told him the true character of her father, and the number of times he could exercise his magic powers. They went out, and arrived at a solitary island composed entirely of rocks. The magician said, "go on shore and pick up all the gulls' eggs you can find." The rocks were covered with them, and the air resounded with the cry of the gulls, who saw the robbery committed on them. The magician took the opportunity to speak to the gulls. "I have long wished," said he, "to offer you something. I now give you this young man for food." He then uttered the charm to his canoe, and it shot out of sight, abandoning the young man to his fate. The gulls flew in immense numbers around him, and were ready to devour him. He addressed them and said—"Gulls, you know you were not formed to eat human flesh, and man was not made to be the prey of birds; obey my words. Fly close together, a sufficient number of you, and carry me on your backs to the magician's lodge." They obeyed him, and he soon found himself swiftly gliding toward home.

It appears that the magician in telling his canoe to go, often limited it, in point of time, or distance, till he ordered it forward again. In this instance he fell asleep, and the

canoe stood still, for the young man in his flight over the lake saw him lying on his back in the canoe, taking a nap, as the day was calm and delightful. The gulls, as they passed over him, treated him with great disrespect. He jumped up and exclaimed, "It is always so with these double pierced birds!" Owasso reached the lodge in safety, and killed two or three of the gulls for the sake of their feathers to ornament his son's head. When the magician arrived, his grandson met him with his head covered with feathers. "Where did you get these?" he asked. "My father brought them," he answered. He felt perplexed and uneasy, but said nothing. He entered the lodge in silence, and sat down to meditate upon some new plan for destroying his son-in-law. He reflected that he had tried two of his charms without effect, and had but two more left. He again asked the young man to go with him to get young eagles, he said he wished to tame them, and keep them as pets. They started on the trip, and after traversing an immense waste of water, at length reached a desolate island in the centre of the lake. They landed and soon found an eagle's nest. The young man obeyed his father-in-law's wishes, by climbing up to get the young ones. He had nearly reached the nest, when he heard the magician's voice addressing the tree, saying, "Grow up," and the tree instantly reached an extraordinary height. "Now, eagles!" said he, "I promised you food, and I give you this young man to feed upon." Then he said to the canoe, "Go!" and away he went, leaving the young man at the mercy of the eagles. The birds were enraged at seeing their young in danger—they flew round him with their beaks open, and their claws distended, ready to tear him in pieces. His power, however, extended to them also, and he got them to fly back with him to the lodge. His wife was rejoiced to think that he had escaped the third charm, and told him it was now his turn to ask the magician to go out, fearing that the old man would not repeat the invitation himself. She gave him all necessary directions, which he promised to follow.

When the magician arrived, his surprise and consternation was at its height, finding that his third effort had failed, and that he had but a single charm more in his power.

One evening as Owasso and his wife were sitting on the banks of the lake, and the soft breeze, swept over it, they heard a song, as if sung by some one at a great distance. The sound continued some time and then died away in perfect stillness. "Oh! 'tis the voice of my brother," cried the young man. "If I could only see him!" and he hung down his head in deep anguish. His wife felt for him, and to console him, she proposed that they should attempt to make their escape on the morrow. The plan was laid. The younger sister was to offer to comb her father's hair during the warm and sultry part of the day, and pick the hairs clean, and in so doing, it was supposed he would fall asleep. The plan succeeded, and as soon as he slept, the young man and family embarked in the magic canoe, then saying *majaun chemaun!* off the canoe started. They had nearly reached the land, and could distinctly hear the voice of the young man, singing, as before, when the magician awoke. He suspected something, and looking for his canoe immediately found it gone. He spoke his magic words, extended his sinewy arm in the air, and drew it in. The charm was irresistible—the young man and his wife saw, with anguish, when almost within reach of the shore, that the canoe suddenly turned back. They soon reached the lodge. The magician stood on the beach, and drew up his canoe. He did not utter a word. The young couple entered the lodge in silence.[60] Autumn was now near its close, and winter soon set in. Soon after the first fall of snow, the young man asked the magician to go out hunting deer, as they could now easily be tracked. They set out together, and after

several days' journey, arrived at a fit place for their object. They busied themselves in hunting all day, but without success. At evening they built themselves a lodge of pine branches to sleep in. The night was bitterly cold, but the young man took off his leggings and moccasins and hung them up to dry. The magician did the same, carefully hanging his own in a separate place, and they laid down to sleep. During the night the magician got up and went out, remaining some time. As the young man suspected him, and knew, indeed, what kind of a trick the old man meant to play him, he took this opportunity to get up and change the moccasins and leggings, putting his own in the place of the magician's, depending on the darkness of the lodge, to impose on him. Afterward they both laid down and slept. Near daylight the magician got up to rekindle the fire, and slyly reached down his own leggings and moccasins with a stick, thinking they were the young man's, and dropped them into the fire, at the same instant throwing himself down, pretending he still wanted to sleep.

The leather leggings and moccasins soon drew up and were burnt. Instantly jumping up, and rubbing his eyes, the magician cried out, Son-in-law, your moccasins are burning. Owasso got up deliberately and unconcerned. "No, my friend," said he, "here are *mine*" taking them down and putting them on. "It is *your* moccasins that are burning." The magician dropped his head in vexation to think that he had been foiled in all his attempts. Nothing was now left, and he knew that no mercy would be shown him. The young man left him to meditate on all his crimes of blood, and to meet that fate from the want of covering for his feet and legs, which he had prepared for him. He reached home in safety in a few days, notwithstanding the cold, and resolved to quit the place for ever, and go in search of his brother. Although the weather was cold, the lake had not yet frozen over, and the young hunter and his family resolved to embark immediately, the younger sister went with them in the hope of getting a husband. Word was given to the magic canoe, and they went swiftly on their way to the opposite shore. Owasso soon heard his younger brother's well-known voice, as the sounds were wafted on the breeze, singing the following words:

Ni si ai

Ni si ai

A ko nau gud dau o un

A ko nau gud dau o un

Ash i gun ai a he ee

Ni mau en gun e wee

Ash i gun ai a he ee

Ni mau en gun e wee.

My brother—my brother! since you left me going in the canoe, a-hee-ee, I am half changed into a wolf, E-wee—I am half changed into a wolf, E-wee. This he kept repeating as they neared the shore. The sounds were very distinct. On the sand they saw the tracks of a wolf, as if departing. They also saw the prints of human hands; and they soon saw Wayoond himself, half man and half wolf, running along shore. Owasso ran after him, crying, Ni she ma! Ni she ma! but the partly transformed object, jumped on the bank and looked back for some time, repeating the former words, and disappeared in the woods.

The women built a lodge at the spot, and got everything comfortable for a long

stay. The man was, however, very uneasy, and exerted his power to regain his brother—for he kept near the lodge at night, singing in a most pitiful strain. They always left food for him some distance from the lodge, which he eat in the night.

The unmarried woman, who was something of a mud-jee-kee-ku á-wis, proposed to dig a pit and cover it with light sticks and leaves, for the purpose of placing the meat on, that when he came to eat it he might fall in. Her plan succeeded, and when they came next morning to examine it, they were rejoiced to find the half wolf in the pit. The man had been fasting previously, and he brought his medicines and charms, and threw some over his brother, who, after some time, resumed his human, shape. He was taken to the lodge, but it was some time before the change was perfect, and still longer before he was restored to health. His disposition, however, was soured, for he always sat and looked very gloomy, and felt no pleasure in the society of his friends. He recommenced hunting, in which he was very successful, for he always hung the tail of a wolf to his girdle at his back, or at his leg-bands or garters, which gave him great speed and vigour in overtaking animals of the deer kind.

Maujeekikuawis was forward in her advances toward him. He, however, paid no attention to it, and shunned her. She continued to be very assiduous in attending to his wants, such as cooking, and mending his moccasins. She felt hurt and displeased at his indifference, and resolved to play him a trick. Opportunity soon offered. The lodge was spacious, and she dug a hole in the ground, where the young man usually sat, covering it very carefully. When the brothers returned from the chase, the young man threw himself down carelessly at the usual place, and fell into the cavity, his head and feet remaining out, so that he was unable to extricate himself. "Ha! Ha!" cried Maujeekikuawis, as she helped him out, "you are mine, I have caught you at last, and I did it on purpose." A smile came over the young man's face, and he said, "So be it, I will be yours:" and from that moment they lived happily as man and wife.

They all lived contented and happy after this, for a length of time. The elder brother's son grew up to manhood, and was noted for his beauty, bravery, and manliness. He was very expert in the chase, and supplied them abundantly with food.

One evening the brothers mentioned their desire of visiting a very high mountain in the vicinity, in order, as they said, to gratify their curiosity, and see the country which lay beyond it. The women tried to dissuade them, and expressed their fears lest some accident might befall them; but their opposition was unavailing. The men prepared to depart, and gave their parting advice to their wives and children, telling them, that should anything serious happen, Owasso's elder son was now fully capable of supporting them, and that the time was not far distant when they should all meet each other in those happy hunting grounds toward the setting sun.

The night after this parting address they left the lodge. It was very dark, still not a breath of air could be felt—when lo! flashes of lightning appeared, and the noise of rumbling thunder was suddenly heard advancing from the north (where their father had gone) and the quietude of the night gave place to one of the most terrible tempests. The dark air was lit up with flashes of vivid and forked lightning, and the roar of that ear-stopping thunder was incessant. At the same time the south wind rushed on with a tremendous noise, laying the most stately trees level with the earth.

The young men never returned, but tradition says that they were taken up by their father from the mountain's top, and aided him in wreaking just vengeance on all

Weendigoes and magicians. For it appears that after he was fixed in his ethereal abode, he beheld with horror the bad actions of these wicked men. And he resolved to destroy them, and rid the earth of such monsters, as well as to take vengeance for what he had himself suffered from them. To this end he exerted the power the Great Spirit had given him, by sending thunder and lightning to destroy them all. From this period the Indian world has been free from them. Still the imaginations of our old and young men often dwell upon their former power, and they are led to believe that the hills, and caves, and forests, occupied by these once visible, are still possessed by invisible demons.

[Note. This story, it will be perceived, very much resembles, in some of its incidents, one previously inserted from the Odjibwa. It also embraces one of the principal incidents in the allegory of the "Forsaken Boy," from the same source.]

FOOTNOTES:

[59] Thunder is invariably *personified* by the Algic Indians. There is no other mode of describing it in their vocabulary.

[60] This taciturnity is characteristic of the American Indians, who seldom speak or manifest any emotion when events of this nature take place in actual life, especially if hard feelings have been excited in either party.

SHAWONDASEE.

FROM THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE ODJIBWAS.

Mudjekewis and nine brothers conquered the Mammoth Bear, and obtained the Sacred Belt of Wampum, the great object of previous warlike enterprise, and the great means of happiness to men. The chief honour of this achievement was awarded to Mudjekewis, the youngest of the ten, who received the government of the West Winds. He is therefore called Kabeyun, the father of the winds. To his son, Wabun, he gave the East; to Shawondasee, the south, and to Kabibonokka, the North. Manabozho, being an illegitimate son, was left unprovided. When he grew up, and obtained the secret of his birth, he went to war against his father, Kabeyun, and having brought the latter to terms, he received the government of the Northwest Winds, ruling jointly with his brother Kabibonokka the tempests from that quarter of the heavens.

Shawondasee is represented as an affluent, plethoric old man, who has grown unwieldy from repletion, and seldom moves. He keeps his eyes steadfastly fixed on the north. When he sighs, in autumn, we have those balmy southern airs, which communicate warmth and delight over the northern hemisphere, and make the *Indian Summer*.

One day, while gazing toward the north, he beheld a beautiful young woman of slender and majestic form, standing on the plains. She appeared in the same place for several days, but what most attracted his admiration, was her bright and flowing locks of yellow hair. Ever dilatory, however, he contented himself with gazing. At length he saw, or fancied he saw, her head enveloped in a pure white mass like snow. This excited his

jealousy toward his brother Kabibonokka, and he threw out a succession of short and rapid sighs—when lo! the air was filled with light filaments of a silvery hue, but the object of his affections had for ever vanished. In reality, the southern airs had blown off the finewinged seed-vessels of the prairie dandelion.

"My son," said the narrator, "it is not wise to differ in our tastes from other people; nor ought we to put off, through slothfulness, what is best done at once." Had Shawondasee conformed to the tastes of his countrymen, he would not have been an admirer of *yellow* hair; and if he had evinced a proper activity in his youth, his mind would not have run flower-gathering in his age.

THE LINNET AND EAGLE.

FROM THE ODJIBWA.

The birds met together one day, to try which could fly the highest. Some flew up very swift, but soon got tired, and were passed by others of stronger wing. But the eagle went up beyond them all, and was ready to claim the victory, when the gray linnet, a very small bird, flew from the eagle's back, where it had perched unperceived, and being fresh and unexhausted, succeeded in going the highest. When the birds came down, and met in council to award the prize, it was given to the eagle, because that bird had not only gone up nearer to the sun than any of the larger birds, but it had carried the linnet on its back.

Hence the feathers of the eagle are esteemed the most honourable marks for a warrior, as it is not only considered the bravest bird, but also endowed with strength to soar the highest.

THE MOOSE AND WOODPECKER.

FROM THE PILLAGERS.[61]

After Manabozho had killed the Prince of Serpents, he was living in a state of great want, completely deserted by his powers, as a deity, and not able to procure the ordinary means of subsistence. He was at this time living with his wife and children, in a remote part of the country, where he could get no game. He was miserably poor. It was winter, and he had not the common Indian comforts.

He said to his wife, one day, I will go out a walking, and see if I cannot find some lodges. After walking some time he saw a lodge at a distance. The children were playing at the door. When they saw him approaching they ran into the lodge, and told their parents that Manabozho was coming. It was the residence of the large redheaded Woodpecker. He came to the lodge door and asked him to enter. He did so. After some time, the Woodpecker, who was a magician, said to his wife, Have you nothing to give

Manabozho, he must be hungry. She answered, No. In the centre of the lodge stood a large white tamarack tree. The Woodpecker flew on to it, and commenced going up, turning his head on each side of the tree, and every now and then driving in his bill. At last he drew something out of the tree, and threw it down, when, behold! a fine, fat racoon on the ground. He drew out six or seven more. He then descended, and told his wife to prepare them. Manabozho, he said, this is the only thing we eat. What else can we give you? It is very good, replied Manabozho. They smoked their pipes and conversed with each other. After eating, the great spirit-chief got ready to go home. The Woodpecker said to his wife, Give him the remaining racoons to take home for his children. In the act of leaving the lodge he dropped intentionally one of his mittens, which was soon after observed. Run, said the Woodpecker to his eldest son, and give it to him. But don't give it into his hand; throw it at him, for there is no knowing him, he acts so curiously. The boy did as he was bid. Nemesho (my grandfather), said he, as he came up to him, you have left one of your mittens—here it is. Yes, said he, affecting to be ignorant of the circumstance, it is so. But don't throw it, you will soil it on the snow. The lad, however, threw it, and was about to return. List, said Manabozho, is that all you eat,—do you eat nothing else with the racoon. No, replied the young Woodpecker. Tell your father, he answered, to come and visit me, and let him bring a sack. I will give him what he shall eat with his racoon meat. When the young one reported this to his father, the old man turned up his nose at the invitation. What does the old fellow think he has got! exclaimed he.

Some time after the Woodpecker went to pay a visit to Manabozho. He was received with the usual attention. It had been the boast of Manabozho, in former days, that he could do what any other being in the creation could, whether man or animal. He affected to have the sagacity of all animals, to understand their language, and to be capable of exactly imitating it. And in his visits to men, it was his custom to return, exactly, the treatment he had received. He was very ceremonious in following the very voice and manner of his entertainers. The Woodpecker had no sooner entered his lodge, therefore, than he commenced playing the mimic. He had previously directed his wife to change his lodge, so as to enclose a large dry tamarack tree. What can I give you, said he to the Woodpecker; but as we eat, so shall you eat. He then put a long piece of bone in his nose, in imitation of the bill of this bird, and jumping on the tamarack tree, attempted to climb it, doing as he had seen the Woodpecker do. He turned his head first on one side, then on the other. He made awkward efforts to ascend, but continually slipped down. He struck the tree with the bone in his nose, until at last he drove it so far up his nostrils that the blood began to flow, and he fell down senseless at the foot of the tree. The Woodpecker started after his drum and rattle to restore him, and having got them, succeeded in bringing him to. As soon as he came to his senses, he began to lay the blame of his failure to his wife, saying to his guest, Nemesho, it is this woman relation of yours,—*she* is the cause of my not succeeding. She has rendered me a worthless fellow. Before I took her I could also get racoons. The Woodpecker said nothing, but flying on the tree, drew out several fine racoons. Here, said he, this is the way *we* do, and left him with apparent contempt.

Severe weather continued, and Manabozho still suffered for the want of food. One day he walked out, and came to a lodge, which was occupied by the Moose, (Möz.) The young Mozonsug[62] saw him and told their father Manabozho was at the door. He told

them to invite him in. Being seated they entered into conversation. At last the Moose, who was a Meet a, said, What shall we give Manabozho to eat? We have nothing. His wife was seated with her back toward him, making garters. He walked up to her, and untying the covering of the armllet from her back, cut off a large piece of flesh from the square of her shoulder.[63] He then put some medicine on it, which immediately healed the wound. The skin did not even appear to have been broken, and his wife was so little affected by it, that she did not so much as leave off her work, till he told her to prepare the flesh for eating. Manabozho, said he, this is all we eat, and it is all we can give you.

After they had finished eating Manabozho set out for home, but intentionally, as before, dropped one of his *minjekawun*, or mittens. One of the young Moose took it to him, telling him that his father had sent him with it. He had been cautioned not to hand it to him, but to throw it at him. Having done so, contrary to the remonstrance of Manabozho, he was going back when the latter cried out Bakah! Bakah![64] Is *that*[65] the only kind of meat you eat? Tell me. Yes, answered the young man, that is all, we have nothing else. Tell your father, he replied, to come and visit me, and I will give him what you shall eat with your meat. The old Moose listened to this message with indignity. I wonder what he thinks he has got, poor fellow!

He was bound, however, to obey the invitation, and went accordingly, taking along a cedar sack, for he had been told to bring one. Manabozho received him in the same manner he had himself been received,—repeating the same remarks, and attempted to supply the lack of food in the same manner. To this end he had requested his wife to busy herself in making garters. He arose and untied the covering of her back as he had seen the Moose do. He then cut her back shockingly, paying no attention to her cries or resistance, until he saw her fall down, from the loss of blood. Manabozho, said the Moose, you are killing your wife. He immediately ran for his drum and rattle, and restored her to life by his skill. He had no sooner done this than Manabozho began to lay the blame of his ill success on his wife. Why, Nemesho, said he, this woman, this relation of yours—she is making me a most worthless fellow. Formerly, I procured my meat in this way. But now I can accomplish nothing.

The Moose then cut large pieces of flesh off his own thighs, without the least injury to himself, and gave them to Manabozho, saying with a contemptuous air, this is the way *we* do. He then left the lodge.

After these visits Manabozho was sitting pensively in his lodge one day, with his head down. He heard the wind whistling around it, and thought, by attentively listening, he could hear the voice of some one speaking to him. It seemed to say to him; Great chief, why are you sorrowful. Am not I your friend—your guardian Spirit? He immediately took up his rattle, and without leaving his sitting posture, began to sing the chant which at the close of every stanza has the chorus of "Whaw Lay Le Aw." When he had devoted a long time to this chant, he laid his rattle aside, and determined to fast. For this purpose he went to a cave, and built a very small fire near which he laid down, first telling his wife, that neither she nor the children must come near him, till he had finished his fast. At the end of seven days he came back to the lodge, pale and emaciated. His wife in the meantime had dug through the snow, and got a small quantity of the root called truffles. These she boiled and set before him. When he had finished his repast; he took his large bow and bent it. Then placing a strong arrow to the string, he drew it back, and sent the arrow, with the strength of a giant, through the side of his bark lodge. There, said he to

his wife, go to the outside, and you will find a large bear, shot through the heart. She did so, and found one as he had predicted.

He then sent the children out to get red willow sticks. Of these he cut off as many pieces, of equal length, as would serve to invite his friends to a feast. A red stick was sent to each one, not forgetting the Moose and the Woodpecker.

When they arrived they were astonished to see such a profusion of meat cooked for them, at such a time of scarcity. Manabozho understood their glances and felt a conscious pride in making such a display. Akewazi, said he, to one of the oldest of the party, the weather is very cold, and the snow lasts a long time. We can kill nothing now but small squirrels. And I have sent for you to help me eat some of them. The Woodpecker was the first to put a mouthful of the bear's meat to his mouth, but he had no sooner begun to taste it, than it changed into a dry powder, and set him coughing. It appeared as bitter as ashes. The Moose felt the same effect, and began to cough. Each one, in turn, was added to the number of coughers. But they had too much sense of decorum, and respect for their entertainer, to say any thing. The meat looked very fine. They thought they would try more of it. But the more they ate, the faster they coughed and the louder became the uproar, until Manabozho, exerting his former power, which he now felt to be renewed, transformed them all into the adjidamo, or squirrel, an animal which is still found to have the habit of barking, or coughing, whenever it sees any one approach its nest.

FOOTNOTES:

[61] A warlike tribe of the Algic stock located at the sources of the Mississippi.

[62] Diminutive form, plural number, of the noun Möz.

[63] The dress of the females in the Odjibwa nation, consists of sleeves, open on the inner side of the arm from the elbow up, and terminating in large square folds, falling from the shoulders, which are tied at the back of the neck with ribbon or binding. The sleeves are separately made, and not attached to the breast garment, which consists of square folds of cloth, ornamented and sustained by shoulder straps. To untie the sleeves or armlets, as is here described, is therefore to expose the shoulders, but not the back—a simple device, quickly accomplished, by which the magician could readily exercise his art almost imperceptibly to the object.

[64] Stop! stop!

[65] It is difficult to throw into the English pronoun the whole of the meaning of the Indian. Pronouns in this language being, like other parts of speech, transitive; they are at once indicative both of the actor, personal, and relative, and the nature of the object, or subject of the action, or relation. This, and that, are not used in the elementary form these pronouns invariably possess in the English. Inflections are put to them indicating the class of natural objects to which they refer. A noun masculine or feminine, requiring an animate pronoun, a noun inanimate, a pronoun inanimate.

WEENG.

FROM THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE CHIPPEWAS.

Sleep is personified by the Algic race, under the name of Weeng.[66] But the power of the Indian Morpheus is executed in a peculiar manner, and by a novel agency. Weeng seldom acts directly in inducing sleep, but he exercises dominion over hosts of gnome-like beings, who are everywhere present, and are constantly on the alert. These beings are invisible to common eyes. Each one is armed with a tiny puggamaugon, or club, and when he observes a person sitting or reclining under circumstances favourable to sleep, he nimbly climbs upon his forehead and inflicts a blow. The first blow only creates drowsiness, the second makes the person lethargic, so that he occasionally closes his eyelids, the third produces sound sleep. It is the constant duty of these little emissaries to put every one to sleep whom they encounter—men, women, and children. And they are found secreted around the bed, or on small protuberances of the bark of the Indian lodges. They hide themselves in the Gushkeepitaugon, or smoking pouch of the hunter, and when he sits down to light his pipe in the woods, are ready to fly out and exert their sleep-compelling power. If they succeed, the game is suffered to pass, and the hunter obliged to return to his lodge without a reward.

In general, however, they are represented to possess friendly dispositions, seeking constantly to restore vigour and elasticity to the exhausted body. But being without judgment, their power is sometimes exerted at the hazard of reputation, or even life. Sleep may be induced in a person carelessly floating in his canoe, above a fall; or in a war party, on the borders of an enemy's country; or in a female, without the protection of the lodge circle. Although their peculiar season of action is in the night, they are also alert during the day.

While the forms of these gnomes are believed to be those of *ininees*, little or fairy men, the figure of Weeng himself is unknown, and it is not certain that he has ever been seen. Most of what is known on this subject, is derived from Iagoo, who related, that going out one day with his dogs to hunt, he passed through a wide range of thicket, where he lost his dogs. He became much alarmed, for they were faithful animals, and he was greatly attached to them. He called out, and made every exertion to recover them in vain. At length he came to a spot where he found them asleep, having incautiously ran near the residence of Weeng. After great exertions he aroused them, but not without having felt the power of somnolency himself. As he cast up his eyes from the place where the dogs were lying, he saw the Spirit of Sleep sitting upon a branch of a tree. He was in the shape of a giant insect, or *monetoas*, with many wings from his back, which made a low deep murmuring sound, like distant falling water. But Iagoo himself, being a very great liar and braggart, but little credit was given to his narration.

Weeng is not only the dispenser of sleep, but it seems, he is also the author of dulness, which renders the word susceptible of an ironical use. If an orator fails, he is said to be struck by Weeng. If a warrior *lingers*, he has ventured too near the sleepy god. If children begin to nod or yawn, the Indian mother looks up smilingly, and says, "they have been struck by Weeng," and puts them to bed.

FOOTNOTES:

[66] This word has the *g* sounded hard, as if it were followed by a half sound of *k*—a common sound for *g* final in the Odjibwa.

IAGOO.

FROM THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE CHIPPEWAS.

Iagoo is the name of a personage noted in Indian lore for having given extravagant narrations of whatever he had seen, heard, or accomplished. It seems that he always saw extraordinary things, made extraordinary journeys, and performed extraordinary feats. He could not look out of his lodge and see things as other men did. If he described a bird, it had a most singular variety of brilliant plumage. The animals he met with were all of the monstrous kind; they had eyes like orbs of fire, and claws like hooks of steel, and could step over the top of an Indian lodge. He told of a serpent he had seen, which had hair on its neck like a mane, and feet resembling a quadruped; and if one were to take his own account of his exploits and observations, it would be difficult to decide whether his strength, his activity, or his wisdom should be most admired.

Iagoo did not appear to have been endowed with the ordinary faculties of other men. His eyes appeared to be magnifiers, and the tympanum of his ears so constructed that what appeared to common observers to be but the sound of a zephyr, to him had a far closer resemblance to the noise of thunder. His imagination appeared to be of so exuberant a character, that he scarcely required more than a drop of water to construct an ocean, or a grain of sand to form an earth. And he had so happy an exemption from both the restraints of judgment and moral accountability, that he never found the slightest difficulty in accommodating his facts to the most enlarged credulity. Nor was his ample thirst for the marvellous ever quenched by attempts to reconcile statements the most strange, unaccountable, and preposterous.

Such was Iagoo, the Indian story-teller, whose name is associated with all that is extravagant and marvellous, and has long been established in the hunter's vocabulary as a perfect synonym for liar, and is bandied about as a familiar proverb. If a hunter or warrior, in telling his exploits, undertakes to embellish them; to overrate his merits, or in any other way to excite the incredulity of his hearers, he is liable to be rebuked with the remark, "So here we have Iagoo come again." And he seems to hold the relative rank in oral narration which our written literature awards to Baron Munchausen, Jack Falstaff, and Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

Notwithstanding all this, there are but a few scraps of his actual stories to be found. He first attracted notice by giving an account of a water lilly, a single leaf of which, he averred, was sufficient to make a petticoat and upper garments for his wife and daughter. One evening he was sitting in his lodge, on the banks of a river, and hearing the quacking of ducks on the stream, he fired, through the lodge door at a venture. He killed a swan that happened to be flying by, and twenty brace of ducks in the stream. But this did not check the force of his shot; they passed on, and struck the heads of two loons, at the

moment they were coming up from beneath the water, and even went beyond and killed a most extraordinary large fish called Moshkeenoza.[67] On another occasion he had killed a deer, and after skinning it, was carrying the carcass on his shoulders, when he spied some stately elks on the plain before him. He immediately gave them chase, and had run, over hill and dale, a distance of half a day's travel, before he recollected that he had the deer's carcass on his shoulders.

One day, as he was passing over a tract of *mushkeeg*, or bog-land, he saw musquitoes of such enormous size, that he staked his reputation on the fact that a single wing of one of the insects was sufficient for a sail to his canoe, and the proboscis as big as his wife's shovel. But he was favoured with a still more extraordinary sight, in a gigantic ant, which passed him, as he was watching a beaver's lodge, dragging the entire carcass of a hare.

At another time, for he was ever seeing or doing something wonderful, he got out of smoking weed, and in going into the woods in search of some, he discovered a bunch of the red willow, or maple bush, of such a luxuriant growth, that he was industriously occupied half a day in walking round it.

FOOTNOTES:

[67] The muscalunge.

THE GRAVE LIGHT,

OR

ADVENTURES OF A WARRIOR'S SOUL.

FROM THE ODJIBWA.

There was once a battle between the Indians, in which many were killed on both sides. Among the number was the leader of the Odjibwas, a very brave man, who had fought in many battles; but while he was shouting for victory, he received an arrow in his flesh, and fell as if dead. At last his companions *thought he was dead*, and treated him as if he were. They placed his body in a sitting posture, on the field of battle, his back being supported by a tree, and his face toward the enemies' country. They put on him his head-dress of feathers, and leaned his bow against his shoulders, for it was before the white men had brought guns for the Indians. They then left him and returned to their homes.

The warrior, however, heard and saw all they did. Although his body was deprived of muscular motion, his soul was living within it. He heard them lament his death, and felt their touch as they set him up. "They will not be so cruel as to leave me here," he thought to himself. "I am certainly not dead. I have the use of my senses." But his anguish was extreme, when he saw them, one after another depart, till he was left alone among the dead. He could not move a limb, nor a muscle, and felt as if he were buried in his own body. Horrid agonies came over him. He exerted himself, but found that he had no power over his muscles. At last he appeared to leap out of himself. He first stood up, and then followed his friends. He soon overtook them, but when he arrived at their camp no one noticed him. He spoke to them, but no one answered. He seemed to be *invisible* to them, and his voice appeared to have no *sound*. Unconscious, however, of his body's being left behind, he thought their conduct most strange. He determined to follow them, and exactly imitated all they did, walking when they walked, running when they ran, sleeping when they slept. But the most unbroken silence was maintained as to his presence.

When evening came he addressed the party. "Is it possible," said he, "that you do not see me, nor hear me, nor understand me? Will you permit me to starve when you have plenty? Is there no one who recollects me?" And with similar sentiments he continued to talk to them, and to upbraid them at every stage of their homeward journey,

but his words seemed to pass like the sounds of the wind.

At length they reached the village, and the women and children, and old men, came out, according to custom, to welcome the returning war party. They set up the shout of praise. Kumaudjing! kumaudjing! kumaudjing! They have met, fought, and conquered, was heard at every side. Group after group repeated the cry.

Kumaudjing! kumaudjing! kumaudjing!
They have met, fought, and conquered
The strong and the brave,
See the eagle plumes nod,
And the red trophies wave.
Kumaudjing! kumaudjing!
The war-banner waves,
They have fought like our fathers,
And scorn to be slaves,
The sons of the noble,
They scorn to be slaves.
And he—where is he, who has led them to fight,
Whose arrow was death,
And whose war-club was might.
Kumaudjing! kumaudjing!
The hero is near,
He is tying his enemies' scalp to his robe.
And wiping the enemies' blood from his spear.
He is near—he is near,
And, hark, his Sa-sa-kwan[68]
Now bursts on the ear.

The truth, however, was soon revealed; although it caused a momentary check, it did not mar the *general* joy. The sight of scalps made every tongue vocal. A thousand inquiries were made, and he heard his own fate described, how he had fought bravely, been killed, and left among the dead.

"It is not true," replied the indignant chief, "that I was killed and left upon the field of battle. I am here. I live. I move. See me." Nobody answered. He then walked to his own lodge. He saw his wife tearing her hair, and lamenting his fate. He asked her to bind up his wounds. She made no reply. He placed his mouth close to her ear, and called for food. She did not notice it. He drew back his arm and struck her a blow. She felt nothing.

Thus foiled he determined to go back. He followed the track of the warriors. It was four days' journey. During three days he met with nothing extraordinary. On the fourth, toward evening, as he drew near the skirts of the battle field, he saw a fire in the path. He stepped on one side, but the fire had also moved its position. He crossed to the other side, but the fire was still before him. Whichever way he took, the fire appeared to bar his approach. At this moment he espied the enemy of his fortunes in the moccasin, or flat-headed snake. "My son," said the reptile, "you have heretofore been considered a brave man—but beware of this fire. It is a strong spirit. You must appease it by the sacred gift." The warrior put his hand to his side, but he had left his sack behind him. "Demon,"

he exclaimed, addressing the flame, "why do you bar my approach. Know that I am a spirit. I have never been defeated by my enemies, and I will not be defeated by you."

So saying, he made a sudden effort and leaped through the flames. In this effort he *awoke from his trance*. He had lain eight days on the battle field. He found himself sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a tree, and his bow leaning against his shoulder, as his friends had left him. He looked up and beheld a large Gha Niew, or war eagle, sitting in the tree, which he immediately recognised as his guardian spirit, or personal Manito. This bird had watched his body, and prevented the other birds of prey from devouring it.

He arose and stood for a few minutes, but found himself weak and emaciated. By the use of simples and such forest arts as our people are versed in, he succeeded in reaching his home. When he came near, he uttered the Sa sa kwan, or war cry, which threw the village into an uproar. But while they were debating the meaning of so unexpected a sound, the wounded chief was ushered into their midst. He related his adventures as before given. He concluded his narrative by telling them that it is pleasing to the spirits of the dead to have a fire lit up on their graves at night, after their burial. He gave as a reason, that it is four days' travel to the place appointed for the residence of the soul, and it requires a light every night at the place of its encampment. If the friends of the deceased neglect this rite, the spirit is compelled to build a fire for itself.

Light up the fire upon my grave
When I am dead.
'Twill softly shed its beaming rays,
To guide the soul its darkling ways,
And ever, as the day's full light
Goes down, and leaves the world in night,
These kindly gleams, with warmth possest,
Shall show my spirit where to rest
When I am dead.

Four days the funeral rite renew,
When I am dead.
While onward bent, with typic woes,
I seek the red man's last repose;
Let no rude hand the flame destroy,
Nor mar the scene with festive joy;
While night by night, a ghostly guest,
I journey to my final rest,
When I am dead.

No moral light directs my way
When I am dead.
A hunter's fate—a warrior's fame,
A shade, a phantom, or a name,
All life-long through my hands have sought,
Unblest, unlettered, and untaught:
Deny me not the boon I crave—

A symbol-light upon my grave,
When I am dead.

FOOTNOTES:

[68] War cry.

PAUGUK.

FROM THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE CHIPPEWAS.

In a peculiar class of languages like the native American, in which symbols are so extensively used, it might be anticipated that Death should be thus denoted.

I asked Shagush Koda Waikwa, from whom this allegory is derived, whether the Northern Indians discriminated between a corpse, a ghost, a spirit, an angel, and death, considered as a personification. The answer was affirmative, and I received the name for each.

Pauguk, according to this authority, is the personification of death. He is represented as existing without flesh or blood. He is a hunter, and besides his bow and arrows, is armed with a *puggamagon*, or war club. But he hunts only men, women, and children. He is an object of dread and horror. To see him is a sure indication of death. Some accounts represent his bones as covered by a thin transparent skin, and his eye sockets as filled with balls of fire.

Pauguk never speaks. Unlike the Jeebi or ghost, his limbs never assume the rotundity of life, neither is he to be confounded in form with the numerous class of minor Manitoes, or spirits. He does not possess the power of metamorphosis. Unvaried in repulsiveness, he is ever an object of fear; and often, according to Indian story, has the warrior, flushed with the ardour of battle, rushing forward to seize the prize of victory, clasped the cold and bony hand of Pauguk.

"I shall never forget the fate of Owynokwa," continued the narrator. "She was a widow of my native village, who had been left with six sons. One after the other, as they became of suitable age, they had joined the war parties who went out against their enemies and fallen in battle. At last but one was left; he was her only stay and comfort, supplying her with food and protection in her old age. But he too, as he became old enough, spurning the dull life of a hunter, followed the war drum of his tribe, and went out against our enemies in the West. The absence of such a war party, is a time of anxiety and suspense with the women of a village. To relieve this, and at the same moment to prepare them for more particular intelligence, the returning party gives the war-cry of triumph, and the death-wail indicating the number slain, as soon as they come within hearing. On the present occasion, Owynokwa rushed from her lodge, the moment she caught the first sound. She stood with her lips parted, in an attitude of intense and agonized suspense; and as soon as the death-wail broke upon her ear, despair appeared to

rivet her to the spot. She heeded nothing; not a muscle moved; she neither inquired nor heard, who were the slain, but sank slowly to the earth in the place where she stood. She was carried into her lodge, and the next morning showed signs of reanimation, but they were slight and brief—the rigidity of death soon seized upon her frame, and she followed her son to the land of spirits. Her son was indeed among the slain, but mortal tongue had not communicated the fact. It was generally supposed she had met the glare of Pauguk at the moment the death-wail or Chee kwau dum had broke on her ear."

THE VINE AND OAK.

AN ALLEGORY IN THE MANNER OF THE ALGICS.

A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. "Oak," said the ivy vine, "bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me." "My support," replied the oak, "is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb, even as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of Life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow *independently*," said the vine, "why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependant upon *you*." "Nature," answered the oak, "did not *so* design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height *alone*, and if you try it, the winds and rain, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and yon, among the trees. The trees will begin to say—"It is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone, I will not cherish thee." By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches, that thou canst not get back to the oak; and nobody will *then* admire thee, or pity thee."

"Ah me," said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny:" and with this, she twined herself around the oak, and they both grew and flourished happily together.

